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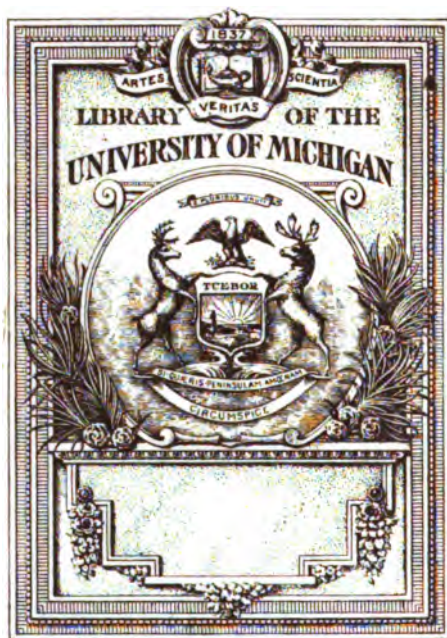
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high and low, rank and subordination, riches
true; whoever is of a humane and affable
requires no law but his word to make him
among the tillers of the earth as well as

DR VERR.

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TO OUR READERS.

Nothing can be more gratifying to an Editor, at the close of each succeeding volume of his work, than to be able to state the proud consciousness of increased success, and the probability of a still more extended patronage to the volume about to commence. We feel so satisfied with the behaviour of our friends towards our periodical bantling, that we have determined to extend our liabilities—to become owner as well as editor—and risk an increased expenditure in the conduct of our favorite work. We have no fears respecting the result.

Again, we tender our thanks to various of our contributors, whose steady kindness deserves our warmest gratitude.

Philadelphia, December 1st, 1838.

W. E. B.

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THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1838.

No. 1.

RESPECTABILITY:

OR, THE YANKEE MERCHANT'S FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SOUTH-WEST" AND "LA FITTLE."

"He that hath a trade, hath an estate."—*Poor Richard.*

EDWARD BELDEN was the son of a New England country merchant. He had ten brothers and sisters, the majority of whom were younger than himself. The head and front of these offences was a merchant; that is, he kept a grocery, next door to the principal tavern, at the corner of the stage road and main street of a certain village in the state of Maine. All persons who buy goods to sell again across a counter, are, in New England, styled "Merchants," not tradesmen or storekeepers, but emphatically and aristocratically—*merchants*. Merchants are gentlemen; therefore, Mr. Belden was a gentleman. In the land of steady habits, a gentleman is one who is *not* a mechanic or operative. Mr. Belden had never soiled his hands with tools, although he sold eggs and fish-hooks, nuts and raisins, tea and sugar by the pound, and retailed at one end of his dark crowded store, rum at three cents per glass. He would sell oats by the peck and "strike" the measure himself, whiten his coat by shoveling flour and meal from the barrel or "bin" into the scales, and grease his gentlemanly fingers with the weighing of butter, cheese, and lard. Yet, Mr. Belden was a gentleman! he knew no vulgar occupations! Mrs. Belden was, of course, a lady—her husband was a merchant! She gave parties, and her entertainments were the envious gossip of the village.

"Oh," said Mrs. Belden, confidentially to the lawyer's lady, who had hinted in a very neighborly way, that she thought Mrs. Belden was becoming somewhat extravagant, "oh, my dear Mrs. Edgerton, they don't cost us nothing, at all, hardly—we get 'em all out of the store!"

Mrs. Belden never visited mechanics' wives, nor allowed her children to associate with mechanics' children.

"Marm! what do you think Ned did, comin' home from school!" shouted a little Belden, bolting into the door, with eyes and mouth wide open, his mother's injunctions fresh in his memory; "he spoke to Bill Webster, he did, for I see'd him!" and the little aristocrat's eyes were popped two inches farther from his head as he delivered the astounding information.

"Edward! did you speak to that Bill Webster?" inquired his mother, in a tone of offended dignity, as she scraped the dough which she was kneading, from her lady-like fingers; "didn't you know his father was a cabinet-maker, and hasn't I and your pa repeatedly told you not to speak to such boys."

"Well, ma, I only asked him about my lesson," pleaded the culprit in defence.

"About your lesson!" exclaimed the angry parent, "and what had Bill Webster to do either with you or your lesson?"

"Because he's the best scholar at the academy, and at the head of the class, and even Judge Perkins' son is glad to get Bill to help him when he gets stuck."

"I guess if his father knew it, he'd stick him," exclaimed the injured parent, "and I shall go right over after dinner and tell Mrs. Judge Perkins directly. It's a shame that those mechanics' children should be allowed to go to the academy, and associate with gentlemen's sons. Here's your father! now we'll see what he says about it."

Mr. Belden, a short, stout man, inclined to corpulency, with half-whiskers, blueish gray eyes, and rather pleasing physiognomy, entered from the store, which was situated but a few yards distant from his two story white house, with green blinds, and a front yard with flowers and stone steps, as Mrs. Belden was wont to describe it. His coat was dusted with flour,

and greasy by contact with various unguinous articles his store contained.

"What's the matter, what's the matter, my dear!" he inquired, in a quick and good-humored tone, seeing the children grouped around their mother, listening in timid silence; while the placidity of her features was considerably disturbed.

"Have the boys been at any of their capers?"

"Capers!" repeated his offended lady; "all I can do and say I can't get these children to mind me. I wish you would take them in hand, Mr. Belden, for they have tried my patience till I can't stand it no longer." And she looked as if she were the most aggrieved woman in the world.

"Why, why, what have they done?" inquired the perplexed husband, still holding the handle of the door by which he had entered.

"Done! Here's Edward been speaking to that Bill Webster, when I have told him over and over again, not to have any thing to say to any such boys, and expressly told him and all the children, to speak to no boys nor girls, whose fathers a'n't merchants, like their'n, or lawyers, or doctors, or ministers, and they know it well, too."

"Well, well, wife, I'll settle it," replied Mr. Belden, soothingly and good humoredly, for he had just made a good bargain with a country customer. "Edward, come here to me."

The culprit came forward and placed himself by his father, who had taken a chair near the fire, conscious that reproof or advice comes clothed with more dignity from one seated than standing.

"Edward, you are now in your fifteenth year," said the parent gravely. "In two or three years more you will enter college, and you should now learn to choose your associates."

"Children, listen to your father," commanded Mrs. Belden, seeing the turn her husband's remarks were likely to take: "he speaks to you as well as to Edward."

"If the first place, my son, you must remember that your parents are *respectable*—that is, move in the first circles, and are not mechanics. Now, in America, where there is no nobility or titles to say what is and what is not "respectable," why we must have certain rules by which we can tell who are so and who are not so. Now the only way you, who are a boy, can tell what boys are "respectable" and what are not, is by knowing what profession their parents are of. Now, a mechanic of no kind is respectable; they all belong to the 'lower class.'"

Here his youngest daughter interrupted. "Isn't milliners and manty-makers 'respectable,' pa?"

"No, my child, they are female mechanics, and are therefore, not respectable."

"Well, then, I spoke to Miss (Mrs., generally, in New England is pronounced Miss,) Miller's little girl, Jane, and walked most home from school with her to-day. Oh, I'm so sorry!" The penitent criminal, after receiving a severe reproof from her mother, retreated behind a chair, and the father continued.

"The question is, my son, when you wish to select your companions at school, or at college, first to learn

whether their fathers are rich! For rich men cannot, of course, be mechanics. The next place, whether they are lawyers, merchants, doctors, or ministers, for, in these four 'professions' are included all American gentlemen, except senators, state officers, and such like, who are respectable by their office. With no other families should you associate, for you should at all times endeavor to keep up the dignity of your family. Now, my son, you may sit down to your dinner."

Here the merchant concluded, with an emphatic "ahem," and was about to turn his chair to take his seat at the table, when one of the younger boys hesitatingly inquired "if a watch-maker wath respectable?"

"Why so, my child?" rejoined the self-complacent parent.

"Coth, if 'ta'n't, no thpectable people ought to thpeak to you."

"Come to your dinner, children, and you, you little lisping chit, shall wait, for your forwardness," exclaimed the now justly provoked mother, (for, Mr. Belden, reader, was unfortunately the son of a watch-maker!) Edward laughed in his sleeve; Mr. Belden carved the joint in silence, and in silence Mrs. Belden helped round the vegetables. During the recess of that very afternoon, the aristocratic scion, Edward Belden, played at catch and toss with that young democrat, Bill Webster. This brief family scene is not introduced as affecting materially the general interest of our tale, but to disclose a state of manners and mode of thinking, by no means uncommon in the society of American *matériel* that hereafter may afford materials for a pair of volumes. Yet, it is to such principles as those we have just heard dictated by a parent to his child that the adverse fortunes of that child and a thousand others of New England's children are to be referred. The income Mr. Belden derived from his store, was from eight hundred to two thousand dollars per annum. His domestic expenses, which could not possibly be very great, as every thing from the children's shoes to their spelling books, from the "kitchen girl's" calico and handkerchief to Mrs. Belden's silks and laces, besides all the provisions, "*came out of the store.*" How they came into the store never entered into the brain of Mrs. Belden. She was satisfied her housekeeping could cost nothing; "never mind, it came out of the store," was the *coup de grace*, by which she silenced every qualm of conscience or friendly hint, from envious neighbors, upon her own extravagance in household matters. For Mrs. Belden sought to keep up appearances, and there were other merchants' ladies in neighboring towns she must rival. What with Mrs. Belden's expensive habits and Mr. Belden's moderate profits, he seldom laid by more than two or three hundred dollars a year. Yet, on this small income, without the prospect of having a dollar to give them when they become of age, his children must be educated—gentlemen and ladies!—as if heirs to principalities. Let us see what gentlemen and ladies he made of them. It will serve briefly to develop a system of gentility and genteel educa-

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tion, lamentably prevalent throughout the villages and small towns of New England.

Amelia, the eldest daughter, grew up tall and well formed, pale and romantic. She had attended the village Female Academy, from her youth upward. At eighteen she left school, tolerably well educated. That is, she was versed in geography, and could tell you the capitals of every European state more readily than those of the various states of her own country; and knew, (so deeply learned was she,) more about the lives of the kings of England and of Egypt, than of the presidents of the United States. She could paint fruit pieces and morning pieces, which still hung over her mantel in testimony of her skill; write a neat hand, cypher tolerably, and play a little on the piano. Yet, with all these accomplishments, she found herself at the age of twenty-seven, unmarried, and, at last, to escape her mother's tongue, which grew sharper as she grew older, and wagged particularly against "old maids," and to find the wherewithal to purchase dresses, for she had inherited her mother's love of finery, she accepted an offer to keep a school, (this not being mechanical, except in cases of flagellation, is, therefore, "respectable," and conferring no disgrace,) in a neighboring village, in which delightful task, peradventure, she is still engaged.

The second child, who was a son, having a natural mathematical turn, and much mechanical ingenuity, at the age of seventeen, when his father proposed taking him into "the store," plead hard to be allowed to become a mechanist, or go to sea—any thing but to be tied to the counter of a country grocery. His parents were shocked at his vulgar taste. The young man, after staying behind the counter three months, during which time he was placed at the station at the farther end, where rum was retailed, because his careful parent could trust no one else there, and, after hearing more oaths and seeing more intemperance than would have corrupted a Samuel, he yielded, disgusted with his employment, to the offers of an intelligent sea-captain, and, amid the tears, groans, and prophecies of his mother, (for the caste of sea-captains is not exactly *comme il faut*.) went to sea with him. He is now, though young, the first officer of a packet ship from New York, and a gentleman, in spite of his father.

The third son, a fine, spirited boy, who wished to become a jeweller rather than to succeed his sea-struck brother in the store, eventually followed his brother's example, by eloping, and after various adventures, during which he lost both health and reputation, became one of the lowest supernumeraries on the New York stage. The cholera of 1832 put an end to his misery, his dissipation, and pecuniary wretchedness, and the Potter's Field has become his last resting-place. The fourth was apprentice to a respectable wholesale dry-goods merchant, in Boston. When he became of age, and desired to enter into business on his own responsibility, his employer, to whom he looked for assistance, "failed," and he was at once thrown upon the world with but a few hundred dollars in his possession. He again became a clerk to another house, on a scanty salary, for although

a man of business, integrity and industry, he was not a man of *capital*. He knows no trade—he is fit for nothing but a merchant's clerk. He is still clerking, although nearly thirty years of age, while he finds about him men of wealth and independence, although mechanics, like their father's before them, whom, when at school, he was taught to despise. With what bitter curses upon the foolish system to which he was a victim, did he contrast their situation, happy in the bosom of their families, with his own, a lonely salaried bachelor. "How much it costs to be a gentleman!" thought he.

The fifth, and next youngest child, who was a daughter, married a young merchant of her native village, who failed the following year, died intemperate the next ensuing, leaving his wife and two children to the tender mercies of her parents or the world.

The sixth child, a less intelligent and active boy than his brothers, his father succeeded in retaining in the store; this being the portal through which all of them made their debut into active life. He soon acquired the habits and tastes of the loungers in the store; to their language and beastly intoxication he soon became familiarized; and imperceptibly by commencing with cordials and sherbets, he acquired a taste for ardent spirits; and, at the age of twenty-five, after having been for three years a common drunkard, he died in his father's house of *mania-a-potu*.

This, reader, is no fiction. Name and localities are only requisite to identify these facts in the memories of many, with the history of a family now almost extinct. Yet, even without this key, too ready an application of it may be made to numerous families, within the observation of every New England reader.

Besides Edward, there were two brothers and a sister, younger than himself, who, fortunately, did not survive long enough to become either *lady* or *gentleman*!

Three years after the conversation recorded above, Edward entered the sophomore class at Cambridge. His manners were polished, his address winning, his talents of a high order. After six weeks he was the most popular of his class, both with the faculty and his class-mates; while many young gentlemen of the upper class sought his acquaintance. His associates were among the wealthiest in college; his good nature, gentlemanly air, irresistible wit, and high standing in his class, rendered his society universally sought after.

The first year, his bills were paid by his father, and he was allowed fifty dollars during the year for spending money. This he laid out in books; for he neither gambled nor indulged in the expensive habits, which could be afforded by others. When in the height of his popularity and scholastic fame, a letter came, in reply to one he had written to his father for a remittance, to purchase a few necessary books, stating that "business was dull, his profits small, and that it was more expensive at college than he supposed it would be." And after two pages of advice in relation to the necessity of preserving his standing as a gentleman, he wound up with the suggestion "that as he could not afford to pay such large bills any longer, he had

best work the rest of his way through college by keeping school during the vacations." A bank note for twenty dollars was inclosed, with the intimation that "he must expect but little more assistance from him, as he had his two brothers and sisters to educate; that he was getting old, and times were hard."

It would be difficult to picture the mortification of a sensitive, high-minded young man, at such an announcement. The term bills would, in a few days, be presented. Minor accounts, usually liquidated at the same time, were also unpaid. But these difficulties, though instantly occurring to his mind, did not so much affect him as the sudden change this conduct of his father must produce in his situation. Educated like a gentleman, his most intimate associates had been with those young aristocrats of the college, who had wealth to support their pretensions. With the "beneficiaries," those noble minded young men, who seek science through her most thorny paths, those of poverty and contumely, he had never associated—they were a species of literary operatives, whom he had not yet decided whether to class with mechanics or gentlemen. He groaned bitterly as he felt that he was degraded to their caste. It was late at night when he received the letter, and after pacing the room a long time in mental agitation, he seized his hat and hastened to the president's room. The usual lamp shone in the window. He tapped lightly at the door and entered. The venerable doctor Kriken, who was engaged over his desk, raised his head, and politely invited him to be seated.

Edward laid his father's letter upon the desk, saying hastily, "A letter from my father, sir."

The president read it, and shook his head, as if displeased at its contents.

"I sympathize with you, Belden. This is not the first case of the kind I have met with since my connection with this institution. This insatiation among the class to which your father belongs, of making gentlemen of their sons, when they cannot allow them the means to sustain the rank of such, has been the ruin of many promising young men. It is a mistaken notion, and one fruitful with the most baneful consequences, that a youth, to be made a gentleman of, must become a member of one of the learned professions; and, that to be a member of one of these, he must first pass through college. It is a mischievous error, and must be eradicated. It is daily doing incalculable injury to society. Experience must soon teach such persons the unsoundness of the position they have assumed, and convince them that an inde-

pendent farmer or mechanic (which all may become who will,) is intrinsically a better gentleman and a far more useful member of society, than an impoverished lawyer or doctor, or a minister who has become such that he may be one in the ranks of, (to use an English term, for which, in America, we neither have nor should have a corresponding word,) the "gentry."

The president concluded by giving him much judicious advice for his future conduct in life, and the young man took his leave and went forth into the world, alone, friendless, and almost moneyless.

We briefly pass over his short and unhappy career. He went to New York, where he remained several weeks, seeking some *genteel* employment, (for of any mechanical trade or art, he was totally ignorant.) At length a situation offered, after he had spent his last dollar in paying for an advertisement applying for a clerkship or tutorship.

The subsequent events in the life of Edward Belden, (save the mystery that still hangs over the place of his exile,) are familiar to all who have not forgotten the tragedy which a short time ago agitated our great commercial metropolis, and filled the minds of all men with horror.

This brief outline of what could easily be extended to volumes, is written to expose the rottenness of a mischievous custom, founded in vanity and perpetuated by injustice to its juvenile victims, which reigns all over New England. Alas, that men should think that because they give their sons an education, they must, of necessity, make professional men of them, or suppose, if they wish to make them gentlemen without the trouble and expense of education, that they must make merchants of them!

Let every parent, whether farmer or country merchant, country doctor, or country lawyer, or country parson, if he have five sons, educate them all well, if he will, but make four of them tillers of the soil or masters of a trade. He will then be certain of having four independent sons about him. If he have seven daughters, let him make seven good milliners and mantua makers of them, and they will then be independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of life. Let him do this, that is, provided he has no fortunes to leave them. But even if he have, still it would be better for them that he should do this, than if he should leave it undone. It is the opposite plan to this, the reaching after gentility or *respectability*, as it is termed, for their children, that throngs our metropolitan streets with courtezans, and inundates all cities, from New York to New Orleans, with penniless adventurers.

THE MANIAC.

BY JAMES HENRY CARLETON.

He was an aged man, and mayhap had been sojourning here some eighty years, and his white locks and hoary beard gave him a venerable appearance.

He sat by the way side, and in his hand he held an ancient harp, and ever and anon he swept his fingers across its strings, and to their wild melody he sang fragments of a wilder song. With his eyes bent upon vacancy, he seemed holding converse with beings of air.

At times his look was full of beseeching earnestness, and fire, and hope;—then it was melancholy and desponding, and expressive of much deep feeling;—anon as the song changed a calm, patient, holy resignation seemed to pervade every feature.

He would fancy himself young, and under the influence of such thoughts, he would call for those he loved when a youth and because they answered not, he would beg to be old again.

We dropped a few pieces of silver into his lap and left him, but I can never forget the impression made on my heart by the song of the maniac minstrel.—*Letters from the East.*

OH! I am old, and life to me

Has been a fitting, shadowy dream,

And I would fain look back, and see

If there be not some little gleam

Of sunshine there, that yet may seem

To make my heart feel young again—

Some oasis, some gushing stream,

Upon the waste—where thoughts may reign

One moment more with pleasure than with pain.

I would be young—I would live o'er

My years, to feel—I am not old.

I wish to have the thoughts once more,

That half my days are not yet told.

Alas! I have no hope to fold

Home to my bosom—for my doom

Is near, and every pulse beats cold

As I look forward through the gloom,

And see no home—no friends—naught but a tomb!

I would be young. What's this!—

I feel

The blood dash wildly thro' each vein,

And a new vigor seems to steal

Through every limb—

I'M YOUNG AGAIN!

I have my wish—hail, childhood's hours!

Hail, halcyon days!—What joy does fill

My bosom!—How my pulses thrill!—

Ha, ha! this is life's spring and flowers!—

Now, I would ask—does ever pain

Or grief dwell in these rose-clad bowers?

No, no! Thank God, I'm young again!

Friends of my boyhood! I have come

From tottering age to visit ye—

My father!—mother!—welcome home,

The child thou once did'st love. 'Tis he,

The absent one, that calls on thee.

Where are they all?—None come to greet

Me kindly.—Where's the hearts that beat

In unison with mine!—I see

None that I ever knew.—

O, misery!

Where are the lips of joy, that gave

The echo to my youthful glee?—

Voice of the past! say, has the grave

Closed over them?—Oh! can it be

That all that e'er bore love for me,

And all I ever loved, are gone?

Then I am like some wither'd tree

Upon a desert—leafless, torn,

And tempest-riven. Answer now—

If so—let memory bring me here,

Each laughing eye—each sunny brow—

Each form and feature, hope and fear—

Bring all—this sorrow to beguile—

All that e'er caused my lips to smile,

Mine eyes to drop a tear.

The friends of my youth—

O, where are they?

Voice of the past!

Have they gone for aye?

A murmuring wail tells the sorrowful tale—

They have pass'd away!—they have pass'd away

Oh, then, I would not travel o'er

The path of life, if all are gone:—

I would be near my grave once more,

Rather than live alone.

I've seen enough of life, to know

That all is vanity—

There's nothing real—but its wee—

There's nothing certain here below,

But this—we all must die!

I'm glad that I am old.

CHARLES.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR."

CHAPTER I.

THIS tale is one of the thousand, remaining untold, of the dark days of the Revolution. Who that has merely perused the most important events of that era, such as was the province of the historian, being only a faithful record of the transactions of public magnitude, can conceive the numberless thrilling incidents connected with humble individuals?

The former is preserved in the archives of our country: the latter may yet, and should be, revealed, by the few remaining survivors of that epoch, ere they become dubious traditions, or the improbable creations of the imagination. This story, in many particulars, is vouched for by one who lived at the time, and had a knowledge of the things treated of.

Charles ——— was born in France, from whence his parents removed to this country, when he was an infant. When but a lad, he evinced extraordinary manifestations of intellect, and was furnished by his indulgent and happy parents with every facility of acquiring a good education. Unlike most youths of his condition, the only and beloved child of wealthy and respectable parentage, instead of being spoiled by their caresses, he devoted more than common attention to his tutors, seeming to enjoy, with peculiar zeal, all their instructions.

Thus delightfully were his days passed, until the slight stripling was emerging into manhood, but yet retaining the effeminacy, or delicate mould of form and features, so frequently observable in those born and reared in cities.

But ere long, calamities of direful hue succeeded to his days of peaceful sunshine. First, he was bereft of his mother by a prevailing epidemic—then came the loss of fortune; which was quickly followed by the demise of his father. A particular description of these events is not requisite for our purpose. The cause of many a train of misfortunes is indescribable, but sufficient for the scathed is the evil thereof! Many fall from their lofty stations amongst men, though virtuous and prudent, like the leaves from the green oak, that were not more exposed to the fury of the storm than their fellows that yet remain. Others rise, though less meritorious than their compeers, like the water-spout in the ocean, and in vain may we conjecture why one drop should be exalted above another.

Charles was in utter destitution. He yet remained at his boarding house, (his parents had resided at a pleasant villa in the neighborhood of the city,) but

was deprived of his preceptors, and having no prospect of obtaining the means of support, he experienced acute addition to his wretchedness, in the change that came over the aspect of his acquaintances. He had the mortification of being told that he must seek other lodgings by his hitherto obsequious host, who had often expressed for him scarce less than parental attachment. Pity is more talked of than entertained. Many would really take pleasure in ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate, were it not that they would be compelled to open their purses to do it. Flinty hearts and wire strings to them, are not half so adamant as the silken strings and frail interstices of a well-filled purse. A commiserating tongue will tell that the former is benevolent and sympathizing—but the irascible button on the pocket declares that the latter acts only for its own benefit.

Charles for weeks strove in vain to procure some employment to enable him to live. Disappointed in every application, he finally set out alone on foot, determined, as a last resource, to present himself to a distant relation in New Jersey. This relation was named Barton; the father of Charles had more than once assisted him in his pecuniary arrangements, but this, he thought, had been repaid by ingratitude, and a subsequent coolness existed between the families ever after. This caused our hero to hesitate long before he yielded to the necessity of applying to his only surviving kindred.

Mr. Barton was a farmer, industrious and grasping, without much regard for the good will of men, and was fast getting rich. He concealed his political sentiments, or rather was thought to embrace either side alternately, as his immediate interest dictated. With this reputation, he partook but little of social intercourse with his neighbors, and when business called him not forth, he shut himself impenetrably up with his family. He, too, had but one child—a daughter. Mary was a pale, quiet, dark-eyed girl, whose lips rarely sported a smile, yet she was considered handsome. Her thoughtful brow and grave deportment excited the interest of those that might, by chance, behold her, and some pitied her lonely condition, (her mother having died in giving her birth,) and regretted that one apparently so well calculated to adorn society, should be immured in unbroken seclusion, with such a callous and rigid companion, though that being was her father. Yet if any imagined she was debared of all the pleasures of life, and pined in solitude for enjoyments, from which she was excluded by an

unfeeling parent, they were much mistaken. Not having seen, much less tasted, the dissipation and gay frivolities of fashionable society, she was content to employ her leisure hours in reading, or bending over her guitar. She had her books, her flowers, her music, and her birds. Her meditative look was the necessary product of solitude, and if she did not often betray the buoyant joyousness of the hoyden, still she was exempt from woman's greatest curse—disappointment, or treachery in love. She had never experienced the malice of a rival, nor envied the more fascinating charms of another. She had never loved, but had attained the age and power to love. At this juncture, females more resemble angels than at any subsequent period of their existence. So, at least, the fortunate swain imagines, who enjoys her first and only affection in all its force.

When Charles presented himself, Mr. Barton greeted him merely with civility. He was received into the family, but without the ceremony of a hearty welcome, and was informed that he might consider himself in possession of a home, but that it was expected he should contribute for his maintenance, such labor as might be required of him. To this he readily assented, and was pleased to observe a slight smile, but one of kindness and encouragement, on the face of Mary, who had scrutinized him in silence, from the time he entered the apartment, without once having averted her dark, beaming eyes.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLES was standing in a small enclosure, composed of heavy rails and trunks of small trees, which had been hastily arranged by Mr. Barton. This contracted penfold was in the most remote spot that could be selected in the forest. Trees stood so thick around and within it, that one might fail to discover the score of fatted beavers there secreted, even at a short distance. And there stood our hero, like a smuggler watching over his booty. Sad and painful were the thoughts of Charles, as he paced to and fro with his gun on his shoulder.

"To be thus required to watch over a few beasts," he muttered, "and guard them against my countrymen, too, to supply, perhaps, in the end, an invading foe! Ignoble and pusillanimous calling! No obligations—no circumstances can justify it, and from this instant, henceforth, I spurn the vile employment!" He turned from the hidden treasure of his master, and slowly paced along the path that wound its serpentine way through thicket and dell to the extensive plantation of Mr. Barton. He felt as one that leaps from the deck in a dark night, when the ship is captured by pirates, determined to take his chance in the sea, with the desperate hope that an assisting hand may save him, or that the land may not be far distant. What could he do without friends or money,—too young and frail to gratify the impulse of his heart, by joining his country's forces against the enemy?

It was a November morning, and although a slight

snow rested on the earth, yet the sun rose in brilliance, and a mild calmness succeeded the keen blast that had been howling through the tossing boughs of the trees. With scarce a cheering hope, he strode onward, conjuring up vision after vision in quest of consolation. Now the birds fluttered upward, abandoning the chill shade, and, on the joyous wing, sang once more a happy trill in the bright sunshine. The glittering light around at length enlivened the youth in some measure, and he quickened his pace, with a resolution to meet Mr. Barton without delay, and protest against his disreputable practices.

"Halt!" cried some one from the wayside, and the next moment the bending form and the long, gray locks of an extreme old man were visible. He came forth, with an old pistol in his belt, and walking up to Charles, placed his palsied hand on the youth's shoulder, and long remained silent, intently regarding the young man's fine features.

"Why, my dear Mr. Brown, have you abandoned the pulpit for the field? But what can you do? Your hand shakes so, that ten to one you would miss your man at five paces distant. If you do not cease these eccentricities, I must believe the report prevalent throughout the country, that you are in your dotage—nevertheless I have hitherto loved you so much, and vindicated your opinions."

"Charles!" said the aged minister in a tremulous voice; he was bereft of farther articulation for some time by the harrowing emotion that succeeded, and bitter tears ran down his blanched cheeks. "Charles," he continued, "it is true I am a professed minister of the gospel. I would suppress vice by every means in my power. Every species of injustice is contrary to the will of our father in heaven, and as his humble servant, I would combat wrong in every guise. Think you not that some men whom you see, or hear of, are in error?"

"Certainly! I believe the British are wrong."

"True! you anticipate my intent—I will oppose the British."

"Washington recommends all divines—"

"I know that, Charles. But the time has come when acts are more needed than words."

"But you cannot act, Mr. Brown. You are too old, and I too young. Would to heaven it were not so!"

"It is not so, Charles. Listen to me. I had a son, (alas had!) not much older than yourself, who was at Brooklyn, and lingered longest on the disastrous field. At Kipp's Bay, he threw himself in front of his general, and vowed to die with him. For this he was promised promotion. At White Plains he fought bravely to the last, and was left on the field with the wounded. His knee was but slightly shattered, yet disabled him from retiring. When the enemy came up, he stated his condition, and requested the assistance of a surgeon, yielding himself a prisoner of war. He was refused the aid he solicited, and when fainting with thirst and loss of blood, he begged merely a little water, a soldier came forward with many execrations, and thrust him through the heart with his bayonet!"

"The murderer! By heaven, I—"

"Charles, we will revenge him. After bidding adieu to Mr. Barton, and Mary, whom you love, and who is lovely, come to my house. Leave your gun behind. Adieu, for the present, but meet me as I have said." The old man, with uncommon agility, sprang aside, and was soon lost to view.

Charles proceeded on in wonderment, unable to comprehend the intentions of the old man, but resolved to comply with his injunctions. He took leave of Mr. Barton in the manner contemplated, and instead of reproaches and opposition, the latter only stared at him in astonishment, without uttering a word. He was forced to depart without seeing Mary, who could not be found. He laid aside his gun as directed, and strode briskly along the path leading through the orchard. As he was mounting the tall fence at the farthest extremity of the enclosure, he espied Mary emerging from a thick hedge in advance, and turn to meet him.

"Farewell, Charles," said she, taking his hand. "Mr. Brown was with us this morning, and said this thing would come to pass. He told father to do nothing to oppose it, at his peril, and said to me that I must meet you here—but for what purpose, I know not."

"Mary," said Charles, faltering, "I am unworthy—but—"

"What do you mean, Charles?"

"I am unworthy—"

"You are no such thing, Charles."

"I mean I am unworthy, but that—"

"But that unworthy!"

"I love you, Mary." A silence of some moments ensued, during which the maiden's face was slightly reddened, but quick resumed its wonted paleness, and her dark lustrous eyes rested on the youth, whose face was bent down in fear and uncertainty.

"I believe you do, Charles—but why do you tremble so?"

"Because I cannot hope—"

"I am sure you can, though. I love you, too!—Upon my word! Now, you almost make me tremble. There—let me go—that's enough, in all conscience. Now, why are you leaving me?"

"I know not, Mary; Mr. Brown has not told me."

"I always do every thing that good man requires—he will never lead you wrong, Charles. But what will become of me when you are away? Father says the rapacious soldiers are coming."

"Is it possible? Which, the English or the Americans?"

"The latter—but father detests both sides."

"I know it—but our army will never do him any injury. I must now leave you. Good bye!"

"When will you come back?"

"I know not—but may heaven protect you till then!"

"And you, too, Charles?"

CHAPTER III.

LIKE a drooping parent, despoiled of a portion of his beloved offspring, still endeavoring to escape the pursuit of the relentless wild beast, and at the same time in quest of an opportunity to cripple or destroy it,—the only man that could rely in confidence on the retributive justice of Divine Providence, in the midst of a succession of ruinous calamities, *Washington*, retreated through New Jersey, followed by a depending though faithful band of only three thousand men.

The small army of patriots was encamped in an open field, where the inclemency of the weather assailed them, in the absence of the sanguine foe. But in the attacks of both, *Washington* was with them. Night closed in, and a hundred fires, which barely sufficed to protect the suffering soldiers from the more acute rigors of the season, speckled the heath. Late in the night, the watchful sentry hailed two strangers, and the old minister was conducted, at his own request, to the tent of the commander-in-chief.

Charles, who had been detained in custody, soon observed a small detachment of soldiers approach and pass in the direction of the secreted beehives in the forest. He heard some remarks which convinced him that the old minister had sent them thither, and he was content.

After a short time had elapsed, Mr. Brown relieved him of his lonesome condition, and stated that he had discovered to the general (who was in great need of provisions, and would see them paid for,) the beehives of Mr. Barton. And that he had also suggested the propriety of securing the ferry boats far up the river to provide against the advance of the enemy on Philadelphia, and, at the same time, to facilitate the retreat of the Americans.*

Unable to oppose the approaching torrent, *Washington* yielded to the necessity of crossing the Delaware. Mr. Brown and Charles were now in the American camp. Neither were required to do service, but the former was regarded with reverence by all, and particularly noticed by the commander, with whom he had frequent interviews. Charles had the satisfaction of seeing and speaking to the greatest man of his country, and his zeal was redoubled to perform some act worthy commendation. Many a veteran smiled at his ardent protestations of attachment to the cause of liberty, and although his arm seemed too delicate to do any prodigies, yet his cheerful looks, as he spoke of victories to be achieved, were inspiring.

"Why did you insist on my not carrying a gun, Mr. Brown, whilst at the same time you retain your pistol? I feel quite able to do something for the country; one who has labored with the plough is surely competent to handle a gun. I will procure a carbine immediately, and fall in the ranks!"

"Be not rash, my son, but still be governed by

* This had been meditated by the sagacious general previously, and was immediately put in execution.

my advice. The victory is not to the strong. You shall speedily have a chance of testifying your attachment for your adopted country. You shall do more without a gun than you could with it. You are intimately acquainted with all the passes in the vicinity of Trenton. The enemy now possess that place, and employ themselves in devastating the country around. To night our general intends crossing the river, and needs our services as guides."

"Thank God! Then I can do something at last. But why not carry a gun?"

"Because you embark in a perilous undertaking, and if taken with arms, might suffer. As you are, you may escape injury. For my part, I take the pistol, to be regarded as a deranged man, if taken. See, there is no lock on it."

The American army, now considerably reinforced, though suffering almost intolerable privations for want of raiment, yet looked to God for the triumph of justice, under the guidance of their revered leader, and neglected no means of manifesting their desire of retrieving the numerous misfortunes that had befallen the cause during the preceding campaign. It was Christmas, and many a merry peal burst forth when the soldiers were informed of the contemplated expedition. That day the aged minister prayed more fervently than ever before. His impressive manner diffused a solemnity throughout the assembly, and renewed ardor and firmer determination were inspired in the hearts of all. The preparations were made, and many a smile and jest were exchanged on the "coming frolic." Adopting every prudential measure, the resolute band crossed the broad Delaware in silence, and under cover of the night, proceeded on their way in quest of the enemy. Occasionally a hooting owl started from his bough, and flapped across the path of the benumbed guides; but no superstition could intimidate them. The old man and Charles contributed much towards conducting the army to the place of destination. The glorious achievement that ensued is known to all. Charles, who had displayed much gallantry in the attack, having seized a gun, and placed himself amongst the van, was now in transports; and the minister said his prayers were answered.

"Now, my son," said Mr. Brown to Charles, "my frail body admonishes me to retire to my peaceful home. My revenge, which thirsted not for the destruction of human life, so much as the brightening of the great cause, is appeased somewhat. I adopt you, Charles, in the place of my deceased son, and leave you to fill the station for which he was destined. Go on to victory! and when an enemy falls in your power, remember the fate of my poor wounded boy, and let his pitiable condition teach thee mercy! Spare the fallen man's life. And thou wilt do it—I know thou wilt, for I have often marked the pure, though ardent emotions of thy heart. You are, I know, ambitious, and I rejoice in it, so long as you are virtuous. If you aspire to great things, you may accomplish them easily by pursuing the right course. Let your conduct be uniform, and tend to the one object. Orphan as you are, remember that the ant is not deterred from the point of its destination by obstacles, how-

ever great, but, by diligence, surmounts them. Be vigilant and steady, and you may be a great man. I have procured you an appropriate post in the army, and must now bid you adieu. I set out in an hour from this time, in company with a few spies that remain in this state, for my home. Your general will recross the river to day. Now if you have any message or token for Mary, intrust it to me."

"My father—for well I know thou wilt be a father to me, and besides whom I have no friend, save Mary—I will act in every thing according to thy direction. But I crave to be permitted to ride out to Mr. Barton's and take leave, in person, of Mary. I have a horse provided, and promise to return in an hour." This was granted, and Charles waited not for his aged friend's departure, though their route would be the same; but calculated to meet him, and bid him farewell somewhere on the road as he returned to Trenton.

It was a noble bay steed that wafted Charles, through moor and woodland, scarcely less swift than the flight of the pigeon; and thrilling thoughts as rapidly exercised the youth's imagination. Deeds of glory were pictured in all his reveries, and in the back ground or side view the approving smile of his Mary cheered him on.

The tall, gray chimneys emerge in view as he sweeps round the angle of an alder thicket, and now the tramp of his fleet charger is sounding in the avenue of fruit trees, leading directly to the house. Without pausing to unfasten the gate, his noble bay, at a slight pressure of the bit, vaulted over the stone fence, and stood in the yard. Charles dismounted and entered the house, but found Mr. Barton's room empty. He then ran to Mary's chamber, and his rap was answered by the affrighted girl incoherently. He pushed the door open and entered.

"Charles! Charles!" screamed the relieved girl, and running to him, threw herself in his arms. "Oh, Charles, I am so happy to see you!" she continued, sighing, though tears had evidently been flowing before the youth's arrival. "But," said she, "I fear for my poor father. Not two hours since, eight or nine Hessians came here in search of provisions, and insisted on my father's yielding them up the beehive he had secreted. In vain he told them they had escaped or been stolen—no protestations could appease them, and they dragged him hence, threatening death, if he led not the way directly to the cattle."

Excepting the somewhat painful apprehensions respecting the fate of Mr. Barton, the lovers enjoyed happily the time allotted for the meeting. Charles promised to procure, if possible, a small party of American soldiers to come to the rescue. When the moment of parting came, and just as the last lingering farewell was sadly accomplished, the report of a pistol startled them, which was succeeded by several others in quick succession. "Charles! they are killing my father! Here!" exclaimed Mary, running to a side press, from which she quickly produced two muskets and a supply of cartridges. Charles seized one of them, and was in the act of rushing out, when the almost frantic girl held him fast.

"See, Charles, see! He comes—he comes!" she exclaimed, beholding from the window her parent mounted on a fleet horse, that spurned the earth with the celerity of an antelope, hard pursued by the hostile party. A small hollow in the lane obscured the pursued a moment from view; and when a cluster of the enemy dashed down the descent behind, Charles fired, and one of the number fell from his horse.

"Here!" cried Mary, handing her companion the other piece, with sudden and strange composure, having witnessed the execution of his fatal aim.

Again they were all in view, and ere long Mr. Barton, some seventy paces in advance, attained the yard. He sprang from his horse, and ran briskly to the door; but even on the threshold, when one moment more would have insured at least temporary safety, a shot from the foremost of the enemy passed through his body, and he expired on the steps. But the one that did this was in eternity ere the smoke of his pistol permitted him to view his handiwork, by a discharge from the window above. The party paused at the stone fence, behind which they screened themselves, fearing to leap over.

"Oh, Charles, why don't father come up?—I saw him reach the door in safety. Why don't he come? Father!" she added, calling aloud, but no response came. Charles, from his position, could see the dead body of her father, but told her not.

"Hopkins, there is no one up there but his ghost of a daughter. Let us rush in and secure her."

"No, sergeant, she's not a ghost, but a female devil! She's peppered two already, for our one."

"Shall we be repulsed by a woman? No! Come on, be she witch or devil." Saying this, the sergeant leapt on the fence, but instantly fell inside, pierced through the heart by another shot from Charles. The other gun, ready loaded, was handed to our hero by Mary, whose silence and pale, compressed lip, indicated a foreboding that her father was indeed lost. Ere he could discharge this, he was espied by the party without, who again fell back behind the wall, at the same time discharging a volley at the window.

"I am not wounded, Charles!" said Mary, whose long, flowing hair fell down in confusion on her shoulders, the comb by which it had been confined, being carried away by a bullet. Again the besieging party sprang forward, simultaneously discharging their pistols at the now shattered window, and rushed into the building, leaving midway in the yard a fourth companion dead, and one wounded, by the desperate coolness and fatal fire of Charles.

"Stand in that corner, Mary!" cried our hero, barring the door, and leaping to one side. The moment after he did this, three balls passed through the pine door and entered the opposite wall. Charles reserved his fire, well knowing the frail barrier might easily be forced, and resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. They summoned him to surrender; but in a firm tone he peremptorily refused, defying them to do their worst, well aware that he had shed too much blood to expect mercy at their hands. Mary spoke not, nor shed a woman's tear, nor was her intense paleness accompanied with a particle of trepi-

dation; but she stood upright with a bright musket firmly grasped in her delicate hands, only awaiting the next discharge of Charles to supply him immediately with the means of farther defence.

"Yield!" shouted those without, "or take the consequences!"

"Never!" was the reply.

This was soon followed by the crackling of burning faggots below, and in a short time particles of smoke ascended through several crevices of the floor.

"They are firing the house, Charles!" said Mary, in low, subdued tones.

"Villains! would you destroy a helpless female?"

This exclamation of Charles was answered by another shot through the door, which wounded him in the arm. The besieged were now apparently without a single hope of escape. The exasperated ruffians shouted aloud their determination to show no mercy. In consequence of the suffocating fumes rising from below, Charles and Mary were compelled to move to the window to inhale the purer air, and there awaited their fate.

"Go down and kindle it again," remarked one of those without, who was guarding the chamber door, on being informed by his companions that the fire was going out, and who insisted on forcing their entrance into the room, and ending the affair at once. The smoke subsided in some degree, but again the unfortunate captives could distinctly hear them blowing the coals below.

"Hurra!" shouted the beleaguers exultingly, and the next instant Charles beheld another party of red coats coming at full gallop up the lane. Motionless and in silence the lovers gazed on the approaching hostile party. As they drew near, a sudden gleam of joy spread over the features of our hero.

"Thank Almighty God! Mary, we are saved—saved!" he exclaimed, recognizing the American spies in British costume, and the long, snowy locks of the minister standing out as he came in fearful speed. The Hessians ran down to the door of the hall, and welcomed the supposed reinforcement with another shout. Throwing himself in advance, on perceiving the smoke issuing from the lower windows, and the anxious forms of the youthful couple above, the old man stretched both arms aloft, and cried, "We are in time! We are in time! To the rescue, my brave men! Glory to God on high!" To extinguish the flames and secure the now appalled and unresisting enemy, was but the work of a few moments. The old man rushed up stairs—the door was unbarred by Mary, who, with her disabled companion, ran into the embrace of their deliverer. The old man clasped them ardently, muttering thanks to divine Providence. Then, and not till then, did Mary yield to woman's feelings. The overwhelming reaction of her long pent-up emotions burst forth in one loud scream—"My poor father!" and sinking down, she long remained inanimate. When in some degree recovered, she was permitted to weep without restraint over the body of her father; yet she submissively heeded the condoling accents of the old man, who promised to fill that parent's place.

"My God! all thy ways are perfect!" said Mr. Brown, bending over one of the dead bodies in the yard, and recognizing the sword and belt of his murdered son!

The prisoners were conducted to Trenton, where they were astonished to find the American army assembled, and a thousand of their companions prisoners. Mary and Charles were removed to the residence of Mr. Brown, which was in the immediate vicinity. That day Washington again retired to the Pennsylvania side of the river, but shortly returned to Trenton, which, for a limited time, was made his head-quarters. Many officers attended the funeral of Mr. Barton, testifying their sympathy for Mary, and, at the same time, bestowing deserved praise on the heroism of Charles.

On his recovery, Charles hastened to the camp, and was speedily in possession of a commission. In most of the perilous transactions that ensued, he took a dutiful, and not unfrequently a distinguished part, up to the capture of Lord Cornwallis.

After the cessation of hostilities, he still continued at his post, now a *colonel* in the regular service. He was at Frances' tavern, in New York, when his venerated commander took his memorable farewell of his beloved comrades. He too, in silence, pressed the hand of Washington.

Now, with bright prospects and blissful anticipations, Charles was returning to claim his bride. He paced along on the same noble bay charger that formerly conveyed him to that dread scene of desolation. He lingered a few moments at the now uninhabited dwelling of Mr. Barton. Much of the injury done by the besieging Hessians, had been repaired for the reception of himself and Mary; yet he could easily trace many marks of bullets yet remaining on the walls. He turned away, mounted his faithful steed, and striking into a brisk pace, quickly halted at the gate of the good old minister. He was met in the yard by Mary, who ran out, and throwing herself in his arms, could only utter "Charles! Charles!"

Phila.

J. I.

WHEN I WISH TO DIE.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

BY F. M. C. DEEMS.

Not when all earth is sleeping,
 Wrapt in the arms of night,
 And friends are vigils keeping,
 To watch my spirit's flight;
 Not when the tempest's raging;
 Not when the winds are high,
 And warrior storms engaging,
 Spread darkness o'er the sky;
 Not in the field of battle,
 Amid the cannon's roar,
 When death-shots round me rattle,
 Stained with my fellow's gore;
 Not in the boundless ocean,
 When all around is dark,
 And when its great commotion
 Tosses the fragile bark;
 Not where some classic fountain
 Rolls its pure stream along;
 Not on the vine-clad mountain,
 Nor in the land of song,
 Wish I to die!

But in the silent even,
 When nature's in repose,
 And when the distant heaven
 Its brightest colors shows;
 When the warm sun is setting
 Behind the western skies,
 Upon the azure letting
 His golden, gorgeous dyes;
 When the light zephyrs straying,
 Shall kiss my feverish cheek,
 And round my temples playing,
 In gentle whispers speak;
 When softest prayer is hushing
 The voice of grief, then low,
 And one dear being's brushing
 The death-damps from my brow;
 When on my ear is falling
 Music that calms the breast,
 And angel bands are calling
 My spirit to its rest,

A GENTLEMAN'S REMORSE.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN ITALY, IN THE YEAR 16—.

This day, being the feast of St. John, I put on my yellow vest and doublet, richly laced with gold, with buttons of topaz, and my black velvet cloak lined with yellow silk, with a clasp curiously wrought in jet, with a topaz in the midst, and diamond at the ends, with a black cap and feather, turned up with yellow, and a diamond clasp. On my legs I wore silken hose, with boots of fine undressed leather. I did place the sword with a rich diamond hilt, the which was given me by the Duke of Venice, in a black velvet scabbard hat I had to match the cloak. Having ruffled out my fine feathers in this guise, I went forth to see the show, and to pay my respects to the duke. Understanding how there was to be a review in the place of St. Mary the Greater, I went thither on foot, being joined by signor Federigo, signor Checco,* signor Olaffe,† and other brave young gentlemen. Being come to the great square, the Grand Duke saw me, and motioned me to come to him, which presently I did. Having made my bow, I placed myself behind to see the show. Presently there was a great shouting at the corner on the left hand of the church, which was to greet the coming of signor Pietro Buonarroti, a most noble gentleman to look at, and of magnificent living. After these were other shoutings—now for this gentleman—now for that, at whose coming our circle somewhat increased itself, albeit the duke always kept me near him, being pleased to do me honor. Presently, in the opposite corner, was a great noise and shouting, the which died not off again, but it kept up, even till the crowd opening, there issued from amongst them three men on horseback. The first, who might seem the master, was on a white horse, small and stout, like a Flemish breed. He was dressed somewhat plain, wearing blue clothes with white trimmings, but very plain. He seemed about fifty, or indeed more, for his hair and beard were quite white, and the top of his head was bald; for he carried his hat on the fist of his right hand, like a hawk, for coolness. His face was smooth and ruddy, and he smiled like any child; and truly, when he drew nigh, methought I had no where, nor at any time, seen a more lovely countenance. His eyes were soft and bright, like a young girl's, albeit they had a few wrinkles at the corner. Ever, as he rode, he kept bowing his head to the people, who, on their part, shout so lustily and variously, that all was a Babel like confusion, and none might distinguish what he said. Soon as the Grand Duke saw him, he walked

towards him suddenly, his face brightening up, as though he had seen the pleasantest sight in the world. When the elder gentleman saw the duke making that way, he alighted from his horse and walked up to his highness, and would have knelt; but the duke preventing him, embraced him very lovingly, crying—"Signor Alberto, not often are we gifted with your good company; and now you come, I know it, on some business—some business of bounty." The old gentleman, smiling afresh, and bowing very graciously, said—"With your highness's permission, I have come to kiss your hands, and learn your health, if not to see the show." "Truly, signor mio," said the duke, "few heads so old as yours would have leisure or content enough to take pleasure in these levities; but you have kept a young heart, preserving it in the sweetness of your dispositions." Whereat the old gentleman bowed and laughed, like one who would not bandy words, knowing they would but run in the same course; and so the Grand Duke walked back to his station, keeping the old gentleman very close by him, like a brother, or a very dear friend.

And now I had more leisure to observe the two men that were with him. One of them was a brave looking young man, very decent in his comportment, like the lackey of a gentleman of respect. But the other was very notable among servants. He wore a serving man's dress, and had taken the rein of the old gentleman's horse, snatching it, as I thought, with a rude kind of greediness. He was a very noble looking man, that might have graced any title or station. His stature was tall and comely, but meagre withal; his hair a grizzled black; his face very pale, anxious, and melancholic, and his eye large, black, dark skinned, and deeply set under his brow; his action was majestic as any prince, and he rode as if he were born to command rather than to serve: whilst I was observing him, the duke beckoned a gentleman and whispering him, sent him to this lackey of signor Alberto, as the old gentleman was called. I saw the gentleman go up to him; but certainly I thought that my eyes were distraught, when they made me see that the gentleman, pulling off his hat with respective gravity, bowed very low, and said something to the tall lackey; at which he turned to his fellow, and seemed very humbly to ask him to take the beasts in charge; for presently dismounting, he accompanied the gentleman to the duke. When he had knelt, and kissed his highness's hand, the duke raised him up, and embraced, and then spake with him in a very courteous guise; but I was not near enough to hear the matter of their discourse. When the duke had done, he stepped behind, and several

* The English mode of writing at the time—for Checco, the familiar form of *Francesco*.

† Who signor Olaffe may be, or what the true orthography of his name, we cannot divine.

gentlemen accosted him, some with an embrace, some with a grappling of hand, and some only bowing very humbly, and he all the while making suitable returns, like a great lord. All these admirable sights did perfectly amaze me, making my eyes seem ready to crack for straining to stare at them, so unmannerly was I made by the astonishment. Now, presently, the review began, and it was mighty fine. * * *

When it was over, I heard one say that the duke was going to signor Alberto's, at which many smiled. And one gentleman said that Alberto never came into the city without returning heavily and richly laden—namely, with the Grand Duke. But a few looked very sullen; it might be because they would be disappointed of the gala in the evening; for I found that the duke went attended very slightly. Whilst they were talking of these things, which I only half understood, because of their newness, the Grand Duke made a sign to me, and I drew nigh. "Signor Le-nié," said he, (for so he calls me, not being ready at my name.) I must take you with me, with signor Alberto's good leave."

Signor Alberto took me by the hand, and said that he should be proud to take me home with him, if I could pardon his rude entertainment. And so we set forth. Now I found that only two gentlemen went besides the Grand Duke and me. The tall lackey held signor Alberto's stirrup, and rode behind him with his fellow as before. Signor Alberto's house lay a mile or so without the walls, up a pleasant hill, in a vineyard. As we passed in at the gate, one of the gentlemen who accompanied us, whom I knew very well, said to me, "You should know, sir, that as soon as ever the duke passes these gates, he will not be called by his title any more, nor be treated in any respect differently from other gentlemen. He says, with a most pleasant and true conceit, that this is the Land of Goodness, where signor Alberto is sovereign; and with less veracity, that himself is not of very high rank therein." "What then, sir, does it please his highness to be styled?" "Signor Lorenzo, nothing more; and it displeases him to be treated with ceremony."

We spent long time in the gardens most pleasantly, being served with sherbet and fruits, and ices, and greedily devouring the discourses of signor Alberto and the Grand Duke, and admiring that the Grand Duke was always called plain Master Laurence, and did discourse most pleasantly, and methought he never seemed so merry.

Presently we were called in to a goodly entertainment which had been prepared for us. Signor Alberto took his place at the head of the table, with the Grand Duke on his right hand, and me on his left. The tall lackey, not forgetting his duties, which he filled so strangely, placed himself, not behind the Grand Duke, but behind signor Alberto; and he served him during the dinner so eagerly, that it seemed to me, now he was an officious servitor, now a most dutiful and tender son. The Grand Duke sometimes spake with him pleasantly, and he answered easily, like one bred to a high station, showing a ready wit; but

withal respectfully, and like one who was something melancholy.

Truly, the time we spent with signor Alberto was most pleasant, and he invited me, with great show of kindness, to come often to his house. We took leave so late as nine o'clock of the night, returning to town by dark. A son of signor Alberto's attended the Grand Duke to town, and servants with torches. Passing outside the gates, the Grand Duke again became his highness, which was a most strange power of the gates.

It chanced that one of signor Alberto's sons did also ride with us, to do me honor, a sudden friendship having chanced between us; he being mighty curious about our country, and our ships, and the like, and desiring to see all. I did take what advantage I could of this, being very curious to know who was that tall lackey of signor Alberto's, and so I heard his story.

This tall man is a signor Giovanni Strozzi, a most powerful noble, by his natural birth right. He and signor Alberto, being young, did both love the same lady; but signor Alberto was the most favored. Signor Alberto was very high fortun'd, and did rejoice in all good favors, inasmuch that he lived very magnificently, keeping a most goodly train, like a sovereign prince. He and the Grand Duke were close friends, (the father of the present,) and in all things he outshone signor Giovanni as the sun might do the moon. Whereat signor Giovanni did conceive so passionate a malice, that he could not brook it, and often provoked the other with unmannerly words; but this signor Alberto regarded not, as one that had the best of the matter.

Soon after signor Alberto was married, (which was done with great pomp,) Giovanni, being pushed on by his devilish malice and jealousy, did compass to seize the lady, and conveyed her away to a castle of his. Signor Alberto was wild with wrath, and assembling his people, set forth to recover her, and partly by the aid of the Grand Duke, (who sent succors very suddenly,) partly by his own power, he recovered her. It was happy for Giovanni that he was imprudent. It was the Grand Duke's orders, or certainly signor Alberto would have slain him in his wrath. The lady discovered that Giovanni had tried to seduce her, and after, like a new Tarquin, had tried a shorter way to his will; but happily she brought back her virtue. But she had been so sore frightened with these violences, breaking in upon her hymeneal contentment, that she died presently.

Then signor Alberto became a changed man, and very melancholy for the loss of his love; but being withal a very devout and virtuous man, he was weaned from worldly vanities, and he said he repented him of many things, particularly towards Giovanni, saying that his misfortune was a punishment for the vain-glory that had provoked Giovanni to so much; and he prayed of the Grand Duke to release him, "as an atonement to heaven for his friend," and it was done.

Now, when Giovanni was released, he did set to work still to satisfy his greedy revenge; for the last benefit he did hold a most notable injury and indignity. So, one night, with many bravoes, he set upon signor

Alberto in his own vineyard, and left him for dead ; but being himself wounded in the leg, by one of his own base companions in the dark, he was left by them in the open road, and taken by signor Alberto's servants, who conveyed him straightway to the Grand Duke, for fear their master should oblige them to release him, and he was sent to the galleys.

Now about this time the galleys were badly ordered and victualled, and signor Alberto, who had not withdrawn himself from good works, did busy himself in mending the condition of the miserable malefactors, in getting them priests, and better food and lodging. One day he chanced to visit one of these galleys with the Grand Duke, and there he saw Giovanni, who had been newly removed ; and Giovanni, looking at him sternly, said, "It is worthy of the fine signor Alberto to mock his enemy, who is helpless and unarmed." Thereat signor Alberto burst into tears, to see his miserable state, sitting in chains, with his hair and beard uncombed, and the prison clothes on. "God knows, signor Giovanni," said he, "that I did not expect to find you here, and how sad it makes me to see you so low." And so he knelt down, and prayed the Grand Duke to release his enemy, even though he put the irons on his legs who had helped to place him there—meaning himself. And so with much labor he procured his freedom, and Giovanni left the country, and became a Turk.

Now a war broke out with some Turks of Barbary about certain vessels they had seized, and Alberto commanded a galley in the battle, and was taken prisoner. It chanced that the galley which took him was commanded by the renegade, Giovanni, who had many Christians under him, renegades like himself, as knowing best how to command them. Finding he had his enemy in his power, he was transported with new rage. He made them shave his head, and put him in mean clothes, and bare his back, and so flog him with ropes. Then he changed his humor, and ~~made~~ put him on be richly clad, and ~~for~~ ^{ransom}. This was for payment of his own freedom, being a right noble and proud gentleman, though so devilishly wicked. But a terrible storm arose, so that they could not land. The sailors were sore frightened, and being Christians, they repented of their sins, and setting Alberto free, made him their captain. They would have slain Giovanni in the turmoil, but Alberto defended him at the peril of his life, and by blows and good words made them be pacified. But Giovanni did not escape so well, but he got a bad wound, which nigh killed him. They made for the port whence Alberto had come, and being

landed, he procured pardon for all who were subjects of the Grand Duke—the more easily that they brought him back. All this while Giovanni was insensible, and Alberto, being master of the Grand Duke's friendship, again procured him pardon, and the return of all his possessions, to the wonder of all, at his obstinate generosity, and the Grand Duke's easiness, so that he came to life again in his own house.

When he recovered, he was at first strangely bewildered ; but when he found where he was, and how, he sent straightway for a priest, and confessed like a good Christian, and was absolved of all his sins. Then he sent for his brother, and putting on plain clothes, like a mean man, he made all his people leave their arms, and follow him to signor Alberto's house. Signor Alberto's people seeing so great a force, were alarmed, and shut the gates ; but signor Alberto, hearing that they were all unarmed, made them be let into the court. Then signor Giovanni, standing over against signor Alberto, before all, confessed how he had wickedly striven to take away his life, and how, in spite of many benefits, conferred in all Christian charity and humility, he had been still hardened, and most devilishly bent on his destruction ; to such a pass that he had forsaken the true religion in that hope ; and, lastly, how he might have died in that accursed condition, but signor Alberto, at the peril of his precious life, had saved him, body and soul. And now he repented him bitterly of his immeasurable wickedness, and thought that he should still die of grief, if signor Alberto would not help him in his penance. And so he gave up all his lands and houses to his brother, and besought Alberto to receive him as his servant.

At first signor Alberto would not hear him, but would have embraced him. But signor Giovanni, with abundance of tears and importunate prayers, at length obtained his wish. There were those who thought this but a new stratagem of Giovanni to get signor Alberto in his power, and would have had signor Alberto mistrust him ; but he did seem to trust him the more for their suspicions. And they were mistaken ; for signor Giovanni proved a most faithful and loving servant ; and signor Alberto received his services withal so lovingly, that all say it is a most strange and lovely sight, to see goodness overmaster wickedness, even on this earth, so as to make it like unto itself ; and signor Giovanni, who hath most excellent parts, and a noble temper, is held more great and honorable as a poor lackey, than when he was the master of fair lands and castles, with a princely train.

THE SEAT OF INFAMY.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ENGLAND.

It was noon, and the citizens of learned Padua swarmed towards the Palazzo de Ragione. It was plain, there was some show afoot: some quack-salver hot from Venice; or, perhaps, some beatific Filippo Neri, with new-made relics, fresh from Rome. Of a surety, it was something rare and strange that drew hundreds as one man towards the same spot.

"'Tis forty years since such a thing was seen," said an old man, who, his shaking hand grasping a staff, and leaning on the shoulder of his grandson, hobbled onwards as though he hastened to a shrine where youth and health might be had for kneeling.

"Ha' ba! that I should live to see this!" crowed a withered beldam, and she clapt her hands and sprang forward like a witch at the Sabbath.

"Could any man have looked for it?" asked a grave tradesman of his neighbor, as they both went with the crowd.

It seemed that all the people of Padua were assembled at the hall. It was with much labor that the city-guards kept the multitude close-wedged, so vigorously did every one press to behold—what?

A criminal, in shameful nakedness, seated on a low round stone at the end of the hall—on the *Stone of Infamy*. The culprit was an old man, with that in his face which makes old age terrible. Years lay heavily upon his back, but a defying scorn had, for a time, flung off the load, and he sat upright as a staff. He sat, and his eyes glowed like burning coals upon the crowd that pressed to stare at him. He looked back the looks of hundreds, who quailed from his eyes as from the eyes of a snake. Many a rejoicing foe, who came to chuckle at the sight, shrank back, still fearful of his ancient enemy. There was a tumult in the heart of the old man—a fire in his brain—as he caught the eager face of many a fellow-citizen; and he would tighten his arms across his breast as though holding in a passion that swelled to burst it. Old Creso Quattrino sat nakedly upon the stone of infamy—his grave was dug at his foot—and yet no despot from his throne could have looked more fiercely, more contemptuously around him. The crowd heeded not the fate of the victim, but—his grave was dug at his living foot.

Creso Quattrino was the youngest son of a noble, though impoverished house. His elder brothers talked of glory, and cut their daily bread with hired-out swords. One by one, they died in their vocation, and still the eulogy that Creso uttered over each, was—"fool." Creso, in early life, became a trader; it was his one hope to "die rich;" it would be his glory to quit life leaving heavy coffers. Fortune smiled upon his desire; and ere the mouth of his first brother was

stopped with the bloody mire of fame, Creso could have thrice outweighed the helm, cuirass, and sword of the immortal warrior with merchant's gold. His four brothers, hired by four different states, died in battle. "They have their laurels," Creso would cry, with a sneering humility—"I have only ducats. They are sleeping on the wide bed of glory, and when the historian shall some day make known that in such a skirmish such a king was repulsed, such a duke was victorious, such a count kept his ground with a trifling loss, he will write in everlasting words the glowing epithets of my happy brothers."

This humor increased with the wealth, with the years of Creso. With him, gold was power—was reputation: no strength could overcome it—no shame could tarnish it. He looked upon his ducats as kings look upon their mercenaries—the instruments of his will, the sure doers of his behests, however vile and ruthless. He was that squalid despot—a tyrannous miser. And he would die rich!

Creso was past forty, when, with his gold he bought himself a wife—a creature of lustrous beauty—the eldest child of Marco Spori, a poor trader of Padua. Marco was doomed for a petty sum in the books of the man of wealth; early and late he toiled to pay his creditor, and still some new misfortune made the labor vain. Creso, with a grim smile, would proffer farther aid, and then would praise the gentle looks of Marianna.

"No, Messer Quattrino," cried Marco, awakening to the meaning of his patron, "Marianna is wedded."

"Wedded!" exclaimed Quattrino, and his face darkened—"wedded!"

"In promise," said Marco; "tis all as one, Messer Quattrino, if I understand you rightly."

"Betrothed? To whom, friend Marco?" asked Quattrino, with constrained composure; for love—or call the feeling by a grosser name—before unknown to the miser, had made him like one possessed.

"To Pietro Leti."

"Doubtless, some wealthy merchant? No? Humph? A scholar, perhaps, with a tongue silvery as Satan's? Is your future son-in-law, good Marco Spori, of the 'Inflammati,' or?—"

"He rents a little vineyard," replied Marco, unmoved by the malignant banter of his creditor. "His father lived and died upon it—a happy old man.—Why should not Pietro?"

"And you will give your child—the tender, the beautiful Marianna, to hopeless poverty? You will blast that beauty with early care? You will fling her a prey to the tooth of want?" said Creso.

"She will be poor—granted. Wherefore should she not be happy?" asked Marco.

"The poor cannot be happy. Never open your eyes, man; I speak a plain truth—a truth the rich well know, but never preach. No; it is their trick, folding their purple round them, to hymn the praise of low estate—to paint the happy carelessness of rags—the excellence of appetite begotten by hard drudgery. Poverty! Of all the arrows shot at our miserable nature, is there one that is not made the keener if whetted on the poor man's hearth?"

"That is true," said Marco, despondingly—"too true, Messer Quattrino."

"What is your state, now, while I speak, Marco Spori? Are you not hunted—even as a wild beast, hunted? Have you a tranquil thought? Is there one fibre of your heart that is not pulled at by a care? You have children, too—things sent, they say, to bless and crown you. But, then, good Marco, they sometimes want a supper; and oh! the blessing!"

"Do not, Messer Quattrino—for the saints' sake! do not," exclaimed Marco, lifting his clasped hands entreatingly.

"There is no physician but gold; trust me, there is not; and when gold fails, believe it, there is no comfort but death." Such was the creed of Creso Quattrino.

Marco sought his desolate home. As he lifted the latch, his heart quailed at the laughing voices of his younger children. Marianna read the thoughts of her father in his eyes. He sank upon a stool, and for a moment, hid his face in his hands; then, looking vacantly at his daughter, he uttered—"Yes; 'twill be the best—that I should have thought of it!—it will be the best."

"What, father! Tell me, what?" asked Marianna, winding her arms about his neck.

"To end this—and there is but one way. Yes, I will make myself a show for the people of Padua—what matters it? 'Tis but an hour—and shall I not be free?"

"Father!"—

"Every hope has left me, Marianna; turn where I will, I meet with scornful or with threatening faces. But there is yet a law in Padua, a kind law for the bankrupt," said Marco, shuddering.

"What law? You do not mean?"—

"The *Stone of Infamy*," cried the father, his flesh quivering as he spoke. "'Tis but to sit an hour there—to sit and be stared at, and such is the good law, my creditors are paid.'"

"And you will sit upon that stone?" asked Marianna.

"I must—I will," groaned Marco.

"When, father—when?" cried the girl.

"To-morrow—if heaven will make me live—to-morrow," said Marco, and his head fell upon his bosom.

Marianna quitted her home, but in less than two hours returned. Her father sprang to his feet, as at the coming of a ghost. "Blessed Mother! Marianna!" cried Marco, staring at the white face, the cold eyes of his child. "What is this?" he exclaimed, as she held a purse towards him.

"Gold, father! gold," said Marianna.

"How got—how come by!" raved the father, for suddenly the wildest fears possessed him.

"You are saved from shame!"—said the girl—"from worse than death."

"How? Speak! Marianna; how?" exclaimed Marco.

"I am the wife of Creso Quattrino," answered Marianna; and as she spoke, she fell like a dead thing to the ground.

From the night Marianna became the wife of Quattrino, she smiled but once; it was when she kissed her new-born girl—a babe that, in one brief hour, was motherless. For three years had Marianna lived a life of silent anguish. Her husband loathed her for the indifference with which she looked upon his wealth—for the coldness with which she listened to his golden schemes—his bargains made from ignorance or want. He felt—and the thought haunted him like a demon—that he had bought a victim, not wedded a partner. He felt himself, with all his wealth, humbled before the simple nature of Marianna; her gentleness—her meek endurance—galled, enraged him; there was one to whom his bags of gold were but as hoarded ashes. Reproach at length subsided into neglect, then turned into disgust; and, when the miser looked upon the dead face of his wife, he smiled in sullen satisfaction. There was an intruding, though a silent, witness taken hence: even in the chamber of the dead, Quattrino breathed more freely. For the child, that should be to him a blessing—he would mould it to his own heart—there was no mother, no Marianna, with her speechless lips, yet cold, accusing eyes, to thwart the lessons of a thrifty father. The girl should wed a prince; yes, he had already gold sufficient—and time could not but treble it—to buy a throne. Auretta was scarcely three days old when, in the imagination of her parent, vain-glorious, drunk with wealth, she was a royal bride.

Years passed, and every year, Creso Quattrino became more hardened with his wealth. Fortune seemed his handmaid, so constantly did he prosper. His dealings were with men of all nations; he scrupled not to furnish the infidel with arms, heedless of the penalty; for Mother Church denied the Christian rites of burial to such ingrate traders. "It matters not," thought Creso, "so that I die rich, I am well content to risk the rest."

"Humph! where shall we meet to talk of this?" Thus one day spoke Quattrino to Jacob, the travelled Jew of Padua, with whom our Christian merchant was wont to have many dealings.

"Why not at your house, good signor?" asked Jacob. "Ere this, we have driven a bargain there."

"It has been noted; therefore, 'tis fit we deal more privily. Art thou not a Jew?"

"I thank Abraham! yes. I am a branded, despised Jew: I thank Abraham!"

"And I—I am a Christian; is it not so, Jacob?" asked Quattrino, a withering smile curling his lip.

"I have heard that you were baptised, signor Quattrino," replied the Jew.

"And our close and frequent communing may dis-

mage me in the confessional," said Cresco, and still he sneered.

"Thy confessional! where may that place be found?" inquired Jacob.

"Where I lay by my ducats, Jew. Understand me; our church hath eyes, and ears, and—hands; and long ones."

"All this I know—all this I have felt," replied the Levite.

"This war with the Turk—if 'twere known that thou and I helped the wicked infidel to cut good Christian throats—dost know what might happen, Jew? Thy bones would crack for it."

"Ugh!" and the Jew shuddered.

"Nay, more and worse; my coin would shrink: the priestly hand—thou knowest how huge its clutch—would be among it. I thank my good god Plutus! the war flourishes. 'Twas a hot fight the last—there are widows wailing in Venice, J. w."

"I thank my God! the God of Abraham, for it!" cried the Jew, with deep devotion; "I have cause to hate thy brethren—God knows it!"

"Saidst thou brethren, Jew? To me all men are brethren—'tis the good creed taught me by my gold. Blessed talisman! Glorious property: softening the haughty—strengthening the weak; giving to him, who rightly knows its use, a power and mastery beyond all other might. The Turk bids for my aid: I sell him arms, wherewith he cuts a thousand Christian throats, making Christian children fatherless. And why is this? I will tell you. Why is the Christian slaughtered? The goodly, peaceful creature covets a fair patch of earth—a glittering city—the dominion of a stranger's river. He is an infidel who holds it—it is enough; the unbeliever's land is soaked with human blood; the city is besieged—a hell of flames is roaring round its walls—the breach is made; rapine, murder, and lust whoop through the streets—and the flag of victory flies over blood and ashes. Tho Christians have conquered; and with sweet humility, and deep thanksgiving, they make the church roof echo with a loud *Te Deum*! With brazen face and iron heart, they thank their God, that they have prospered in a work, that devils might have blanched at."

"Do I hear Cresco Quattrino, the merchant of Padua?" asked the Jew, looking astonishment.

"These hideous mockeries, good Jacob—this wanton tyranny of the strong—have made me look upon the doings of this world as a grim, fantastic, wicked, foolish mask. Virtue, justice, honor! What are they? words—tinkling syllables for sweating slaves, like bells to drudging camels. There is but one thing, certain—gold! Grasp that—you grasp power; a power, that though the poor may hate, they must acknowledge. Grasp gold, and you pull the heart-strings of that god-like creature, man, as boys work puppets."

"I love my ducats, good signor Cresco; and yet, amongst my own people, there is, I think, something I love more," said Jacob.

"More—more than thy ducats, Jew?" asked Quattrino.

"By; the respect of men—their kindly greetings;

need I add, the smiles of my children?" said the Jew, and Cresco bit his lip.

"The smiles of children!" and as Cresco spoke, a sudden devotion stared from his eyes.

"That is a wealth!" cried the Jew, "that is a wealth!"

"Can it be tested?" exclaimed Cresco; "tell me, Jacob—tell me how?"

"You are yourself a father, signor Quattrino—the father of a beautiful maiden; a thing of goodness, of gentleness."

"Thou didst know her mother, Jacob?" asked the merchant.

"Auretta is her mother's self—her very self," cried the Jew. "Tis twenty-three years ago—alack! time slides, time slides! But I have tarried long. Where shall we meet to-night, since to thy hearth the Jew brings peril?"

"By the Palazzo de Ragione—by the Stone—Humph! See you not, Jacob, that I preach truly? The Stone of Infamy! Poverty, at the fount of this world, is christened infamy: christened! branded with a burning brand. The Stone of Infamy! Right—very right—'tis fitly called; for did a glistening angel sit there, men would loathe it."

"By the Stone; good. The hour!" and the Jew prepared to depart. "The hour?"

"Stay: not there. There is thanksgiving at St. Antony's for our victory, for we claim it, over the infidel; I must be there."

"You, there?" and the Jew gazed and then smiled grimly. "You at the thanksgiving?"

"Ay; being beaten, the infidel hath greater need of arms. You thank at the synagogue—I at the cathedral. Meet me at nine," and Cresco Quattrino turned to seek his solitary home—solitary, though a daughter dwelt there. "The mother's self—her very self," he muttered, as he took his way—"would she were not so!"

On the marriage of Marianna, Pietro Leti quitted his native Padua for Florence, where he found a wife in the daughter of a thrifty vine-grower, who, dying, bequeathed his son-in-law a small estate; and in a few years Pietro became a prosperous man, with wealth enough to send Luigi, his only child, to study at the school of Padua. It was to give a meeting to the young scholar that the Jew had hastened from Quattrino.

"I have waited, Jacob," said Luigi, with an impatient look, as the old man entered his dwelling.

"I crave your pardon, gentle sir—sudden business with the signor Quattrino, held me."

"Ha! Quattrino. Thou knowest him, then? I had heard so. 'Thou art friends!'" added Luigi, earnestly.

"We sometimes trade together—nothing more: our friendship is bounded by our ducats," said the Jew.

"Dost know his daughter—hast ever seen the beautiful Auretta?" and the youth colored, and his voice trembled.

"Seen her? Ay, a thousand times. Thou mayest have heard thy father speak of her mother?" said the Jew, fixing his eyes upon Luigi.

"Auretta's mother? Never. Why should he speak

of her!" inquired Luigi, moved by the scrutinizing glance of the Jew.

"I'll tell you. The story, youth, may haply save thee much misery—may profit the beautiful Aurette."

"Oh, speak! good Jacob—speak!" exclaimed the impatient boy.

"Thy father was to have wedded the mother of Aurette—they were betrothed."

"Betrothed! 'Tis strange I never heard of this. Betrothed! What barred the match?" asked Luigi.

"Poverty. To save her father from the direst shame, poor Marianna became the wife of the rich Quattrino. Her daughter—I have heard the merchant vaunt as much—is destined for a prince."

"A prince!" cried Luigi.

"No less; and be sure of it, young sir, Quattrino's wealth may make even princes stoop to wed Aurette."

"Stoop to wed her—stoop, Jew?"

"But we did not meet to talk of this," said the old Jew, marking the earnestness of Luigi—"we met not for this."

"True. Well, Jew, shall I have the money?" asked Luigi.

"A thousand ducats—and the security?" and Jacob paused, and stared in the face of the scholar. "The security."

"Thou knowest I am my father's heir. Thou knowest, he has no child save me. Draw what bond thou wilt, I am content to sign it."

"Death is a slow paymaster," said the Jew.

"But the surest, Jacob," replied Luigi.

"A thousand ducats? 'Tis a large sum for a scholar. Truly, what need hast thou, a bookman, of a thousand ducats?"

"Say, to spend in a revel—to buy a gondola—to purchase music—a sparkling stone—nay, to cast into the Adriatic—what matters it to thee? Shall I have the money, or shall I seek a readier merchant?" asked the youth, and he rose to depart.

"Stay, gentle sir—thou shalt have the money. This night at nine—I'll have the deed prepared."

"Where shall we meet?"

"Here," replied the Jew, and the youth took his way from the house, and, with hurried steps, sought the mansion of Quattrino.

"Blessed St. Mary!" cried Aurette's nurse, as she met Luigi at the door, "my master—know you not he is at home!—should he see you?"

"Go—say I beg some words with him," said Luigi.

"Are you mad, young master?—Are you mad?"

"Fear not, good nurse—I have conned my lesson; fear nothing. Say, a student craves a meeting with the merchant." The nurse obeyed, and the young scholar stood in the presence of the haughty, proud Quattrino.

"Now, youth," said Creso, "what trade would you drive with me?"

"I would purchase your dearest treasure, signor Quattrino," replied the simple-hearted youth.

"Ay? thou art young for a merchant. What treasure, child?" asked Creso.

"Thy daughter," answered Luigi; and the old man gasped at the word.

"My daughter! Truly: thou wouldst buy the heiress of Creso Quattrino? Doubtless, thou comest to market with a ducal crown, a countship—nothing less! Thou wouldst buy my daughter—thou—a student? but I err—I see, thou art a prince, a noble gentleman, jesting in the bare gown of a poor scholar."

"I am called Luigi Leti," answered the boy.

"Leti!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Son of Pietro Leti, once of Padua, now of Florence. You may have heard of him, signor Quattrino?"

"And thou dost love my daughter—thou dost love Aurette?" asked Quattrino, waiving an answer.

"And would win her—win her at thy hands," replied Luigi.

"Knows she of this meeting? Doth she sanction thy request—hast thou," asked the merchant, with deep dissimulation, "hast thou her heart? Thou hast? And what—what may Luigi Leti offer a doing father for this priceless gem?"

"The harvest of my sword," answered Luigi.

"Thy sword? A student's sword?"

"Creso Quattrino, my soul abhors deceit: 'tis possible I might have won the jewel of thy house despite thy will."

"Is it so?" cried Quattrino, and his heart labored with hate—with thoughts of ruthless vengeance. "My daughter would have flown from me—would have wedded with a poor scholar? Thou art a brave, a noble youth, Luigi; thou hast rightly said, thy heart abhors deceit. I read that glad assurance in thine eyes: give me thy hand," and the subtle merchant pressed the palm of Luigi, smiling in his face. "I see thy purpose, youth—thou wouldst not rob an old man of his only joy; thou comest to tell me this!"

"I come to ask a promise," said Luigi.

"Speak; the openness of thy nature hath won me: my heart yearns towards thee, Luigi; trust me, it does. Humph!" and still Creso smiled upon his victim—"thy features make me think of days that—well, well, they're past. How is the good Pietro? He wedded happily—very happily. I have heard much of the virtues of thy good mother. But thou comest to ask a boon? Name it, good Luigi—name it."

"I have closed my book—have thrown aside my student's gown, and in three days take ship from Venice," said Luigi.

"Take ship—whither?" asked the gladdened merchant.

"For the war against the Turk," replied the youth.

"A brave lad! a pious lad! Ha! ha! thou'lt make rare work among the heathen. 'Tis a pious purpose."

"Wilt thou promise me, signor Quattrino, if I return to Venice with an honored name—with glory won upon the infidel—wilt thou promise me Aurette?"

"Thy laurels 'gainst her ducats. Thou'lt prove a lucky champion, if thou dost compass it."

"Shall I have thy word, signor Quattrino?" asked Luigi.

"Thou hast her word already—is it not so?" questioned the smiling merchant. "Nay, I warrant me, 'twas not the timid girl who put such hard con-

ditions? Doubtless Aurette would wed thee, though thou shouldst never cleave a turban!"

"Shall I have thy promise?" pressed the youth.

"Thou hast made me thy friend for ever, Luigi. Like a thief, thou mightest have robbed me of my dearest wealth—say, more, have laughed at the despoiled old man thy wit had beggared. Not a gallant in all Padua, save thyself, good Luigi, would have dealt thus openly. Well, simplicity should win simplicity. When dost thou purpose to depart?"

"In three days."

"Thou art equipped then—every thing prepared?"

"I have secured the means. At nine, to-night, I meet Jacob the Jew—"

"Though an Israelite, an honest man. And he advances thee the means? To-night, at his house?—ay, indeed," said the crafty merchant. "Well, thou must sup with me to-night: say at ten, good Luigi; then we can talk of Aurette. Thou wilt not fail—say, I must see thee to the door;" and Quattrino, with well acted courtesy, attended the duped Luigi to the threshold. As the merchant stood at his door, a messenger from Venice arrived, bearing a letter for Quattrino.

"I pray, signor," said the man, "that it may bring good news—but there are grievous rumors in Venice."

A moment, Quattrino glared at the messenger; then hurriedly broke the seal. Another moment, and he staggered like a drunken man. "Gone! lost! sunk!" he screamed, and his face grew livid.

"Signor—good signor!" cried Luigi, grasping the arm of Cresco.

"'Tis true, then?" asked the messenger.

"My argosy—worth a principedom—and sunk!"—groaned Quattrino.

"Say not so, good signor; hope the best," said Luigi.

Quattrino looked as one stunned at Luigi, and then grasped his hand, and with a forced smile, said—"No matter: the loss shall not spoil our supper. Mind—at ten to-night, Luigi; at ten to-night," he repeated, the messenger standing by, "I shall expect you. The news shook me a little—but 'tis over. Remember, Luigi—at ten," and Quattrino, followed by the messenger, turned into his house.

At the clock struck nine, Luigi knocked at the door of the Jew. The deed was speedily signed, and Luigi, with the counted ducats, bade the Jew good night. Ere the Jew could place the deed in his chest, he heard the cries of Luigi and a noise of struggling men. The Jew rushed into the street, when Luigi, making to the house, fell into the old man's arms.

"Holy Abraham! what has happened?" exclaimed the Jew.

"A villain set upon me—I am slain!" cried the youth, and he slipped from the feeble hold of the Jew, and fell dead upon the earth.

The neighbors ran into the street—the watch came up—the Jew was seized on suspicion of the murder, no man but himself being found near the body. His creed was sufficient evidence of his wickedness—he was a Jew, and that of itself, was witness against him.

His house was ransacked by the officers of justice, and all his papers seized.

"Thou art innocent of the murder!" said the officer, "well, it matters not; thou wilt have work enough to answer for thy treasons."

"I will confess all—every thing—but spare my life—let me be saved from torture," cried the Jew, and he tore his beard, and howled in agony, when he beheld the discovered papers proving his correspondence with the agent of the Turk. "I—I was not alone in the bargain," exclaimed the Jew—"the Christian merchant—there is proof of it—Cresco Quattrino was my partner."

Ere midnight, Cresco Quattrino and the Jew Jacob were fast in jail—prisoners to the state. The assassin, hired by the merchant, had done his work; but the blow that did a murder, helped to reveal a treason.

The wretched Jew was doomed to the wheel—the Christian merchant obtained his freedom, but only with the loss of all his wealth. He was fined for his treasons to an amount that absorbed his every possession, leaving him a debtor to many, who, in their time, thwarted and oppressed by Quattrino, resolved to revenge themselves of his past tyranny. Quattrino stood in the streets of Padua without a home, without a meal, save at the hands of charity.

"And is it come to this? And shall I die poor—after all—a beggar!" he cried, half-resolved to end his miserable life; and then the hope, vain as he thought it, the hope of future fortune, made him bear the load of life—no, he could not die a pauper.

"And now, signor? The five thousand crowns between us—I have need of them," said a creditor to the broken merchant.

"Give me time—a little time, good Battista," solicited the humble Cresco.

"Ay, and more than thou hast given to any man: my crowns, to-morrow, or the jail," answered the creditor.

"The jail! What—a felon debtor? Thou dog—thou cur, that—"

"Is it so?" said the creditor. "Well, then, to-morrow look thou to lie in debtor's straw."

All night Quattrino wandered through the streets. His reason reeled beneath his misery. He paused before the Palazzo di Ragione; and, as he stood, a monk—who had been to confess a dying man—approached him.

"Blessed St. Antony!" cried the friar, "is it the merchant—is it signor Quattrino?"

"No. The merchant is dead—I am his ghost, doomed to wander where the rich man lived in glory," answered Cresco.

"What was thy wealth?—perishable dust! My son, there is better wealth hoarded for thee."

"Where, monk—where?" asked Quattrino.

"Wealth eternal," replied the friar.

"Humph! Canst lend me ten thousand present ducats?" demanded Cresco. "Look there! Is not that the *Stone of Infamy*? And now, see"—and Quattrino gripped the arm of the friar—"see, who stands there and beckons me to it! Dost not see him? Look—tis young Luigi—he, the scholar, who was slain. He

beckons me to sit there: me! Creso Quattrino, the princely merchant of Padua, throned on the *Stone of Infamy*! Ha! ha!" And, with a yell, the pauper Creso rushed from the shuddering friar.

The next day Quattrino encountered Battista—"Now, merchant?" said the creditor—"my ducats, my ducats, good Messer Creso—my ducats, or the jail: there—for who in Padua hath not felt the bitterness of thy oppression! there thou shalt rot and die my debtor!"

"Die thy debtor! Thy debtor?—a crawling chapman!—thou, who in my days of wealth didst cringe before me like a beaten hound!—I defy, and spit at thee!" exclaimed old Creso.

"Arrest him at my suit; to the jail with him," cried Battista to a ready officer.

"Hold—hold!" shouted Creso—"I—I claim my privilege—the privilege of a citizen of Padua."

"What privilege?" asked the officer.

"The—the"—Creso stood convulsed with passion; "I will not die thy debtor—I will sit upon the *Stone*."

The crowd that were gathered about Creso and his creditor, echoed the "*Stone*," and looked astonished at each others' faces—and then, as rejoicing at a promised feast, whooped and shouted—"Quattrino on the *Stone of Infamy*!" "Creso a bankrupt!"

The next morning Creso, the golden merchant, as he was called, became a spectacle of shame and wretchedness to the men of Padua; for one hour, he sat upon the *Stone of Infamy*!

"Now, Quattrino, the time is up—thou hast sat the hour—thy debts are paid," said the judge.

"I am no debtor, by the law of Padua!" asked Quattrino, and with an effort he rose from his ignominious seat, and gripping the arm of one of the guards with the gripe of death, he looked as one risen from his coffin. "I die no debtor!" he gasped, and fell, huddled, to the earth.

"Santa Maria! he's dead," exclaimed Battista.

"Ha! ha! he's dead!" screamed an old crone.

Ere the beggar Quattrino was borne from the Hall, there was a cry of "The argosy—the argosy!"—and a messenger from Venice hurried through the crowd to the self-poisoned criminal. Quattrino's vessel, ramored as lost, rode in the Adriatic, freighted with unbounded wealth.

"She's safe!—she's here!" exclaimed Quattrino, and he writhed with the poison, "in port! safe in port! Ha! ha! I die no pauper—I die!"—and with his eyes glazing upon the messenger of fortune, the miserable Creso "died rich."

THE WANDERER.

BY MISS CATHARINE K. WATERMAN.

He went in the fullness of boyhood and pride,
Hope, wreath'd with young roses, career'd at his side,
And scatter'd the sunbeams from off her light wing,
To gild with glad promises every thing.

He walk'd among flowers that welcom'd his feet,
While the rivulet murmur'd its melody sweet,
The spring bird sang blythe on the neighboring spray,
And the wanderer smiled as he wended his way.

He left the young blossoms in childhood he nursed,
Ere the tree in its fullness of beauty could burst,
And the fond hearts that hallow'd the hearth of his home,
He heedlessly left, in his boyhood to roam.

And proud was the footstep, and fearless, and free,
That paced o'er the waves of a far swelling sea,
And still o'er the water, refulgent and bright,
The glad star of hope was the wanderer's light.

But time wrought a change, and the star waned in night,

"Till feeble and faint was its glimmering light,

And scarce thro' its mists o'er the ocean's dark foam,
Could he trace the lov'd scenes of his boyhood and home.

And when the dark locks on his forehead were gray,
The wanderer came to the haunts of his play,
The flowers that budded wherever he trod,
Lay wither'd and pale on the desolate sod.

The waters were still that had led him along,
With lullaby murmurs of music and song,
The birds had forsaken their nests in the bough,
And dreary and dark was its loneliness now.

The step of the aged was feeble and weak,
And time ploughed the furrows of care on his cheek,
And he stood in the once happy hall of his birth,
A desolate being, beside the old hearth.

He stood till the swell of sad feelings swept by,
And the feeble old man brush'd a tear from his eye,
He saw the night dew on his companions' graves green,
And the wanderer clumbers in quiet with them.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES

OF VARIOUS MEMBERS OF

THE YOUNG LADY CREATION.

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

THERE is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to an age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read *Corinne*, which at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period, she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus, when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her infancy;" after which, turning to a dairy in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we love flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doated on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers, she should die outright. These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone romantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she only gone mad; there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hair dresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house so honorably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always draws more or less, using generally the drawl pathetic, occasionally diversified with the drawls sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pitying or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl

if it gets wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste! nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." 'Tis singular that, with all this fund of compassion, she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more etherial texture. She never gave any thing to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. "She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat, loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's history. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophising, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particularly partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear, from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively lilliputian, yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes recrosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second, from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third, from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which time she gradually subsides into common sense.

THE MATTER OF FACT YOUNG LADY.

OPPOSED to the romantic young lady, a class daily becoming smaller, there is a class very common in these utilitarian times, whom we designate "the mat-

ter of fact young ladies," for want of a better name. These young ladies are always most particularly cautious in every thing connected with them and theirs. They were never known to receive a kiss from their male cousins, are always most punctiliously neat, and anticipate old maidenism by ten years, being scrupulous beyond measure in wearing dresses as plain and angular as themselves. Their conversation is wholly on actual things, without the slightest intrusion of an idea. They take literally every thing that you say, and are never surprised by any thing. You will not find a book of poetry on their shelves. The first row will, beyond doubt, be nothing but dictionaries: the second, abridgments of histories and recipes. In general they have no ear for music, and never touched a piano in their life. There are a variety of things of which they could never see the use. Thus they could never see the use of drawing, when prints can be had so cheap. They could never see the use of fancy-work. They could never see the use of dancing.

We once met one of these matter of fact young ladies in company with the romantic young lady. Nothing could be more amusing than the contrast. Whatever put the romantic young lady into ecstasies, was sure to make the matter of fact young lady look more than usually dull and insipid. When the romantic young lady expressed her intense delight at the beauty of the evening, the matter of fact young lady averred that she could see nothing in the night more than common, except that it was very likely to give a cold.

But, to proceed with the characteristics which we were giving, it is to be observed that your matter of fact young ladies, if you are admitted suddenly into the sitting-room, will invariably be found engaged in the delightful process of mending a stocking. Your entrance, you would suppose, might interrupt this delicate work. By no means. The matter of fact young lady sees nothing in it, as some others of our weaker-minded acquaintance might; but goes on as unconcerned as ever, till the heel is finished off in regular rows of parallel straight lines, like a miniature ploughed field. Every now and then, without lifting up her eye, she gives you a word which you answer. Her first question is invariably concerning the health of your paternal ancestor, her second ditto about your mother, her third ditto about your sister Mary Anne, and so on through the catalogue. She then hopes that you yourself are in good health, and, having declined the word health from beginning to end, asks confidently who it is that mends your stockings, thus making a gentle reference to her own pleasing occupation. After this, she tells you without asking, to your eternal satisfaction; that her brother John went out shooting yesterday with a gun, and killed two robins; that her father is gone into the town about old Betty's leg, which she broke three weeks ago, in getting over the stile near Mrs. Smith's, and that her mother is in the kitchen watching the cook making raspberry jam. This leads her to various acute observations, first on jam in general, and secondly, on raspberry jam in particular. She asks you

how your mother makes it; and, having thus amused you as much as she thinks proper for some twenty minutes, informs you graciously that she must be going now, since she "is wanted." You make your bow and exit together, saying inwardly, "Hang her for a matter of fact young lady!"

THE EVANGELICAL YOUNG LADY.

FAR be it from us to decry true religion wherever it be found, more especially among the youthful fair, who can wear no ornament more precious or becoming. But of late there has sprung up a strange sort of morbid religion among the young ladies of our neighborhood, which deserves especial notice; we have carefully watched the whole progress of this disease in destroying the innocent mirth of our neighborhood, and can affirm most indubitably on the strictest historical evidence, that it began with Miss Slugs, the attorney's daughter, about a year-and-a-half ago. That distance of time has now elapsed, since upon paying a visit in that quarter, we found the once cheerful and vivacious Miss Slugs, sitting in the drawing room in a very plain dress, with an extremely sulky look, and doing nothing. We began our conversation with her in our usual mirthful style, which she had been accustomed to approve. But to each of our several witticisms she replied with only a cool yes or no. At last, fancying that we had hit on something to please her, we asked whether she was going to the ball on Friday. What was our surprise when, starting back in the utmost horror, Miss Slugs answered in this manner—"I thought," said she, "you were aware that I never go to balls now! I consider them to be extremely improper." After this she gratuitously quoted, for our exclusive information, two or three pages of Scripture, to all which we listened reverently, as we always do when Scripture is read, yet not without pain at thinking how greatly she perverted those doctrines, which, however serious in their ultimate objects, are yet, in our humble opinion, by no means opposed to occasional mirth.

We did not again visit Miss Slugs for some time; but every now and then reports reached us that she was becoming daily more particular. First we heard that she had prevailed on her mother to dress the two maid-servants in a plain uniform of blue and white. Then came the report that she had set up a private Sunday school in opposition to the minister's academy. By degrees she did not come to church so often as usual, leaving her mother to come alone. This surprised us particularly. We are curious, if not inquisitive. We called on our neighbors, inquiring the cause of this dereliction on the part of Miss Slugs. It appeared that in her opinion, our minister, who is a very excellent man, and a great friend of the bishop's, did not preach the Gospel. We puzzled ourselves to discover what she could be at during church time, since she did not come to church. But the task was beyond us. A faint rumor, and nothing more, reached

us that on such occasions she sat before the kitchen fire with the cook maid reading tracts. Accounts now spread of various small quarrels between Mrs. Slugs and Miss Slugs on the subject of religion. It seems the old lady could not be prevailed on to forswear a pink ribbon in her cap. Any thing else she was willing to give up to please her daughter, but not the pink ribbon. The pink ribbon, therefore, was a perpetual source of dispute, which did not end till the daughter herself cut it off one night when her mother was in bed. This news, important as it was, hardly prepared us for the next step of Miss Slugs, which was no less than a secession from the Episcopalian Church. At first we doubted our ears—but the report gained ground, and there was no course but to believe it. All doubt was finally removed from our mind two or three weeks after by the witness of our own eyes. For as we were walking one Sunday morning along the banks of a small river, we came upon a shady place, where about two hundred persons were collected, all looking very intently upon the centre of the stream. We ourselves turned our eyes in the same direction, and beheld the anabaptist blacksmith and carpenter in the very act of turning Miss Sluggs backwards into the water. She was dressed in flannel for the occasion. The case was plain. Miss Slugs had become an anabaptist, and the next day—married the carpenter.

Although no other young ladies followed the example of Miss Slugs to the extent which she went, there was scarce one, saving and except the romantic and matter of fact young ladies, who was not touched with a spirit of secession more or less. With some the fit lasted a fortnight. With others, three or four months. With a few half a year. During this time, the balls were attended by old maids only, and in consequence received great detriment, from which they have not yet recovered. At present, the young ladies are pretty nearly come back to their senses. It is only to be hoped that they will not now become as violently fond of amusements, as they have lately been violently opposed to them. This sudden change is often the case in republics, and perhaps even the republic of young ladies is not exempt from a liability to such an extravagance. In our humble opinion, to go to a ball three or four times in the year, is both a rational and cheerful amusement for the young of both sexes. But it is better to become an anabaptist at once, like Miss Slugs, than like some ladies whom we know, to waste heart, health and energy, in a continual pursuit of irreclaimable frivolity.

THE LAZY YOUNG LADY.

As in the brute creation, nature has created the sloth, the use of which animal our zoologists have never been able to discover,—so in the young lady creation we find an analogous class, whom, from their habits, we denominate the lazy young lady (*domina pigra*.)

The lazy young lady was never known to get

through the pronunciation of an ordinary monosyllable in less than thirty seconds. Assuredly she must have a wonderful taste for the beauties of language—for from her drawl, it is plain that she is determined on enjoying, as long as she can, every word that she utters, just as a prudent economical child sucks his barley sugar, instead of biting it to pieces at once. Then observe the lazy young lady's attitude. Such a perfect lounge on the very easiest and lowest chair which she can pick out. We verily believe she knows every chair in the room by its comparative softness, or possibly, (as we have sometimes thought,) she may have been born with an intuitive power of knowing the easiest chair at first sight. If it is winter, too, her cheeks are always most particularly red, from her custom of dragging the said chair as near the fire as possible, and sitting there for hours, with her feet on the fender, buried in huge worsted shoes, which remind you of the north pole and Captain Ross.

The lazy young lady is sometimes thin, and sometimes fat, but generally the latter. On any sudden concussion, her cheeks will shiver like a jelly. If you will believe her, she always has a headache—but for our own part, we strongly suspect that this headache is very often a pure invention to gratify her lazy propensities. It is quite delightful to hear her colloquies with "mamma" "My dear, run and tell Betty that I want her directly." "Hada't I better ring the bell, mamma?" says the lazy young lady. "No, my dear, you know that your uncle Tom is ill, and the bell might wake him—go yourself." "Yes, mamma," draws the lazy young lady, and drags herself along to the door, at the rate of the minute-hand of her own watch. At the door, however, her resolution to go all the way to Betty, (who perhaps may be up stairs making the beds,) fails her completely. To mount those pyramidal stairs is too awful a prospect. Accordingly, she stops at the bottom, and bawls out as loud as she can, "Betty, Betty, mamma wants you—make haste." 'Tis done; she crawls back, like an old woman of a hundred, to her easy chair, and flings herself down, in a most terrible state of fatigue from her late exertions.

Presently the clock strikes eleven. "Now, my dear," says mamma, "go and practice." "The clock on the stairs hasn't struck yet," says the lazy young lady. At last the clock on the stairs strikes. The lazy young lady makes two efforts to rise from her chair without success. One would think that some invisible power held her back. "Oh, mamma," she cries out at length, "mayn't I put off practising till twelve? It will do just as well." "No, my dear," says mamma, who knows perfectly well, from experience, how cunning the lazy young lady can be when she wants to put off business; "No, my dear, go at once." The lazy young lady waddles off at this authoritative admonition, casting many a wistful glance backwards at the easy chair. You hear her sigh as she opens the door, which she closes with a bang, to save trouble. If you listen sharply, you will now hear heavy feet dragging slowly up stairs. Presently a low monotonous sound comes through the ceiling from the study, as of somebody practising on

the piano forte. At first, it is tolerably quick. Allegro, perhaps, but never presto. From allegro, it subsides in a few minutes to allegretto, and so to andante. Mamma listens with painful attention. What can be the matter? Now only two or three notes are heard at wide intervals. Now the music has stopped altogether. Up jumps mamma, and is met at the door by the lazy young lady returning from her practising. "What's this, Amelia?" says mamma; "you haven't been practising ten minutes!" "I thought it was an hour," says the lazy young lady, "I

am so tired, mamma; I really can't practice any more now. By this time she has reached the fire. The easy chair is too tempting. Down she flops, and remains there in the same position till she is forced to go and dress for dinner. By the time dinner is half over she comes back. Every thing is cold. Papa scolds, mamma frowns, brothers frown, and call her "lag last." "Why can't you be quicker?" says mamma. "Really, mamma," says the lazy young lady, "I came as quick as I could. I ran all the way down stairs."

Quiz.

THE PANTHEON.

Juno, Vesta, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars, Mercurius, Neptunus, Jupiter. Vulcanus, Apollo. —Ennius.

No. 5.

NEPTUNE.

Ποσειδών, γαλήνη, χυαροχάρτα.

Homer.

Ipsæ tridente suo percussit; at illa
Laurentem, motuque sinus patefecit aquarum.

Ovid.

God of the fearful trident! On thy brow
Sits awful majesty as on a throne;
That makes the ocean's myriad monsters bow
In low obeisance, thy great power to own;
And brings the gentler dwellers of the brine,
Whose light and graceful figures far outshine
Earth's fairest forms, to sport and gambol round,
By mingled love and fear, and pleasing wonder
bound.

Lord of the boundless waves, seapotent dread!
From pole to pole, through every varying zone,
Thy mighty liquid empire is outspread,
Immeasurable, matchless, and alone:
The sea obeys thee, and, at thy command,
Is calm or troublous; and the trembling land,
Smit by the mace of thy dread sovereignty,
Earth shaking Neptune, owns its fealty to thee

When cloud and tempest, and the dark-brow'd storm
Sweep o'er the sea; when mountain billows curl'd,
With deep-ploughed wrinkles do its face deform,
And ocean's voice is heard around the world;
Amid the roar of elemental war,
Is seen, convolved in wave and foam, thy car,
With axle thundering up the watery steep
Of precipices, heard from the excited deep.

Upon the far-resounding whirlpool's verge,
Its fearful course thy circling chariot wheels,
And sports amid the eddies, while the surge
Now streams aloft, now the abyss reveals,
Deep yawning to engulph its fated prey;
And the toss'd bark, enveloped 'mid the spray,
With all her howling mariners, goes down
Where wrecks and bones proclaim thy terrible re-
nown.

These are thy awful works—the cruel sport
Of thy tremendous majesty, when wrath,
Of power omnipotent, assumes the port,
And wreck and ruin strew thy direful path:
But thou canst lay, great ruler of the sea,
Thy sterner attributes aside, and be
Of brow, smooth as the mirror of the deep,
When wind and tide are hushed, and waves all tran-
quil sleep.

When not a wave appears at eventide,
Save from the pawing of thy courser's feet,
With queenly Amphitrite by thy side,
On the still waters glides thy chariot fleet;
While biform shapes are summoned by the shell
Of Triton, winding through each crystal dell;
And brawny hands bear up the almodine,
And pearl and emerald stone, as gifts to ocean's
queen:

Remote from storms, where adamantine walls
Fling their far-flashing radiance on the wave,
Thou hold'st thy court in ocean's glittering halls,
Where gold and shells bestrew the snowy pave:
There, smitten by the moonbeams' silver light,
The waters are both musical and bright,
And, to their tune, round the sea-throne advance
Naiads and Tritons, their light footsteps in the dance.

ENDYMION.

LIFE.

BY WALTER LANDOR, ESQ. PHILADELPHIA.

"Man," says Sir Thomas Brown, "is a noble animal! splendid in ashes, glorious in the grave; solemnizing natiivities and funerals with equal lustre, and not forgetting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature!" Thus spake one who mocked, while he wept, at man's estate, and gracefully tempered the high scoffings of philosophy with the profound compassion of religion. As the sun's proudest moment is his latest, and as the forest puts on its brightest robe to die in, so does man summon ostentation to invest the hour of his weakness, and pride survives when power has departed; and what, we may ask, does this instinctive contempt for the honors of the dead proclaim, except the utter vanity of the glories of the living? for mean indeed must be the real state of man, and false as the promises of hell the vast assumptions of his life, when the poorest pageantry of a decent burial strikes upon the heart as a mockery of helplessness. Certain it is that pomp chiefly waits upon the beginning and the end of life; what lies between, may either raise a sigh or wake a laugh, for it mostly partakes of the bitterness of one and the sadness of the other.

Life is like a night-mare dream in the after dinner deep of a demon, in which an image of heaven is interrupted by a vision of hell; a thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in a confusion which would be ridiculous if it were not awful. The monuments of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness lie side by side; we cannot look for one without discovering the other. The echo of joy is the moan of despair, and the cry of anguish is stifled in rejoicing. To make a monarch, there must be slaves, and that one may triumph, many must be weak.

"Who is married?" said the gay and thoughtless Emma, as she took up that important chronicle of passing events, the daily paper. "Married, on Wednesday morning, at the residence of her father, in Wiltshire, the Honorable Lady Charlotte Howard, to Captain Beauclerk, of the Royal Navy;" and the reader passed on.

Six months afterwards the servant put into the same hands the same gazette. "Who is dead?" said the fair querist, as she opened the expansive pages. "Died, on Wednesday morning, at the residence of her husband, in Wiltshire, the Honorable Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, in the 21st year of her age;" and the reader passed on.

Thus did the world notice and forget the two events: yet in the simple record of that marriage and

that burial, there resided what might startle the voluptuary in the rankness of his lust, and what the hermit might ponder in the loneliness of his cell. I was at the house of feasting and at the house of mourning. I saw the bride in the spring-blossom of her loveliness, and beheld the narrow coffin that housed her till eternity.

The painter who searches earth and heaven for shapes of beauty to invest the loved Madonna of his toil, is not visited in his twilight musings by face more exquisite than was hers. An Arab, had he found her by a fountain in the desert, would have bowed in speechless wonder; he would have enshrined her delicately in a crystal niche, and offered his daily worship to the image, and never thought of love—she was so fair.

With the fortunes of one who was rich in all that makes life enviable, she was about to mingle the gentle current of her fate, blessing and to be blessed. Around the scene of her bridal, as it now rises before me, there seemed to float, as it were, an atmosphere of delight—a perfume of happiness shed from the bright object who was the marvel of the time. As she stood before the priest, in her father's ancestral hall, in the elegant timidity of patrician refinement, surrounded by the high-born and the illustrious, fancy could not picture a being more favored, or a destiny more brilliant. Her glance was a memory of joys; her smiles a prophecy of bliss. Long and cloudless must be the summer-day that waits on a morning so splendid as this!

A few months afterwards I had returned from a short tour to the continent, and without stopping in the metropolis, I went down to fulfil an engagement which I had made to visit the young couple in the country. I left the road a few miles from the house, and walked over the fields, for the day was delightful, and the rural scene showed full of charms. When I reached the park, I met an old servant of the family whom I had long remembered. "Well, John," said I, "and how is your young mistress?" "I am grieved to say, sir," said the old man, in a husky voice, and a tear gathering in his eye, "I am grieved to say, sir, that she died last night." "Died!" cried I, in utter amazement, almost staggering with the shock, and overcome with a sickness of heart which I cannot describe. "Good God! can life never blunder into satisfaction! This incessant tale of disappointment is a story too commonplacéd to be listened—to too regular to be believed!"

It was a brief and ordinary tale of life and death; but brief and common as it was, it started feelings

which philosophy could not compose, and waked thoughts which religion herself but dubiously resolved.

There is a moral to this history of life, which no language has yet been able to bring out, and which, perhaps, no mind will ever be capable of embracing in its fullness. All our remarks, though struck out of the heart by impetuous anguish, sink in expression to the merest common-place. The sage explores the realms of thought, and the poet dives in the remotest depths of language, for adequate reflections, and they both come back to the simplest dialect of the street, as being all they can say. A grief falls upon us, whose magnitude, we think, might shake the world, and our fullest comment is a shake of the head or a motion of the hand.

I stood in the abbey when the coffin of the third George was borne to its narrow vault. The longest and the brightest reign recorded in any annals was concluded; all that could elevate and bless humanity, in the tributes of power, the offerings of wealth, the esteem of the wise, and the affection of the good, had waited on his life; and to dignify the closing scene, prince and peer, the lords of genius and the ministers of virtue were assembled in the imposing pomp of power and the majestic splendor of distinction. Yet, with all, how ordinary was that life and how ordinary was that character! Focus of all the brightest rays that permeate the universe, he trod the common earth, a common man. To my thought, this history of a great good man, this record of power used and not abused, of merit always rewarded, excellence always protected, talent always fostered, and religion always respected, spoke a profounder commentary upon the utter vanity of life than the glaring failures of a Charles or a Boabdil. I had pondered these things, and was now gazing on the mockery of the funeral pageant, and knew that a knell was then sounding throughout England which would arrest the steps of the thoughtful, and melt the hearth of the feeling; yet what could I say, what could I even feel, commensurate with the demand of the scene?

I stood by chance at a window in London, and saw the remains of Lord Byron pass by on their way to the parish church-yard. He who had spurned all accepted usage, and sedulously scorned established habit, was borne along like the humblest citizen to rest in an obscure grave, like the lowest peasant of the fields. He whose temper had defied a nation, and whose genius had held high war with truth and virtue, and come from the contest not ingloriously, was jolting along the street like the carcase of a dog; and what could man do?

It is recorded of both Merlin and Zoroaster, that as soon as they were born they burst into a fit of laughter—the quack and the philosopher. And in sooth the world seems to be but a material smear. Of God considered purely as Creator, every act and motion must be creative; I imagine that a smile awoke the angels from nothingness, and that man was laughed into being. Life seems perpetually burlesquing itself, and one half of existence is a running parody on the

other. On the stage the farce succeeds the tragedy; off, they are mingled in alternate scenes.

To one limiting his belief within the bounds of his observation, and "reasoning" but from what he "knows," the condition of man presents mysteries which thought cannot explain. The dignity and the destiny of man seem utterly at variance. He turns from contemplating a monument of genius to inquire for the genius which produced it, and finds that while the work has survived, the workman has perished for ages. The meanest work of man outlives the noblest work of God. The sculptures of Phidias endure, where the dust of the artist has vanished from the earth. Man can immortalize all things but himself.

But, for my own part, I cannot help thinking that our high estimation of ourselves is the grand error in our account. Surely, it is argued, a creature so ingeniously fashioned and so bountifully furnished, has not been created but for lofty ends. But cast your eye on the humblest rose of the garden, and it may teach a wiser lesson. There you behold contrivance and ornament—in every leaf the finest veins, the most delicate odor, and a perfume exquisite beyond imitation; yet all this is but a toy—a plaything of nature; and surely she whose resources are so boundless that upon the gaud of a summer day she can throw away such lavish wealth, steps not beyond her commonest toil when she forms of the dust a living man. When will man learn the lesson of his own insignificance?

Immortal man! thy blood flows freely and fully, and thou standest a Napoleon; thou reclinest a Shaka-peare! it quickens its movement, and thou liest a parched and fretful thing, with thy mind furied by the phantoms of fever! it retards its action but a little, and thou crawlest a crouching, soulless mass, the bright world a blank dead vision to thine eye. Verily, O man, thou art a glorious and godlike being!

Tell life's proudest tale; what is it? a few attempts successful; a few crushed or mouldered hopes; much paltry fretting; a little sleep, and the story is concluded; the curtain falls—the farce is over.

The world is not a place to live in, but to die in. It is a house that has but two chambers; a lazaret and a charnel—room vales for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth on which man can plant his foot and affirm with confidence, "no mortal sleeps beneath!"

Seeing then that these things are, what shall we say? Shall we exclaim with the gay-hearted Grecian, "Drink to-day, for to-morrow we are not?" Shall we calmly float down the current, smiling if we can, silent when we must, lulling cares to sleep by the music of gentle enjoyment, and passing dream-like through a land of dreams? No! dream-like as is our life, there is in it one reality—our DUTY. Let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm but cannot distress us—may destroy but cannot hurt us; the bitterness of earthly things, and the shortness of earthly life will cease to be evils, and begin to be blessings. "Eheu! Fugaces, Posthume, Posthume labuntur anni!" says the Roman. But there is no "Eheu!" to the Christian.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

No. I.

MONTEVIDEO.

THE harbor of Montevideo is open to the southward, and entirely exposed to the full action of the only two winds (S. E. and S. W.) which are of much violence, and which are often productive of great injury to the shipping in the harbor. The south-west wind, or, as it is here called, the *Pampero*, from its sweeping over the vast plains or *Pampas*, on which it meets no resistance, and like the *avalanche* "*virus accrescit eundo*," blows with an irresistible force full into the harbor. It, however, usually gives fair warning of its approach, and a person accustomed to it can always be prepared to meet it. Then you may see the light spar of the men-of-war coming down—the top gallant masts housed and another anchor dropped ahead. Though very violent, it lasts but for a short time.

On the western side of the harbor is the Mount—the true Montevideo—the real and old Spanish name of the town being San Felipe. On the Mount is an excellent light-house, which is kept in very good order by the government.

Montevideo was formerly surrounded by a very strong wall, which has been pulled down, however, in compliance with the treaty with Brazil.

But we have been in the harbor long enough. Let us go ashore; the boat is alongside, and much sport is waiting for us on terra firma. The first place that you will stop at, if you be American or English, rest assured, is the hotel—the steamboat hotel—with just such a sign over the door as we see at our ferries; and well it may be, for the steamboat they had (they have not got it now, as they could not support it) would barely obtain admission among our ferry boats. The keeper of this hotel is an American, who formerly was in business in Buenos Ayres; by a revolution, however, of fortune's wheel, here he is: he ought to be called woodcock, for he is certainly "known by the length of his bill," (excuse my drawing on Joe Miller.) The house is as dirty as are the houses generally here, and abounds in myriads of "*pulgas*," a very gay and lively little insect, which flourishes here. But as I do not stop here, let us see something of the place and inhabitants. The older houses are mostly one story, built in the Moorish style, with flat roofs. The houses that have been erected of late years, are some two stories, and, in a few instances, even reach to three. The windows are all barred, like those of a jail, and behind the

bars, like birds in a cage, sit the lovely *senoritas*. They are very partial to foreigners, and it is a matter of great ease to make their acquaintance, and obtain admission to their houses. Their usual exclamation of surprise, and, in fact, one which comes out on all occasions, as it were involuntarily, is "*Jesus!*" not pronounced as by us barbarians, but in the soft and melodious tone which their language alone can give it. Are they surprised? out comes *Jesus!* are they pleased? the same. By the way, I recollect, at a ball given on board the American flag ship, at which all the pretty creatures attended, (and on which occasion there was a considerable swell in the harbor, and much motion in the ship,) it took some time to accustom their stomachs to the unusual motion, and much sea sickness was suffered before that happy end was reached. I was walking the deck with a lovely little Spaniard, who, to all appearance, was as well as could be—she was laughing, talking, and flirting away, the gayest of the gay, when "a change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—"*Jesus!*" she exclaimed, with a most woful expression of face, and bolted for the cabin. Nature was the quickest, however, and reached there before her.

One peculiarity they have, which is very disagreeable, to wit: the habit of allowing coat after coat of dirt to accumulate upon their hands. They bestow much care upon their busts, of which they are very proud, and with reason, and satisfied therewith, they let their hands take care of themselves, and at times they are really disgusting; they appear to be perfectly unconscious that it is not "*comme il faut*;" and how the little angels eat!—ma conscience!

The Hospital of Charity is an institution which would do credit to any nation, and unlike most public buildings in this country, is kept in a state of the neatest order and cleanliness. In the sick department the greatest attention was paid to the comfort of the patients, who all (among them were two Americans) expressed their satisfaction at the treatment they received.

Connected with this building is the Foundling Hospital. Here every thing was in the same order—the children were clean and healthy; the males, when they are twelve years old, are bound out to different trades; and the females, at the age of sixteen, are usually put to service. On the small door, which is opened to deposit these children in the basket, is the

following inscription in Spanish and Latin:—"My father and my mother deserted me, but the Lord took me in." I came away much gratified by my visit.

In the elections in the republic of Montevideo, or more properly the Banda Oriental, a representative is sent to the legislature for every 3,500 inhabitants. They have a President, and the President of the House of Representatives is, in the absence of the President from town, President pro tem. of the republic.

The country around Montevideo is very picturesque and beautiful. Most of the inhabitants—in fact, all

who can afford it, live in the country during the hot weather. In every direction are scattered *quintas*, which are located in the best possible spots, and are beautifully set off by the surrounding hills.

In winter, however, they all but live on dancing. All over the town is heard, every night, the sound of the piano—and waltzes, minuets, and *contra-danzas* fill up the time till midnight.

Gambling is carried to the greatest excess here, and the passion is so strong among the natives, that even on the night before his execution, almost every condemned prisoner passes the last moments of his life in indulging in this pernicious practice.

T O

Wilt thou weep, bright one, o'er my blasted fame ;
Wilt thou weep o'er the fallen one ;
Wilt thou shed one tear for the once loved name,
When its glory all is gone ?

When the venom'd hiss of the sland'rous tongue
Shall emit its withering blight
On those scenes of love which around thee hung,
In the gush of thy youth's delight.

When the friends that lov'd shall have turned away
From the scorn'd and hated thing ;
When the cherish'd ones of our sun-bright day
Are aloof and sorrowing.

When the world is cold, and the dark clouds lower,
And hope is well nigh spent,
Wilt thou come, like rain to a withering flower,
Or an angel of mercy sent.

To the prison cell of the fallen one,
In the hush of his midnight deep,
Like the last bright ray of a spring-tide sun,
Wilt thou come to him and weep ?

Oh, come, lest the closing scene be near—
Lest the last faint sigh be sped—
Lest the tones which thou lov'd'st—so sweet—so dear—
Be the tones of the voiceless dead !

Come, ere the soul shall have wing'd its flight
Away to the land of the blest—
Away to the world of pure delight,
Where the weary are at rest.

Where the scourg'd and scathed child of earth
Finds a home in the joyous land ;
Where the spirits of pure and heavenly birth
All bright in their glory stand !

Columbia, Pa.

A.L.P.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

Come hither boy—and let me dwell
Upon thy cloudless brow,
Ere sorrow breaks the golden spell
Which hangs around thee now.

I would not quench, within thy breast,
The joys that sparkle there ;
Nor yet disturb thy infant rest
With tale of gathering care.

But pity cannot check the sigh,
To think that coming years,

With darkening clouds, will dim thy sky
And strew thy path with tears.

And that, when other boys may share,
Perhaps their father's fame,
Thy manly brow will blush to bear
A drunken father's shame.

There now, with thy companion, go—
I would not check thy joy ;
Too soon the world will let thee know
Thou art a Drunkard's Boy.

R. W.

AGNES BEAUMONT.

There was a second sister, who might witch
An angel from his hymn. I cannot tell
The secret of her beauty. It is more
Than her slight pencilled lip, and the arch eye
Laughing beneath its lashes, as if life
Were nothing but a merry mask—'tis more
Than music, though her voice is like a reed
Blown by a low south wind.

N. P. Willis.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROMENADE.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

On the steps of the Marshall House, one bright morning in May, stood a whole posse of dandies. The weather for several days had been unusually stormy; and the ladies were now pouring along smiling and chatting, the younger portion looking timidly up at the crowd of young men, and as quickly dropping their gaze and passing whispering on.

"Johnson!" suddenly exclaimed a fashionable young man from the portico.

The person addressed hastily turned, paused a moment irresolutely, and frankly extending his hand, said, "Tremont—my dear fellow!—but when did you arrive?"

For a few moments the young men exchanged the warmest greetings. They had been schoolmates and had not met for years; but their thoughts gradually turned to the present, and, after a few bright sallies, he said,

"But come, shall we lounge up the street?" and putting his arm into that of his friend, the two young men paced carelessly on with the crowd.

"How different you all seem to me. I have been so long away, I almost feel myself a stranger."

"You miss the morning promenades of London and the thronged Boulevards of Paris? Ah! Tremont, we utilitarians have no time to play the morning gallant. But once evening, and even Cupid has archery enough."

"Heavens! what a sylph!" ejaculated Tremont, without seeming to hear his friend; "her form would grace a fairy's revel!"

The lady alluded to had just left a shop ahead. The expression of her face, so exquisitely sweet and witching, had rivetted Tremont, and as she passed up before them, her graceful step and full round form might have made a less sensitive man enthusiastic. Even his companion joined in her praise.

"Beautiful! what new angel can she be?"

"Hush," said Tremont. The lady was just entering another store. Chance, doubtless, directed her eyes down the street, and once more that witching look fascinated the young man.

"Oh! I remember—my wardrobe is sadly deficient. I want some buff gloves—let's in," and the two friends followed her.

In vain Tremont tried to catch her look again—she was too intent upon her purchases. In a few minutes they were completed, and she left the store.

"Stop, madam—here, Charles, run after that young lady, she has left her handkerchief," puffed the gruff voice of the fat, fatherly storkeeper, as he stumped from behind the counter, but no Charles was nigh.

"Permit me," bowed Tremont, and he took the prize from his hands. In an instant he had overtaken the loser, and hearing herself addressed, she turned. The courtly young man for once was abashed. He stammered out, with a low bow,

"Pardon me, miss, but—your handkerchief?" The maiden looked, their eyes met, and equally confused with himself, she blushed, muttered her thanks, hastily courtesied, and passed on. For a moment he stood gazing after her—that last, thrilling blush, shivering through every artery in his frame.

"Has she turned you to stone, Harry?" said the warm voice of Johnson; "really, Paris has improved your manners; your easy address would honor the Tuilleries—you have the perfect nonchalance of a Bond street exquisite!"

"Pshaw! who can she be?"

"But, you say you wish to see society here," said Johnson, after a pause; "nothing is easier. I've the *entree* of all that's worth a visit and will introduce you; but, talking of society, I must take you to our Literary set."

"Indeed! who are they?"

"Oh! never mind; but what I call our Literary Society, meets soon. Be disengaged that evening. It is composed of ladies and gentlemen, all curious for novelties, in literature, science or nonsense. I am, as Mrs. Jemima Reeves says, 'often chief purveyor to their voracity.' You must think it a compliment, for I intend to exhibit you as a rare specimen—the twenty-first wonder of the world—the learned traveller, who has shot bears near the North Pole, and been at the levees of the Cham of Tartary. No remonstrance—put aside your hate to be lionized, and roar for once."

Their spirits were now high. They joked, laughed, praised, and satirized in turns. The tricks and plots of school, the glorious rows at college, the student's office, and the varied five years since crowded on

them, and they adjourned to dinner at Tremont's room. The wine was brought up, and despite the Temperance Society, they did not part till the stars were glistening in the sky.

Henry Tremont was a young man of fine talents and ample fortune. Possessed of a warm heart, and a capacity for present enjoyment, which made him enter as if naturally, into the feelings of his passing associates, he had seen, on terms of equality, mankind in all its phases. He had moved one hour, in the magnificent courts of Europe, or gazed upon the merry peasantry as they danced by the Loire. He had seen the Greek amid his ruins, and the Cossack as he swept over the Ukraine. From all these he had returned with sufficient knowledge of the human character, and his sojourn at London had made him, in the language of *ton*, a polished gentleman. Perhaps he affected too much of the *élegante*, but if he did, it was only the easier to command the entrances to society. He was a philosopher, and he was a man of the world.

"And where is your nymph—still invisible," jocularly said Johnson, as he met his friend before the Hall of Independence; "come, this is the very grove for the deities of the forest—have you watched 'till the pale stars are up?'"

Tremont smiled, launched a repartee in reply, and they sauntered on.

Despite the society he mingled in since his arrival, and the many fair faces that smiled on the elegant young stranger, he had thought only of one. To many it might seem unaccountable. But Tremont was sick of your monotonous fashionable beauty. He longed for something more than mere *ton* and affectation. Although in the whirl of dissipation, he was not one of them. His mind was cast in a loftier mould, and he thirsted for communion with some better spirit. And that beautiful Greek face with its blue laughing eyes, the light auburn hair, and the flush stealing over it—it seemed, in its expression, the very incarnation of his dreams. We cannot define it, but we all have imagined it. Perhaps it came nearer to refined modesty and purity than to any thing else.

It had its effect on Tremont. He thought more of it than he admitted to himself. It went to his heart, for despite his fashion he had still a heart. The ice of the world might be crusted over it, but the warm tide still flowed below.

A week passed by. He looked every where for that face, but in vain. It seemed as if he had only seen it—to lose it forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Most learned Theban!
Lear.

MRS. JEMIMA REEVES was the very essence of vulgarity, but she was the wife of a *millionaire*, whose fortune had been made by speculating in stocks, and though ignorant and pretending, she was the oracle

of her set. Here parties were no unapt representations of our society. From the rapidity with which fortunes are made and lost, a party in a commercial city is a motley thing—a little world, where bad and indifferent, the ignorant, rich, and the fastidious literati are jostled in the same noisy crowd. Such was the company which usually met at Mrs. Jemima Reeves. But, this evening, it possessed another characteristic. Literature and the *Belle Lettres* had just become fashionable, to the utter destruction of balls, and the manifest terror of concerts; and Mrs. Jemima Reeves, ever desirous of leading, had introduced a sort of Literary Society, through which their superabundant intellect, like cream, might find a vent. It met every fortnight, at the residence of one of the members alternately. They read; they conversed on science and the arts, metaphysics, and cookery; in short, on every thing. They heard lectures from ambitious volunteers, and sometimes ended with a song. Besides, the members, as was natural, were mostly young men in cravats and young ladies who wrote poetry. They met *merely* to cultivate the sciences. No one could insinuate any other motive; but, most unaccountably, several of the early members were already married, and, to the surprise of all, sundry tender words had fallen from the lips of one very backward and erudite philosopher, and a remarkably bashful miss had actually been caught looking bewitchingly at the said innocent young man. These things were all very singular, and, as Mrs. Jemima Reeves remarked, 'astonishingly metaphysical.' No one could tell the result. But cause followed effect, and Johnson drily whispered that they ought, in future, to be called the society for the promotion of marriages!

"Reelly, why don't they come?" said Mrs. Jemima Reeves; "oh! such a wonder as Mr. Johnson brings," and, as for the first time, she broached this news, (she had been fidgetting all the evening to tell it,) she looked with an air of triumph on the crowd.

Now as Mrs. Jemima Reeves gave splendid parties, every body flocked to her house. But the intelligent portion of her company had formed a coterie by themselves, while she sat, like a queen, in the centre of her immediate set. There was Angelina Tompkins, a profound female geologist, like her patroness; and, leaning on her chair, was the admired and poetic Stevens, whose verses "To a Tom-tit," had actually been published in the *Juvenile Repository*. Then there was the stiff and starch Miss Snodgrass, a very enchanting young lady of forty-three, who kept a baby-house, and seemed not unlike a slim radiah in appearance. She was in raptures with music, and smiling and coquetting with a lath-like gentleman, now falling into the sere and yellow leaf. He, too, was bowing, and writhing his features into a ghastly smile, entreating her "To sing that charming thing again,

'Young I am, and sore afraid.'

She warbled it so naturally."

Besides these, there were some dozen others equally talented and interesting in their way. Coquettes and flirts, philosophers in bodices, and legislators in curls.

There were some with much learning, and some with none at all; and, at the end of the group, elegantly reclining against the mantle, stood Master Edward de Vere, who wore his shirt collar down, wrote gloomy verses *a la Byron*, and was dying for love of Miss Lucretia Thompson, a romantic girl of sweet sixteen, who wept over Lallah Rookh, and lisped of the cold and heartless world.

"Oh! such a wonder," repeated the hostess. She was answered by a dozen voices, exclaiming, "Who? who is it? do tell."

"And he's travelled over half the world," echoed Miss Tomkins, as her patroness proceeded to unburden her information, and eulogize the much expected Tremont.

"I wonder if he's a good collection of foreign specimens," said Miss Tomkins, glancing at a splendid cabinet of minerals, the joint property of her patroness and herself, which, rising in a recess, gave a wonderfully scientific atmosphere to the whole apartment.

"Mr. Tremont," shouted the servant at the door, and amid a buzz of voices, the fashionable young man, following his friend, advanced. With an easy address he paid his respects to the lady of the house.

The society was now organized, Mr. Johnson taking the chair: and, while the members were reading essays, Tremont found himself between the two geologists. There were several disquisitions on philosophy; one declaimed and another read; and blushing deeply at his own temerity, Master Edward begged to recite a few original verses. They were on a lady's eyebrow. As he became inspired with his theme, his voice melted into the softest tenderness, and, with a truly bewitching look, he rolled his eyes on Miss Lucretia Thompson. Any one could see whose eyebrow he meant. She turned to her bosom friend and lisped,

"Isn't he divine?"

"Such a love," echoed the confidante.

"He'll surely be a Byron, Mr. Tremont," whispered Mrs. Jemima Reeves; "he has all that lyric tenderness which distinguishes the noble lord from the dark and turbid passion of Tom Moore."

Johnson looked up, and his mouth was quivering with suppressed laughter.

The communications were now over—Mr. Stevens disdainful to bring his poetry into competition with that of Master Edward. The company rose to promenade, and Tremont could but select his two neighbors.

Mrs. Jemima Reeves was now in ecstasies. She had secured the attention of Tremont, and she determined on exerting her eloquence and displaying her extensive information.

"You must be charmed with London, Mr. Tremont—its society is so exclusive. Here we have no refinement, except," said she, glancing significantly at herself, "except among a few."

"But is not our hospitality far better than their haughty reserve?" asked he.

"La! now—Mr. Tremont a'n't you joking? American society is so vulgar." She simpered, affecting a fashionable ease, which Miss Tomkins thought ex-

quisite. "I often say to Angelina, we've a great duty to perform, to keep up the fashions, you know, and persevere the city from actual barbarities."

"Oh! Edward," lisped Miss Lucretia Thompson, overhearing the last word, "they are talking of Indian barbarities, I think; can Mr. Tremont really have seen the poor, dear, savage warriors, in their wild forests?" and she leaned eloquently on his arm.

"And you have been at the apexes of Mount Blanc, the giant of the Appenines," exclaimed Mrs. Jemima Reeves. "Do tell me if it has any scarce minerals—we are all so scientific here; when we are better acquainted, we must overlook your selection—musn't we, my dear?" said she to Miss Tomkins.

"Certainly. Mr. Tremont must be in raptures with the delightful science."

"Yes; I always said it was the most enchanting branch of speculative philosophy, my dear," responded she, benignantly. Tremont writhed under the inflection; but his natural politeness triumphed, and he answered:

"But I am sorry I cannot gratify you. I have no collection."

"No collection!" cried Mrs. Jemima Reeves; and she turned pale with wonder.

"No collection!" echoed Miss Angelina, in a perfect agony of horror.

"But," said the patroness, recovering herself, and breathing hard, "you're only pretending, Mr. Tremont: young gentlemen are so modest."

"I really have none."

"Oh! I see it all: so modest, and so witty, Angelina, my dear!" smiled Mrs. Jemima Reeves; for she could not believe any young man of fashion to be ignorant of geology.

What the thunderstruck Angelina might have answered, we know not; but Johnson at this instant passed them, and said gaily to his hostess:

"You promised us your niece, from Baltimore, to-night. After your charming description, I shall die if she does not come!" and he looked wickedly at Tremont.

"Indeed," said the delighted lady; "but she cannot come till late. You will be in ecstasies with her, Mr. Tremont. Her only fault is not to love 'heaven-killing philosophy enough,' as the poet Calvin says." Tremont shuddered—for, judging from the aunt, what must the nieces be?

They were now opposite the cabinet, and a group had gathered round it; but at the approach of Tremont, they opened, as if by magic, and in a moment he found himself surrounded. He saw at once his situation. He was now common property, and the whole bevy poured questions on him. One asked him for an Arab song; another (it was master Edward,) wondered if he had been at Haidee's island—whereupon Miss Lucretia blushed, and pinched his arm, exclaiming, "Oh!" while Mr. Stevens inquired of Dante and Italy; and the lath-like gentleman dropped sundry libels on the peculiarities of Turkish matrimony.

"And have you actually been at the levees of the Cham of Tartary?" lisped Miss Lucretia, summoning all her courage.

"And did he ask you to look at his cabinet of minerals?" chimed in Mrs. Jemima Reeves; "what a geologist he must be!—so much time;" and she looked smilingly around. Her auditors smiled too. This last blunder was beyond even *their* endurance, and Johnson almost suffocated with suppressed laughter.

It was a critical moment for Mrs. Jemima Reeves; but at that instant Tremont looked up, and opposite to him, peeping archly through the crowd, with a face alternating with suppressed mirth and vexation, stood the fascinating creature of his daily and nightly dreams. She did not seem to see him, but playfully said:

"Have I detained you, aunt?" It was a bold stroke to hide her relative's ignorance. She turned.

"Why, Agnes, where have you been? Such an evening as we've had," and she glanced at Tremont. "But—Mr. Tremont, shall I introduce you to my niece, Miss Beaumont?—Miss Beaumont, Mr. Tremont."

Agnes followed the direction of her aunt's voice, looked up, and met Tremont's astonished, yet delighted gaze. We cannot tell the look her countenance for an instant wore. Her eyes sparkled, and then her long lashes fell dreamingly over them, while the red blood shot over face and temples, dying her neck and bust to the heaving bosom. She hastily paid the usual compliments, and, scarcely trusting herself to speak, turned to find relief in other presentations. Tremont was, this time, wholly unabashed. He felt a thrill when she first looked up, but none could tell it from his manner of addressing her. Glad, however, to escape from the outrageous aunt, he seized the first opportunity, and stole to Agnes's side.

She was certainly as unlike her *scientific* relative as she well could be. Her countenance was faultless, but its beauty consisted most in the expression. It might have been one of those mild, sweet faces, which inspired Raphael. There was no affectation. She seemed as distinct in her mind from the every day beauty, as she was in feature; and though at first apparently reserved, it soon wore off, and her powers, unconscious to herself, appeared. Her knowledge was varied, and her taste exquisite; and after a half hour's conversation, Tremont owned to himself that he had often seen more brilliant beauties, but never so lovely a creature as Agnes Beaumont.

The conversation turned upon music, and Tremont begged her to sing. They were seated, with a few others of like sentiments, in a coterie by themselves. She sat down to the instrument, and, after a short prelude, poured forth a volume of rich, mellow music, such as he never before had heard but once, from an Italian girl, by the rich shores of Como. It was the music of the soul.

In turn, Tremont was pressed to sing, and he complied. They had talked of Scotland, and Cunningham's "Its hame, and its hame," came to his mind. His full tenor voice was admirably fitted to it, and his own feelings lent a deeper pathos to that touching song. He looked up when he ceased, and the glistening eyes of Agnes spoke her thanks, warmer than the praises so plentifully heaped on him.

"Indeed, Mr. Tremont," she said, "you have made

us all traitors to our sensibility: that song has inspired you."

"Ah! there is other inspiration than the song," answered he, as he offered her his arm. She looked down, and, he thought, seemed half displeased. It was the first time his flattery had ever failed.

CHAPTER III.

THE BALL.

Alas! how slight a thing will move
Dissensions between hearts that love.

Lalla Rookh.

"It was really too bad, was it?" said Johnson, as they sat one day in his office. "It was comedy and tragedy; and, lo! Henry Tremont, Esquire, the immaculate, unconquerable Tremont, whom all the fashionables are dying for, is conquered by the niece of Mrs. Jemima Reeves, the great conchologist, geologist, and female professor of all the occult sciences under the moon."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" responded Tremont, musing.

"Well, Harry, you are becoming too bad. Every body wonders what has become of you. If you don't stop sentimentalizing, I must cut you—that's flat!" said Johnson.

"That would be insupportable, my dear fellow. What shall we do?" said Tremont, breaking into his old gayety.

"Ah! there's returning sense. Let us get down the foils."

Tremont was a constant visitor at Mr. Beaumont's; but although he daily saw Agnes, he was ignorant what progress he had made in her affections. She was an unfathomable creature. Modest and sensitive, she would sooner have died than have won attention by any of the thousand lures of the practised belle. But Tremont was ignorant of this trait, and her conduct perplexed him. She was at times reserved and almost cold, and he despaired; but then again a smile or a tone would be sufficient to recall all his hopes. Had Tremont coolly thought, he would have felt and acted differently. But he was in love—and all lovers are more or less insane.

Miss Beaumont had a cousin, the daughter of her uncle, with whom she resided. Ellen was a beautiful and celebrated belle, and it soon began to be whispered that Tremont was drawn thither by her charms. Nor did she discountenance the report; even had she known the truth, she would scarcely have done so. She was a coquette; her vanity was interested in conquering the courtly Tremont, and so she tried every means to chain him to her. She was besides piquant and witty; and Tremont, almost sensibly pleased with her vivacity, lingered longer at her side. To much of this, Agnes was blind. She often felt pained at Tremont's attentions to her cousin, but she could not yet analyze her feelings. She knew her cousin's heartless character; and, like many others, she per-

satisfied himself that it was only friendship, which made her in secret regret the sacrifice. Poor thing! she was in the fowler's net, and she knew it not.

And Agnes grew less lively. At times, too, when Tremont had been gaily singing with her cousin, she seemed abstracted—even cold. He thought, perhaps, she was already attached; and if not, he had a right to be offended. He recurred to the earlier days of their intimacy, and the open, laughing girl which at times she had seemed, was now no more. How blind lovers will be! Tremont was excellent at trifling, and thought he knew the female heart; but even the wisest of us, when our feelings are enlisted, are sometimes wrong. Besides, his vanity was piqued by her conduct, and perhaps it was also flattered by her cousin's. Insensibly he began to laugh and loiter more by Ellen's side, and, it might be, that he was flirting with the witty and brilliant coquette.

Still Agnes was ignorant of herself. She saw the change, and wondered. At times, too, she thought Tremont less kind than when they met at first, and in the singleness of her regard, searched for the cause. It seemed as if the loss of a friend was a mournful thing. But still, at times, Tremont would appear so different, that she would believe she had wronged him. What a fathomless history are the tides of the human heart!

Autumn had come, and the season was opened by a splendid ball at Mrs. ——. All that was elegant in beauty or fashion, was there. Tremont and Ellen were the stars of the night. The brilliant, dashing belle, and the easy, elegant young man, won universal applause. He was piqued at something which seemed unusually cold in Agnes; and, flattered and bewildered, he was willing for a moment to bow to her fair cousin. The dance swept on. He seemed in high spirits. He was once more the gay, young stranger of the saloons of Paris; and as he and Ellen floated by with the dancers, they called forth a buzz from the admiring crowd. The evening passed on, and though Agnes was surrounded by admirers, she kept wondering why Tremont did not even address her; but he seemed wholly taken up with Ellen, and a sharp, undefinable pang shot through Agnes's heart. Still she pardoned him; yet, as it grew later, she thought, "surely for friendship's sake, he might have danced one set with her." Her appearance, however, charmed equally with her cousin's, and, amid a crowd of attendants, she seemed to have regained all her former quiet, yet innocent and fascinating gayety. Many a young man that night wondered at her loveliness, and for many a long year her voice rung through their memories.

A dance was just concluded, and, flushed with the exercise, Tremont led Ellen to a seat. They passed Agnes, a vacant one was by her, and handing his partner to it, Tremont, for the first time that evening, spoke to Agnes. They all glided, as if naturally, into conversation; and now surely, thought she, he will ask me. But he loitered around, at times addressing her, and then wholly occupied with Ellen, while she smiled her sweetest, and by her unnoticed arts finally chained him to her side.

"Indeed, Mr. Tremont, how oppressive it is. Is there no retreat?" and she looked languidly up. He offered her his arm, and they turned to go.

"Agnes, won't you come?" said she, as they went.

"Certainly, Miss Beaumont," said Tremont; but it seemed to her so formal, that she could scarcely answer no. They moved away, Ellen leaning on Tremont's arm, looking smilingly up, and his whole demeanor that of the profoundest attention. He did not once look back. "Surely," said Agnes to herself, "he might, even for the sake of friendship, have given me a warmer invitation."

"Ah! Miss Beaumont," remarked a gentleman, glancing at the retiring couple, "I see we shall have to congratulate your cousin on her final conquest."

Agnes scarcely heard him, a light seemed to break in upon her, and the room to swim around her; but with a strong effort she recovered, and her fairy form swept through the dance, and her thrilling laugh rung out like music. They were the wild struggles of a tortured heart.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE—THE DEVOUEMENT.

Yet on we swept—away! away!

Maximilien.

THAT night Agnes Beaumont woke as from a dream. It was almost morning, and she knelt by her bedside. Alone, in the silent chamber, she had read the still more silent chambers of her heart. She raised her head, and the traces of tears were on her cheek.

"I see it all," she said, "and that he loves another. Oh! that I could have foreseen this—that some one had warned me, before it was too late. Oh, God! that I should have garnered up my affections, only to have them crushed. But," she added, brushing away her tears, "thank heaven, it is yet the secret of my heart, and, though it breaks with the effort, never, never shall it escape. No; sooner would Agnes Beaumont die, than have one dream she loved in vain." She rose; and as she shook back her tresses, there was a mournful firmness on her pale, ochelised brow, as she murmured, "It was a hard struggle, but it is over. I will school my very looks—I will be as though my heart was light and happy—I will smile the unthought-of cousin—I may even be the bridesmaid; and then, when all is over, though it sear like iron, I will banish him forever from my thoughts. Even now, it is wrong to think of him—I may not do it. Oh! that my sainted mother would look down upon, and strengthen her erring child!" She grew composed, nor did she retire till she had sought consolation from that fountain which flows forever for every sorrow.

And sweet was her sleep that night. There was a hushed, holy quiet on her face—a deep and innocent repose, such as witches as when we gaze on an infant asleep. It seemed as if the very air was pure

An angel, even on a mission of love, might have lingered as he passed.

Tremont, too, that night did not seek his bed till the stars were paling in the east. So exquisitely had Ellen availed herself of his pique, that, for as he seemed, during the whole evening he found himself her prisoner. But he recurred to it with pain. His acquaintance with Agnes had opened up a new fount in his character, and he was ashamed of his frivolity. What, too, must she think of him! Either to despise his fickleness, or look on him as a heartless fop. Besides, he began more to understand her character. What he had deemed the result of coldness or a prior attachment, might it not spring from her exquisite modesty? He was perplexed. He almost cursed himself for his conduct that evening, and harassed with his tumultuous feelings, he threw up the window and bathed his burning brow in the cold morning breeze.

It was the day but one after the ball, and Johnson and Tremont were sitting in Mr. Beaumont's parlor, waiting for the cousins to take a drive. They did not wait long.

"Oh! what restive horses you have, Mr. Tremont," said Ellen, gazing at a pair of noble animals, who stood impatiently pawing the ground; "they *must* be dangerous."

"What does Miss Agnes say?" said Tremont as she entered, looking, as he thought, paler than usual. Ellen was disconcerted—she thought Tremont would have asked her.

The drive was beautiful. It was a mellow autumn day, and not a cloud was in the sky. The fields were covered with a russet hue; the forest trees were dyed in a thousand colors; here and there the leaves began to fall, and over the whole landscape streamed a golden light, while the fresh, bracing breeze swept up, rustling the dry leaves, and swaying the branches backwards and forwards with a mournful sound.

It was a day to touch her every feeling, and Agnes seemed to Tremont unusually open. He looked in vain for her reserve, and as they drove on, and new scenes opened before them, she became unconsciously more interested, and the hidden beauties of her mind gleamed forth. There was an originality in all she said, and the soft, mellow tinge of her thoughts contrasted finely with the brilliant emptiness of her cousin. Tremont, too, enchanted, called forth all his powers, and few men could be more eloquent when they tried. His manner was totally changed from the frivolous gallant. He woke up the better portion of his nature, and Agnes listened and sighed. He was so like the first night they had met! She felt it would not do to listen to him thus. She felt how hard a character she had imposed upon herself.

And Tremont was again perplexed. He listened to Agnes, and as her low, touching tones met his, although they seemed but the passionless ones of friendship, he felt that in her all his happiness hung. He was tortured with doubts; but his feelings were gradually wound up to such an intensity, that he felt a knowledge even of the worst would be better than this torment. He resolved to hazard all.

They were now entering a road, which ran among lovely summer residences, straight and unusually level, and terminated, a mile beyond, in a rugged, precipitous hill. But the two spirited horses began to grow restive, and required all Tremont's skill to restrain them. He trembled. Had he been alone, he would have been fearless, but what a volume of hope and love was bound up in the safety of the lovely being beside him!

"Do you think there is any danger?" she asked. It was in a firmer voice than he expected, and he was about to answer, but a sportsman, followed by his dog suddenly sprang into the road, and aimed at a bird directly before them. Tremont knew the horses were young, fiery; and scarcely broken. He shouted—

"For God's sake, put down your gun!" The man was so intent upon his game, that he did not hear him, and fired. In another instant they were whirling, like lightning, over the plain. In vain Tremont held back; in vain he exerted all his strength and science; the frightened beasts tore on as if he were a child. He shuddered when he thought of Agnes. But he dared not look up, for they were now nearing, with the velocity of a whirlwind, the broken hill which terminated the level road. He knew if they were not stopped before they reached it, they would be dashed in pieces; and bracing himself firmly up, while his heart crushed within him, he waited calmly but breathlessly the event. As they swept by Ellen and Johnson, she screamed, and the horses, starting slightly, rushed on with even wilder madness. It seemed but an instant more. The hill was just before them—a few more seconds and their fate would be decided. The moment for energy had come; he paused an instant, and suddenly exerting his utmost strength, almost miraculously succeeded in checking them. They faltered, and stood exhausted and trembling. All this was the work of an instant, and during it Tremont's thoughts were full. But it was now over, and he turned to Agnes.

During the few brief moments of their rapid career, and while expecting instant death, she had sat paler than marble, and without uttering a word. But now, when they were so unexpectedly saved, in the sudden revulsion of her feelings, she seemed to forget every thing. Only the deep feelings of her heart were heard. She laid her hand on Tremont's arm, and unconsciously exclaimed, "Thank heaven, you are saved!" The tone, the look, the gesture, all told the tale of her love. In that hour she had thought only of him.

She seemed suddenly to feel she had betrayed herself. That which she had cherished so secretly—that which, in another moment, she would have died rather than reveal, was now confessed—and to one who loved another. She felt he would despise her, and in utter agony she buried her face in her hands and wept.

But how different were Tremont's feelings. The love he would have given all to win, and which he dared not hope for, was unwittingly acknowledged. Agnes then had loved him. At once, as in sunlight,

the mystery of her conduct was revealed. He leaned down—

"Agnes, dear Agnes, look up!" whispered he.

"Oh! Mr. Tremont, leave me—for the sake of mercy, leave me," said the sobbing girl.

Tremont waited till the first storm of her feelings had swept by, and then delicately urged his suit. As he spoke of his love—his hopes and fears—and his folly, Agnes gradually became convinced. And when he took her hand and asked if she could forgive him, she looked up—their eyes met, and from that instant they felt their destinies were one.

"And so," said Mrs. Jemima Reeves, as the servant handed her a card, tied with white ribbon, "Agnes invites us to the marriage. I hope Mr. Tremont is of good family, for, you know, we couldn't visit him unless. Isn't it such a wonder that I never thought to ask?"

"He hasn't got a cabinet of minerals!" said Angelina.

"So he hain't!" responded the patroness, "why,

really, I begin to feel alarmed. And Mr. Reeves has so many distinguished relatives. There's Mr. Jones went to Washington—and his cousin Stoddard, who, if two or three uncles die childless, will be the *presuming* heir of a Scotch baronet. It would be impossible. I hope Agnes hain't been so foolish!"

"It would be awful!" said Angelina, lifting up her hands.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jemima Reeves, who forgot that *her* father had been a soap-boiler, and her grandfather a pauper, "it will; but we, who are connected with noble blood, and have great privileges, (as good Dr. Tane said last Sunday,) owe a duty to ourselves, as well as others, not to encourage upstarts. It must be inquired into—ring the bell, my dear."

"Maam," said her confidential servant, opening the door.

"John, find out if Mr. Tremont is a *parvenu*—and bring me my lap-dog and Lyell's Geology"—and Mrs. Jemima Reeves leaned back upon the ottoman.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1838.

C.

V E R S E S .

(Addressed to an Unknown Lady, at the request of a Mutual Friend.)

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILA.

LADY! I ne'er have seen thy face—
Thy face, perhaps, I ne'er may see;
Nor know I of that winning grace,
Whose charm can bend the lover's knee.

Then, how shall I presumptuous dare
Profane thy worth with verse of mine—
Or write thy praises, gentle fair,
To lay upon the muses' shrine?

O! but to please a valued friend,
This leaf of simple song I bring;
Nor will the poor attempt offend,
When owned by him for whom I sing.

By him, whose soul so oft on you,
In gentle smiles of joy has shone;
Him, whom I loved before I knew,
And love still better, being known.

By him, who asks my humble lays,
In your behalf right zealous grown;
Who loves to sound your loudest praise,
And will not let me sing his own.

He tells me you are young and fair—
Of temper gay, of manners kind;
Describes to me your form and air,
And paints the beauties of your mind.

But saddening thoughts around me throng,
For you, perhaps, I ne'er shall know;
And he who thus commands my song,
Is destined far from me to go.

O! why has fortune's hand the power
Thus to o'ercloud life's little day?
"I never loved a tree nor flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away."

And him, alas! I now must lose,
Just when I find his heart most dear,
Whom fate for distant scenes must choose,
When most I want his service here.

Will he return? and shall I see
The friend he lauds and loves so well
O! shades of dim futurity,
It lies with you alone to tell.

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM K. BURTON.

No. IV.

THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

Take heed of pride, and curiously consider
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labor to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen; but what fellow'd?
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd
to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness,
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth
The prey of thieves.

Massinger.

"This loaf won't do—its not full weight—give me that one in the window."

"Ma!" said the pretty Catalina, with an indignant toss of her rich nut-brown locks, "Ma! why do you suffer me to be insulted by these low vulgar wretches, who expect me to attend to all their insolent whims, as if I was their servant. I will not assist in the shop at all, I declare."

The fond and patient mother endeavored to soothe the offended pride of her petted child, and hastened to change the objectionable loaf. The purchaser was a tall, but back-bent, thin, and shrivelled man, in a suit of rusty black; his dark eyes sparkled beneath his gray and bushy brows, and his pale, thin lips, and the strongly-marked lines about his pinched-in cheeks, told plainly of suffering and sorrow. He clutched the loaf of bread with his attenuated fingers, and after weighing it carefully in his hand, placed it beneath his arm, and deposited the necessary pence upon the counter. He turned towards the door, but as he gained the threshold, he turned round, and gazing sadly upon the offended Catalina, said, "Young woman, I had reason for my objection to the loaf you proffered; it was many mouthfuls less than this; and I have too often experienced the want of a mouthful of bread to quietly resign my rightful quantity. I have three children waiting for me—they are pale, squalid, and cadaverous, for hunger, dirt, and disease have long been their only portions, but they are my own flesh and blood, and my orphan boys are as dear to my heart as you with your bright beauty and sunny looks can be to your happy, wealthy friends. I was once—no matter what! I am now a beggar; the very pence with which I purchased the loaf were wrung, by dint of painful supplication, from the unwilling hands of my fellow men. I have not another coin in the world to purchase even the coarsest relish, or to procure a candle that I might delight my heart by seeing my boys devour their lumps of coarse, unbuttered bread. You see now why I required the

largest, not the smallest loaf. What would your trouble have been in comparison with the value of an extra mouthful of bread to five hungry wretches, who look to this loaf for the whole of their daily supply of food? Check then these paltry feelings of pride, which unfit you for the station you are bound to fill; you are blessed with health and comparative wealth; be grateful to your Maker, and do not insult him by exhibiting impertinence to your fellow creatures. You may one day be as destitute—as wretched—as I am now!"

The poor fellow vanished from the door-way, and the sound of his shuffling footsteps faded into gradual nothingness before any of us had recovered from the effects of his forcible but unusual address. My hands instinctively clutched the silver coin at the bottom of my pocket, but before I could frame my speech, the man was gone. Mrs. Thorne first broke the silence, and observed, "Poor man! only one loaf of stale bread for himself and his four children! if I had known it, I would not have taken his money."

"The impudent fellow called me 'young woman;' and no poverty can excuse such impertinence as that," said the proud beauty, as with sparkling eye and glowing cheek she dashed from the room, looking most pre-eminently beautiful while exhibiting this hateful deformity of mind.

The *bakers' daughters* of the metropolis have long been celebrated for the possession of an extra share of their sex's charms. It is impossible to perambulate the streets of London without remarking the extreme beauty of the fair maidens who sit behind the counters of the various bakeries, and preside over the destinies of the quartern, half quartern, and two-penny loaves, and dispense the biscuits, pies, and baked joints to the numerous claimants. In fancy confectionaries and pastry-cooks' shops, a pretty girl is a necessary adjunct, and such a one is ever selected; like the Parisian *limonadiere*, she is expected to be chatty and agreeable, and showy in manners, dress, and beauty; other virtues are not esteemed. But the flowers of loveliness exhibited in the shops of the bread bakers, are generally members of the family; and although somewhat plainer in their attire, are more positively handsome than the fancy prettinesses in the pastry cooks; in fact, there is not a neighborhood in any part of London which cannot boast of the beauty of "the girl at the baker's shop."

Catalina Thorne, although not perfectly beautiful, possessed an attractive set of pretty features, a mode-

rate stature, and a round and graceful form. Her head and bust displayed the usual characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty, but in her moments of pride, which were neither "few nor far between," her fine light-blue eyes dilated with the stare of scorn; her well arched brows were twisted from their Hogarthian line of beauty; her nose, which ever possessed a slight determination upwards in its extremest tip, curled into a positive snub; and her pretty, pulpy, pouting lips were screwed into a repulsive knot that completely hid her well-formed pearly teeth. Catalina's smile was most enchanting; but the malignancy and frequency of her frown destroyed, or at least considerably weakened, the effects of her sun-shiny beauty.

Mr. Thorne's dwelling was opposite my lodgings, and I could scarcely help avoiding an observance of the family's proceedings. Catalina's brother, Shirley, was a pleasant companion in various fishing and boating parties, and the frank jollity of the father and hospitable attentions of the mother, rendered an occasional visit most agreeable. I will not deny that the beauty of the daughter had, originally, a strong inducing force to an intimacy with the baker's family, but the bitter pride and contemptuous bearing of Miss Catalina killed the bud of love in its very germ, if indeed it had ever assumed a form and bearing even thus minute.

Shirley Thorne doted upon his sister; he forgave her haughty sneers and pettish temper with the affectionate regard of a fond adoring lover and devoted friend. His earnings were appropriated to the purchase of trinkets and other articles of finery for his beloved Catalina; his hours of recreation were spent in her service, in conducting her to the various places of amusement, in evening walks, or in listening to her performances upon the piano, which she touched with a skillful hand. It were needless to say that Catalina's parents regarded their daughter with a love of strong endurance—it amounted to positive adoration; and they paid a bitter penalty for their idolatrous worship.

Catalina's beauty attracted several beaux; for the capricious fair one, despite her pride, loved to sit in the shop and receive the compliments of the customers, and listen to the flattering remarks of the passers-by. But if she revelled in the homage of her admirers, she ridiculed their pretensions, and insulted their sentiments of esteem. An offer of marriage was certain to result in a contemptuous dismissal; and the proud beauty, holding her court in a baker's shop, gave the rest of her admirers to understand that she wondered how the poor cast-off suitor could be so ridiculous as to imagine that she would degrade herself by becoming a tradesman's wife!

Public attention had been for some days directed towards the announcement of a grand Masquerade and Fancy Ball at the Opera House, and Catalina expressed a wish to enjoy the much vaunted festivities of the scene. Her parents endeavored to convince her of the impropriety of her wish, but her affectionate and inexperienced brother, bent upon the gratification of his sister's thoughts, purchased a couple of tickets,

and indicated his intention of accompanying Catalina to the masquerade. Further remonstrance with their spoiled pets was out of the question; preparations were made, dresses procured, and the parents contented themselves with requesting me to accompany their children to the place of pleasure, relying on my knowledge of London life as an efficient means of protection to their darling Catalina.

Nothing could be more exquisitely handsome than the appearance of Catalina, as she proudly strode along the immense *salon*. She was richly attired, in exact imitation of a colored print representing Mademoiselle Maré en rôle, and in the extreme difference between her smiles and powers, strangely reminded me of that powerful *artiste*. Catalina's blonde features and nut-brown curls rendered the picture somewhat softer in its *tout ensemble*, but I doubt if the fascinating actress, even in her bright and palmy days, appeared to greater advantage than my *parvenu* Catalina, the daughter of a London baker. -

I must confess that I felt proud of my companion, and enjoyed the admiration which her appearance excited. The single-minded Shirley was in raptures; and he gazed upon his lovely sister with an ecstatic smile which evinced his gratified love. Unable to join in the quadrilles, he stood aloof, but never removed his eyes from the mazy dance wherein his queenly sister moved.

I stood up with Catalina in the first set of quadrilles, and resigned her, for the second, to the care of one of her beaux, who having heard of her intentions, had followed her to the ball. Harry Bruce was a good looking young fellow, sufficiently well to do in the world to enable him to seek a wife, but too bashful to pop the question, although sufficiently bold among his fellow men; he was devotedly attached to Catalina; had never been connected with that object of her detestation, trade; and was generally supposed to be sure of her consent, although the hints of his numerous friends, and the kindly encouragement of the parents had been unable to induce him to venture the perilous avowal. He had beheld lover after lover dismissed for their temerity in declaring the object of their ambition, and he preferred the enjoyment of her society, and the privilege of paying his unacknowledged attentions to the chance of an abrupt discharge from the presence of his love.

While she was dancing with Bruce, I observed a man in the dress of a brigand—that is, in the dress sanctioned by stage authority, which clothes a mountain bandit, a low peasant ruffian degraded to the level of an outlaw and a robber, in a velvet jacket bound with gold, and silk stockings crossed with fancy ribbon, instead of a jerkin of undressed goat skin, and leather leggings tied across with strips of raw hide—I observed, I say, a man in the dress of a brigand leaning on his carbine, and attentively watching my pretty charge. There was a confident—nay, an impudent air in his manner that suited well enough with the character he had assumed, but it also demanded the attention of her friends. Her brother had noticed the lascivious leer with which the

stranger had gazed upon Catalina, and was on the point of resenting the insult in a summary way, had I not checked his impetuosity. Her partner, Bruce, also noticed the familiar and insulting gaze of the stranger, and in one of his moves in the dance, intentionally ran against the brigand, and jostled him from his stand. With a deadly scowl he drew his robber's knife, and menaced Bruce with an action of stabbing. The young man continued his part in the quadrille, but as he passed the brigand in the course of the next figure, he knocked the high-crowned, riband-braided hat from the robber's head. The fellow turned pale, and glanced furtively round upon the company; Bruce continued his dance; and after a moment's pause, the brigand forced a smile into his face, and, turning upon his heel, walked to another part of the *salon*.

At the conclusion of the quadrille, I hastened to Bruce, and expressed my admiration of his conduct. Shirley also complimented him, but his firm and courageous behaviour had been lost upon the heartless girl, who thought that the brigand had been ill used, "for the man had certainly a right to look."

I received, from various acquaintances, numerous requests for introductions to the beautiful queen, and favored many of the demands. During one of her temporary absences, a *petit maitre* passed me with an open snuff box in his hand. I had been longing for a pinch, and laying my hand upon the Frenchman's arm, said "*Voulez vous bien me permettre ?*"—but the old gentleman intent upon some distant object, passed on without noticing my application. Before I could turn round, the brigand appeared before me with a jewelled snuff box, which he presented to me with a graceful bow, saying "*Que j'ai l'honneur de vous offrir ce tabac.*" I was annoyed at the man's interference, but it was impossible to refuse his offer, and in the course of a few minutes we were engaged in a lively conversation. I saw through his purpose, and resolved to disappoint him; the quadrille ended, and Catalina and her partner were hastening towards me; disengaging myself from the brigand in the midst of a critical disquisition upon the relative merits of Auber and Adolphe, I made him a low bow, and took the disengaged arm of the fair queen, and strolled across the room. In the course of the promenade, I encountered my friend Lozack; he joined us for half a turn, and on our return stroll, we espied the brigand in earnest discourse with a tall, thin gentleman in a domino; it struck me immediately that I had seen the tall man before, but was unable to recollect where. "Lozack, you know every body; who is the tall man in the blue domino, talking to the brigand there?"

"A great reformer; writes elaborate essays in the weekly papers, famous for bad grammar and excess of vituperation against all existing powers. He has once or twice been suspected of forgery—has been tried for swindling; and has long since been kicked out of all decent association."

"Who is his companion, the brigand?"

"I know his face, but cannot say where. His whiskers bother me. Ha! I know that action; and yet I may be mistaken. If I am correct, the dress is not out

of taste. Yes, it must be the same. He is a broken *croupier* from Paris—a *chevalier d'industrie*, but of low caste. He is an Irishman, I believe—I forget his name. He is a *rara avis*—a Milesian without the brogue. He speaks several languages, but is an incorrigible scoundrel. He was discharged from 113, Palais Royal, for picking the pockets of the players at the table—and since that I have seen him at the corner house—the white one—in Rue—Rue—"

"Picpus," said I, hazarding an awful joke.

"No, no; a small affair in the suburbs—in the Boulevard Montmartre, near the *Théâtre de Variétés*. Ha! there's Vane! I must see him—good bye for a minute."

As Lozack hurried from us, the object of my inquiries suddenly joined our party, and taking me familiarly by the arm, desired the honor of an introduction to the devilish fine girl under my wing. I was astonished at the fellow's impudence, and meditated publicly insulting him; but my anxiety for the safety of the inexperienced couple intrusted to my care, prevented the explosion. I formally declined the responsibility of introducing a stranger; he muttered a low curse—but checking his wrath, proposed adjourning to the refreshment room. This, also, I declined. At this moment one of the bands struck up a lively strain—it was a new German waltz, and a succession of couples darted from the crowd, and whirled around the ring formed in the centre of the thronged and magnificent area.

"I must waltz," said Catalina; "will you be my partner?"

I begged leave to decline.

"Bruce, you waltz?"

He confessed his inability.

"I must waltz!" repeated the beauty in the imperious tone that she generally used to express her wishes.

"*Permettez moi—le grand plaisir—to be your partner, si vous plait, if you shall be so good—*" said the brigand, with an insinuating drawl, and before I could interfere to prevent it, the self-willed girl had accepted his offer, and they were rapidly whirling around the ring.

I was annoyed. The man's excessive impudence in thrusting himself into an acquaintance with Catalina after I had refused him an introduction—his broken language, after I had heard him speak correctly both in French and English—Catalina's acceptance of his arm—and Lozack's account of his character—conspired to render my feelings any thing but pleasant. At the end of the waltz, he moved rapidly towards the supper room with his partner. I followed, but was unable to get near them in consequence of the influx of the supper seeking masquers who rushed in crowds to the possession of the tables. In vain I searched the room for the giddy girl and her questionable partner; the best part of an hour elapsed before I was enabled to single them from the crowd.

"Catalina, it is late; had we not better retire?"

"I am engaged to this gentleman for the next set."

"We promised not to be later than two o'clock. It has long since passed that hour," said I.

"Do not stay on my account; this gentleman has kindly offered to see me home." As Catalina uttered this ill-judged speech, the villain grinned; and bowed. The music struck up a mazurka; he handed her from her seat, and they hurried to the ball room.

My outraged pride tempted me to resent this insult, and bring the affair to an instant conclusion. But I wished not to embroil myself in a quarrel with a man of doubtful character in a public room, and my delegated care of the thoughtless girl induced me to suppress my wrath, and follow her into the midst of the dancing throng. At the door of the supper room, I encountered Bruce and Shirley Thorne; they had been equally ill-treated by Miss Catalina, and the young lover shortly left the theatre, despite the remonstrances of the brother.

The broad light of a spring morning yellowed the haggard faces of the pleasure seekers, ere Catalina consented to quit the masquerade. Delighted with the vivacity and foreign air of her new admirer, she resolutely refused to leave his side; and as she sprang into the coach at the theatre door, said, "Monsieur Livrontique, we have room for you;" and before I could interfere, the supple brigand was in the coach, and accompanied us to the residence of the Thornes.

The next day, while sipping my coffee at a late breakfast, I observed a dashing cabriolet drive up to the door of the baker's shop, and the brigand of the preceding night, handsomely appareled in military undress, jump from the vehicle, resigning the reins of the fiery horse to the care of a small tiger in a showy livery. In less than half an hour, the pretty Catalina was handed into the cabriolet by her new beau, who, resuming the reins, caused the horse to perpetrate various curvetings and caracolings previous to starting, much to the wonder of the humble neighbors, and the admiration of the baker and his wife.

I deemed it my duty to acquaint Thorne with the character of his new acquaintance, as delineated by my friend Lozack. The honest man seemed alarmed, but the mother evidently disbelieved my statements, and imputed my interference to jealous motives. "My daughter has told me of your rude behaviour in endeavoring to keep her by your side during the whole of the evening; and in wishing to force her from the rooms just as she was beginning to enjoy the festivities of the scene. Monsieur Maximilien Livrontique," reading the name from a small enameled card which the puppy had unnecessarily left behind, "is the son of a French nobleman, and although I am not so narrow-minded as to despise foreigners, yet there are people who will say any thing against them, without requiring the extra stimulus of rivalry in a pretty girl's affections."

The next time I encountered Miss Catalina, she cut me dead, as the fashionable Livrontique elegantly phrased her refusal to return my bow of recognition. Her brother became cool and distant; and the parents evidently avoided me. The Frenchified beau had the field to himself; for Bruce and his competitors were civilly dismissed; and it was currently reported in the neighborhood that the pretty girl at the baker's was about to be married to a foreign prince, with no end of money and estates.

I determined not to see the girl thrown away without another struggle to prevent it. I sought for Lozack that he might substantiate his charges, but he had been appointed an *attaché* to some foreign embassy. I pointed out the person of the supposed adventurer to the notice of my friend L——, the head of the London police, but he declared his ignorance of the individual, although he acknowledged having had him under *surveillance* for some weeks, in consequence of the mysterious nature of his pursuits, but what those pursuits were, L—— refused to disclose; although I explained my reasons for inquiry. Disappointed in my expectations of obtaining a corroboration of Lozack's suppositions, I determined to confront Monsieur Livrontique in public, and boldly address him as if I knew his entire history, and endeavor to frighten him from the position he had assumed.

An opportunity soon presented itself. I was walking down the Strand, and passing the entrance to the Lowther Gallery of Science, observed Livrontique's cabriolet and servant in waiting. I ascended the entrance flight of stairs, and discovered my gentleman parading the rooms with Catalina hanging on his arm. I encountered them, as if accidentally, and catching Livrontique by the hand, apparently in the most friendly manner, pointed to some delineations of Irish scenery, and said, in a loud tone of voice, "Monsieur Maximilien Livrontique, you were born in Ireland—is that view of the Wicklow mountains a correct portraiture?"

At this singular and apparently inexplicable statement, the eyes of the surrounding gazers were turned upon the questioned man, who, confused and alarmed, was unable to answer my sudden demand.

"Perhaps," continued I, "you are not a Leinster man? I think I heard that you came from the north coast. If so, how do you like this view of the Giant's Causeway?"

The fellow's confusion became extreme; he smiled hideously upon Catalina, scowled at me, and glanced fearfully upon the faces of the standers by. Rallying his nerves, he stammered forth:

"*Monsieur, vous avez tort; je suis Français.*"

"You have lived in Paris, I know. How do they manage without you at the little gambling house at the corner of the Boulevard Montmartre?"

His lower jaw fell, and drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. The people around us tittered, and gentleman who had been gazing earnestly upon the fellow's face, and seemed instinctively to guess my purpose, said aloud, "I saw that man a few weeks ago, in company with some of the swell mob at Newmarket—he spoke English then, and without the slightest foreign accent."

Livrontique rose, and pressing his hat over his eyes, took Catalina by the hand, and made his way through the crowd towards the door of the room. "I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand," thought I, as I followed him to the top of the staircase, where, seizing his arm, I said, in a whisper, "You perceive, my Irish Frenchman, that you are known. I am acquainted with the nature of your avocations at No. 113, Palais Royale, and know also why you were kicked from th—"

establishment! if you continue your present designs," and I glanced at Catalina, "I shall deem it my duty to expose you yet more publicly and more completely. Miss Thorne, this scene has given you some annoyance, but it was necessary to your happiness. I trust that your eyes are opened as to the nature of this man's respectability—for your own sake, you will immediately avoid the disgrace of his acquaintance. I shall be proud to accompany you to your home."

Catalina raised her burning countenance, and gazed with a scornful look upon the detected knave: with a slight bow, she placed her arm in mine, and we descended the stairs; we were soon overtaken by Livrontique, who, recovering his self-possession, had hastened in our pursuit. Dragging Catalina from my side, he muttered a few brief but impressive words. I was unable to distinguish their purport, but the intensity of their hissing sound grated painfully upon my ear. The poor girl glared horribly in his face; a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and she sunk cowering and trembling at his feet, like a guilty and detected child. He raised her with unnecessary violence; I offered my assistance—she shrunk from me, and with a wild despairing glance, accepted his hand, and suffered him to place her in his cabriolet. I shall never forget his look as he seized the reins—it was a scowl of mingled triumph, hatred and revenge—while the poor girl pressed her hands upon her eyes, as if to shut the world from her sight.

The suspicions which this scene excited in my mind, were afterwards proved correct. I had exposed the scoundrel at too late a period for Catalina to retract; he had consummated his villany, and his threats of publicly disgracing his victim, forced her to remain in the meshes which he had wove around her.

Several days elapsed without rendering the cabriolet or its master, and I was unable to perceive any signs of Catalina from my second floor observatory. Ere the expiration of a week after the scene at the Lowther Gallery, I ascertained from young Shirley that his sister had left home, having been married to Livrontique in private, agreeable to his most pressing request. No members of the family were present at the ceremony, nor had any certificate been given or required. The bride and her husband were, at present, on a little tour, which was expected to last during the honey moon.

The hot weather drove me from London, and the approach of the shooting season prolonged my stay. The fogs of November hung round the eaves of the citizens' roofs, and London mud and slime covered the side-walks, when I returned to my old apartments. My landlady had much to tell; the doings of the neighbors during my absence were freely canvassed, and I was put in possession of the scandal of the whole *quartier*. Amongst other information, I ascertained that my old friend, Thorne, had become insolvent, owing, it was supposed, to the extravagance of his daughter and his son-in-law. The truth of this piece of gossip became apparent during the ensuing week—the name of the baker appeared among the list of bankrupts in the Gazette, and the house and furniture were sold by public auction. I sought out

my old friend, and proffered him the little offices of kindness which are so acceptable in our distress; he received them with gratitude; but when I inquired respecting Catalina and her husband, a gloomy silence was the inevitable result. The secret soon came out.

Maximilien Livrontique, with the impudence of his caste, had persuaded Thorne that he was a claimant on the English government for a large sum of money expended by his father in the service of the allies during the Peninsular war. Forged papers were exhibited to prove the truth of this allegation, and forged letters from persons in power attested the certainty of the payment of his claim. Thorne could have no objection to advance considerable sums to assist in the sure recovery of a fortune which was to benefit his own daughter—the calls for more became alarming, and he was compelled to refuse. Livrontique, who, since his pretended marriage, had never visited the baker's shop, being too proud to associate with his plebeian relatives, or rather being afraid to face a man who knew so much of his past life as I did, sent Catalina to request her father to lend his name to some bills which were sure to be paid when due from the funds afforded by the indemnity money, the immediate payment of which had been solemnly promised by the minister of finance. The father was unable to stand the earnest pleadings of his beloved child; the bills were signed, negotiated, and, of course, dishonored. Thorne, as a responsible man, was sued for the amount, and compelled to pay.

Scarcely had he weathered this difficulty, when fresh bills were presented to him for payment. He at once perceived that a forgery of his signature had been made. He had no difficulty in fixing upon the perpetrator; and, although his choice was painful in the extreme, he resolved to acknowledge the validity of the bills and endeavor to pay them, although the act should bankrupt his estate. Had he chosen to deny his signature, and denounce the criminal, the imperative nature of the statute respecting forgery, and the blood-thirsty execution of its penalties, would have driven the husband of his child to a violent and disgraceful death. But his clemency availed not; the swindler stopped not in his career. He had tasted luxuries in life which before had been beyond his reach; he was in a comparatively respectable station, and could not persuade himself to resign his handsome lodgings, cabriolet, and servants, and expensive style of living. He was too well known at the clubs and gaming tables to be able any longer to carry on the war with profitable success; the forgery of his father-in-law's name had shown him a new way to plunder with impunity; fictitious notes and bills, to a large amount, were put in circulation, and with much success; but the bubble burst one day too soon for the calculating rogue, who was on the point of departing for Boulogne, the home for fraudulent insolvents and other English depredators, when he was arrested on a charge of forgery, and committed to Newgate for trial. The nature of his crime left little room for hope: his depredations had been too serious in their extent, and the former character of his life was too infamous in its nature to warrant any merciful recommenda-

tion. His doom was inevitable, and on the 16th of December, 182—, James Shahan, alias Davis, alias Maximilien Livrontique, was hanged by the neck at the Old Bailey.

CHAPTER II.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.
Milton.

OLD Thorne never recovered the disgrace of his unexpected bankruptcy, and the stigma of his connection with the infamous Livrontique; in consequence of which, and from the inexplicable nature of his accounts, the creditors refused to sign his certificate. He became seriously low spirited; he seemed ashamed to look his fellow men in the face; and, skulking in the dark corners of the tap rooms and parlors of the lowest tippling houses, cared not for the welfare of his children, or procuring the means of existence for himself and wife. But Mrs. Thorne, with the superior energy of character so often exhibited by the weaker and inferior sex as we men say, in our pride of social rank, dashed the tear of regret from her brow, and went resolutely to work with the intent of procuring a living for those around her. Another shop was opened in the name of her son Shirley; and although their means were small, and their appliances of an humble and inferior grade, the lapse of a few weeks convinced them that common industry would supply the sources of all their moderate desires.

But, Catalina—

Were I penning a series of imaginary events, or depicting the peculiarities of characters existing but as creations of the brain, I might find it necessary to apologize for the apparent violations of probability in the following details; but I am merely narrating the positive occurrences of life—some of which, particularly the catastrophe, were given to the public at the time of action, but in garbled and informal shape. I am describing the acts of a proud and petted child—of a beautiful but perverse girl, who had never been taught to check her own imperious will, or brook the language of reproof. I do not attempt to excite the sympathies of the reader in behalf of the unfortunate Catalina; the nature of her misdeeds forbids the hope; and yet the man of observation and wordly experience will find more ground for excuse in Catalina's conduct than can be discovered in the actions of the sentimental love-stricken heroines of the generality of the modern novels. A knowledge of the operative powers which influence the sad realities of life is an important but neglected branch of our domestic philosophy. The poet's line—"The child is father to the man," has become an adage trite as it is true; but we have never enforced a practical demonstration of its value. We spoil the sapling in its earliest germination, and find not our mistake till the foul branching of the immature tree betrays the rankness of the culture.

Catalina fondly believed the statements of her betrayer, and accepted his exculpatory account of his Parisian life; he confessed that he had gambled away a princely fortune, and supposed that he had been suspected of connection with the house from the frequency of his visits. She believed that he was on the point of receiving an immense fortune, and bore, with much pettishness, the intermediate passage between the obscurity of a sojourn in lodgings, and the blaze of fashionable life, wherein she expected to conspicuously figure when Livrontique could afford to resume his station in the world. Her proud temper forbade her to associate with her plebeian parents; her brother was refused admittance—"the wife of a nobleman's son could not be visited by baker's boys!"

Catalina was within a few weeks of becoming a mother when she heard of her husband's arrest on the eve of his trip to Boulogne. The morning papers furnished her with a full account of his perfect villany—of his numerous aliases, and the whole course of his dishonorable life. The truth flashed upon her mind with conquering force; she knew that she had been deceived, and resolved upon resigning her deceiver to his fate. She refused his most earnest applications for an interview: forbade her relations to bring a message or even mention his name; and when she heard that he intended to produce her as a witness at his trial, she packed up her trinkets and a few of her richest dresses, and departed—no one could discover where.

Livrontique was condemned and executed, but Catalina sent no token to the man she had professed to love. Her agonized mother advertised her absence in the newspapers, and implored her quick return; her brother traversed the endless maze of London streets, and rapped at lodging-house doors and private boarding houses and hotels, but found her not. Bruce, who, with an honest love, had hastened to the family's assistance soon as he knew of their distress, assisted me in my inquiries at innumerable pawnbrokers, where we expected that the object of our search would be compelled to dispose of her jewels as a means of subsistence. We then called at the various coach offices, imagining that she might have journeyed into the provinces. We employed the keenest officers of the police to aid us in our search, but all in vain—a year elapsed—the crimes of Livrontique were forgotten by the public, but his wife returned not to her family.

The Thornes pursued their course with undeviating attention. The mother and the son found their business increase daily, and the father continued his rounds of sottish indulgence. He was frequently led home in a state of helpless intoxication; and more than once had been compelled to send to his son for the means of liberation from the watch house, where the patrol had conveyed him from his sleeping place in the street. One morning the poor youth called on me, expecting that I had some influence with the magistrate at a distant police office, whither his father had been taken by a district constable, who, irritated at the trouble caused by the intemperate man, seemed determined to press the case strongly against him; and Shirley was sadly afraid that his father would be

sentenced to the tread mill as a confirmed drunkard. We jumped into a coach, and in an hour's time, stood in the centre of the disgusting and motley crowd that daily fills the area of a London police office.

I immediately despatched a card to my friend L——, knowing that in his capacity of leading police officer, his suggestions would more avail us than the pleadings of the most learned lawyer. The legal ignorance of the stipendiary magistrates of the London police is proverbial; every question of law is referred to the clerk, and an experienced officer not unfrequently rules the destinies of both the innocent and guilty by a well-timed wink or sneer, as his feelings or interests may prompt him to interfere.

The elder Thorne was placed at the bar, and the constable, duly sworn, was about to make his charge. In my blandest and most insinuating tone, I requested the judicial potentate to give us half an hour's postponement—he whispered his clerk, who raised his head, and stared rudely at me and my friend Shirley, but I turned his impertinent stare into a gratified smile by honoring him with a profound and deferential bow. By his advice, the delay was accorded by his worship. L—— shortly afterwards entered the room; there has ever been "more than a feud—a strange antipathy" between the regular police officers and the parish constables. L—— partook largely of this *esprit de corps*; and while the prosecuting witness gave his evidence against the senior Thorne, indulged in scorching jokes upon his prowess in capturing, with the assistance of four watchmen, a respectable old gentleman who had taken a social glass, while they suffered a burglary to be committed in the same parish without interruption. His sneers turned the affair into ridicule; and the magistrate, fearful of participating in the contempt, ordered the prisoner to be discharged. Thorne, who had displayed the most dogged carelessness all the morning, heard the order with indifference, and neglected to obey the constable's mandate to remove from before the bar. During the latter part of his "hearing," he had fixed his gaze upon a group of prostitutes, who, with brazen faces and painted cheeks, were huddled together in a corner, waiting their turn for appearing before his worship, for the purpose of answering the complaint of a nobleman who had lost his watch in the ladies' company at the celebrated *Salon de Beauté* opposite Drury Lane Theatre. Thorne was pulled from the bar, and the girls were ordered to advance; as they moved, the discharged intemperate stretched forth his arms, and shrieked aloud, "Catalina! my child! my child."

He was answered by a shriek that seemed to pierce the brain—and the gaudiest dressed girl in the group fell senseless on the floor.

By the kind interference of L——, we were ushered into a private room connected with the police office. The rays of the sun, as they glanced obliquely through the heavily-grated window, lighted up a strange and sadly-sorted group. In the centre of the room stood the father, with the fire of awakened nature fitfully gleaming through the soddened lineaments of habitual sottishness; his soiled garments and blood-shot eye told violently of the force of the last debauch;

tears coursed down his bloated cheeks; and in attempting to check the fierceness of a hiccough, which this new excitement had aroused, he had bitten his lips till the blood escaped from the corners of his mouth.

His son Shirley stood with me over the sofa whereon reposed the still unconscious girl thus suddenly restored. The rouge, which she had used to paint her cheeks on the preceding evening, remained in daubs and blotches upon her pale and sunken cheek; a slight discoloration girded one of her eyes; stains of lamp oil disfigured her gaudy silk dress; and a profusion of false curls fell from her head as her torn and showy bonnet was removed.

L——, with his fine manly form and benevolent face stood holding the door ajar, to receive the articles he had demanded from the housekeeper for the recovery of Catalina, while the pert and meddling magistrate strutted busily about, with his hands in his pockets, his spectacles raised upon his forehead, and a pen behind his ear, asking every variety of impertinent questions, and indulging in unfeeling and insulting observations. He seemed to rejoice in the event as something that relieved the dulness of his every day life. His clerk, the lawyer, soon joined the party, when L—— slipped out of the room.

I proposed sending for a coach, and removing the poor girl, who had recovered from the syncope, and was weeping profusely on her brother's neck; but his worship, who had been civilly repulsed in his inquiries relative to the minutiae of the affair, resolutely refused to let her go, affirming that a serious and well sustained charge of robbery had been made against the *lady*, and that justice must be dealt. I regretted the absence of L——, but his foresight was exhibited in his immediate return with the nobleman who had been robbed; but who promptly denied that Catalina was in any way connected with the gang who had surrounded him in the saloon, and deprived him of his property.

"Still she was there at the time," said the magistrate, who had notion of being beaten at every point; "she was in the room, and that makes her *particeps criminis*—therefore I shall remand her till the day after to-morrow, to see if any fresh evidence may not be adduced which may farther criminate her."

"In what can she be criminal, if there is no accuser?" inquired Shirley.

"Don't question me, sir," said the magistrate, getting more irate; "don't question me; your friend refused to notice my inquiries, although I had but the ends of justice in view. How do I know what she may be—some of her companions may implicate her in their confessions—don't reply, sir, till I have done. The affair looks suspicious. I am not to be driven from my course by a scream, or by the big looks of a baker brother, or by the tears of a drunken father. If you say another word I'll commit her to jail for three months as a disorderly female—I can do it, sir."

"His worship is quite right," said L——, in a quiet, low tone of voice, and bowing to the magistrate as he spoke; "quite right; and, though there is not so much as a constable's charge against the young woman,

still he ought to do as he likes, even though the gentleman here declares that he has nothing to say against her. I always go for his worship, because I think its right, and that power ought to be supported. There was Sergeant S——, who refused bail in a bailable case, where a lady with an infant in her arms was accused of swindling; well, nothing suspicious could be made out against her, and the prosecutor believed he was wrong, and offered to apologize. The lady's husband said something which his worship thought was rude, and he refused to discharge the lady or even to accept bail; and he was right, because power ought to be respected. To be sure, the lady's father served the magistrate with a *mandamus* from the Court of King's Bench, which made him look rather foolish; but the lady's husband had her out by a writ of *habeas corpus*, before night. Still I say that Sergeant S—— was right, although the inhabitants of his district petitioned the Secretary of State for his removal from the magistracy, and then the newspapers took it up, and he was removed in disgrace—still I say that authority ought to be respected."

"L——," said his worship, sensibly affected, "I thank you for this proof of your devotion, but in this instance I will be merciful, seeing that it is a case of deep distress. You may all go; impressed, I hope, with a sense of my benignity in suffering the law to wink while the criminal escapes."

To make my story shorter, as it seems determined to exceed all bounds, I may as well give Catalina's own account of her absence, as she detailed it to me soon after her restoration to her parents' arms.

"When I discovered how bitterly I had been deceived, I resolved to abandon the wretch to his well deserved fate. He had no tie upon me, for I was not his wife! I had trusted him, but in every instance he had deceived me—with passionate oaths and solemn adjurations he had pledged himself to the truth of his avowal, but all were false, and I felt that I had been his tool, and not the object of his love. I did not dare return to the home I had desecrated with the presence of my betrayer and the robber of my father's means. I could not face the parents I had ruined, or endure the scornful gaze of the neighbors whose acquaintance I had spurned. I sought concealment in the abode of the woman who had acted as our laundress, and lived quietly upon the produce of my trinkets. I cannot attempt to explain the excess of hatred that filled my heart when I discovered the daily additional proofs of Livrontique's rascality. I rejoiced in his conviction; I laughed loudly when I heard that he was doomed to death; and so firmly was the purpose of my soul devoted to revenge that I stood calmly in the wet and open street, upon a cold and foggy morning, and witnessed the public death struggles of my betrayer—of the father of the child which I then carried in my bosom.

"You shudder! and, perhaps my language is repulsive, but it is the truth. You know how brightly the sunshine of life beamed upon me, but you cannot tell the rapturous felicity that I expected to enjoy in the high station devoted to Livrontique's bride. Instead of ranking with the high-born dames of all the Euro-

pean courts, as I had fondly anticipated, I found myself the mistress of a convicted felon. With the plausibility of the arch fiend, he persuaded me to postpone the marriage ceremony till he could claim me, 'gemmed with gold;' but he soon exacted the privileges of a husband, while he was preparing to escape to France with the proceeds of his plunder. Why, then, should I not hate him! if the gallows rope had broke, I felt that I could have strangled him before the assembled crowd.

"My child was born, and I hated it from the moment of its birth, for it was *his*! Its cry touched my heart, and I snatched it to my breast; but its little features reminded me of my destroyer, and I insisted upon its instant removal. I refused to let it approach me again; why should I suckle the child of my enemy? The child pined away; I saw its face wither and shrink beneath my gaze—it died, and I rejoiced. I would have died too—if I could have died peaceably in my bed; but I was too proud to make away with my own life. I determined to live, and triumph over the memory of time.

"I became poor—miserably poor. My jewels and dresses were expended, and my landlady told me if I stayed with her, I must work for my living. I left her house, and strolled about London in hopes of meeting with some more congenial employment than washing and ironing, or turning the heavy mangle. My pride revolted at the idea of work, but the force of hunger conquered my pride, and I accepted employment in various shapes, but with the like success. Needle-work disgusted me by its requisite labor and inferior pay; the manager of a theatre advertised for extra ladies to be employed in a new holiday piece; I applied, and was engaged, but was discharged at the first rehearsal for an impertinent answer to the stage director. I consented to serve in a milliner's shop, for less wages than my poor mother gave to her housemaid; and was dismissed with contempt, at the expiration of the first week, because I refused to sit at the same table with the errand boy and the kitchen wench.

"I next obtained employment as a print-colorer in the shop of a young and talented artist, who, I soon discovered, regarded me with an honest love. He was oftener by my side than at his easel, and preferred my little back parlor to his studio on the second floor. Our intimacy progressed rapidly enough; in the evenings, we walked out together; and but little time elapsed ere he made me an offer of his hand. He was industrious and good-looking, but he was not rich—nor did I love him—but I have often thought if my pride had suffered me to accept his proffered hand, that I might have long enjoyed the comforts of domestic life. But my restless, ambitious spirit prompted me to select another sphere; and two days after the artist made me the offer, I accepted the protection of one of his customers.

"You ask me why I preferred infamy with one to honor with the other; I will tell you. If I married the artist, I knew that I could never rise beyond a middling station in society, even if success rewarded my husband in his endeavors. Perhaps he might

fail; and then I should have to pass a long and degraded life of poverty and destitution. On the other hand, I was sure of immediate plenty—of rich clothes and meek attendants—of flattery and servile friends—and other gay delights. Besides, my protector was of an ardent and sanguine disposition; he seemed enthusiastic in his admiration of my beauty; I soon discovered that he was rather weak in his understanding; and, in the pride of my heart, I doubted not that I should persuade him to make me his wife. But I was deceived; a few months had scarcely elapsed ere he married a childish, puling piece of nobility; and I was thrown aside with his horses, spaniels, and greyhounds, as unnecessary in his newly-formed resolves.

"I will not hurt your feelings by delineating my gradual declination to the state from which I have just been rescued. Do not pity me; I cannot bear it—I despise it—I despise myself—and, God forgive me, I am tempted to believe that I despise the world, and all that it contains."

CHAPTER III.

Every sense
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;
And each frail fibre of her brain
As bow-strings, when relaxed by rain,
The creaking arrow launch aside,
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide.
Byron.

CATALINA remained at home in strict seclusion, and in a few weeks, the dangerous beauty again mantled her rosy cheeks and pulpy lips; her curling nut-brown hair put forth its natural properties, and the quick, vivacious eye, and swan-like neck, and graceful carriage exacted their full share of wondrous praise. A saddened spirit seemed to have cast its mantle upon her, but the slightest contradiction roused her fiery temper, and drew down her wrath upon the head of the offender. Her father, roused to action by the return of his beloved daughter, gave up his sottish habits, and assisted with patient labor in the increased business of his son. The gentle Shirley worked with renewed delight; the fond, adoring mother forgot her past griefs in the bright prospect of the present joy; and Bruce, with a constancy of affection that deserved a better object for its mark, became again the regular evening visitor, and signified his wish that Catalina would give him a right to be included in the family.

Three months had not elapsed since the restoration of the magdalen to her home, when I received the following letter from Catalina—

"I have again left the home of my parents, for I cannot endure the sight of the misery I have caused. My mother's pale cheek is a constant reproach to me for my past crimes, and her glistening eyes are constantly fixed upon me with a gaze of wondering sorrow. My father and brother toil like slaves, and I am the cause. I have no companion—no society—for Bruce's pretended love is a bitter insult, which he has no right

to inflict. I cannot go out alone—I cannot enter the shop without being stared at by the neighbors and the passers by, who all seem to know my story. Lord —, who was present at the police office, you know when, has offered me a home. I quit my prison with delight, and leave you to tell my parents that we may not meet again."

Two nights after the receipt of this letter, the broken hearted mother was dragged, a foul and disfigured corse, from the depths of the river Thames; the father again flew to the bottle for relief, and attempted to drown his sorrows in continual inebriety. His constitution, sadly injured by his former excesses, soon gave way; he expired, a howling, drunken maniac; and was placed by the side of his wife a few days after her demise.

The shop and fixtures were sold, and the proceeds were devoted by Shirley to defray the expenses of the funerals. When all was settled, he called on me to say farewell; and in company with his friend Bruce, set forth, in hopes to meet with better fortune in another land.

* * * * *

In less than a year from the death of the parents, I observed the lost Catalina amid the countless throngs of cyprians which infest the saloons of the patent theatres in the height of the season. She appeared gay and happy, that is, if an exuberance of spirits bespoke the joyous mind, and the painted cheek depicted the bloom of the heart's repose. She saw me not, and I had no wish to claim her acquaintance.

Again I saw her, at some months' elapse, bow from the window of a handsome carriage, with a coronet on its panels, and a couple of gaudy footmen hanging from the back. I recognized her during the same week, in the opera box of the viscount —, glistening with diamonds and satin. The box was crowded, and Catalina's voice rose high above the rest.

One night, during the succeeding winter, I was "sitting at mine ease in mine" apartment, listening to the roaring of the bleak north wind and the pelt-ing of the hail storm against the shutters, and the occasional hiss of some stray portions of hail which fell down the chimney into the blazing sea coal fire, when the house was disturbed from its propriety by a loud single knock at the street door. It was nearly twelve o'clock, and the impatient landlady, who was sitting up for the occupant of the front attic, a young clerk, who was yet out, hastened to the door, determined to rate him soundly for the loudness of his knock. She opened the door and found no one there. A puff of the wind extinguished her light, and she hastened back to inform me, the only siter-up, of the peculiarity of the event. In less than half an hour, the knocker again sounded; again she descended, and again was doomed to disappointment. Two runaway knocks upon a stormy night became a serious matter for wonderment to the old lady; and when the knocker again sounded, she was almost too nervous to attend its summons, although positively certain, from the well known double tap, that the erratic clerk was at the door.

"I beg your pardon, for being so late, my dearest madam," said the young man, as he rubbed his well-soaked boots on the passage mat. "A shocking night to be out, but I could not refuse the temptation of a free ticket to the play. Dreadful walking; and there is a poor creature sitting on Brown's steps some half dozen doors below, who seems frozen to a statue. Her clothes are stiff with sleet and ice."

"A woman exposed to the weather such a night as this!" said the good old soul, bursting into tears. "Oh, gentlemen, that must not be. God has given us a warm house over our heads; let us not refuse a fellow creature a shelter from the storm. She must be in distress indeed, to abide the pelting of such weather—or ill—or dying, may be. Do let us go directly," and the old lady, who trembled at opening the street door to a single knock after twelve at night, eased herself in a huge cloak, and waded through the heaps of snow and hail, and braved the winter blast in all its fierceness, to save a fellow creature from its fury. According to the young man's statement, we found a female sitting in a crouching posture on the steps of a doorway; she answered not our greetings, and but for a low, continuous moan, might have been deemed a frozen corse. We carried her, all bent and double as she sat, into the warm kitchen of our benevolent landlady, who soon stripped her of her ice-bound clothing, and restored her, with the maid's assistance, to animation. Upon our re-admittance to the kitchen, I recognized the cast-away Catalina in the person of the unfortunate; prompted by the deepest distress, she had twice knocked at my door to ask relief, and twice had her pride compelled her to depart without waiting to deliver her message. A faintness came upon her; she sat down upon the nearest steps, and the numbing effect of the wintry storm lulled her to a deceitful slumber—a quarter of an hour longer, and our relief would have been in vain.

Was it possible that a few short months had changed the jewelled and satin-clad beauty of the opera box into the squalid and loathsome figure before me? Disease, and drink, and poverty are rapid workmen—but I will not dwell upon the sad details of Catalina's profligate career. Her protectors had died, married, tired, and quarreled, till she found herself the tenant of a sick bed in a suburban hospital, where her lover, with praiseworthy humanity, had ordered her to be removed, while he inducted her successor into her chamber, and presented the jewels of the sick and despairing girl to her happy and successful rival.

She was discharged from the hospital, cured of her bodily ailment; but her mind had festered, and the leprous wound enlarged itself with dangerous rapidity. She fancied in the dull watches of the sleepless night that her mother and father sat by the side of her bed, and that Livrontique stood at the foot, nursing his murdered baby, and fixing his protruding eyes upon her with a scowl of hate. A free use of gin drove the phantoms away; her father would fly from the room with a scream of agony at the sight of the bottle; her mother would implore her not to drink, but fade away into thin air as the liquor gur-

gled down her throat; and Livrontique would gaze with rapture as she drank, and laugh, and shout with joy—and the unearthly revelry sounded in her ears long after the sight had gone.

I requested my landlady to place Catalina in some quiet, decent family wherein she could be assiduously watched, and placed beyond the reach of temptation. "But I must have gin," she said, as I called to see how she enjoyed her situation. "Gin, or death—I care not which. To-morrow, I am twenty years of age; you will send me some gin to keep my birth day. I used to keep it gaily."

"How do you like the family you are with?" said I.

"The old woman preaches to me, and the aunt stares with the same sad look that my mother used to gaze upon me when you took me home. The girl is quiet—but they refuse to give me gin—and I have a burning here, and a craving that gin alone can satisfy."

The wretched girl again eloped from our fostering care. My old landlady, in the kindness of her heart, suggested an application for Catalina's admittance into the Magdalen Hospital, a charitable institution expressly devoted to cases of a similar description. The thought horrified her proud spirit, which misfortune had been unable to subdue. It was evident that she still hoped to attain a station of wealth, if not of rank, by the potency of her charms; and the convent-like confinement of the Magdalen Hospital was not a suitable arena for her schemes.

A few months afterwards, I saw her on horseback, at Ascot, during the races. She was in the company of a notorious horse-dealer and fancy-man upon the turf. She rode well, and appeared to advantage, thereby attracting general attention, and gratifying the pride of her protector. But a short time elapsed, ere she was committed to Bridewell for being drunk and disorderly in the street, and sentenced to hard labor for thirty days.

One of those appalling tragic events which occasionally happen in large cities, and fright the blood of the lieges from its lawful channels, occurred in our vicinity, and paralyzed the faculties of my gossiping acquaintances. A man had been found dead in a house of ill fame, and from the nature of the accompanying circumstances, it was reckoned difficult to decide whether he had destroyed his own life or had been foully played with. My landlady was vainly endeavoring to combat her horror, and detail the particulars of the rumors she had picked up amongst her neighbors, when I was surprised by the appearance of Bruce, who, in company with his friend Shirley had within a few hours returned to their native land from a long cruise among the Indian isles. After a short pause, he inquired for his friend; I had not seen him. The two sailors had parted company the night before—Shirley, with the express intent of calling upon me, and Bruce hastening to rejoice the hearts of his parents. Shirley had freely partaken of a carouse given by the captain on his safe return to port, but his high spirit scorned Bruce's proffered help, and he insisted upon being left to himself. I

inquired of the landlady, if a young sailor had asked for me during the preceding evening.

"A young sailor! lor, no! why, good gracious me, the man who was murdered round the corner was a young sailor."

The remark startled me, but I endeavored to laugh at the absurdity of the supposition it engendered. Bruce, impressed with a sad presentiment of ill, requested me to satisfy his forebodings by visiting the scene of death. We did so, and our worst suspicions were most horribly confirmed.

Shirley was encountered in his passage to my house by a street walker, and persuaded to accompany her home. The morning's sun revealed the

horrid truth; in the person of the wanton he recognized his sister Catalina. He jumped from the bed, and with his sailor's knife severed his jugular vein. The wretched girl was discovered by his side—a cureless maniac—simpling and jibbering at the horror-stricken gazers, and drawing figures upon the floor in the small puddles of her brother's blood!

Reader! if I have caused you "to sup full of horrors," be assured that I have spoken nought but truth. Catalina Thorne is yet an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital, in St. George's Fields, and although the whole particulars were never before accurately stated, there are many persons who can testify to the truth of the sad history of

THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A PART FROM THEE.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

APART from thee, apart from thee,
My lingering footsteps slowly rove,
Beside the silent silver sea,
I trace the haunts we used to love.
The blushing flowers in gladness spring,
And twine their garlands round my feet,
And birds their early carols sing,
And yet, nor bird nor flower is sweet;
They have no song or breath for me,
Because I am apart from thee.

The moonlight sleeps upon the stream,
And all the silver stars of even,
In many a bright and shining beam,
Still mirror there the light of heaven,
And like a playful child, it glides
In music thro' the quiet wood,
And wakens with its gentle tides,
The echo's in its solitude;
But sadly doth it speak to me,
Because I am apart from thee.

Alone, I watch the morning rise
In beauty o'er the distant hill,
And mark the bright and glowing skies,
With golden gleams the glad earth fill,
And far adown the crimson clouds,
Alone I watch its fading light,
And linger still, till darkness shrouds
Its glory with the veil of night;
For like that night is life to me,
Because I am apart from thee.

Apart from thee, how sad, how sad,
Have all my early feelings grown;
The heart can be no longer glad,
That broods in solitude alone;
And like a harp that hoards its song,
'Till waken'd by the master hand,
No courtly flatteries of the throng,
Its buried music may command;
'Tis silent all, 'till I shall be
No longer, love, apart from thee.

SONNETS, FOR THE SEASON.

JUNE.

Now come the rosy June and blue-eyed hours,
With song of birds and stir of leaves and wings,
And run of rills and bubble of bright springs,
And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers;
With buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers,
And gushing lay of the loud lark, who sings
High in the silent sky, and sleeks his wings
In frequent sheddings of the flying showers;—
With plunge of struggling sheep in plashy floods,
And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
Answered in far-off faintness by its dam;
And cuckoo's call from green depths of all woods;
And hum of many sounds, making one voice
That sweetens the smooth air with a melodious noise.

C. W.

JULY.

Now the hot July hurries half-arrayed
From tending his green work on sultry hill,
In bower and field—seeking the shrunken rill,
Or cave, or grot, or grove of pleasant shade,
But flings his length where huddled leaves have made
Cool covert for faint noon. Now not a bill
Of happiest bird breaks the grave-silence still
With call to his song-fellows; and not a blade
O' the tall grass wags, so idle are the winds.
The bee, with laden thighs, yet dares not stir
For his far home; and the quick grasshopper,
Though amorous of the sun, yet haply finds
Deep shelter in green shades is better far
Than burning in the blaze of the malign dog-star.

C. W.

HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

Continued from Page 50a.)

CHAPTER XV.

Hue vina et unguenta et nimum brevis
 Hortis amoenos fene jube rose;
 Dum res et setas, et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Horat.

See'st thou yon line of light upon the river,
 Where the stream mirrors back the smile of heaven?
 'Tis the moon's rays reflected from the curve
 On the edge of a water-fall.

Wilson.

THROUGH a soft and undulating valley, shielded from the breezes of the north by a high mane of hills, and bounded on the one hand by an antique forest, and in front by the white waves of the many-billowed sea, there flowed in many "lingering labyrinths" of grace, a gentle pearl-dew brook, that trembling down the steeper channel with a soft complaint, or gliding with a dreamy gentleness along the level banks, charmed the eye of taste by the transparent whiteness of its color, or gratified the ear of leisure by "the pleasant noise of waters." At various points the stream had been taught to divide around little platforms of the purest marble, which islanded the rivulet, and were surmounted with seats and couches of the same material. To recline upon the high crimson cushions that covered these graceful sofas, in a summer spirit and with a heart at ease, in all the delicious abandon of the "stratus membra," and watch the flitting on the wave of the brown denelated shade flung by the tall, bending shrubbery that every where arched and cooled the course of the brook, and feel the refreshing breath of the breezes that had struggled through the plaited barriers of the vine-fringed branches to play in the holiday shelter with the undazzled dimples of the evasive water, and listen to the faint roar of the passing wind through the tops of the lofty trees—the "pinus ingens, albaque populus"—or to the deliberate dash of the waves upon the neighboring beach, and dream, in this mental cradle of indolence, of joys that had been, were, and would be, made up a globe of intense delights that might have deceived even the unresting spirit of a Faust into saying to the passing moment, "Stay! thou art so fair!"

Throughout the whole of this smiling "angulus terrarum" there was spread forth whatever could please the sense by the fragrance of its perfume, or soothe the spirit by the calmness of its beauty. The bending, venerable elm, with whose majesty of gracefulness no form of shrub or tree may be brought in rivalry, was hanging full with purple clusters of the classic grape. The broad and well-poised oak, the manliest tree of trees, frowned in its stalwart dig-

nity of strength and age. The rude, time-shattered platanus mingled its bare and ragged branches with the rich and comely foliage of the verdant olive. The varied walks that wound among the frequent trunks of these peers of the forest, were interrupted occasionally by little bowers, whose shade invited to meditation or study, and were diversified with

Casts from all those statues fair,
 That are twin-born with poetry.

A sweeter spot of earth beneath a brighter part of heaven, the least vacant fancy could scarcely have depicted.

Four years did I pass in this pleasant villa, with the bride whom I had so hardly won; and the memory of that time falls upon my mind with the soothing softness of a coat of down that shelters from the sharp points of the piercing air, or like a day of unstartled silence amid months of turmoil and contention. Through all this time, the days of my life were circled with the quietude of perfect bliss; I looked neither back nor beyond; the joys of the present effaced the past and outstripped the future. It is society which in Europe makes wedded life a curse: the duties and distractions of company prevent that union of spirit which to be perfect, must be peaceful, and plunge each of the parties into different and jarring spheres of conduct. But there was no such miserable toil and task-work of existence to dry up in our hearts the genial freshness of being, and divert to thankless and miserable nothingness that gayety of fancy, quickness of intellect, and fullness of feeling, which, if turned toward a single object, soon kindles the abiding fire of domestic happiness. We were alone in that summer world of love which the "still-beginning, never-ending" ardor of our spirits spread around us. With even step, we walked side by side in the calm valley of peace, and of those passions whose influence might have developed unequal susceptibility in our natures and driven us asunder, none touched the deep seclusion of our pacific sea, save that to whose power we were equally obedient. There is a love, which founded in passion, is soon reduced to indifference by the self-exhausting violence of its own excitement: and there is a love, which, based on knowledge, deep appreciation, and the cautious wisdom of a disciplined heart, grows daily warmer and deeper by the self-evolved energy of its own exhaustless strength:

Age cannot wither it,
 Nor custom stale its infinite variety.

Daily did my affection for Helena become truer and more thorough. The wretched cheats of worldly opinion never came to sap the strength of confidence, or reduce the entireness of devotion which were between us. Each lived for each, conscious of finding the happiness of self in seeking the enjoyment of the other.

At the period of which I am now about to speak, my family consisted, beside Helena and the bright-eyed boy that ever walked beside us, of but three persons; for abhorring the pompous slavery of a numerous retinue, I kept no more attendants than were absolutely necessary for the convenient management of our concerns. Of these three, one was a Greek, from Parga—a strange, wild-looking fellow, who had very recently come into my service. He had approached me with a tale of such helpless destitution that, in spite of his forbidding aspect, I could not help engaging him. His rough beard and glaring eye excited in the spectator's mind an involuntary feeling of distrust, which his unbroken taciturnity and gloomy countenance did not tend to remove. He was an object of singular aversion to my boy, who, though naturally courageous in other things, always turned away when the Greek came near.

The broad orb of the sun was slowly descending through the vaporous sky, and filling the western horizon with a melancholy brilliance, as I reclined with those I loved, on a broad ottoman near the large window which looked out upon the declining light of the day. Upon my right hand Helena was lying, in the same musing mood with myself; on the other, my boy was sitting up, with his back against the cushions, his glossy curls waving over his temples, and his full eye fixed upon the light with that rapt and meditative gaze with which children often regard the mysteries of nature, as if communing with some spirit whose presence was veiled from the colder eye of manhood, and as if they

Worshipp'd at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with them when we know it not.

The strength and closeness with which that boy was twined about my heart, none who had not felt the wildness of my love, could ever apprehend. The affection which we have for our children is necessarily fuller and more complete than that which any grown person can inspire; for in their case, the gushings of tenderness are never checked by doubt or mistrust, but we pour out our kindness towards those of whose love we are secure, and whose every word and action, by whatever motive prompted, we construe instinctively into an utterance of regard. I yearned to fold him to my bosom and melt his nature into indissoluble union with my own. The affection which I felt for him made no lessening of that which I had for Helena. I loved them with one love; they were to me but various avatars of the same essential excellence. As these two—the only and engrossing objects of my attachment—were beside me, and the serene impressiveness of the season subdued my spirit to a deeper susceptibility of emotion, a gentle flood of

rapturous passion flowed upon my breast with a fullness too great for my nature to encompass. I cannot tell what was my happiness; I could not know what was its measure.

In such access of soul—in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
My mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made me; it was blessedness and love.

In the centre and zenith of earthly bliss, there is a thought prophetic of our ruin. While this delicious gladness swelled around me with even a painful power of impression, that gathered insensibly about my heart a shapeless dread, which nothing could resist. The strength of happiness with which I had girded myself in the fearless hour of my glowing youth, seemed to fade away like an unreal mist, and leave me defenceless to the storms of fate. My mind seemed to sink beneath a dark feeling of apprehension, as the frame trembles in the dead and heavy air that harbinger an earthquake. Nor was the fear a fancy: the anxious heart of love had caught the refraction of the pale light that was yet below the horizon, and its ghastly huelessness was flung over the landscape.

I turned towards her to whom my feelings always beat. With a dim and visionary eye, she was pondering the scene before her. She presently heaved a sigh and said, as if speaking to herself, and unconscious that her words were heard, "Before that sun has looked out for thirty times from the windows of the west, I shall be lying where his light cannot pierce. I feel it here;" and she laid her hand upon her heart. The boy, hearing his mother speak, but ignorant of her meaning, raised himself and leaning over my breast, gazed upon her face with a smile. There was that in my bosom which told me that she spake truly, and the dart of unutterable anguish transfixed my soul.

That the glad Eden-life which the rosy fingers of the unresting hours had elaborated around me in a spot whose "richness ran to flowers," should be swept away in a moment, and the seeming purpose of conspiring circumstances be lost and ruined—that the firm key-stone of so broad an arch of joy should be plucked out so wantonly, as it might seem, and all the gorgeous robes wherewith the real shape of life had been concealed from the eye of hope, should be stripped from my bare existence, and no vestige remain of what was once so fair-formed a prospect of misery beyond the regret of words or tears. The calamity that consists in the loss of that person who would have assisted us to bear discomfort, transcends all consolation. The rebuke of the thunder is dreadful even to the housed; but if the lightning fire our very shelter, what hope remains? Those losses that wound the affections are doubly cruel; for the accident that throws the pain of solitude and silence around the gaiety of our home, increases that susceptibility, which points the arrows of affliction with peculiar keenness, and unfortifies the firmness that resists op-

pression. *Cadere gravioze casu* is the sad penalty which we must pay for the elevated joy which spring from the indulgence of the feelings. The purest delight tells more mildly the same moral which coarser pleasure tells with harshness, but it declares it as firmly.

He that sits above

In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, e'en if blent
With a vain worship;—for its close is dim
Even with grief, which leads the wrong soul back to him.

Amid all the griefs whereby Providence would warn us to our wisdom, there is none that so compels conviction of its truth, as

The shock

Of young years widowed, and the pain
Of single life, come back again,
On the lone man, who, rest of wife,
Must thenceforth drag a maimed life.

Why should I trace again the painful history of the fulfilment of the words of Helena, or slowly syllable the lengthened tale of anguish which succeeding weeks disclosed? It is enough to say, that the dark forebodings of my heart came true. The freshness of health faded gradually from her cheek, and the vigor of her strength declined daily; and the days which she named had not elapsed when she breathed forth her life within my arms.

It was a relief to me that the seclusion of my residence saved me at least from the studied mockery of funeral ceremonies,—the horrid courtesies that insult our ruin. A large block of marble stood in the park, covered by a marble slab. I ordered the top to be removed, and a coffin to be channelled out in the stone. And I took the lifeless form of Helena in my arms, and bore it alone to the spot; and I placed it in the tomb and lifted the huge slab over it. And I stooped down, and with a sculptor's chisel I graved a curse upon the marble; and the curse was upon him that should disturb that form. And I know that her remains are still there, and will be there for ever, and that her repose will never be disturbed, for the power of that curse will guard her rest.

When I had finished my work, I looked up upon the sky in the calmness of desolation. I had one joy left—my child. The last glance of Helena had rested on his countenance, and her last strength had folded his hand in mine. There remained to me no hope of comfort but what was wrapped up in him. He only could renew in me the memory of her who had been; he was the only object which stood between me and utter despair.

Such thoughts were passing through my mind as I returned from the sculpture to the house, where the boy remained. I could not bear to look upon the landscape as I passed; to continue in that residence was impossible. I would take up my son in my arms, and go forth from the place where every sound was a moan of desolation. I would seek with him the shores of Europe, and in some retired corner of the world

live out in patient grief the portion that remained to me of life.

When I reached the house, I went to the chamber in which I had left little Henry: but he was not there. I looked through the other rooms, but he was not to be seen. I called him in every quarter in which I could imagine him to have gone; but there was no answer. At that moment, by some mysterious influence, the remembrance of the Greek flashed upon me: I thought of nothing else. Great God! what a thought about the Greek rushed into my mind.

I ran into the side-yard in which an old servant was engaged in her work, and asked if she had seen the boy. She replied, that just as I had left the house, she had seen the Greek, Alessandro, walk toward the stables, with the child in his hand; that was at least three hours ago, and neither of them had come back. I flew to the entry, and seized my hat. As I took it up, there fell from it a note. I took it up, and read as follows:

"There is anchored in the bay of Bassa, on the western coast of Cyprus, a ship, ready to sail the moment I reach it; and there is no other ship in the harbor. By relays of the fleetest horses, which I have provided, I will be at least forty miles on my way before you receive this letter, through the first ten miles of which I am carried by your black horse, Thunderer. Your son Henry bears me company. Pursuit by you is, of course, hopeless.

"Imagine to yourself a being the most corrupt and loathsome in mind and body that the quality of humanity will admit of. To that condition, it will be the unremitting labor of my future life to reduce your son. He shall dwell with the vilest of the human race; he shall see no other sights and hear no other sounds than those of pollution and profanity. Every device that the ingenuity of malignity can suggest, will be employed to deprave his nature, until every vestige of the purity that is now in him shall be eaten out by the cancer of moral defilement. He will be bred ignorant of every thing that can redeem him from utter degradation; the first words that he shall be taught, will be those of blasphemy; the only instruction he shall receive will be incentive to crime and baseness. If you ever again behold him, you will behold an atheist, a drunkard, a thief, a murderer; a being rotten in body, sin-putrid in soul,—a mass of moral and corporeal corruption, which nothing but hell-fire can purge.

"Ponder these certainties till they fester your spirit with the heat of leprosy; then calm your disturbance with the knowledge that the vengeance of Harford is at last complete."

The rage and horror that started in my mind at the first glance I cast upon this letter, grew stronger and deadlier as sentence after sentence passed before my eyes, until I reached the end, and felt that my child was lost for ever. The paper fell from my hand, the objects around me swam dimly before my eyes, and I sank unconscious on the floor. I had broken a blood vessel.

When I recovered my recollection, I was lying in bed, exhausted and ill.

To be continued.]

PAGES FROM

THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. V.

THE WILL.

What is't we live for? tell life's fairest tale—
 To eat, to drink, to sleep, love, and enjoy,
 And then to love no more!
 To talk of things we know not, and to know
 Nothing but things not worth the talking of.
Sir R. Fane, Junior.

At an early hour of the morning, in the commencement of the year 183—, I was called upon by a young friend to attend the bed side of a dying man, who was exceedingly anxious to bequeath his property to an individual out of the line of legal succession, and therefore desired the security of professional aid in the construction of his will.

Although I have always felt extreme repugnancy to the presence of sickness, and eschewed with more than ordinary sensibility the sight of mortal dissolution, yet, such were the peculiar circumstances urged upon me in this instance, that I could not refuse to accompany my friend to the scene of death.

I waited upon the feeble and fast sinking being who had evinced such particular desire for my personal attendance, and found him with all the comforts and convenience which competency could give to a sick chamber, apparently waiting, in patient resignation, the execution of the grim and eyeless foe. An inclination of the head of the patient was all the recognition of my entrance that his emaciated and decayed energies admitted. The friends who stood near him, bade me be seated by an *escritoire* that had been placed by the bed side, with other arrangements for my purpose, and I hastened to the accomplishment of the object of my visit, believing, as I had reason from the symptoms already evinced, that the patient had but a short time to live. Every thing was arranged for the performance of my office, and the friends gathered closer around, with a mingled desire to learn who would succeed to so handsome an estate, and to lend what assistance they could to the discharge of this solemn right of man. It was with great difficulty, and at painful intervals of labor, that the patient was able to make himself understood. As distinctly, however, as his situation would allow, he made known his bequests in the following simple form and order. "I give and bequeath my family mansion, in which we are now assembled, with its

furniture, my equipage, and my gold watch, to my good and true friend B—," referring to the young gentleman who had conducted me to him, and who stood at the bed side supporting his head at the moment—"to my faithful nurse," (who stood just then at the foot of the bed with a tearful eye and expectant look) "I give and bequeath the sum of one thousand dollars, to be paid to her immediately after my decease; to—to Margaret—" and here the patient labored as if a paroxysm of excitement and painful feeling would overcome him—"to Margaret!"—he exclaimed, with an unnatural strength and sharpness of voice, while the last tear that exuded from his glassy eye, traced its tortuous course upon his cold and sunken cheek—"I give and bequeath the rest and residue of all my estate, of whatever kind and wherever situated, and may God grant her a long enjoyment of its Christian and charitable use."

The greatest effort seemed here to be accomplished. The patient motioned his desire to be laid in a more horizontal position, which was obeyed by those around him, and turning his face towards me, cast an anxious look upon the paper which I held, as if eager to hear its contents. It was read to him, and he signifying his approval, extended his head as far as his remnant of strength would permit, to complete its execution. I placed the pen in his fingers, and guided his clammy hand as it traced his name upon the paper.

Nature seemed to have awaited this deed ere she completed her course. Scarce had the witnesses present signed their attestation to the instrument, when the startling and thrilling sound of the death rattle rung through the stillness of the dying chamber. A long and deep drawn breath heaved from the breast of the patient—and mourning friends turning their faces from the deserted tabernacle of humanity, told too surely that the work of death was accomplished.

I gazed a moment in sad and mournful feeling upon

the vacant eye and parted lips of the fresh corpse as it lay stiffening before me, and thought over the words of the poet—

To hear the dying their faint murmurs speak,
And watch the death-glaze smooth the waxen cheek;
To see the fiery eye ball fiercely roll
As if it wrestled with the parting soul;
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,
And sound the humble mansion of the dead;
This, this is woe!

Hastening from this scene of mortal misery, I repaired to my residence, to shake off the sadness in which the business of the last few hours had enveloped me, not without a determination, however, to learn at the earliest interview I could obtain with the friend of the testator, some particulars of his history, and of her, the remembrance of whom had excited so much emotion on the dying bed.

After the funeral rites had been faithfully performed, I sought the person who had connected me with the events described, and received from him the following account of the deceased and those connected with him.

A number of years ago, Charles ———, the deceased, was a student of medicine in this city. At this early period of life, being then upon the threshold of manhood, he had evinced great qualities of mind and heart, and had secured the confidence as well as the esteem of those who knew him. During the prosecution of his studies here, his society was much sought after, and amidst the gay and busy maze of fashionable life, and fashionable associations with which he was surrounded, it was not thought strange that he should select an object for his more particular attention and confidence. Nor when his marked attentions evinced in whom this confidence was placed, was the surprise of any one excited, for the object selected was just such an one as a noble and discriminating mind, and a good heart, might be expected to single out. On this lady, then just so far his junior in life as to make their disparity in years harmonize in a parity of thought and feeling, Charles looked with all the bright and promising prospective that adorns first love. To his glance her soft and piercing eye gave the ever ready response of devotion, and every approach to her presence seemed to stir a soul within him that was to him as pure as though she had irradiated her own around him, and infused him in its halo. A short time of such blissful revelry passed, embalmed in a thousand day-dreams of the future, and Charles was brought to the green box of the college to stand the test of his matriculation in his profession. He passed his examination with honor, and went into the world with the evidence thereof, under the seal of an ancient and respected *alma mater*. Charles had parents residing in one of the West India Islands, from whom he had long been separated while in the care of a friend and guardian, and engaged in the completion of his education, and now he felt a determination to put into execution a long expressed desire to visit them. In a

few weeks he left this port on his destination, leaving behind him his plighted faith to his betrothed to return and claim her at the expiration of a brief absence.

Charles arrived at the home of his parents, but found it desolate, and the ruins of a once beautiful mansion, with the surrounding estate, attached to the domain of a neighboring stranger. An insurrection had recently taken place on the island; his father had fallen a victim to the infuriate madness of his own rebellious household, and his mother, who, with other females of the island, were early placed on board a vessel at the nearest port, for security, had, with her companions, long since been given up as lost at sea, the vessel never having been heard of since her departure from the island. Overwhelmed with such an unexpected and tragical bereavement, and thrown upon the world without a prospect or security against the slightest vicissitude that might overtake him, Charles lost all recollection of his former hopes and happiness, and gave up in dejection, all the rich anticipations of a happy union with the idol of his love.

Years passed by, and while he remained in the place of his nativity, sedulously occupied in the prosecution of his profession as his only means of livelihood, the sweet recipient of his plighted love, still bound in the enduring chain of woman's pure and first pledged affection, bent like the drooping lily beneath the blast of unanticipated neglect, and in seclusion from society, and the exercise of Christian charities and devotion, sought a balm for her wounded heart. In a short period a change took place in the government of the island on which Charles was resident, and a spirit of returning justice and humanity directed the attention of the authorities to the restitution of the estates which had been ruthlessly seized upon by the nearest surviving inhabitant, after the dreadful and bloody slaughter of the insurrection. The evidence of the claim which was made by Charles to his patrimony was so plain and clear, that he was among the first to receive his estate, and by it, to be placed again in a condition of competency. A climate to which he was unaccustomed, the effects of the sudden disasters that had befallen him, and the assiduity with which he prosecuted his profession, had, however, made such fatal inroads upon his constitution as to leave little hope for a long or happy enjoyment of his new possessions. By the advice of his own judgment, which was the only monitor admitted by him into his confidence, he sold for the first price he could obtain, all his interests in the island, and sailed from it with the determination of seeking a more congenial home and a last abiding place, in the land of his youthful reminiscences. He arrived at Philadelphia but a few months previous to the period of his decease, and sought and received the companionship of the very few of his early friends who were seen standing around his bedside in the hour of his death. First of these he had placed the narrator of those circumstances to me, who had been the means of my introduction to the painful scene above described, and who had been his classmate in his professional studies. He ventured not, however,

even to him, to breathe the name of her to whom he had devoted the first and fondest affections of his heart, lest to his inquiry he should invite a response, that he felt his weak and shattered nature unable to withstand.

To beguile his time and divert his attention, as far as possible, from the devastation that an incurable disease was working upon his remnant of mortality, his friend frequently induced him to take a seat with him in his daily round of visits to those who claimed his professional relief. On one of these occasions, just as the friends were leaving the door together, a servant dressed in a plain and modest livery came to the side of the cab and handed a note for the doctor. Charles pointed to his friend, to whom the note was immediately delivered. On opening the note, it proved to be an envelope to a fee, with a request for the immediate attendance of the doctor upon a poor woman who lay in a dangerous situation. No name was signed to the request, but the neat female chirography was immediately recognized by the physician. It was the successor of several similar favors from an anonymous patron, who had for some time excited the liveliest curiosity of the doctor, but of whom, with all his anxiety, he could learn nothing farther than that she was called among the poor, the Christian lady, and that most of her time was devoted to visiting the needy sick, and administering to the necessities of the unfortunate and destitute. The mention of these circumstances elicited a similar sympathy in the breast of the warm hearted Charles, and he urged his friend to hasten to the direction given in the note, in the hope that they might get a glimpse at least, of the being, who could, in such retiring and unostentatious sincerity, exercise the true and holy devotion of Christian charity.

They soon arrived at the place designated, and found themselves in the midst of the most wretched poverty and destitution. They entered the house, the tottering and frail condition of which seemed scarcely to possess stability enough to render a momentary delay beneath its ragged cloisters secure, and asked of one of the inmates who confronted them at the entrance, to point the way to the sick woman's chamber. The poor woman, who seemed to recognize the physician, pointed up a crazy staircase before them, and shook her head as she muttered to them that it was nearly over, and that it was now too late to do the old lady any good. They immediately hastened to the patient, but the great object of their curiosity was not there. The good lady, they were told in answer to their inquiries, had just left, to avoid being seen by any strangers that might be coming in. In one corner of the miserable room, upon a mockery of a bed, which, with a plain pine table and a single chair, constituted the whole furniture of the apartment, lay stretched the insensible and dying patient.

Charles seemed to take particular interest in the case, and his friend permitted him to have the entire direction of their proceedings. As they had been admonished at the door, they found the poor woman past all hope. Charles turned to the apparently half starved being, who seemed to be present in the capa-

city of nurse, and asked her if she knew any thing of the character of the patient. She replied that she knew but little, and had been with her but a few days, at the request and under the pay of the good lady, who had been so kind and benevolent to all the poor. All that she knew of this good lady was that she lived in ——— street, which information was eagerly received by Charles, and noted down in his memorandum. The old lady, continued the nurse, had evidently seen better days, and while she seemed to bow with Christian resignation to the afflictions that were upon her, she yet, at every interval, of strength, prayed to be spared, if possible, to hear of her son—her dear son—whose name was ever on her lips, after which, she often said, she thought she could die happy. Poor woman! exclaimed Charles, she then has a son, who perhaps possesses the means of affording every comfort and consolation to her in her dying hour, and he knows not how wretchedly destitute she is. But pray, continued he, in his interrogation of the nurse, by what name, as you have said, did she call upon her son? CHARLES, replied the woman; Charles was the name that never left her lips, while she had strength to utter it. Charles, lowly murmured he—let me look upon her face, and in an instant he hastened to the bed, and raised the light covering that had hid her emaciated features from him—his eyes seemed to start from their sockets, in the wildness of their glare, as in the last convulsion of death, he recognized her. Mother!—mother! he exclaimed, and fell lifeless by her side, with his arms locked around the decrepid form. The dying woman raised her eyelids, and looked upon the stranger who had thus aroused her. A smile passed over her pallid features, her lips quivered, as if she would say, "Charles," and in an instant she had breathed her last. A moment passed, while all around stood speechless and motionless, at this affecting scene. After every means of resuscitation had been used upon Charles almost without effect, his friend disengaged his arms, and carried him, in his unconscious state, to the cab, which stood at the door, and placed him in it. A few hasty directions were given, and a purse delivered to the nurse to use for every requisite to the deceased, and the doctor drove with every speed to Charles's residence. Early that day the corpse was removed to the residence of the son, and the interment conducted with every attention and respect that could be given. Charles remained in his unconscious state for several days, ere he was able to understand what had taken place. He gradually recovered himself so far as to reason with his friend upon the circumstances that had transpired. His mother had believed him lost to her forever, after an ineffectual effort to discover him, during his absence on his visit to the island. She had believed, with truth, the massacre of her husband; and arriving in a strange place, with her health enfeebled and destroyed by a shipwreck that she had experienced in the vessel in which she had departed from the island, she had lingered out a miserable end to her existence in the most abject poverty and destitution.

As soon as his recovering energies permitted,

Charles sought the hovel in which his mother had lived, and dealt out the most liberal compensation to all who had in any way administered to her relief. But every where that he sought to bestow his reward he was met with the assurance of the unworthiness and undeservedness of the recipient, and the confirmation that the good Christian lady had done every thing. To see this lady, and to express his feelings personally to her, seemed now to be the only object of his life, and the only desire that he felt before the grave. He had noted her residence as given by the nurse, and he resolved to take the earliest opportunity of seeing her, ere his own fast ebbing energies should find it too late.

Early in the morning of a subsequent day, the carriage was ordered to the door, and Charles, taking the direction from his memoranda, gave his coachman the address of the good Christian lady. In a little time, with all the convulsion of feeling that such a situation as he was then placed in could excite, he was standing in the parlor awaiting the presence of the philanthropist. In a moment, the lady gaily entered the room, unconscious of the character and business of her visitant. As soon, however, as she discovered she was before a gentleman and a stranger, as if checked by her surprise, her eyelids fell, and she dropped a low and graceful obeisance. Somewhat confused, she took her seat, and modestly asked, if there was not some mistake in her answering to his call.

Charles inquired, as well as he could, into her identity as the good lady, and being perfectly satisfied on this point, he crossed the room, and placing himself before her on his bended knees, begged the privilege of expressing the gratitude of a son, for the holy benevolence that had been bestowed upon a dying mother.

A few words of explanation informed the lady of all the circumstances of the recognition in the sick chamber, and having diffidently requested that no allusion should again be made to the part she had discharged to the poor lady, the benefactress desired an answer from her visitant to one or two questions.

With great calmness and a placidity of manner that had entered into the mind of Charles, she asked

of him a few particulars of his early separation from his family. "Had he been at former times a resident of this city?" and "whether he had not received a professional education here?" To these questions Charles gave an affirmative reply. "Then," continued she, "perhaps you have some recollections of a young lady to whom you professed some attachment in your early days." "Yes," replied he, "and to whom I plighted my honor and my love." "Have you kept that faith to her?" asked his fair inquisitor. "Yes," answered he, "I believe I have. I have never forgotten her—I have never dreamed of loving another. During a long period of penury, through which the vicissitude of circumstances had passed me, I was happy only in my recollection of her; yet so altered were my means from those in the possession of which I proffered myself, that I deemed myself unacceptable to her, and she discharged from every obligation by which she was bound to me."

"Ignorant man," exclaimed the good lady, rising from her chair as if her whole frame seemed to dilate with an awakened pride, "how little did you know of the fidelity of woman's heart. Behold your Margaret—she who plighted her first affections to you, and to whom you had returned your pledge for weal or woe—see her before you, yet under the sanctity of an honorable woman's first pledge—unswerving and unchanged through all the lapse of time."

Charles rose to press her hand, but she withdrew. She warned him that their interview had been already protracted too long, and that their individual conditions, her well inured habits, and his delicate health, sinking fast under an undisguised disease, debarred the faintest hope of the consummation of their early promises.

Charles, after a second effort and a second intimation, similar to that which he met at first, withdrew, and sought the strictest reticacy of his home. The scenes through which he had passed had operated with much severity upon his health, and in a few days he took his bed, never again to rise from it. At his last moments he felt the rebuke which his doubts had placed upon him, in relation to the early idol of his love, and to the good Christian lady—to Margaret—to his Margaret, he bequeathed the largest portion of a handsome estate.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING
CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,
LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE
HISTORY OF AMERICA.

JULY.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1676	New Jersey divided into East and West Jersey.
—	1814	U. S. Schooner <i>Alligator</i> upset by a whirlwind, in Port Royal Sound, near Charleston, S. C. Two midshipmen and 21 men drowned.
2	1543	The remnant of De Soto's band of adventurers sailed from the Mississippi, on their return voyage to Spain.
—	1732	Born, at Windham, Conn., Samuel Huntington, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1775	General Washington arrived at Cambridge, Mass., and took command of the American Army, consisting of 14,500 men.
—	1776	Statens Island occupied by the British forces, under General Howe.
—	1807	The President of the United States ordered all British ships of war to evacuate the American ports, in consequence of the outrage upon the United States frigate <i>Chesapeake</i> , by the British ship of war <i>Leopard</i> .
—	1812	American Embargo expired.
—	—	Died, aged 63, Brigadier General Peter Gansevoort, the Hero of Fort Stanwix.
—	1830	Died, at Natchez, Robert H. Adams, Senator of United States, from Mississippi.
3	1608	The city of Quebec, L. C., founded by Samuel Champlain, in behalf of a company of merchants at Dieppe and St. Maloes.
—	1759	American brig <i>Tyrrel</i> wrecked. The crew escaped from the vessel in a boat; but, with one exception—Purnell, the mate—they all died from starvation.
—	1778	The Americans defeated by the Indians and Tories at Wyoming and Wilkbarre, Penn.
—	1781	Skirmish between Americans and British, near Fort Independence, N. Y.
—	1807	Captain Douglas, of the British Navy, threatened destruction to all vessels leaving, or bound to Norfolk, Va., if he was not allowed to communicate with the English Consul at that port. The Magistracy persisted in the refusal and the Captain departed.
—	1811	United States Government occupied West Florida, against the remonstrance of Great Britain.
—	1814	Fort Erie, U. C., surrendered to the Americans.
—	1815	Commercial Treaty, between Great Britain and United States of America, signed in London.
—	1832	United States Congress passed a Bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States.
4	1776	The Declaration of the Independence of the United States of America adopted by Congress, after it had been presented to their consideration thirty-nine separate times.
—	1778	The Massacre of Wyoming—American prisoners murdered by the Indians and Tories.
—	1786	Constitution of Vermont adopted.
—	1788	Grand Federal Procession in Philadelphia, upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution by a majority of the States.
—	1804	The Mail Stage commenced running from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, twice a week.
—	1808	Died, aged 50, at Dedham, Mass., Fisher Ames, a distinguished Statesman and writer.
—	1813	Fort Schlosser, N. Y., surrendered to the British.
—	1814	Skirmish at Street Creek, near Chippewa, U. C., between First Brigade of U. S. Army and British advanced guard.
—	1815	The Washington Monument, at Baltimore, commenced.
—	1817	The Erie Canal commenced at Rome, N. Y.
—	1826	Died, aged 83, Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States.
—	—	Died, aged 91, John Adams, the second President of the United States.
—	1831	Died, aged 73, at New York, James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States.
—	1833	The Corner Stone of Girard College, Philadelphia, laid, with appropriate Ceremonies.
5	1767	Died, aged 85, at Kennet, Chester county, Pa., John Key. He is supposed to have been the first white person born in Philadelphia.
—	1776	Constitution of Virginia adopted.
—	1777	General Howe embarked his troops at New York for the South.
—	1788	Died, aged 82, Doctor Mather Byles, celebrated Divine. Born at Boston.

Day of Month.	Year.	
5	1814	The British defeated by the Americans at the battle of Chippewa, U. C.
—	1816	Frost visible at various parts of the United States.
6	1607	Kidd, the Pirate, arrested at Boston. He was conveyed to London, England, and executed.
—	1747	Born, in Scotland, John Paul Jones, a celebrated Naval Commander, and the first appointed First Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.
—	1759	Born, at Baltimore, Maryland, Joshua Barney, a renowned Naval Officer.
—	1775	Congress issued a Manifesto, reciting causes and necessity of war with England.
—	1777	The Americans evacuated Fort Mifflin, Skenesborough, (now Whitehall,) Mount Independence, N. Y., burnt their vessels, and retreated to Fort Edward, N. Y.
—	1779	New Haven and East Haven, Conn., plundered by the British under General Tryon.
—	1781	General Wayne, with a small Continental force, suddenly encountered, at James River, the whole British Army—4000 men—all Regulars, in battle array. He attacked them boldly, and instantly retreated. Cornwallis, believing it to be a feint to draw him into an ambuscade, refused to pursue.
—	1802	Died, at Winchester, Va., Daniel Morgan, celebrated officer in the Revolutionary War.
—	1834	Died, George B. Porter, Governor of Michigan Territory.
—	1835	The Boston and Worcester Rail Road opened to the public.
7	1721	Sir William Keith, Governor of Penn., held a Grand Council with the Indians at Conestoga.
—	1777	The Americans, under Colonel Warner, defeated by the British at Hubbardtown, Vt.
—	—	U. S. Frigate Hancock captured by British Squadron of Rainbow, Flora, and Victor.
—	1779	Fairfield, Conn., ravaged by the British, under General Tryon.
—	1790	Died, aged 41, in Montgomery county, Pa., Isaac Melcher, distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1797	The Treaties between France and the United States declared null and void, in consequence of the depredations of the French cruisers on the commerce of the U. S.
—	1799	Ship Aurora, of Philadelphia, captured by a Privateer off Anger Road.
—	1800	William Cobbett (Peter Porcupine) returned to England from America.
—	1814	The British driven by the Americans from their works at Chippewa, U. C.
—	1817	Thomas Monroe, President of the United States, visited Cambridge University, Mass., and inaugurated LL. D.
—	1832	U. S. Tariff Act passed the Senate by a vote of 32 to 16.
—	1833	Died, aged 62, near Florence, Alabama, General John Coffee, a distinguished officer under General Jackson.
8	1663	Charles II. granted ample Letters Patent to the New Colony on Rhode Island.
—	1757	Slight Shock of an Earthquake felt in New England.
—	1753	The Colonists repulsed at Ticonderoga, N. Y., by the French, under General Montcalm.
—	1776	The Declaration of the Independence of the United States proclaimed from the steps of the State House at Philadelphia.
—	—	The leaden Equestrian Statue of King George III. at New York cast into bullets for the use of the Revolutionary Army.
—	1777	Americans defeated by the British at Fort Mifflin, U. C.
—	1778	The French Fleet, under D'Estaing, appeared off the Delaware, having been 87 days at sea.
—	1779	Norwalk, Conn., burnt and plundered by the British, under General Tryon.
—	1780	Born, at Burlington, N. J., Charles Ewing, Jurist.
—	1813	Outposts at Fort George, U. C., attacked by the Indians and the British, who took away many prisoners, all of whom were afterwards massacred by the Indians.
—	1814	The Americans succeeded in crossing the Chippewa with their Artillery, and drove the British from their posts.
—	—	British Schooner of War Whiting, captured by the American Privateer Dash.
—	1818	The remains of General Montgomery, after resting 42 years at Quebec, were, by a resolve of the State, brought to the city of New York, and deposited near the Monument erected to his memory in St. Paul's Church.
9	1755	Battle of Monongahela. Colonists defeated by French and Indians.
—	1832	Died, at Detroit, General Oliver Strong, of Rochester, N. Y.
10	1740	Benjamin Franklin appointed first Provincial Grand Master of Pennsylvania.
—	1755	Died, in Washington's arms, General Braddock, from wounds received at Monongahela.
—	1777	British General, Prescott, captured in his quarters, at Rhode Island, by Colonel Barton, of Providence.
—	1780	French Fleet arrived at Rhode Island, with 6000 troops, being the first division of the French Army devoted to the service of the United States.
—	1796	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 64, David Rittenhouse, the celebrated Astronomer.
—	1799	American Ship Planter, Captain John Watts, beat off a French Privateer of 22 guns, after a running fight of two hours and a half, wherein the ladies (passengers) handed the cartridges.
—	1812	The British subjects in the United States ordered to report themselves to the Marshals of their respective Districts.
—	1826	Died, at New York, aged 82, Luther Martin, a distinguished Lawyer and Statesman.
—	1831	Died, in Talbot county, Maryland, Daniel Martin, Governor of that State.
—	1832	The Bank of the United States Bill vetoed by General Jackson, the President of the U. S.
11	1675	Edmund Andros, Governor of New York, attempted the capture of Fort Saybrook, in Connecticut, in support of the claim of the Duke of York to all land between the Hudson and the Connecticut, but was compelled to retire.
—	1774	Died, at Johnston, N. Y., aged 59, Sir Win. Johnson, the celebrated Indian agent and Governor.
—	1782	Savannah, Georgia, evacuated by the British.
—	1804	Duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton; the latter was mortally wounded, and died next day.

Day of Month.	Year.	
10	1804	Wreck of the Ship <i>Cornelia</i> , of Philadelphia. Crew saved.
—	1812	U. S. Frigate <i>Essex</i> captured a British transport, with a detachment of the 1st regiment of Royal Scots aboard.
—	1813	Skirmish at Black Rock, N. Y. The barracks, block house, &c. destroyed by the British.
—	1814	The Fort at Eastport, Moose Island, surrendered to the British, who were enabled by this capture to secure every island in Passamaquoddy Bay.
—	—	U. S. Brig <i>Rattlesnake</i> captured by British Ship <i>Leander</i> . The <i>Rattlesnake</i> had previously thrown over all her guns but two to escape from a British Frigate.
—	1816	Steamboat <i>Vesuvius</i> entirely consumed near New Orleans. Cargo valued at 200,000 dollars.
12	1780	The British defeated in a Skirmish at Williamson's plantation by the Americans under Sumter—the commencement of the partisan war in the South.
—	1814	Killed, while reconnoitering at Queenston Heights, U. C. Brigadier-General John Swift.
—	1833	Died, at Baltimore, aged 77, Samuel Sterrett, Member of Congress from Baltimore.
13	1584	The first Colonists landed on Wocoken Island, on the coast of North Carolina.
—	1684	Great Convention at Albany, N. Y., between the Indian Five Nations and the Governors of New York and Virginia.
—	1785	Died, aged 78, Stephen Hopkins, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Rhode Island.
—	1813	The <i>Anaconda</i> , a New York Letter of Marque, and <i>Atlas</i> , a Philadelphia Privateer, captured by a British Squadron, which also plundered the towns of Portsmouth and Ocracoke, N. C.
14	1788	Ten States having given in their accession to the Federal Constitution, it was this day ratified by Congress.
—	1793	Captain Barney's Ship <i>Samson</i> captured by three Privateers, but in three days he retook his craft, and took his captors prisoners into Baltimore.
—	1794	Fourteen sail of French Ships, laden with provisions, captured by British Squadron, under Admiral Murray, off the American coast.
—	1798	"The Gag Law," or Bill for Punishment of Sedition against the U. S. passed by Congress.
—	1813	U. S. Schooner <i>Asp</i> captured by five British Barges in Kinsale Creek, near Yecomico River, but was retaken by the Militia in the course of the day.
—	1827	Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Sweden and Norway, and the United States, signed by Commissioners at Stockholm.
—	1832	The Tariff Act received the approval of the President.
15	1739	The British Fort at Pem quid, New England, destroyed by the French and Indians.
—	1776	British Ships of War, <i>Phoenix</i> and <i>Rose</i> , with two tenders, effected a passage up the Hudson under a heavy cannonade from the various Batteries.
—	1778	Great Fire at Charleston, S. C.—200 houses destroyed.
—	1779	Stony Point, N. Y., retaken from the British and dismantled.
—	—	Verplanck's Point, N. Y., unsuccessfully attacked by the Americans.
—	1789	Lafayette appointed Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard at Paris.
—	1812	U. S. Brig <i>Nautilus</i> captured by a British Squadron.
—	1819	The first Steam Vessel from America arrived in England.
16	1749	Born, at Albany, N. Y., Peter Gansevoort, a distinguished Revolutionary General, and the Hero of Fort Stanwix.
—	1769	The General Court of Massachusetts prorogued by Governor Barnard, having refused to make provision for the support of the British troops.
—	1786	Treaty of Peace signed between Morocco and United States.
—	1794	Died, at Baltimore, aged 46, Otho Holland Williams, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
—	—	Commencement of the Western Insurrection. The Pennsylvania Insurgents took General Nevil and Major Nichols prisoners.
—	1812	Americans, under Colonel Cass, defeated the British and Indians near Malden, U. C.
—	1833	Corner Stone of the University of New York laid.
17	1744	Born, at Essex, Mass., Elbridge Gerry, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1745	Born, at Salem, Mass., Timothy Pickering, a Revolutionary Patriot.
—	1812	Michillimackinac taken by the British.
—	—	American Privateer Schooner <i>Dolphin</i> , captured a British Ship of 14 guns.
—	—	U. S. Frigate Constitution fell in with a British Squadron, consisting of one 74, four Frigates, a Brig and a Schooner, but escaped by the masterly seamanship of Captain Hull.
—	1813	British and Indians repulsed in an attack on Fort George, U. C.
18	1694	Indians destroyed a village on Oyster River, N. H.—nearly 100 persons killed or captured.
—	1775	Fort Johnson, on Cape Fear River, burnt by the Americans, under Colonel Ashe.
—	1792	Died, from Dropsy, at Paris, aged 45, John Paul Jones, the celebrated Naval Commander.
—	1814	A party of Americans, under Colonel Stone, drove the British from the village of St. David, which was burnt. This act, being against general orders, Colonel Stone was directed to retire from the Army of the United States.
—	1815	Treaty signed between the United States and the Potawatimies on the Illinois.
—	1826	Died, aged 76, Isaac Shelby, a celebrated Revolutionary Officer.
19	1779	The British Garrison, at Paulus Hook, surprised by the Americans, under Major Lee—30 killed and 160 captured.
—	1810	American vessels forbidden, by the King of Prussia, to enter the Ports of that Country.
—	1814	American Privateer General Armstrong, captured off Sandy Hook the British Sloop <i>Henrietta</i> , with stores for British fleet.
—	1833	Died, at Duxbury, Mass., aged 67, Rev. John Allyn, D. D.
—	1837	Rail Road between Baltimore and Philadelphia, via Havre de Grace, opened to the public.
20	1629	Religious Independance established in Massachusetts.

Day of Month.	Year.	
—	1780	General Wayne repulsed by the British in attacking a block house in New Jersey.
—	1802	Louisiana ceded to France.
—	1833	Died, at Belleville, Ill., Ninian Edwards, late Governor of Illinois.
21	1667	Treaty of Breda, by which New York was exchanged for Surinam.
—	1837	Great Fire at Albany, N. Y.
22	1620	First Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers from Delfthaven, in two vessels, the Speedwell and May Flower—the first of which was afterwards abandoned at Plymouth, England.
—	1814	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 53, Michael Egan, the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Pennsylvania.
—	1833	Died, at Nashville, Tenn., Jesse Wheaton, formerly Member of Congress from Tennessee.
23	1691	Died, Colonel Henry Slaughter, Governor of New York.
—	1779	Brant, with some Indians and Tories, burnt Miasink, N. Y., and killed and captured a large number of the inhabitants.
—	1780	The Tories defeated by the American Militia, under Colonel Lock, in North Carolina.
—	1793	Died, aged 72, Roger Sherman, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1835	Died, of Cholera, in Rutherford county, Tenn., General William Brady.
24	1621	Ordinance granted in London, sanctioning the Colonial Assembly established in Virginia—the Model on which the Political Systems of the other Colonies were founded.
—	1759	Battle of Niagara. Sir William Johnson repulsed the French and Indians. The Fort surrendered the next day.
—	1813	Some Americans attempted to blow up the British 74 Gun Ship Plantagenet with a Torpedo in Lynnhaven Bay. The vessel was much injured, although the plan failed.
—	1814	The Americans evacuated Queenstown, U. C., which was immediately occupied by the British.
25	1722	The Government of New England declared War against the Indians.
—	1750	Born, at Boston, Henry Knox, Major General in Revolutionary Army of U. S.
—	1779	The Americans defeated at Penobscot, Maine.
—	1782	Battle of Skiddaway Island, Georgia.
—	1788	The State of New York adopted the Federal Constitution, being the 11th State in succession.
—	1790	Died, at Elizabethtown, N. J., aged 67, William Livingston, First Federal Governor of N. Jersey.
—	1814	Battle of Bridgewater, or second Battle of Chippewa, or Battle of Niagara Falls, or Lundy's Lane. The British defeated by the Americans, under General Jacob Brown. This was one of the severest battles of the war.
—	1830	Died, in Boston, aged 62, Isaac Parker, Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Massachusetts.
26	1739	Born, in Ulster county, N. Y., George Clinton, Governor of New York and V. P. of U. States.
—	1758	Ticonderoga Fort, N. Y., taken by the English Colonists.
—	1775	General Post Office, from Falmouth, N. Y. to Savannah, Georgia, first established by Congress. Benjamin Franklin appointed Post Master.
—	1788	A Printing Office destroyed by the Mob in New York, because its owner (Greenleaf) opposed the Federal Constitution.
—	1789	Lafayette, during the Revolution at Paris, added the white division of the Royal Emblems to the red and blue Cockades worn by the Soldiery as the Colors of the city of Paris, and established the tri-color.
—	1814	Bridgewater Mills, Bridge, and Barracks, burnt by the Americans.
—	1830	Sudden Rise of Otter Creek, Vermont, from heavy rains. Fourteen persons drowned, and towns of Middlebury, New Haven, and Lincoln, much damaged.
27	1660	The Regicide Generals Goffe and Whalley landed at Boston, after their flight from England.
—	1758	Islands of Cape Breton and St. John surrendered by the French to the English and Americans.
—	1775	A Hospital for 20,000 men established by Congress.
—	1787	Born, at Philadelphia, Thomas Say, a celebrated Natural Philosopher.
—	1812	Federal Riots at Baltimore, Maryland, wherein General Langan and others lost their lives.
—	1833	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 60, William Bainbridge, a distinguished Commander in U. S. Navy.
28	1778	Born, in Philadelphia, Charles Stewart, Commodore in U. S. Navy.
—	1779	Penobscot, Maine, unsuccessfully attacked by Massachusetts Militia.
—	1816	Mutiny aboard the Schooner Plattsburg, of Baltimore. The Master, Mate, and Supercargo murdered, and the crew divided 42,000 dollars, after running her into a Port in Norway.
—	1833	Died, aged 74, William Wilberforce, the celebrated English Abolitionist.
29	1790	Assumption of the States' Debts by the Congress of the United States.
—	1811	Ship Elizabeth Gardner, of Philadelphia, wrecked near Ocracoke Bar, N. C.
—	1813	Action between U. S. Gun Boats and British Sloop of War Martin, in Delaware Bay.
—	1830	Died, at Harrowgate, England, aged 65, J. S. J. Gardiner, D. D., of Boston.
30	1718	Died, at Rushcomb, near Twyford, Buckinghamshire, England, aged 74, William Penn.
—	1733	First Masonic Lodge held in America.
—	1804	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 63, Major General William Irvine, distinguished Rev. Officer.
—	1812	Action between U. S. Brig Julia and British Ships Earl Moira and Duke of Gloucester, off the mouth of the St. Lawrence.
—	1831	Died, at Jersey City, aged 79, Colonel Richard Varick, President of American Bible Society.
—	1832	Died, at New Brunswick, N. J., aged 69, John Croes, D. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of New Jersey.
—	1836	Anti-Abolition Mob at Cincinnati destroyed the Press of Mr. Birney, editor of the Philanthropist, and committed other Outrages.
31	1777	Lafayette appointed by Congress Major General in service of the United States.
—	1795	The coining of Gold first commenced in the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia.
—	1813	Plattsburg, N. Y., captured and plundered by the British.
—	—	York, (now Toronto,) U. C., captured and plundered by the Americans.
—	1816	Large Fire at Fredericksburg, Virginia.

THE PIONIO.

A NEW COMIC SONG.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY ESQ.

COMPOSED BY J. BLEWITT.

MODERATO.

f *ff* *p* *f* *p* *f*

A Pie Nie! a Pie Nie! so happy together! In - tel - li - gent women! a -

gree - a - ble men! The middle of June, so we must have fine weather, We'll go upon ponies to

Boggle - my Glen. There has not been rain for six weeks, and at present, There is not the slightest ap -

pearance of change; No pic nic I'm sure ever yet was so pleasant, Few people can re-a-lize

all they arrange. A pie nic! a pie nic! so pleasant to--ge--ther, so

pleasant, so pleasant to--ge--ther.

p

ff

Oh! these words at night were the very last spoken,
 The first in the morning were equally gay,
 There is a great mist, which we know is a token,
 At noon we shall have a most exquisite day.
 The ponies arrive, and the sociables meant for
 The matrons, unfitted for side-saddle feats;
 The baskets of prog, and the hampers are sent for,
 And pack'd in the dearborn, and under the seats.
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

And now we are off, all the carriages quite full!
 Do look at Miss Symons, how oddly she sits!
 No sun to annoy us, it's really delightful!
 Don't mind Mrs. Watkins, she says that it spits.
 Some people take pleasure, in throwing cold water
 On parties of pleasure, and talking of damp!
 She's just the ill-matur'd old woman I thought her,
 We'll laugh at her presently when we encamp.
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

My pony, in stooping to gather a thistle,
 Was very near throwing me over his head!
 Dear me! I do think it's beginning to drizzle!
 Oh! let us take shelter in yonder old shed.
 How foolish to put on my white satin bonnet—
 I envy Miss Martin, for she's in the straw!
 My lilac pelisse, too, the water drips on it,
 The prettiest lilac that ever I saw!
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

For my part, I own, I like this sort of morning,
 With sun perpendicular what could we do?
 So pleasant to find the dust laid when returning,
 'Twill clear up at twelve, or, at latest, at two—
 And now we're at Bogglemy! dear, how unlucky!
 I'm sure I heard something like thunder, just then!
 The place is so gloomy, the path is so mucky,
 I scarce can believe we're at Bogglemy glen!
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

We cannot dine under the trees, it would kill us,
 We'll try to take shelter in yonder retreat;
 Oh dear, it's a dirty old cow-house, 'twill kill us,
 If all must crowd into it, think of the heat!
 A soup plate, inverted, Miss Millington uses,
 To keep her thin slippers above the wet clay;
 Oh! see thro' the roof how the rain-water oozes,
 The dinner will all taste of dripping to-day!
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

A pic-nic! a pic nic! so wretched together,
 All drizzle-tail'd women, and cross-looking men!
 The middle of June, yet this terrible weather
 Has made a morass of sweet Bogglemy glen!
 It rains just like buckets of water, full measure;
 There is not the slightest appearance of change!
 'Twas very absurd to expect a day's pleasure,
 Few people can realize all they arrange.
 A pic nic! a pic nic! &c.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

JANE LOMAX; or, A MOTHER'S CRIME. By the Author of *Brambletye House*. Two Volumes.
 Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

This is a capital novel for summer reading, with a lively succession of exciting incidents, and but little development of character. The heroine is a Lady Macbeth in humble life, who persuades her weak-minded husband to assist her in substituting a fraudulent will for the real instrument, and in getting the devisee to sign it. This scene is well written. The consequent effects of the uneasy consciences of the man and wife are feelingly depicted, and afford material for several excellent chapters.

Horace Smith, the author, in his preface, asserts that in placing the scene of his tale in the skirts of London, and in selecting his characters from the lower grades of life, he labors under the disadvantage of combating long established associations, and therefore, makes an especial appeal to the indulgence of the reader. He instances the universality of fashionable novels and tales of high life; and, while adducing the Germans and the French as the only writers who have produced novels exclusively illustrative of the manners of the people, laments that the English authors should imagine the middling and lower classes unclassical in their natures and abodes, and deficient in available materials to the novelist. Mr. Smith has made a singular mistake in overlooking the writings of Smollet and Fielding, whose works are expressly devoted to the exemplification of the lower orders of society; he has forgotten Miss Mitford and her exquisite rural tales; Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Hall, and the Howitts; Theodore Hook, whose *Jack Brag* is unequalled in the picturesqueness of its cockneyism, and the inimitable *Box*, who devotes the powers of his magic pen to the sole use of the every day-people of every-day life.

The mawkish nothingnesses of the fashionable world are now pretty well exploded; the younger D'Israeli has much to answer, in creating such a host of copyists; but the talent displayed in his *Vivian Grey*, the first fashionable novel, has never been equalled, either by himself or his followers. The west end of London

has been sufficiently well gleaned; and we rejoice thereat. The novel writers must now perforce avoid the parks and squares, and deal in other articles than Almacks, young dukes, foreign counts, ambassadors, and dowager duchesses. We trust that tales of high life and nautical novels have gone to their abiding place with the blue fire romances of the Ratcliffe school. The English novels of the present month—JANE LOMAX, the ROBBER, and the SQUIAZ, are delineations of men and manners, which, to use our author's words "come more immediately home to our business and our bosoms, because the characters are taken from among the less elevated classes of society."

ITALY. BY AN AMERICAN. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

These volumes, we believe, complete Mr. Cooper's "Gleanings in Europe"—a series of publications which will conduce but little to Mr. Cooper's reputation as a writer or a man. He is too general in his deductions, and too selfish in worldly intercourse, to afford a fair report of the common-places of European life. In the details of fiction, Mr. Cooper has justly earned an undying name; in depicting the cold realities of the world, he has suffered his prejudices to master his reason, and unwittingly distorts a casual triviality into an intended act of serious offence. It presents a strange anomaly in the formation of the human mind that a man possessing sufficient mental capacity to originate the splendid creations of fancy known throughout both hemispheres as the Cooper Novels, should be unable to report an actual fact of common occurrence, without bestowing a tortuous inclination to the point at issue, or persisting in a weak and ridiculous opposition to the certain nature of the case. In the volumes before us, he gives an account of a medley song performed by some English amateurs in Italy. The subject matter of the song ran upon the peculiarities of all countries; imitations were attempted, and the laughter of the audience provoked. The Americans, of course, came in for their share; various western hyperboles were cited, and the audience laughed louder at the "Yankee verse" than at any other. From the tone of Mr. Cooper's remarks upon this every-day affair, he undoubtedly considers that the President of the United States ought to have declared war against England for presuming to laugh at funniments of our own creation.

The book on "Italy," our present subject, is undoubtedly the best of the series of "Gleanings in Europe." There is less of the burning malignity of comparison and more of the *bonhomie* of the enlightened traveller in the remarks adjunctive to the descriptions. Mr. Cooper has added nothing new to our knowledge of the countries of his travel, nor has he bestowed much pains upon the composition of his remarks. The book is an agreeable trifle in its way, but it is not the way wherein Mr. Cooper excels; and we look somewhat impatiently for the appearance of his new nautical work, "Homeward Bound."

The following extract gives one a good idea of the humbug of king craft. We commend the anecdote to the multitude of public scribes who are daily discovering such wonderful traits in the young Queen of England, Victoria—a lady, by the way, whose actions seem to exercise a strange influence over the imaginations of several of our republican editors.

You will remember that when King Louis abdicated the throne of Holland, it was in favor of this very man, who was a titular monarch for the few days that intervened between the retirement of his father and the incorporation of the country with France. Though a mere boy, he was condemned to listen to many congratulatory addresses on his accession, his whole reign being distinguished by little else. One morning he was required to receive a deputation, just as he had prepared to discuss a quantity of *bonbons*, on which he had set his heart, and of which he was particularly fond. While the courtier was dwelling on the virtues of the retired monarch, the weight of his loss (that of the *bonbons*) oppressed him even to tears; and "you will judge of my surprise," he added, laughing, "at hearing all the courtiers bursting out in exclamations of delight at the excellence of my heart, when I expected nothing better than a severe rebuke for my babyism!" This, he said good-humoredly, was the first of his masquerades.

The love of country and belief in the moral and physical supremacy of our countrymen is an universal disease. A Yankee cow boy believes that one American can whip two Englishmen; a British soldier or sailor will always undertake to lick three Frenchmen; and here we have a continuation of the same harmless braggadocia.

I took my place accordingly as far as Genoa, and we left Florence just as the sun was setting, with our lamps lighted. As we drove through the gate of Pisa, I observed a dragoon dashing along, on each side of us, and was then told that frequent robberies had rendered this escort necessary, until we got out of Lucca. There was a *contadino* inside, a respectable farmer, who was going a post or two down the Arno, and his eye glistened with delight as he regarded the dragoons. "Those are the boys, signore," he observed to me. "Nineteen of them put five hundred Neapolitans to flight here during the late wars." I wonder if there be a people on the globe that does not think itself the salt of the earth! Near Saline last year, as we approached Switzerland, the postilion gravely pointed to a fort, which he affirmed had surrendered to five-and-twenty French, though garrisoned by two hundred Austrians. One can hear of such prodigies any where, though they are obstinately uncommon in practice, "even Providence," as Frederick expressed it, "being usually on the side of strong battalions."

The following singular non-comparison between the Bay of Naples and the Bay of New York must finish our extracts.

As the day opened, and we advanced farther into this glorious bay, we could not help exclaiming, "What dunce first thought of instituting a comparison between the bay of New York and this!" It is scarcely possible for two things composed of the same elements to be less alike, in the first place; nor are their excellencies the same in a single essential point. The harbor of New York is barely pretty; there being, within my own knowledge, some fifty ports that equal, or surpass it, even in beauty. These may not be in England, a country in which we seek every standard of excellence; but the Mediterranean alone is full of them. No one would think of applying the term pretty, or even handsome, to the Bay of Naples; it has glorious and sublime scenery, embellished by a bewitching softness. Neither the water nor the land is the same. In New York the water is turbid and of a dullish green color, for in its purer moments, it is, at the best, of the greenish hue of the entire American coast; while that of the Bay of Naples has the cerulean tint and limpidity of the ocean. At New York, the land, low and tame, in its best months offers nothing but the verdure and foliage of spring and summer, while the coast of this gulf, or bay, are thrown into the peaks and faces of grand mountains, with the purple and rose-colored tints of a pure atmosphere and a low latitude. If New York does possess a sort of back-ground of rocks, in the Palisades, which vary in height from three to five hundred feet, Naples has a natural wall, in the rear of the Campania Felice, among the Apennines, of almost as many thousands. This is speaking only of nature. As regards artificial accessories, to say nothing of recollections, the shores of this bay are teeming with them of every kind; not Grecian monstrosities, and Gothic absurdities in wood, but palaces, villas, gardens, towers, castles, cities, villages, churches, convents and hamlets, crowded in a way to leave no point fit for the eye unoccupied, no picturesque site unimproved. On the subject of the scale on which these things are done, I will only say, that we tackled the felucca, in beating up to the town, under the empty windows of a ruined palace, whose very base is laved by the water, and whose stones would more than build all the public works on the shores of our own harbor, united.

The public mind in America has got to be so sickly on such subjects, that men shrink from telling the truth; and many of our people not only render themselves, but some render the nation, ridiculous, by the inflated follies to which they give utterance. I can safely say, I never have seen any twenty miles square of Lower Italy, if the marshes and campagnes be excepted, in which there is not more glorious scenery than I can recall in all those parts of America with which I am acquainted. Our lakes will scarcely bear any comparison with the finer lakes of Upper Italy; our mountains are insipid as compared with these, both as to hues and forms; and our seas and bays are not to be named with these. If it be patriotism to deem all our geese swans, I am no patriot, nor ever was; for, of all species of sentiments, it strikes me that your "property patriotism" is the most unequivocal.

SKETCHES. By Boz. *Parts I. II. and III. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

OLIVER TWIST; OR, THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. By the Author of the *Pickwick Papers.* With Plates by Cruikshank. *Part II.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Edited by Boz. With Plates by Phil. *Part II.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

The republication of Mr. Dickens' admirable "Sketches of Every-Day Life and Every-Day People," with transcripts of George Cruikshank's inimitable designs, is a matter of congratulation to the lovers of genuine humor. These Sketches were the foundation of his wonderful but well-deserved popularity; and his powers of description and keen perception of the ludicrous in the common places of life, have clothed a variety of well-used topics in a garb of novelty and acceptable delight. When the volume is completed, it will make a necessary companion to the same publishers' edition of the *Pickwick Papers*.

OLIVER TWIST and NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, although very dissimilar personages, are alike excellent. The description of the Yorkshire cheap school in the latter work is one of the most peculiar things ever penned. "Boz" stands pre-eminent not only among the writers of the present day, but "unapproachable and alone," in his own admirable and graphic way, in the long, proud list of English delineators of men and manners.

THE DESERTED BRIDE; AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE P. MORRIS. Adlard and Saunders.

We have a horror of a pretty looking nicely bound thin octavo book of Poems; we have seen thousands of them, with their silk backs, gold edges, white paper with bold type and large margin; we can repeat the essence of the preface without opening the book; there is an account of the author's unwillingness to trouble the world (!) with his work—but his friends insisted—(his mother and a maiden aunt—the latter taking two copies)—careless of criticism—sneaking deprecation—threat of another infliction—and with a poetical quotation. We remember a chuckle-headed fellow from the other side of the Atlantic, who brought over some fifty copies of his "Poems," printed and bound as above. He poked his jingle into you with a perseverance truly Scottish; you were compelled to hear him praise his poetry, and eulogize the mechanical execution of his book—and yet he was but a type of his class.

The work before us is the exception to the rule; the preface plainly states the fact that as the poems have been well received in fragmental shape, they cannot be unacceptable in a volume. The reader will find many old favorites in the pages of this elegantly printed *tome*; words, belonging to some of the sweetest airs of the day—"stealing and giving odor" in the connection. We believe that General Morris has written more popular "words for music" than any other poet of the day; and the composers are aware of the value of his assistance.

Criticism is useless upon the poems before us; they are well known, and the public has long been intimate with their beauties. Indeed, so popular are the subjects, and so universal are their appearances, that we have twice turned over the pages without being able to select a quotation to our satisfaction. The following piece is not the best, but it is one of the least known.

FRAGMENT OF AN INDIAN POEM.

They come!—Be firm—in silence rally!
The long-knives our retreat have found!
Hark!—their tramp is in the valley,
And they hem the forest round!
The burthened boughs with pale scouts quiver,
The echoing hills tumultuous ring,
While across the eddying river
Their barks, like foaming war-steeds, spring!
The blood-hounds darken land and water,
They come—like buffaloes for slaughter!

See their glittering files advancing,
See upon the free winds dancing
Pennon proud and gaudy plume:
The strangers come in evil hour,
In pomp and panoply and power,
To plant a weed where bloomed a flower,
Where sunshine broke to spread a shower,
And, while upon our tribes they lower,
Think they our manly hearts will cower,
To meet a warrior's doom!

Right they forget while strength they feel;
Our blood they drain, our land they steal;
And should the vanquished Indian kneel,
They spurn him from their sight!
Be set for ever in disgrace,
The glory of the red man's race,
If from the foe we turn our face,
Or safety seek in flight!

They come!—up and upon them, braves!
Fight for your altars and your graves!
Drive back the stern, invading slaves,
In fight till now victorious!
Like lightning from storm-clouds on high,
The hurtling death-wing'd arrows fly,
And wind-rows of pale warriors die!—
Oh! never has the sun's bright eye
Looked from his hill-tops in the sky,
Upon a field so glorious!

They're gone—again the red men rally,
With dance and song the woods resound:
The hatchet's buried in the valley;
No foe profanes our hunting-ground!
The green leaves on the blithe boughs quiver,
The verdant hills with song-birds ring,
While our bark-canoes, the river
Skim like swallows on the wing.
Mirth pervades the land and water,
Free from famine, sword, and slaughter!

Let us, by this gentle river,
Blunt the axe and break the quiver,
While, as leaves upon the spray,
Peaceful flow our cares away!

Yet, alas! the hour is brief,
Left for either joy or grief!
All on earth that we inherit
From the hands of the Great Spirit,
Wigwam, bill, plain, lake, and field,
To the white man must we yield;
For, like sun-down on the waves,
We are sinking to our graves!

From this wilderness of woe
Like a caravan we go,
Leaving all our groves and streams
For the far-off land of dreams.
There are prairies, waving high,
Boundless as the sheeted sky,
Where our fathers' spirits roam,
And the red man has a home.
Let tradition tell our story
As we fade in cloudless glory,
As we seek the land of rest
Beyond the borders of the west,
No eye but ours may look upon—
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK; comprising Advice on the Conduct of Household Affairs in general; and particular Directions for the Preservation of Furniture, Bedding, &c.; for the laying in and preserving of Provisions; with a complete Collection of Receipts for economical Domestic Cookery. The whole carefully arranged for the use of American Housekeepers. BY A LADY. Marshall and Co.

The opening chapters of this unpretending duodecimo are of a nature extremely valuable to the economist and the lover of domestic comfort. For the rest—the dissertations upon Boiling, Broiling, Roasting, and Frying, and other culinary customs, with the many explicit receipts for plain and pretty dishes, we profess our ignorance of their merits. We thoroughly understand the arcana of table cookery; we can mix a lobster or chicken salad with chemical nicety and never failing success; we know how to frizzle the side of a can-van-back, the slice of a mountaineer, or a dozen of unctuosities from Morris Cove, in a chafing-dish, with the requisite number of bubbles and proper apportionment of condiments; we profess to be learned in the

dining-room—indeed, our capability over the cloth was never questioned—but we understand not the practical mysteries of the *cuisine*, and yet we have boiled our kettle at a pic nic, and planked a shad at a fishing party. We do not, therefore, esteem ourselves capable of inditing a sound and honest criticism upon the major portion of this valuable book—but, struck with the honesty and sound sense of the prescriptions, we handed the volume to our feminine partner, and required her opinion of its merits. The result is satisfactory; *The Housekeeper's Book* is pronounced the best and most complete of its kind, and particularly adapted to the use of the American housewife, which is more than can be said for many of its competitors.

Armed with this indisputable authority, we recommend our clients to furnish their ladies with *The Housekeeper's Book*, and to request them to abide by its dicta in the regulation of their establishments.

THE SQUIRE. By the Author of the *Heiress*, Agnes Searle, &c. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

A spirited "auld world" tale, full of racy descriptions and exciting adventures. Philip Conyers stands between "the fine old English gentleman of the olden time," and the neatly-dressed red-coated squirearchy of the present day; he represents a race which has almost vanished from the hill sides of merry England; like their own turreted manor houses and Elizabethan halls, they are fading away before creations of modern date—white faced structures of prettiness and pride. The law of primogeniture, as connected with the landed proprietary in England, has assisted materially to preserve the bluff independence of the national character; the small yeoman with his freehold of forty shillings, envied not the baronial hereditament of his noble neighbor; and the representative of the old family at the manor house, hunted over his own grounds, feasted his tenants and his friends, and like a thorough-bred English Squire, had a hand a piece for the lord and the laborer. But a great revolution has been silently spreading over the green fields and smiling vallies of our mother land; the squirearchy have been compelled to resign their importance to the parvenu pretensions of speculators, monopolists, and newly-titled adventurers from the metropolis. The small farms are blended into one immense holding, to suit the gigantic schemes of some visionary agriculturalist; the picturesque dwellings and cheerful families of the peasantry and the humble farmer are swept from the face of the land; the laborers are forced to become paupers, and are "farmed out" to some grasping speculatist at so much per head. Cattle graziers, corn jobbers, forestallers, and monopolists are rapidly driving the old English squire and the merry yeoman from their abiding places in the halls of their ancestors.

The author of "*The Squire*" has made the most of his materials; and has furnished the public with an agreeable work. The detail of the plot occasionally reminds us of Hood's excellent novel of *Tynney Hall*, and the characters of the Squire and the mysterious gypsy woman are nearly the same in both productions.

The annexed description of the Grange or Manor House is graphic; and the introduction of the Squire's daughter, a meek timid girl, to the home of her father, is equally well conceived.

That part of the country in which the Grange was situated, was not remarkable for its general beauty, though some lovely spots in the valleys acquired additional charms from their contrast with the bare and barren hills. There was little level ground, the country emulating the ups and downs of life. It was not till the chaise had gained the summit of another hill, and the little village of Ranford with its great house, the Grange, lay directly beneath, that Mr. Conyers again addressed his daughter.

"There, Mabel,—there is the Grange, where those of our name have lived for more than four hundred years. I always feel happier for looking on its old walls. There!—now you have a full view of it through the trees: make haste, or the wood will hide it again."

Mabel not only looked, but also admired, as was wished; she would have been deficient in taste if she had not. From that spot the Grange was seen to the greatest advantage. Its picturesque gable ends, its tall twisted chimneys, its gray stone copings, its arched entrance, backed by its rich woods, looked imposing in the distance; whilst the ground, sloping down to a piece of water in the front, the fresh green, dotted with sheep and cattle, gave a home feeling to the scene. The observer doubted not of a welcome, till a near approach showed the slovenly style in which all was allowed to remain;—no, not all,—the stable and the dog-kennel were as they should be.

"I am glad you like it, Mabel. I began to doubt if you could like any thing," said her father, pleased with her admiration. "And, see! there is old Sarah Williams, dropping courtesy after courtesy; and that mischievous young dog, Jack Philips, mocking her. They are all coming out to have a stare at you, man and women, dogs, cats, and children. They could not be more curious if they thought to see a dancing-bear. I am quite overlooked."

Mr. Conyers was right; every cottage in the village disgorged its living contents to see the chaise and the young miss, the former ranking little behind the latter as a wonder, no carriage having been seen at Ranford since Miss Conyers's last visit to the Grange. To see the travelling-chaise in full career was therefore "a marvel and a show" to the simple villagers,—to see the squire in it, who was no patronizer of wheel-carriages, deeming them too luxurious for his sex, enhanced the value of the sight. The young mother hurried out with one child in her arms and two or three clinging to her apron; the old granny hobbled to the door with her crutch; the sturdy urchins, male and female, rushed before her, bearing kittens, puppies, ragged dolls, or pop-guns, in their arms; the dogs yelped and barked; and the noise and confusion were amazing. The squire was delighted, nodding to one, laughing at another, shouting an inquiry after a third, taking note of the notice of all, as the chaise proceeded at a foot's pace through the village. Greater speed would have been dangerous, so rough was the road.

"It will be better in summer; the springs rise in it at this season of the year," remarked Mr. Conyers, appearing to think for the first time in his life, some apology necessary for its wretched state.

Though nothing was in absolute ruin, all, save the stable and kennel, was approaching to decay. It might be imagined the residence of a niggard or a prodigal, as the eye rested upon different objects. The road was muddy and uneven, the ruts (carved passed this way) unlevelled, and the edges uncut; yet there was a large heap of fine gravel near, almost covered with wheels, which, with a little labor, would have made the road good, instead of being itself, as it now was, only another disight. The rails fencing the lawn from what was termed the park, were rotten, chipped, broken down, or tied together with pack-thread; whilst a pile of timber, far more in sight than a pile of timber should be, sufficiently abundant to fence round a hundred such lawns, was decaying unemployed. The handsome front was still there, (stone is a sturdy bearer of neglect,) but the grass grew up by the hall steps, and uncouth excrescences were tacked on to the ancient structure, with an ill taste in form and arrangement, which checked admiration for the original building. If Mr. Conyers was not the creator of these excrescences, he was their apologist when any ventured to condemn them; for he could not bear that aught connected with the old mansion should be subjected to blame or ridicule.

"There had been large families," he said, "and the old house could not contain the whole tribe of youngsters. Then the ancient hall, nearly occupying the space of the ground-floor, might do to sit in on a summer's day, but as well be in an ice-house in winter; and the door was always left open; and the dogs came in as they pleased, and carried off what they pleased; and as times changed, nurseries, and china closets, and dressing-rooms, were wanted, and each built as he liked, instead of paying a man to say you could not do this, and you could not do that, and this should be higher and that should be lower, puzzling the country workmen, and talking of harmony and nonsense. There were good cellars and kitchens, and a room to receive friends in, and that was enough for him and his visitors."

Accustomed to the most exquisite order and neatness, these discrepancies offended the eye of Mabel, who turned to the lawn, for flowers were her passion. A ragged Portugal laurel, a stunted laurestinus, with the remains of a bordering of thrift, round, weedy, shapeless beds, were the best specimens that met her view. To her all wore a look of desolation, and she again felt with a sinking heart that she was a stranger,—that this was not her home,—that there was little in common between her and the dwellers at her birth-place.

"Down, Fan! Be quiet, Neptune! That is enough, Carlo! Be still, can't you. Dash!" shouted Mr. Conyers, dealing rebuffs and caresses to the innumerable dogs of every breed, that rushed out yelping and barking at the approach of the chaise, and crowded round, fawning and leaping on him before his foot had touched the ground.

"Come, get out, child! Never mind the dogs; they won't hurt you. You can't be my daughter if you could feel afraid of all the curs in the land;—you must have been changed at nurse," he continued, seeing that Mabel shrank from the riotous crew, and drew back into the carriage as a large Newfoundland puppy made a wild spring towards her, never doubting that his caresses would be most thankfully received. Still Mabel hesitated, though unwilling to displease her father by delay.

"Halloo! halloo!" shouted the squire, flinging a stick to some distance. Away rushed the dogs as their master intended, save a sly-looking terrier, and a steady old Newfoundland.

"Now, be quick, child, before the fearful creatures come back. But you must get over this: I hate a woman to be afraid of any thing, and you will soon be used to them. See, old Pompey wants to make friends with you at once, in a quiet, gentlemanly way. He is old now, poor fellow! but he was a famous retriever once, and his mother was a great favorite with Elizabeth. Pat him, Mabel: he could not bite now if he would."

Mabel did pat the old dog, that looked up in her face with gratitude. Her father, pleased with her compliance, would have won the like favor for his other noisy retainers; but drawing her cloak closely round her, as though she found it cold, she passed into the hall with a hasty step before the would-be familiar Newfoundland puppy and his associates had returned; and the squire with a good-natured smile, mingled with something like contempt at her timidity, followed her example.

A MANUAL OF POLITENESS; comprising the Principles of Etiquette, and Rules of Behaviour in Genteel Society, for Persons of both Sexes. Marshall and Co.

There is something extremely laughable in the multiplicity of "books on good manners," as Touchstone quaintly terms these guide posts to politeness which have been numerous in every age, and assume each variety of shape, from "The Gull's Horn Book" by Dekker, to Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. The modern directories of manners are strange amalgamations of the various systems, chiefly remarkable for the *borachio* quality of the style, and the finical cockneyism of the customs recommended. Chesterfield, who "spoke from practice, not from book arrange," concocted a popular treatise, because he perfectly understood what he was writing about, and was innately intimate with the principles of true politeness; but the modern gilt gingerbread pretensions of the scribbling professors of the present day, are more confusing to the *tyro* than the result of an inveterate *mauvaise honte* in the centre of a fashionable party. Common sense, with a quick observant eye, will carry a novice through any range of society; and natural ease, which is never to be acquired by rule, is preferable to the stiff observance of etiquette as inculcated by the generality of these dogmatical dictators. A printed direction for conduct in society is about as useful to a person unaccustomed to mix with the world and the world's lieges, as a written instruction how to dance on the tight rope would be to a man who had never seen a funambulist.

The work before us, "Marshall's Manual of Politeness," is one of the best of its class. Its pretensions are less, and its performances considerably more than several of its contemporaries, who profess to give the poor public lessons in taking off hats, kissing hands, blowing noses, and wiping boots on door mats. While it

partakes of the faults of the class to which it belongs, it professes more than an average share of positive utility; the essay on "General Deportment" deserves perusal by every one, whatever his station in society; indeed, wherever the author seems to have depended upon himself, he has satisfactorily executed his task, but occasionally a few contradictory remarks may be observed, arising from a deference to the vulgar notions broached by his contemporaries, or a wish to blend the imaginary *bel air* of a city apprentice with the habitudes of an un-studied gentleman. The article on "Female Dress" is creditable and sound; but the remarks on male attire evince an ignorance of the acknowledged decencies of life. We are to suppose that this work is published for the use principally, of the uninitiated youth who possess a desire, or what is more to the point, an opportunity of figuring in good society, and, ignorant of the style of dress required, turns to the "Manual for Politeness," and in accordance with its dictum, goes to an evening party, *full dressed*, in a blue coat with bright buttons and a loose and rolling collar, a white waistcoat, white trousers, silk stockings, and pumps! We are told also, that blue coats give a gayer and more animated look to the appearance than black, and are best adapted for balls! and that a light-colored rich silk velvet vest is full dress and most becoming; and that if a dark waistcoat be used, a light under waistcoat should always be worn! An unlucky wight who followed these rules, would be full dressed for a mountebank fop in a comedy, but let him not intrude his vulgar body into the drawing room. A suit of black is a one accounted dress for evening parties; the claret colored abominations were introduced by a noble lord who prided himself upon his peculiarities, but black alone maintains its ground. Velvet vests were never considered dress; under waistcoats are fit only for prize fighters and hackmen, who, by the way, always patronize bright blue coats and brass buttons, when they don their holiday clothes. Let the would-be gentleman remember the story of the groom who married his mistress, a rich widow of good standing in society. She knew that her husband was unfit for a place in the drawing-room, and she consulted her uncle, a nobelman of much worldly experience. "What line of conduct what you advise John to pursue that his deficiencies in mind and manner may not be observable." "*Let him wear black, and hold his tongue*," was the reply.

VIEWS OF PHILADELPHIA AND ITS VICINITY; *Embracing a Collection of Twenty Views.* Hughes and Stille.

These views of Philadelphia, with their poetical illustrations and prose descriptions, form an excellent guide book to the lions of our good city of Penn. The views are well drawn by J. C. Wild, and lithographed in good style. The State House, from the north-west corner of Sixth street, makes a good picture; the artist has chosen a moonlight night in winter, when the buildings possess a coping of snow, and the leafless trees are fringed with white. Fairmount, Manayunk, View from the Navy Yard, The Alms-House, The Penitentiary, and Moyamensing Jail are also well treated; but the View down the Inclined Plane is somewhat out of drawing. The delineations of the city buildings are generally extremely correct.

Mr. Holden, of the Saturday Courier, has executed his unprofitable task of furnishing the descriptive details of the pictorial subjects in a manner creditable to his industry and research. He has given a mass of valuable information in a condensed form. His brother editor, Mr. M'Makin, has graced each subject with a poetical illustration; the following piece will give some idea of the successful manner in which he has treated the various subjects.

EASTERN PENITENTIARY.

Dark reservoir of crime!
How shall I hymn to thee,
In apt appointed rhyme,
Fitting apostrophe!

My pen a STEEL should be,
With ink of BLACKEST DYE,
And paper from THE TREE,*
The Nile flows darkly by.

A doom'd and blighted race,
Are toiling in thy cells,
For whom the tear of grace,
Or pity, seldom swells.

A landmark of the law,
In thee hath man set up,
That vice may wisdom draw,
From Justice' bitter cup.

* Cypria Papyrus.

To me thy massive towers,
Seem beautiful and free;
But weary count the hours,
To those who dwell with thee.

A victim's at thy gate,
In manacles all bound,
A man of object state,
With eyes upon the ground.

His melting bosom heaves,
And tears of vain regret,
Are falling on the leaves,
By late repentance wet.

They press him to the goal,
His wickedness hath won,
Where reason lacks control,
Nor shines the blessed sun.

Now moves the dungeon door,
With clank of massive chain,
One look—the last—'tis o'er!
And all is still again.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES, by Quiz, and SKETCHES OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN, by Quiz, Junior. One Volume. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Light, humorous, and pleasant are the writings of the Quiz family, who have concocted an agreeable and therefore seasonable book. We cordially recommend it to the notice of our readers.

The sketches by Quiz, Senior, have long been conspicuous in the periodicals of the day. We present a new specimen of them to our friends in the present number, (page 25,) and the publishers have done well in collecting them for publication. The talents of the Junior Quiz may be rated from the specimen annexed.

THE BASHFUL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

We found ourselves seated at a small dinner party the other day, opposite a stranger of such singular appearance and manner, that he irresistibly attracted our attention.

This was a fresh-colored young gentleman, with as good a promise of light whisker as one might wish to see, and possessed of a very velvet-like soft-looking countenance. We do not use the latter term invidiously, but merely to denote a pair of smooth, plump, highly-colored cheeks of capacious dimensions, and a mouth rather remarkable for the fresh hue of the lips than for any marked or striking expression it presented. His whole face was suffused with a crimson blush, and bore that downcast, timid, retiring look, which betokens a man ill at ease with himself.

There was nothing in these symptoms to attract more than a passing remark, but our attention had been originally drawn to the bashful young gentleman, on his first appearance in the drawing room above stairs, into which he was no sooner introduced, than making his way towards us who were standing in a window, and wholly neglecting several persons who warmly accosted him, he seized our hand with visible emotion, and pressed it with a convulsive grasp for a good couple of minutes, after which he dived in a nervous manner across the room, oversetting in his way a fine little girl of six and a quarter years old—and shrouding himself behind some hangings, was seen no more, until the eagle eye of the hostess detecting him in his concealment; on the announcement of dinner, he was requested to pair off with a lively single lady, of two or three and thirty.

This most flattering salutation from a perfect stranger, would have gratified us not a little as a token of his having held us in high respect, and for that reason been desirous of our acquaintance, if we had not suspected from the first, that the young gentleman, in making a desperate effort to get through the ceremony of introduction, had, in the bewilderment of his ideas, shaken hands with us at random. This impression was fully confirmed by the subsequent behaviour of the bashful young gentleman in question, which we noted particularly, with the view of ascertaining whether we were right in our conjecture.

The young gentleman seated himself at table with evident misgivings, and turning sharp round to pay attention to some observation of his loquacious neighbor, upset his bread. There was nothing very bad in this, and if he had the presence of mind to let it go, and say nothing about it, nobody but the man who had laid the cloth would have been a bit the wiser; but the young gentleman in various semi-successful attempts to prevent its fall, played with it a little, as gentlemen in the streets may be seen to do with their hats on a windy day, and then giving the roll a smart rap in his anxiety to catch it, knocked it with great adroitness into a tureen of white soup at some distance, to the unspeakable terror and disturbance of a very amiable bald gentleman, who was dispensing the contents. We thought the bashful young gentleman would have gone off in an apoplectic fit, consequent upon the violent rush of blood to his face at the occurrence of this catastrophe.

From this moment we perceived, in the phraseology of the fancy, that it was "all up" with the bashful young gentleman, and so indeed it was. Several benevolent persons endeavored to relieve his embarrassment by taking wine with him, but finding that it only augmented his sufferings, and that after mingling sherry, champagne, hock and moselle together, he applied the greater part of the mixture externally, instead of internally, they gradually dropped off, and left him to the exclusive care of the talkative lady, who not noting the wildness of his eye, firmly believed she had secured a listener. He broke a glass or two in the course of the meal, and disappeared shortly afterwards; it is inferred that he went away in some confusion, inasmuch as he left the house in another gentleman's coat, and the footman's hat.

This little incident led us to reflect upon the most prominent characteristics of bashful young gentlemen in the abstract; and as this portable volume will be the great text-book of young ladies in all future generations, we record them here for their guidance and behoof.

If the bashful young gentleman, in turning a street corner, chance to stumble suddenly upon two or three young ladies of his acquaintance, nothing can exceed his confusion and agitation. His first impulse is to make a great variety of bows, and dart past them, which he does until, observing that they wish to stop, but are uncertain whether to do so or not, he makes several feints of returning, which causes them to do the same; and at length, after a great quantity of unnecessary dodging and falling up against the other passengers, he returns and shakes hands most affectionately with all of them, in doing which he knocks out of their grasp sundry little parcels, which he hastily picks up, and returns very muddy and disordered. The chances are that the bashful young gentleman then observes it is very fine weather, and being reminded that it has only just left off raining for the first time these three days, he blushes very much, and smiles as if he had said a very good thing. The young lady who was most anxious to speak, here inquires, with an air of great commiseration, how his dear sister Harriet is to-day; to which the young gentleman, without the slightest consideration, replies with many thanks, that she is remarkably well. "Well, Mr. Hopkins!" cries the young lady, "why we heard she was bled yesterday evening, and have been perfectly miserable about her." "Oh, ah," says the young gentleman, "so she was. Oh, she's very ill—very ill indeed." The young gentleman then shakes his head, and looks very desponding (he has been smiling perpetually up to this time), and after a short pause, gives his glove a great wrench at the wrist, and says, with a strong emphasis on the adjective, "*Good morning, good morning.*" And making a great number of bows in acknowledgment of several little messages to his sister, walks backward a few paces, and comes with great violence against a lamp-post, knocking his

hat off in the contact, which in his mental confusion and bodily pain he is going to walk away without, until a great roar from a carter attracts his attention, when he picks it up, and tries to smile cheerfully to the young ladies, who are looking back, and who, he has the satisfaction of seeing, are all laughing heartily.

At a quadrille party, the bashful young gentleman always remains as near the entrance of the room as possible, from which position he smiles at the people he knows as they come in, and sometimes steps forward to shake hands with more intimate friends; a process which, on each repetition, seems to turn him a deeper scarlet than before. He declines dancing the first set or two, observing, in a faint voice, that he would rather wait a little; but at length is absolutely compelled to allow himself to be introduced to a partner, when he is led, in a great heat and blushing furiously, across the room to a spot where half a dozen unknown ladies are congregated together.

"Miss Lambert, let me introduce Mr. Hopkins for the next quadrille." Miss Lambert inclines her head graciously. Mr. Hopkins bows, and his fair conductress disappears, leaving Mr. Hopkins, as he too well knows, to make himself agreeable. The young lady more than half expects that the bashful young gentleman will say something, and the bashful young gentleman feeling this, seriously thinks whether he has got any thing to say, which, upon mature reflection, he is rather disposed to conclude he has not, since nothing occurs to him. Meanwhile, the young lady, after several inspections of her *baquet*, all made in the expectation that the bashful young gentleman is going to talk, whispers her mama, who is sitting next to her, which whisper the bashful young gentleman immediately suspects (and possibly with very good reason) must be about him. In this comfortable condition he remains until it is time to "stand up," when murmuring a "Will you allow me?" he gives the young lady his arm, and after inquiring where she will stand, and receiving a reply that she has no choice, conducts her to the remotest corner of the quadrille, and making one attempt at conversation, which turns out a desperate failure, preserves a profound silence until it is all over, when he walks her twice round the room, deposits her in her old seat, and retires in confusion.

A married bashful gentleman—for these bashful gentlemen do get married sometimes—how it is ever brought about is a mystery to us—a married bashful gentleman either causes his wife to appear bold by contrast, or merges her proper importance in his own insignificance. Bashful young gentlemen should be cured, or avoided. They are never hopeless, and never will be, while female beauty and attractions retain their influence, as any young lady will find, who may think it worth while on this confident assurance to take a patient in hand.

HOW SHALL I GOVERN MY SCHOOL? ADDRESSED TO YOUNG TEACHERS; AND ALSO ADAPTED TO ASSIST PARENTS IN FAMILY GOVERNMENT. By E. C. WINES. W. Marshall and Co.

The subject illustrated by this excellent book deserves a longer article than we have space to insert, or time to indite. We have much to exhibit upon the subject, and many experiences to propound. For many years, we have given the subject the most serious consideration; and we beg leave to say that we cordially agree with Mr. Wines in the view he has taken of school government. The teacher, the parent, and the pupil, should attentively peruse the wholesome and pleasant truths contained in this well-written and much-wanted treatise; we earnestly intreat every person who may in any way be connected with the education of youth to give patient attention to the valuable contents. Various of the Boston *savans* have been offering a premium for the best treatise on education; we know not the given latitude of the expected essay, but, in our opinion, the wise men of the East could not do better than pry the promised sum into the hands of Mr. Wines.

Innumerable anecdotes illustrate the writer's positions; one of which we beg leave to insert. The Helvetian pedagogue offers a striking contrast to the celebrated Doctor Busby, Magister of Westminster school, in London. When the king visited his academy, his Majesty civilly carried his hat in his hand; but the master kept his beaver on, and with an open snuff box in one hand, and a long cane in the other, swaggered bravely by the side of the king, talking loudly and pertly, as they promenaded up and down the extensive school room. When the king retired, the schoolmaster followed him; and when far away from the sight of his scholars, humbly uncovered himself, and with much penitence, asked pardon for the rudeness of his conduct. "You know not the fiery spirits that I have to command. If they thought that there was a person in the world superior to me, or one of whom I stood in fear, I should never be able to manage them again—their obedience would be gone for ever." But, to our extract—

Never was the power of mutual love and sympathy between master and scholars more strikingly or beautifully displayed than in the asylum of Pestalozzi at Stanz, in the Helvetic canton of Unterwalden. His school there was founded by the Helvetic government, and maintained at the public expense; but he commenced it under circumstances the most disadvantageous and discouraging that can well be imagined. Some idea may be formed of the materials on which he had to operate from the statement of a few facts. Some parents required to be paid for leaving their children in the school, to compensate for the diminished produce of their beggary. Others desired to make a regular bargain for how many days in the week they should have a right to take them out to beg, and on this being refused, actually removed them from the institution. Upon Sundays the fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and other relations of various degrees, made their appearance, and taking the children apart in some corner of the house, or in the street, elicited complaints of every kind, and then either took them away, or left them discontented and peevish. The parents did not even affect to support him; but on the contrary, treated him as a mean hireling, who, if he had been able to make a living in any other way, would never have undertaken the charge of their children.

In this unfavorable and disheartening position, Pestalozzi saw himself stripped of all the ordinary props of authority, and in a manner compelled to rely on the power of love in the child's heart, as the only, or almost the only, source of obedience. The adoption of any of those crafty systems of rewards and punishments, by which the external subduing of every foul and unclean spirit had been elsewhere accomplished, was, under the circumstances, entirely out of the question, even if Pestalozzi had been capable of making himself head policeman in his school. The only means, therefore, by which it was possible for him to gain any ascendancy over his pupils, was an all-forbearing kindness. He felt himself unable, it is true, entirely to dispense with coercive measures, or even with corporeal chastisement; but his inflictions were not those of a pedantic despot, but of a loving and sympathizing father, who was as much, if not more than the child himself, distressed by the necessity of having recourse to such measures. Accordingly, they produced not upon the children that hardening effect which punishment too frequently has; and one fact particularly is recorded of his experience at Stantz, in which the result seemed to justify his proceedings. One of the children who had gained most upon his affections, ventured, in the hope of indulgence, to utter threats against a school-fellow, and was severely chastised. The poor boy was quite disconsolate, and having continued weeping for a considerable time, took the first opportunity of Pestalozzi's leaving the room, to ask forgiveness of the child whom he had offended, and to thank him for having laid the complaint, of which his own punishment was the immediate consequence.

The gentleness, forbearance, and unaffected kindness and sympathy of Pestalozzi, soon made his school at Stantz a very different thing from what it had been at first. In the midst of his children, he forgot that there was any world besides his asylum; and as their circle was a universe to him, so he was all in all to them. From morning to night he was the centre of their existence. To him they owed every comfort and every enjoyment; and whatever hardships they had to endure, he was their fellow-sufferer. He partook of their meals, and slept among them. In the evening he prayed with them before they went to bed; and from his conversation they dropped into the arms of slumber. At the first dawn of light, it was his voice that called them to the light of the rising sun, and to the praise of their Heavenly Father. All day he stood amongst them, teaching the ignorant, and assisting the helpless; encouraging the weak, and admonishing the transgressor. His hand was daily with them, joined in theirs. He fulfilled the Scripture maxim of weeping when they wept, and rejoicing when they rejoiced. He was to them a father, and they were to him as children.

Such love could not fail to win their hearts; the most savage and the most obstinate could not resist its soothing influence. Discontent and peevishness ceased; and a number of between seventy and eighty children, whose dispositions had been far from kind, and their habits any thing but domestic, were thus converted, in a short time, into a peaceable family circle, in which it was delight to exist. When those who had witnessed the disorder and wretchedness of the first beginning, came to visit the asylum in the following spring, they could scarcely identify in the cheerful countenances and bright looks of its inmates, the haggard faces and vacant stares, with which their imagination was impressed.

It is likely that we shall revert to this work again at a more favorable opportunity.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART. G. C. II., *Keeper of the Privy Purse during the Reign of His Majesty King George the Fourth, including his Correspondence with many distinguished Personages.* By LADY KNIGHTON. One Volume. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

William Knighton, an obscure country apothecary, removed to London in the year 1803, and, according to his own account, walked into Blake's Hotel, Jernyn street, with but one coat, and that in so ragged state that the waiter hesitated to receive him. When he afterwards endeavored to establish himself as a physician, he was unable to pay the necessary fees to the London college for a diploma, and went to Scotland for the purpose of buying cheap but not glorious degree of a doctor of physic, which the college of St. Andrews readily sold to any practitioner, without inquiring into his capacity or fitness for the exercise of his profession. It has been asserted without contradiction, that Knighton was unable to stand an examination before the London professors, and from the tenor of one of his letters, page 35, we are inclined to think that such was the real state of the case. It has also been stated that his family connections were not respectable; he gives us no account of their standing in society, but we conclude that he had nothing to boast in the way of parentage. He says that his father was disinherited for marrying *improperly*; and, at page 23, remarks, "The stories that have been told of me have been beyond every thing wonderful. 'Tis but of little consequence. The mother of Euripides sold greens for her livelihood, and the father of Demosthenes sold knives for the same purpose; but does it lessen the worth of the men? Yet, as Johnson observes, 'there is no pleasure in relating stories of poverty.'" We make these observations but as a contrast to the fact that for many years this same man ruled the ruler of a mighty nation. The great, the noble, the learned of the land were unable to approach their sovereign but with permission of Sir William Knighton, the keeper of the Privy Purse. The book before us attests the truth of this statement; even the king's brothers, the duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., the dukes of York, Cumberland, and Sussex, were compelled to beseech the interference of the country apothecary in matters wherein they were concerned. The talents of the day were unable to reach the ear of England's monarch without conciliating the opinions of the doctor—Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Northcote, Wilkie, Southey, Nash, Colman, Blackwood, &c. were compelled to sue for the kind offices of the efficient go between; and the most distinguished statesmen of the day toaded the dear baronet, and used his bed-chamber rhetoric to advance their suits. Brougham, Canning, Peel, and Eldon, have left epistolary documents to that effect; and the highest dignitaries of the church did not disdain to figure in the list of suppliants.

Our readers will naturally suppose that the master mind of Sir William Knighton had gained an ascendancy over the voluptuous monarch; or that "the first gentleman of the age, and the Augustus of modern merit," as George the Fourth loved to be called, had discerned the talent of the provincial apothecary, and, in reward, had raised him to the important station of a regal *major domo*. On the contrary, Sir William Knighton was never supposed to have possessed even a moderate share of ability in his profession; and the diary and extensive correspondence left behind him are a mass of unmitigated twaddle. The fact is, that the doctor introduced himself to the royal notice (the manner is not stated in the life before us) as an agent in an affair of gallantry between the prince Regent and a frail fair one connected with a noble house, who had purchased the confidence of Dr. Knighton, then just returned from accompanying the Marquis of Wellesley on his embassy to Spain. The Regent found the go-between qualities of the doctor a desirable acquisition; and purchased his services by appointing him one of the physicians of the Royal Household; and after a few years service, he bestowed upon him the dignity of a baronetcy. His supple, winning, useful manner soon made him an essential article to the lazy and voluptuous monarch; and the time-serving Pandarus retained the sole control of the English monarch during the remainder of his life.

If the papers of Sir William Knighton had fallen into the possession of any fearless editor and publisher, what an amusing volume might have been given to the world. But his wife, with a due regard to the memory of her husband, has collated a few of the harmless epistles from the worthies above mentioned, with some tender family letters from the baronet himself, and printed them in a handsome octavo—but the facts now furnished, illustrate but a small portion of the real life of Sir William Knighton.

The names of the letter writers and the quality of their correspondence must perforce endow the book with a property of interest. We cannot say much for the value of the portions of the doctor's diary presented to the public, but the numerous epistles interspersed throughout the pages are valuable and entertaining. We should like to have the gleaning of the remainder papers belonging to the late baronet; we believe that we could write a very pretty romance of real life, called "The Secret History of the Court of George IV., the Profligate King." What tales of undue influence and palatial intrigue! of the finesses of corrupt statesmen and rival mistresses; of willing cornutoes and parent-procureesses; of unbridled lust; of incest, murder, lunacy, and shame! the plots of the rival countesses Jersey, and the celebrated "fat, fair, and forty" dame Cunningham; the secret of the cause of the King (George III.)'s madness; of the repudiation of Caroline; of the strange unexplained deaths of the princesses Amelia and Charlotte; the history of the fair quakeress; of Mrs. Robinson, the gentle Perdita; of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Catholic wife of George IV; of the heart-broken Jordan, who "fed a monarch and the monarch's brats," and died in miserable destitution; of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke and the army's idol—the bankrupt duke; of the princess Mary and her groom lover; of the birth of Captain Croft; of the princess Olive; of the cause of the murder of Sellers by the prince Ernest of Cumberland; and the remainder of the long black list of inexplicable crime and infamy connected with the life of George IV.

The first edition of Mr. Ward's invaluable work on society, called *FIELDING*, having been disposed of, the publishers, Messrs. Carey and Hart, have issued another in a more compendious form and at a cheaper rate. The three volumes are now comprised in one, and we anticipate a rapid demand for this superior production in its present portable form.

PROGRESSIVE FRENCH GRAMMAR AND EXERCISES, ON THE BASIS OF LEVIZAC'S FRENCH GRAMMAR. By A. G. COLLOT. Kay and Brother.

This volume and the supplementary Key complete the publication of "*Collet's Progressive Series of French School Books*," in five small but most efficient volumes, calculated to impart a thorough knowledge of the French language in the necessary varieties of speaking, reading, and writing. The Interlinear and Pronouncing French Readers are admirable contrivances to assist the progress of the student in the attainment of a perfect intimacy with the powers of translation and pronunciation. The general prevalence of the French language now-a-days, renders a work that abbreviates the difficulties of its acquirement a positive favor to the student—we therefore conscientiously recommend the above series to the notice of all persons who desire to attain the French language in the shortest possible time.

We have received a Plate Number of "The Mirror," General Morris's deservedly popular miscellany. Besides an engraved title page of considerable beauty, there is a speaking likeness of Charles Sprague, whose exquisite poems have often graced the pages of this periodical. The literary merits of *The Mirror* are too well known to require a word from us in the way of commendation; the superiority of its typographical execution may defy competition on either side of the Atlantic; and the variety of its pictorial embellishments evidence the liberality of the proprietor. The present plate is one of a series of likenesses of American writers now in the progress of publication; the portraits of Bryant, Halleck, Irving, and Willis, have already been presented to the subscribers to the *Mirror*.

CALDERON THE COURTIER. A Tale, by the Author of "Pelham," &c. *One Volume.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

A romantic story, embodying in its pages a few names of historical interest, with incidents of political manoeuvring well adapted to the tone of the present times. The name of the author is a guarantee that this little tale or *nouvellette* is well written.

While we admire the fertility of Mr. Bulwer's pen, and hold the majority of his works in the highest estimation, we must again protest against his abuse of historical data in works of positive fiction. In the case of Calderon, as in Leila, Mr. Bulwer has rejected the facts of history for the creations of his own imagination; and, in our opinion, much to the loss of romantic interest in the force of action and the minutes of relation. The real adventures of Boabdil were certainly more extraordinary than the inventions of Mr. Bulwer, and allowed a greater scope for the exercise of fancy in the exposition of the details. It were better to give a wider flight to invention, and create alike the hero and his adventures than to seize upon some name connected with certain historical associations, and foist upon him an imaginary character and adventures in opposition to all authorized relations. In historical novels or plays the main facts should be preserved, however the writer may choose to display his inventive powers in the remainder of his design. The best writers of all ages have generally pursued this course, and we regret seeing Mr. Bulwer unnecessarily garble the page of history with wilful and inconsistent additions. In a note appended to "Calderon," he remarks that the reign of Philip the Third is "an ambiguous and unsatisfactory portion of Spanish history;" and confesses that his adaptation of the history of Calderon is "widely distinct," although he has borrowed a few of the incidents and some of the names from Don Tellez y Trueba y Cozla, the author of "The Romance of Spanish History." The facts are from Trueba, and the fanciful additions are by Bulwer, who has so completely altered the known circumstances of the reign in question that he might have professed his tale illustrated the life of Calderon de Barca, the Spanish poet, with as much propriety as that of Rodrigues de Calderon, the Secretary to the duke of Lerma.

Calderon was not impeached by the Inquisition for practising sorcery on the king, as stated by Bulwer, but for being employed by his master the duke of Lerma to poison the queen of Spain, for which crime he suffered the penalty of death, not for the stale romantic incident of a supposed murder done on the body of an unknown female found in his garden. Again, Uzeda did succeed not only in driving his father from the premiership of Spain, but in holding the reins of government for several years, till he was thrust from his stool by his own secretary Olivarez, whose father had been suspected of poisoning pope Sixtus V. Bulwer has made Olivarez the immediate successor to Lerma and Calderon, and crowded all these events into the lapse of a few days in the early part of the reign of Philip IV; which, by the way, is occasionally printed Philip VI.

BURTON; OR, THE SIEGES. A Romance, by the Author of "The Southwest," and "Lafitte." *Two Volumes.* Harper and Brothers.

The new novel, by Professor Ingraham, arrived as we were on the point of placing our last form on the press. We have not had time to give it a fair and full perusal, but it seems to have the professor's well-known talent stamped upon every page. Aaron Burr is the hero; and the early portion of his adventurous career supplies the incidents and plot. There are many scenes of an exciting nature; and the descriptions of the early revolutionary struggles are well done, and arrest the attention of the reader. One or two trivial mistakes deserve correction in the second edition, which we prophecy must soon be required. The vanguard does not follow the main body of an army on its march; nor is there such a thing as an after guard in military service—it is a naval term; the gold coins called sovereigns were not in use at the time of the revolutionary war—the sovereigns of 1552 were worth thirty shillings sterling; none were coined since that date till the year 1821, when the sovereign was fixed at one pound or twenty shillings sterling value.

We subjoin a capital account of a robber's death. It is one of the most stirring scenes ever written.

The door partially opened as the bolt left its bed, and through the crevice Pascalet saw the old man at his bench, intently occupied in his labor, with his piles of gold and silver glittering before him. He looked down and clenched his dagger; then, glancing again at the miser, seemed to hesitate whether he should become both assassin and robber. The helpless appearance of his victim seemed to plead even to him for lenity. Replacing his stiletto, which he had taken from his bosom, he drew up his sleeves, and opened and contracted his fingers, as a leopard does its claws when about to spring upon its prey; then applying his foot lightly against the door, it flew wide open—in two bounds, that gave back no sound as his unshod feet touched the floor, he was at the old man's side, with his fingers clasped around his throat.

His eyes started from their sockets; his lips vainly essayed to articulate; a sovereign which he had just taken up, fell to the floor; the clippers dropped from his hand; pain and terror were horribly depicted on his withered visage. For an instant Pascalet held him thus; then gradually relaxing his grasp before life should escape, he held him by the throat with one hand, while, suspending his knife over him with the other, he threatened him with instant death if he moved or spoke. Joseph clasped his hands and silently pleaded for mercy. Pascalet knew not the meaning of the word. Leading him, exhausted by terror and suffering, to his cot, he caused him to lie down upon his face. "I'll bury my dagger in thy withered carcass," he whispered

in his Franco-English—but, for the sake of energy, we give the purer English—in his ear, “if thou stir hand or foot. Tell me where thou hast hidden thy gold, or thou diest.”

“Gold? Oh, I’m not worth a ha’pence (halfpenny) in the world!”

“Thou liest! and, speak above thy breath again, and thou shalt taste my knife! ’Twas of my mercy thou didst not feel its edge e’en now instead of the gripe of my fingers. Whose gold is this, if not thine?”

“Oh, the colony’s, the colony’s—sent to me to be weighed,” he cried, rolling his eyes in despair towards the pile.

“The colony’s? Then I’ll be debtor to the state the full sum, and not burden my conscience by robbing a poor wretch,” he said, advancing to the bench heaped with coins. “Ha, mort de vie!” he exclaimed, as he detected the tray of clippings; “is this the way thou servest the state’s money? I’ll drag thee before the governor, and have thee hung higher than ever Haman was.”

“Mercy, good youth,” said Joseph, his eye brightening; “’tis not the state’s! I meant it in jest. And, since thou sayest it will go against thy conscience to rob a poor wretch, ’tis mine own!”

“Ciel! thou art, then, no poor wretch if thou ownest all this gold; so my conscience will be clear on this score.”

“But, ’twill make me a poor wretch if thou rob me!”

“Then, when thou art made a poor wretch, I will not rob thee. So conscience hath it both ways.”

Domine Joseph groaned in bitterness of spirit. Pascalet, unheeding him, proceeded, still keeping an eye on his victim, who seemed to be paralyzed as if under the gaze of a basilisk, to convey the dollars and sovereigns to his pocket, without being nice in selecting the clipped from the unclipped.

“Now, old Nicodemus,” he said, “I’ll leave thee thy clippings for thy pains. But thou hast more than this coin, I’ll warrant me.”

“As true as there’s a Heaven above and a judgment day to come! I have not another penny. I am impoverished, and must beg my bread about the streets. Oh, mercy, good youth! mercy! Do not rob an old wretch! think on thy conscience!”

“Have I not argued that point with thee? so hush, and give me thy keys,” he added, approaching the cot where the old man had lain trembling and groaning, with his eyes directed towards the robber, as sovereign after sovereign disappeared in the capacious repositories in the habiliments of Pascalet. “Untie that thong, or my knife shall do it for thee.”

“’Tis but the key to the outer door. Oh, mercy! oh!”

Pascalet pressed his hand roughly upon his mouth, and with his dagger cut the string. Having possession of the keys, he began to examine the room. After making an unsuccessful search, he suddenly advanced upon the miser, and said, with terrible emphasis, placing his mouth close to his ear,

“Tell me where lies thy money, or thou diest!” and the point of the dagger pressed painfully against the skin of his victim.

Domine Joseph, as if terrified into compliance, pointed to the chimney, crying, in the accents of despair, “There! there!”

Pascalet seized the light to explore it, and the old man’s face lighted up with something like a smile at the temporary delay he had gained. He closely searched the fire-place, turning up every loose brick, and even looking up the chimney, but in vain. “Old man,” he said, advancing to him fiercely, “thou hast deceived me!” He raised his arm to strike the dagger into his back, when Joseph, in the extremity of unfeigned alarm, cried out,

“Mercy! mercy! I’ll tell thee!”

“Where?”

“Be-beneath my—my cot.”

Pascalet bent down, and, seeing the box, his eyes sparkled with pleasure. Finding that it was secured to a bolt, he made the old man, lest he should assail him while at work, lie on his face upon the floor. Domine Joseph stretched himself upon the boards as if he were lying down to die, trembling and tortured with the prospect of losing his wealth, yet his eyes anxiously and with curiosity watching every movement of the robber as he displaced the cot, kneeled, fitted the key to the lock, and raised the lid. Then did the heart of Joseph Gerret grow faint within him; but, as he heard the silver ring in the sacrilegious hands of Pascalet, who surveyed his treasure with delight and wonder, he cast his eyes desperately upon the blunderbuss which hung at the head of his bed. He then glanced upon the well-knit frame of Pascalet and his glittering dagger, and, shutting his eyes despairingly, groaned aloud.

Pascalet, after surveying for a moment the glittering heaps he had discovered, proceeded to transfer them to his own person. He filled his pockets, and then stripping from his neck his yellow handkerchief, commenced filling it with Spanish dollars. He at length became so absorbed in this delightful occupation, that he forgot Domine Joseph, his own situation, and, indeed, every thing but the piles of money before him. Not so Domine Joseph. As his alarm subsided, his alertness and presence of mind increased, and he began to meditate, even at the risk of his own life, defending his property. He therefore saw with no little pleasure that the attention of the robber was wholly fixed upon his treasure, and that, in the eagerness of transferring it, he had not only forgotten to watch him, but had laid down his dagger by his side. He desperately resolved to gain possession of the weapon. Therefore, to ascertain what prospect he had of succeeding, he made a slight noise with his shoe upon the floor. The robber did not notice it. He then moved his whole person, but Pascalet only heard the sound of his gold and silver. A third and somewhat noisier movement attracted no attention; and the old man emboldened by these successes, muttered something like a prayer, and his face became rigid with desperate determination as he drew himself along the floor towards the bed, which stood between him and the robber. Inch by inch he worked himself along under the cot until he came within reach of the dagger. He stretched forth his arm and seized it in his long bony fingers with the resolute grasp which the terrible urgency of the occasion gave him, and then, with equal coolness, drew himself back from beneath the cot until he could stand upright. He now grasped the dagger more firmly, rose to his feet, and, leaning over the bed, raised it in the air.

“Mort de vie!” said Pascalet to himself, “I shall ride in my gilded coach.”

The next instant the dagger was buried to the hilt in his back. He fell as he was transferring the last gold coin to his handkerchief, glared wildly at the old man, clenching his fingers as if he would grasp him, and then, with a curse trembling on his lips, he died.

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THE SEVEN ADJUTANTS:

OR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S WILL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KLUSEN.

THE long-dreaded tidings of my good grandmother's decease had arrived; and as her nearest of kin, and only heir, I had been summoned to appear personally before the judge, and enter upon the management of my new inheritance. Official business, however, detained me for several months in a distant part of the country; at last I left the capital with its cares of office behind me, and found myself, after several days travelling, seated at the *table d'hôte* of Binsenwerder waiting for the arrival of fresh post-horses.

Opposite me sat a little, dry, yellow-faced gentleman, who, nevertheless, seemed to have a capital appetite, with which he at the same time contrived to conjoin no small portion of garrulity. I soon discovered from the conversation which he kept up with the landlord and the rest of the company, that he was a citizen of Klarenburg,—the very town in which my late respected grandmother had spent the latter half of her life, and which he had just left that morning. In the flow of the stranger's eloquence the conversation soon turned upon my deceased relative. Many of the persons present appeared to have known her; and it was a grateful feeling to me to hear her praises fall from so many unprejudiced lips. He of the yellow visage, however—who appeared from his conversation, to hold the office of recorder in the little town just mentioned—did not approve of the terms of the good old woman's will, though he protested that with the exception of this unhappily irremediable step, her whole life had been highly creditable and praiseworthy. From farther explanations, furnished by the loquacious recorder, it appeared, that while my grandmother had most liberally aided the funds of the various hospitals and benevolent institutions in Klarenburg, she had most inconsiderately passed over the merits of that highly deserving body of men—the civic rulers of the place. Not a groshen had she

destined for the worshipful town-council, under whose magisterial protection she had passed the latter years of her life in so much peace and comfort; although many of them—and she must have known the fact—were needy enough. "I had flattered myself," continued the garrulous recorder, "that I at least, would have got a few of the old lady's louis d'ors, seeing I had written all my ten fingers stiff upon her will, her legacies, and her codicils. They would have come in excellent time just now while on the route for Carlsbad, whither my physician sends me to recover the tone of my stomach, which has got a little out of order from my long association with dusty old deeds, and such mouldy stuff. But there was not a word to this effect in all the windings and turnings of the old lady's will; we got our fees, and that was all; with the exception of what was due to me in strict justice, I never fingered a groshen of her property."

"But tell me now, Mr. Sander," began the host, "is it really true that old Mrs. Milbirt left all the money that people say? As you were employed in making the will, you must, of course, know all about it."

"Is it really true!" ejaculated Mr. Sander, seemingly amazed that such a thing could be questioned; "why, my dear sir, there was not a landed proprietor, or even a considerable farmer in the whole country round about, for a distance of forty miles, who did not hold some six thousand or eight thousand crowns of the woman's money; every household in Klarenburg was her debtor in less or more. There was the smelting furnace—a very mint in itself; and Herzfelde, which she bought some twenty-eight years ago for a mere trifle, is now worth, at least, four times what she paid for it; from her nursery-grounds she drew, at least, three thousand crowns clear rental per annum; her meadows are esteemed the finest in

the whole province; and if you want to see good cattle, go to Herzfelde."

"Now! And all that—" began the host in a strain of admiration.

"All that!" interrupted the eloquent recorder, "aye, all that is inherited by her only grandson, who resides in the capital, where he holds the office and enjoys the emoluments of a councillor."

During this conversation, I kept tracing figures with my fork upon my plate, without daring to raise my eyes for a single moment, for I felt the blood mounting to my cheeks, and I was quite sure that my identity with the said lucky heir would be detected by the whole company as soon as they should fix their looks upon me. Luckily, however, all eyes were turned upon the speaker, and I, as a stranger, and one utterly uninterested in the conversation, was allowed to maintain silence.

"Oh, how anxiously all our young women are looking out for the councillor's arrival!" continued the man of parchments. "Report says he is a nice young fellow,—of an easy temper, great flow of spirits, and unmarried. Now, with all this income in his pocket, you may easily fancy what a figure he will make amongst us. If he has not already lost his heart in the capital, he must lose it here; there is no help for that; whether he is agreeable to the thing or not, it must be so; wherever you go, nothing is talked of at Klarenburg but the rich young councillor; every one is teasing another about him, and every one is dreadfully afraid lest she should not prove the fortunate one. He is expected one of these days, and the dress-makers and milliners have been at work already for weeks, for every one is wanting to show herself to the best possible advantage, and aunts and mothers have been racking their inventions from morn to noon, and noon to night, and night to morn, planning how best to entrap this rare young goldfisch for a daughter or niece. It is currently reported that the young heir speaks French remarkably well: so there is such a parlezvous, and chattering in every house from morning to night, as makes your ears tingle all the time you are within hearing. Some again have heard that the councillor is a great proficient in music, and so you cannot walk from one end of a street to another without having your ears stunned with such a rattling of pianos, thrumming of guitars, and twanging of harps, and screaming of songs, French, German, and Italian, as would make you fancy the whole town of Klarenburg had been turned into an immense musical academy. Another account represents the great man as passionately fond of dancing; so the poor dancing-masters are to be seen hurrying from house to house *sans intermission* the whole day; and there is such a waltzing, and reeling, and quadrilling,—such cotillions, and cavatinas, and gavottes, as astound your very senses the moment you step into a genteel house where there are any young women. It is not many days ago since the fat Miss Hildegard alight her foot in one of these capricious, and came down all her length upon the floor, by all the world like a sack full of potatoes!"

At this piece of news the whole company burst out

into shouts of laughter, and, to avoid detection, I tried to laugh heartily myself, but in secret I began to grow mortally afraid of the consequences which might attend my appearance at Klarenburg.

Encouraged by the approbation of his audience, the recorder resumed: "People put themselves to an enormous deal of expense on account of this young heir. The commissioner of excise is preparing a concert, in which it is intended his daughter, Seraphina, shall sing two bravura songs. More than six rehearsals have already taken place; but poor papa appears each time in deeper distress, for Miss Seraphina is constantly out of tune like a cracked fiddle; her shake is never full enough, and her cadence is the most lamentable thing in the world, though papa keeps whispering to her all the time to collect and reserve her breath for the trying moment. Twice has poor dear Seraphina sung herself as hoarse as a crow; but the father knows the full amount of the inheritance, and remains inexorably determined to carry through the concert. Then, as for the director of the tobacco-monopoly, he is to give a ball, such as has never been witnessed before in this part of the country. Eighteen cousins and nieces,—fine girls all of them, and really beautiful as angels,—are to appear at this ball in the dress of Virginian maidens, each of them carrying a tobacco-plant in her hand instead of a lily; and then his own daughter—Nina by name—a girl as beautiful as Venus herself, is to enter in the dress of a rich tobacco planter's daughter, and to dance a *sola*, at the conclusion of which, she is to step up to the dear young visitor, and offer him a pinch of genuine Spanish snuff from a mother of pearl shell—But the dowager, Mrs. President, is to surpass them all. Her old lover, the colonel of engineers, is to get up a grand display of fire-works in her gardens; the cyphers of the illustrious stranger are to be displayed in blue colored illumination; and at the close of the exhibition, when the *bouquet* is fired, and while amid the roar and hiss of a thousand squibs and sky-rockets, every body is blinded and confounded, the beautiful Carita, the youngest daughter of the hostess, is to appear to descend, from the dark sky in an ingenious contrivance, surrounded by a magical halo, and under the form of a Psyche, is to present her bridegroom in *spe* with a glittering diploma of immortality!"

"I will not go to Klarenburg," muttered I secretly to myself, while my cheeks burned as if one of the colonel's rockets had passed near it.

"And the best part of the joke," began the inveterate talker, "I warrant you will be, that the dear young councillor will have none of all the beauties whom the provident papas and mammas are preparing to set before him in such engaging attitudes!"

"And why not?" inquired half a dozen voices, with some earnestness. "How know you that?" said they, drawing their chairs closer to the speaker,—a motion which I unconsciously imitated.

"Why," continued this man of universal acquaintance with men, women, and measures; "the thing I confess to you, my friends, is not quite clear to myself; but what I have heard whispered is this. Old

Mrs. Milbarn has bequeathed a legacy of fifty thousand crowns to the poor-funds of the town, but has added the condition, that if her nephew choose the girl she has intended for him, he shall enjoy the interest of the fifty thousand crowns; if he does not consent to this arrangement the interest passes at once to the poor's funds."

"Well, and this girl?"—eagerly asked several of the auditors.

"Aye, there is the puzzle!" continued Mr. Sander, in a low voice. "The old lady has not thought fit to name her in her codicil; but Mrs. General Waldmark, who was the intimate friend of the daughter of the testatrix—the mother, you know, of the young man—is said to have in a sealed paper the name of the girl, with the express injunction, that this paper she shall open in the presence of her grandson and two witnesses, who are to be the President of the Chancery, and the Director of the poor's funds. It is impossible, I say, to guess at present whom she has designed for her grandson's bride; but it is generally believed that the choice has fallen on one of her adjutants."

"Adjutants!" exclaimed several voices.

"Yes," rejoined the recorder, "such was the extraordinary title she gave to the seven girls who alternately resided with her. Whether she meant by the number seven to imitate the seven electors of the empire,—or the seven wise men of Greece,—or the seven wonders of the world,—or, as they were women—the seven deadly sins, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that the old lady attached unusual importance to the number seven. Her daughter, the mother of her heir, was called JOHANNA, a name consisting of seven letters; she died at the age of thirty-five; the old lady had declared she herself would not live beyond the age of eighty-four, and she has kept her word; when she died, her grandson was twenty-eight; all those numbers, you see, are divisible by seven. She used to explain, with great erudition, that every period of seven Sabbatic years contained eighty-four months; and every week of seven days, amounted to eighty-four Chaldean hours; and for that reason, as she explained, she never kept any of her adjutants more than eighty-four months beside her, and when she took them, they were exactly fourteen years and seven months of age. None of them, however, ever lived the eighty-four months with her; her society, and the instructions which she was perpetually tendering to them, were always so edifying, that long before the term of mystical months had expired, they had in each case provided themselves with good husbands. The duty of the adjutants was to keep her company, to read to her, to keep the household accounts, and to conduct her correspondence under her own direction; the old lady always choose the prettiest girls for this employment, without regard to rank or birth; but as she conducted a correspondence in French, English, and Italian, a knowledge of all these three languages was indispensable; and she farther required a competent and lady-like acquaintance with music, fancy-work, and dancing. The girls led a glorious life under her roof; she always kept the best

company, and she took care to provide her adjutants with elegant dresses, and every thing necessary to their comfort. She stood godmother to the eldest children of those that got married; and the rest she handsomely provided for by legacies."

"Well, and whom of the fair adjutants would you recommend to the young heir?" inquired the host with a smirk.

"Which one?" replied Mr. Sander, pouring the remainder of his bottle into his glass. "Why none other than my own niece, the daughter of my brother, lieutenant in the fourth militia. Gladly would I see her married to him, and the rich nephew would just suit his uncle's views of things. Charlotte, I say, sir, is a darling girl; she has a pair of eyes black as any sloes; her cheeks rival the peach in softness and beauty of tint and hue; in waltzing she has not her match in all the countryside; she can chatter French so glibly that my very hair sometimes stands on end with wonderment at her. And she writes like a writing-master himself."

"Why, methinks," began a nice looking young man, "had I heard such a description before I passed through Klarenburg, I would have made better use of my eyes while riding through it the other day. Indeed, one is almost tempted to take a ride back to try to pick up this paragon of all excellencies! Surely that happiest of mortals, the rich young heir, will choose your fair niece for himself,—but there are still, how many do you say, remaining of these adjutants? Six do you say? Why, one might still have a chance!"

"To be sure there are," said the reporter.

Here I called for another half-bottle of wine, for I needed some cordial to assist me while listening to the anticipated review of my grandmother's fair adjutants.

"*In primo*," began Mr. Sander, placing his forefinger on the thumb of his left hand, "there is Miss Adelaide Struhenthal. That girl comes upon you like a clap of thunder and lightning! Eighteen years of age,—tall and straight as a pine tree,—belonging to one of the most honorable families in town,—blameless in reputation,—an only child, and her father the proprietor of two very fine estates, a little principality of themselves.—*In secunda*, there is Prokof-jefna Tschimaduno, a Russian. Her mother, the only daughter of our afternoon preacher, married a Russian colonel, who had been wounded in the battle of Austerlitz, and easily conquered the heart of the minister's daughter. Six months after his marriage he set out for his own country, and up to this moment has never returned, as he promised, to carry home his wife and child. Prokof-jefna has got one of those pretty little, turned-up, *a la Rozolane* noses; she is about sixteen years of age, and presents you altogether with a very witching miniature figure. Fortune she has none, of course; but Mrs. Milbarn has provided her with a handsome legacy. *In tertio*, there is Julia, the youngest daughter of my most honored chief and patron, the first councillor. She is one of those sort of beauties who look quite fascinating at a distance. When you observe her more closely, you discover

some traces of small-pox,—but they do not signify a whit,—the girl is quite above them,—she has something grand in her manner,—looks like an empress,—every where takes or rather receives precedence; and then for her knowledge, why she is fit for a professorship; she is said to be very reserved, but those who know her well, say her manners are only the natural result of her constant self-possession; she is aware that she knows more than most people around her do, but she does not boast of it, only she has not learned the art of stooping to a level with those whose minds are not so richly stored. Papa has saved a great deal of money, which will make her and another very comfortable.—*In quarto*—”

Here the coachman came in to tell his passengers—among whom was our reporter—that the horses were put in, and if they wished to reach the next stage before night, no time was to be lost. So we instantly rose from table; but at the same moment I had formed my plan, and slipping into the adjoining room, I invited Mr. Sander to follow me for a moment.

I now told the recorder very privately, that I happened to be the intimate friend of the rich heir of whom he had just been speaking,—that important business had prevented him from coming himself to take possession of his grandmother's property, but that he had given me a full power of attorney to act in his name,—that I was very solicitous to fulfil the will of the deceased to its very letter, and above all, to implement in name of her grandson every engagement into which she might have entered, and at the same time acknowledge any small obligation which death had prevented her from recompensing in her usual genteel manner,—that consequently I could not overlook the claims which he himself had on account of the extraordinary trouble he had been put to in arranging her settlement and codicil.

Here I slipped ten louis d'ors into the recorder's hand, and by an act of such unexpected generosity, almost threw him into a catalepsy.

I assured him I felt very grateful to my good fortune for having made his valuable acquaintance at so early a stage of my proceedings,—that his very accurate and extensive information would prove of infinite service to me,—and concluded by informing him that my principal object in soliciting a private interview with him was to obtain a description of the three remaining adjutants, and particularly to ascertain, if possible, which of the girls Mrs. Milbirt's preference had destined for the hand of her grandson.

“And though you were to hang me up by the legs, my dear sir,” replied the recorder, placing both his hands upon his breast in token of the sincerity with which he now spoke, “I could not give you any information on that point! Nay, it was nothing more than a conjecture of my own that the favored young lady might be one of the seven adjutants. At all events I am quite sure Mrs. Milbirt did not mean to put the smallest restraint upon your friend, for she directed that the paper containing the name of the girl to whom she gave a preference, should not be opened till after her grandson had betrothed the lady who should please himself: so that, my dear sir, if

you would fulfil the intentions of the deceased, in the spirit of the old lady herself, you will not repeat one word of this stupid business to your friend. It was certainly his kinswoman's wish that he should know nothing about it, and be left quite free in the matter of choosing a wife. With regard to the fair adjutants, I can give you all the information you desire. I know them all perfectly well, and these matters you know are much more satisfactorily discussed in a private *tele-a-tele* sort way than at a *table d'hôte*. What I shall now tell you about the young ladies in sober truth,—you may rely—”

“To the point!” exclaimed I with some hastiness of manner; for if I had not interrupted the knave, he would never have been done with his assurances of honesty, candor, and every thing else which he was most conscious he wanted.

“Well, then,” began he at last, “you want a description of the adjutants. If I am not mistaken I have already discussed four of them: Miss Strahlen-thal,—the pretty little Rusa Prokofjefna,—Miss Julia, and my own niece, my brother's daughter, Charlotte Sander, consequently I have only to speak of the remaining three. But, by the way, let me tell you,—not that the girl is my niece, my brother-german's daughter, my near relative,—but you really should get a sight of her,—ascertain yourself what sort of a girl she is,—and then you will allow, that if your friend, the councillor, has eyes in his head at all, he would choose her in preference to any girl in Germany. For my own part, I am but a poor recorder, and neither hope to get married, nor care for woman-kind; but that girl forces admiration even from such a withered chip as myself—she has something so very genteel,—something so lady-like, so noble about her,—she looks as if she was born to be the wife of a councillor,—and besides all that, I can farther assure you, she was that dear old woman, ‘Mrs. Milbirt's greatest favorite. ‘Mr. Sander,’ she has said to me a hundred times, ‘Mr. Sander, your niece, Charlotte, is a treasure of a girl,—a real jewel,—he who gets her for his wife may well think himself a happy man.’ And as for my brother, poor man, he has got twelve children to support on a militia lieutenant's pay. So you may guess how much he stands in need of a rich son-in-law.”

At this moment we were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the waiter, announcing that the coach was just about to start, and could not wait a moment longer.

Mr. Sander rushed out of the room at this intelligence, leaving me aghast at his precipitation. I instantly resolved, however, that Charlotte Sander I would not marry, and solaced myself with the thought that my ten louis d'ors would be well-spent if the information I had now received should prove the means of delivering me from a father and mother-in-law, eleven brothers and sisters-in-law, and an insufferable bore of an uncle-in-law. So this was one at any rate struck off the list.

I had called hastily after my lequacious friend to beware not to reveal my name and mission to any one; but notwithstanding his nod of acquiescence, I

clearly perceived that his fellow-travellers were already acquainted with the recorder's secret, for every eye was turned up with a look of curiosity to my window as the vehicle drove past.

I felt now disposed to hug myself on the felicitous idea which had occurred to me, of appearing at Klarenburg under an assumed character. I would thus, I thought, be able to escape all the hideous concerts, balls, fireworks, and other atrocious designs which were forming against my peace and quietness. I would become acquainted with the ground before I ventured to do battle upon it. I would have an opportunity of personally observing the real or pretended merits, not only of the seven adjutants, but of every pretty girl in the town; and though doubtless there would be a good deal of assumed complaisance shown towards the intimate friend of the rich young councillor, yet there was reason to hope that I would at least see things under a less artificial coloring than they would have presented to the heir himself, against whom so many designs and plots were hatching.

I now called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter in my own name to the councillor Ruderick, the executor of my grandmother's testament, in which I excused my absence on account of unavoidable engagements, but begged to introduce my friend, the secretary, Straguw, whom I had fully authorized to transact all business for me, and to whom I desired he would communicate the tenor of my grandmother's testament. This lying epistle I concluded with another lie, to the effect that I would endeavor, in the event of my presence being judged indispensable, to follow my friend at as short a period thereafter as I could make at all convenient.

With this letter in my own pocket, I stepped into the post-chaise, and pursued my way to Klarenburg; but the nearer we approached the town the more did my heart quake and fail within me. Not that I was at all embarrassed at the prospect of my assumed incognito, for that I could easily throw off by the plan I had formed, which was: To move about for some days in my feigned character as the secretary Straguw; and after procuring all requisite information, to set out again ostensibly on my return home; but to write to the councillor Ruderick again, intimating the non-existence of any such person as his acquaintance the pretended secretary, and explaining what my motives were in assuming the incognito as I had done; after leaving the good citizens of Klarenburg a fortnight or three weeks to talk over the matter, I intended I should return again, when any culpability which might appear in my conduct, would, I expected, be easily forgiven me in my character as the rich heir. So far all was well, but the source of my anxiety was what I had heard about the adjutants.

Amid thoughts such as these the steeples of Klarenburg caught my eye in the distance, and as the carriage approached the town, I felt a stifling sensation at my heart more and more oppressing my whole mental and bodily frame; the town itself looked gloomy and repulsive, though tinged with the setting rays of an evening-sun; and I could not look upon the walls which contained within their circuit the being

whom my departed relative had destined for my companion in life without emotions indefinite indeed, but of an exquisitely painful nature,—my whole frame was convulsed with an agitation which I vainly strove to repress.

"Stop!" cried I to the postillion, while passing a very elegant inn, in one of the neatest villages I had ever beheld, at about half-an-hour's drive from Klarenburg. "I am dying of thirst and must get a drink here; get for yourself whatever you please—beer or wine." There were a number of nicely painted chairs and tables placed before the door of the inn, among which stood or sat various groups of comfortable-looking personages, which led me to suppose that the village formed a favorite lounging-place for the citizens of Klarenburg. Perhaps I should have avoided another rencontre at present with a Klarenburger; but I could not remain a moment longer in the carriage, or enter the town in my present frame of mind.

The postillion nothing loth to avail himself of my injunction, bestowed great praises upon me while speaking to the oster who brought hay for the horses. I overheard the fellow praising my liberality to my former postillion, and extolling me to the very skies for the humane considerations which had doubtless prevailed with me while never once urging him to increase the speed of his cattle in so sultry a day. He concluded his oration by drinking-off a large tumbler of wine to my health.

A little in front of the green before the inn was a railing, against which I now observed a thick, odd-looking figure leaning, smoking his pipe, and listening to the harangue of the postillion. I saw him turn towards me with a smile on his countenance, and I was quite sure that the party, who were seated round a table near him, and which I supposed were his family, were making me the subject of their conversation, for ever and anon they raised their looks towards the quarter where I stood, and then they turned round and broke out into a general titter. I was now in a most painful dilemma; I was sure that my incognito had been already seen through, and so all my fine laid-plans were thus blown in the air before ever I had set foot on the intended scene of action. And yet how could this be possible I asked myself? I had never been here before;—I had not been above a few months in the capital itself, where it was possible the little cherry cheeked man might have met with me;—and surely if I had ever had the slightest acquaintance with such an odd punch-like figure, I never could have forgotten it;—I had long resided in a distant quarter of the kingdom; my university studies had been completed in a foreign country, and between my leaving college and entering upon official life, I had been travelling abroad, yet amid all these wanderings I had never met with such a Burgundy-flashed face, and consequently I could not be known to the man.

I now ordered some *kalte schale** to be brought

* A favorite refreshment in a warm day, in some parts of Germany. It consists of a tankard of wine or beer, with a slice of toast, seasoned with a little sugar and a lemon.

me, and sat down at a table in the open air, with my back to the little man and his family. Before me were scattered various groups of both sexes, and I now perceived that Mr. Sander's eulogium on the ladies of Klarenburg was not greatly overcharged, for in truth, wherever I turned my eyes, they encountered some very pretty, and in one or two instances, decidedly lovely faces, so that in a short time the place, in which I concluded so much elegance and beauty dwelt, lost the gloom and appalling aspect with which my imagination had invested it, and I began to think that a residence at Klarenburg must be absolutely pleasing to any rational young man, whose spirit had not been altogether soured by disappointment, or preyed upon by morbid melancholy. The romantic situation of the little village itself contributed also to cheer up my mind. The enclosure in the centre was neatly ornamented with flowering shrubs and a variety of foreign plants, and seven fountains; all the cottages were new, and built with great taste; a little flower-pot was before every house, and vines and creeping plants adorned the door-ways; such of the industrious inhabitants as had finished their daily tasks in the fields, were now seated in the open air before their own doors, the women spinning and chatting gaily, and the men sharpening their scythes or repairing their different implements of husbandry. Every where nothing met my eye but comfort and neatness; but I remarked that all wore a piece of crape or a black ribbon around their hats and bonnets.

"What is the meaning of this," I inquired of the young and pretty hostess who now presented herself with the goblet of *kalte schale*, and whose cap bore the general emblem of mourning,—*"is this the universal fashion here,—are you all in mourning?"*

"Ah, sir," replied the hostess, casting down her eyes to the ground, "the lady of the manor, Mrs. Milbirk, died only six months ago, and she was so kind to us, and we were all so warmly attached to her,—none of us told another what we meant to do, but on the evening of the same day on which she died, every person in the village appeared in mourning, as you now see them. Alas, we shall never have such another kind mistress!" The good woman would have said more—but her heart was full and choked her utterance, and she returned towards the inn wiping the tears from her eyes.

I rose from my seat, leaving the cup untasted before me, and leant my forehead on the railing to conceal my agitation from the rest of the company, for the simple words of the young woman had deeply affected me. The feeling that I now stood on my own grounds, and within sight of a whole village simultaneously evincing their respect in so simple a manner for the memory of my noble-minded relative, powerfully touched me. I had never before visited the spot on which I now stood,—and yet I felt at once as if I had lived all my days there, and as if all these good, simple people had been my own relatives. I could have indulged much longer in this delicious melancholy, but the presence of third parties forbade.

On turning round towards the company on the

green, I observed the little man's family-circle closely engaged in earnest conversation; observing my eyes watching them, they started from each other in some confusion, and I distinctly heard an elderly lady—whom I presume to be the mother of the group—exclaim: "I could wager it is he!"—"We shall soon find that out," added the supposed father of the group, steering across the road, with his long Dutch pipe in his mouth, straight towards my postillion.

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the feelings in which I had so recently been indulging, I could not help bursting out in a very hearty laugh when I observed the anxiety of the busy, bustling old gentleman to search out the important truth respecting, as I presumed, my name and mission, from the lad at the horses; it was clear from the gestures of the latter that he knew nothing at all about me,—and, after a vacillating movement to right and left, the old gentleman wheeled directly in front of me, and bore down straight upon the object of his curiosity. I never beheld a more grotesque figure than that which now came waddling up to me; his face—which together with head and hat, might have been estimated at nearly four-fifths of the whole figure—bore a great resemblance to the full moon when glowing dusky red through the vapors of evening; his two ears—which were of portentous length—were joined to each other by his mouth; his nose was of dimensions proportionable to the face to which it belonged, but then it looked as if it had been crushed flat by the fall of a beer-tun upon it; his little peering eyes were almost concealed from observation by his distended cheeks and overhanging eye-brows; and then the upper parts of this outrageously old figure were enveloped in a huge grey and white coat of some light summer-stuff, while its legs were incased in white dimity-trowsers and Wellington boots.

"I beg pardon, sir," growled the little figure as it rolled alongside of me,—*"but I believe you are from the capital."*

I bowed assent, biting my lips cruelly to subdue a rising laugh, as I surveyed the comical figure of the querist in all its amplitude of breadth.

"May I make bold to ask," continued the droll-looking creature, "whether you have met with a young gentleman on your road, who is posting down here from the capital, and is every moment expected by us?"

"No, sir," I replied, with a somewhat stiffer bow, clearly perceiving that the young gentleman so anxiously expected was no other than my honorable self. My querist, probably, had made his calculation that I would interrogate him a little in return respecting the name and appearance of the young gentleman of whom he spoke; but this I did not do for prudential and very obvious reasons.

My friend, however, was not to be put off with two little monosyllables, however direct to the point. He now proceeded to inform me, that this was the third evening he and his family had taken a ride out to Herzfelde, in the hope of meeting with the grandson and heir of the late Mrs. Milbirk—a gentleman in whom they all felt a very deep interest,—looking

upon him almost as one of their own family so to speak, on account of the great intimacy on which they had always lived with his worthy grandmother. "Perhaps," added the hateful little man, enlarging his great mouth still farther by a hideous attempt at a smile, in which operation his little eyes almost sunk out of sight,—“perhaps you are acquainted with our dear young friend, councillor Blum, and can inform me when I shall really enjoy the felicity of meeting with one whom we have all so tenderly loved, though yet known by name and report only to us?”

I now felt myself fairly caught,—it was impossible for me to deny acquaintance with the person whose proxy I was about to declare myself,—I therefore frankly informed my querist, that I had the happiness to be well-acquainted with councillor Blum,—nay, the happiness to be his very intimate friend, and that it was in my power to say, that unless some very unforeseen accident occurred, the councillor might be expected at Klarenburg in a few weeks; perhaps days.

The little fat man on receiving this information, made a movement very like a frog when about to take a leap, and rushing up to me—though not without shattering his pipe into a hundred pieces against the railing—got hold of both my hands,—expressed his delight in meeting with the intimate friend of dear Mrs. Milbirn's dear grandson,—led me up to the group which I had rightly judged to be his own family,—pressed me to join their circle,—desired Dinah, one of his daughters, to attend to me,—waddled away to fetch my goblet of *kalle schale*,—introduced himself, on his return, as Mr. Zwicker, one of the officers of excise,—poured out a torrent of words in eulogy of their dear, and ever to be lamented friend, Mrs. Milbirn,—and finally concluded his harangue, by inviting me in the most pressing manner, to live with him during my stay at Klarenburg, and to consider myself entirely at home in his house.

I declined the officious little man's kindness politely but peremptorily, remembering the recorder's narrative, and being quite satisfied in my own mind what the secret motives were which prompted such an overflow of kindness in the present instance. Mr. Zwicker, however, was not to be so easily repulsed. "I could never forgive myself," he screamed out, "if I allowed the intimate friend of dear Mr. Blum to lodge any where in Klarenburg except under my roof. His dear old grandmother—I am not ashamed to confess it, for when I first entered on office, I had not a penny in my pocket, and even after my promotion had, heaven knows, enough to do to get through with my family of eleven children—but dear Mrs. Milbirn, as soon as she heard of my difficulties, sent my children to school at her own expense, sent my wife a weekly cart-load of viands from her own farm, and regularly as Christmas came round, equipped the whole of my children in fine new dresses, and supplied them with every thing which they needed to cope in appearance with their school-fellows. She got me appointed superintendent of our large fire-engine, and I assure you it is no sinecure of an office, but then one hundred crowns are a very com-

fortable addition to one's income, and besides, I get twenty more when my engine is first on the spot when a fire happens,—and fortunately of late we have had a good many fires, so that I now get on pretty comfortably. But poor, dear Mrs. Milbirn, we miss her sadly, she was always so kind to the children at Christmas; and Bernhardine there was such a favorite of hers,—she used to spend a great deal of her time at Mrs. Milbirn's house,—and the old lady was at great trouble and expense superintending her education, which I flatter myself will not be found to have been lost upon her, poor thing, by the husband whom heaven may send her. But, my dear friend," added the loquacious little man, rising from his chair and speaking in a low voice to me, "between us, I will confess to you, I have a little favorite scheme of my own with regard to my Dinah, and this is the reason why I have endeavored to place myself in your friend's way before he enters Klarenburg. If he should once get a glance of my Dinah, I do not think he will ever bestow a look upon another young woman hereabouts; then he must live with us; we claim his company, you know, on account of the debt of gratitude we owe dear Mrs. Milbirn,—and I am sure all the town will be dying of envy to think that we should have caught him for ourselves."

The postillion's information that all was ready sounded most gratefully in my ears, while this insufferable bore of an exciseman was alternately amusing and disgusting me with his gross and vulgar selfishness and shallow cunning. Mr. Zwicker assured me he was ready to set out with his family also; but insisted on Bernhardine accompanying me in the chaise, in order to point out his house to the postillion. My rejection of this proposal almost threw him into a passion, and he began to reproach Bernhardine for not seconding his proposal herself; but the poor girl could not be persuaded to open her lips, and only expressed by her looks her wish that I would comply with her father's request. At last, on my taking him aside and representing to him, that if I were now to occupy his house there would not be accommodation for my friend the councillor when he arrived, the bore of a fellow desisted from pressing my acceptance of his offer, and recommended me to take up my quarters at the Golden Ox, as the best inn in Klarenburg. I observed that the postillion had recommended the Blue Angel, whereupon the exciseman grew more warm in his praise of the Golden Ox, abusing the landlord of the Blue Angel for a low, worthless character, who never failed to fleece all strangers smartly that placed themselves under his roof, and whose daughter was such an insufferable flirt as rendered it quite impossible for any young man aspiring to keep company with the genteel society of the place to live at the Blue Angel.

During this harangue I observed the odious creature—whom I now began to hate almost beyond endurance—cast several significant glances at Bernhardine, who either for awhile did not understand, or pretended not to know their meaning; but, at last, when his countenance had assumed a quite furious expression, the poor girl timidly rose, and collected

together a few plumbs and pieces of cake and sugar, the fragments of their repast, which she deposited in her reticule, while her father placed himself before her to conceal so shabby a proceeding from the waiter. Probably the old fellow read the disgust I felt at witnessing this mean transaction in my countenance; for he immediately launched out into an harangue in praise of Bernhardine's economical spirit, assuring me that she therein only imitated her worthy patroness, Mrs. Milbirt, who would have rescued a half-burnt match from the fire rather than have wasted it unnecessarily.

Disgusted beyond measure by all that I had heard or witnessed for the last half hour, I threw myself abruptly into my carriage, and Bernhardine was scored out of the list of women one might marry. For had she possessed a thousand charms, with such a father-in-law, to think of marrying was impossible. I had already erased Charlotte, Adelaide, Prokofjesna, and Julia from the list, on the faith of what I had heard from Sander; so here were five out of the way, and for the other two, my firm resolution was to make no inquiries about them.

"Drive on!" cried I to the postillion, with a sort of feeling that the sooner I reached Klarenburg the sooner I would get out of a place which had altogether become unendurable in imagination to me. "Drive on, that we may see the Golden Ox in his glory before it is dark!"

"What! Is it to the Golden Ox you want to go, sir?" exclaimed the postillion in a tone of disappointment. "Why I cannot say how a gentleman like you chooses to think; but sure enough, I never drive any travellers to the Golden Ox but a few Bohemian merchants at fair-time, when I am driving the post-waggon. I believe every body would stare at me for a fool, and one who does not know his business, were I to drive a gentleman like you to the Golden Ox. The whole concern is a ruckle of old walls, and but for a dozen of old fellows who meet there every evening to drink their bottle and have a hand at cards, the landlord of the Ox would have been in prison for debt long ago. But the Blue Angel is quite a different thing. Counts and princes go there, and every thing is to be got at it which money can purchase. Old Weinlich knows how to manage an inn; and then he has got a daughter,—but what a girl! I knew her when she was not the height of my jack boot, but now she is tall and slim, and straight as a taper,—and there's not a nicer girl in Klarenburg. Why, upon my honor, I have known travellers go half a dozen miles out of their way to see old Weinlich's daughter, and will you, a fine-looking young gentleman like you, go to the Golden Ox?"

"Well, then, drive to the Blue Angel!" exclaimed I, quite indignant at being thus made the ball of two rogues, each of whom I firmly believed had some selfish interest in so strenuously advocating the merits of the two rival establishments.

When we turned into the street in which my postillion's favorite inn was situated, I immediately beheld the Blue Angel, standing between two large lamps, and bearing his own name upon a scroll in his

hand; but on stepping from the carriage, a real and living angel stood waiting to receive me with a silver candlestick in her hand, between two other waiters each of whom also bore a light. She, however, had no need of a scroll with her name on it, for one glance at her mild blue eyes and fresh youthful form was sufficient to inform me that the picture of beauty and innocence which now stood before me could be no other than the fair Florentine, whose praises had been spread abroad by so many travellers.

Florentine received me not like a stranger, but as an old acquaintance; she was sorry I had felt it necessary to travel in so warm a day, and begged to know whether it was my pleasure to join the supper-table to which they had just sat down.

Surprised at the polished manner of the pretty girl, I offered her my arm, and while leading her into the dining-room, whispered a good many fine speeches into her ear, to which she listened in such a manner as convinced me she had heard the same things often and much better told from others.

The landlord and landlady rose respectfully from their seats on my entrance, and a glance from Florentine directed the waiter to set a chair for me at her side.

Seated beside so charming a girl, who helped me herself to every thing I wanted, and talked of a thousand matters with equal ease and elegance, while her father and mother attended to the rest of their guests, I soon lost all appetite, but blessed my good fortune, as I gazed on the beautiful creature at my side, that I had not gone to the Golden Ox.

We talked of the capital, and I was flattering myself that I had painted the pleasures of life there in very attractive colors, but my eloquence seemed to be lost upon Florentine, who spoke with raptures of a country life. I hinted that she might, perhaps, have drawn her notion of rural life from novels only; but she shook her lovely golden ringlets, and sighed as she remarked that she had spent the happiest days of her existence in the country. She had had, she said, the good fortune to have become acquainted with a very amiable person, Mrs. Milbirt—the dear girl would have said more, but her rising feelings stifled her voice, and thus I had found out the sixth of the seven.

After the lapse of a few moments, Florentine resumed her conversation, and soon spoke with such elegance and such affection of my dear departed grandmother, that I almost forgot, in the enthusiasm of my feelings, the part I was enacting, while I filled out a glass, and proposed "The memory of Mrs. Milbirt."

"Did you know Mrs. Mil—" the word was checked in its utterance; for the thought flashed across her mind that the stranger now at her side might be the identical Mr. Blum whose arrival she of course knew was hourly expected.

"By name only," I replied with affected unconcern. "She has a grandson in the city, who is an intimate friend of mine."

"You speak of Mr. Blum!" said she with some surprise, her features revealing more than she meant

they should, while she pressed me with inquiries regarding my friend,—how old he was,—how he looked,—what character he bore, and various other queries to which I found it somewhat difficult promptly to reply.

"It is said," she remarked, with an expression which betrayed to me the deep interest she felt in what might be my answer,—“it is said the young gentleman will soon be here, and that he is to bring his wife along with him——”

"His wife!" echoed I, laughing; but here we were interrupted by the waiter's announcing a post-chaise, upon which Florentine, apparently as much disappointed as myself, rose and hastened out of the room.

The girl's cunning amused me not a little; but she had flattered my vanity in the course of our colloquy, and I amused myself during her absence with building castles in the air. I now clearly understood what had been Mr. Zwicker's motives in so earnestly advising me not to go to the Blue Angel. Dinny—as he called her—was not to be thought of one moment longer, after beholding Florentine. But what had become of the Angel? Was she receiving the new guests with the same sweet smiles which she bestowed upon me? The thought was a very vexatious one, and I began to get excessively peevish. The waiter meanwhile entered with the desert, but my anxiety could brook Florentine's absence no longer; I rose from my seat and proceeded towards the door; fortunately however for me, Florentine made her appearance at the instant, and after having whispered to her father that she had shown the two new-comers—who appeared to be Englishmen—to No. 7, she sat down beside me at the table, and resumed the conversation.

"Not married then! Then surely he must be engaged at least; the ladies of the capital would never allow such a prize to escape them!"

Here the house-bell again rung, and we were a second time interrupted by the appearance of the waiter, announcing a new arrival. But Florentine before she left the room gave me such a significant look as assured me she would be soon back again; so I kept my seat quietly for this time, only lamenting that such a pretty and intelligent girl as Florentine was, should be subjected to such a menial employment as receiving strangers at the bar of an inn, and asking myself whether it would not be an act of real charity to remove so innocent a mind from the contamination of such a sphere of life. I soon, however, began to wonder at the length of time she staid away; my impatience became almost visible, and it was with difficulty I refrained from again rising and proceeding in search of her. She must be removed from this place, I thought to myself; to leave such a girl in the hands of such imprudent and mercenary parents was an outrageous inhumanity; not an hour longer ought she to remain in her present situation. Once already had I approached the door while forming a thousand schemes for Florentine's deliverance, but had possessed sufficient command of myself to turn back again,—the door now opened, and Florentine entered leaning—oh, sight insupportable!—on the arm of a major

of humours. I was ready to die with vexation when she sat down beside me and ordered a chair on her other side for the major, with whom she continued laughing and chatting in the easiest manner imaginable, without paying any more attention to me than if I had not been in the room. I was about to erase her from the list of seven; and yet I felt my heart torn by Florentine's behaviour. She seemed to have met with an old and very familiar acquaintance; for they spoke of the last ball which they had both been at in a neighboring watering-place,—and he called her the queen of the day, and reproached her for having only danced three times with him; adding, that a duel had nearly been fought about her, and that all the girls in the company had almost died of vexation at witnessing the homage which was paid to her surpassing charms.

All this flattery the girl seemed to drink in greedily; I could no longer endure the sight, but rose to retire to my room. As I walked towards the door, my eye rested once more upon Florentine, and her beauty seemed to increase upon my ardent gaze.

"I understand from my daughter," said the host, now addressing me, and rising from table with all the company, "that you are a friend of Mr. Blum's. We hope to see him here soon; and would have great pleasure in receiving the gentlemen into our house. His grandmother was a good friend of ours; pray write to him that the best room in the house,—No. 3, my own daughter's at present—is at his service."

I was so much out of temper with Florentine's behaviour that I could not help shedding a little of my spleen on the occasion. I told him that I had come to his house on the express recommendation of my friend Blum, who must have heard a good deal about it; but that nevertheless I was glad he had not come in person to-day.

"Glad that he has not come to-day!" repeated the host of the Blue Angel, with some astonishment, and beginning to suspect that all was not right from the tone in which I had spoken: "What has happened, sir? What do you mean by these words?"

"I mean, sir," said I, "that his expectations may fall short on Miss Florentine's side at least."

At these words mine host looked utterly astonished.

"For instance, sir," I continued, "I am quite sure my friend would have been very highly dissatisfied at seeing Miss Florentine employed in receiving all the strangers who arrive at the Blue Angel. He has very strict ideas on this subject,—perhaps too much so, but at all events, he would consider it quite improper to employ a young lady in such a manner."

"He is perhaps very right, sir," replied mine host. "His grandmother thought so too; and I had great difficulty in satisfying the old lady about it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, yes," continued the host of the Blue Angel, "it is all well enough for people like you and Mrs. Milbarn, who have plenty money, and are independent of the world, to rail against us poor folks for want of prudence; but confess now, sir, were you not very well-pleased when a pretty girl bade you welcome to the Blue Angel."

"Displeased! Certainly not, sir; it is all very well in itself, very agreeable, I grant you,—but then, sir,—"

"Every thing depends on first impressions in our line of business," interrupted mine host, taking the word out of my mouth. "When a stranger gentleman comes to an inn, and finds nobody at all caring for him, or perhaps every body looking cross, why, look you now, would he not rather seek his lodgings in the poorest tavern in the village so that he might meet with something like a smiling welcome? As long as my wife was young and pretty, she used to receive the company; but my daughter must now fill her shoes in that."

"But perhaps," said I, quite provoked at such mercenary reasoning,—“perhaps her future husband might not altogether approve of your system!”

"When Florentine has got a husband," said the father, with an air which almost convinced me I was in his eye for a son-in-law at the moment, "she may do as her husband pleases; but till then she must obey me."

"Very well," replied I with an air of great discontent, and walking towards the door. On turning round, before quitting the apartment, I perceived Florentine still-seated at table with several of the younger part of the company round her who were drinking Cardinal.* "Oh, if the girl were not so provokingly pretty!" sighed I to myself, as I followed Lewis, one of the most active of the waiters, to my room up stairs.

"This is a fine house," began I to Lewis, wishing to engage the fellow in conversation, with the design of pumping something out of him. "There must be twenty rooms at least on each side of this passage."

"Twenty!" rejoined Lewis, with a triumphant air, "la, sir, there are thirty-six! And one needs good legs I assure you, sir, to attend to them all through the day; before evening one is quite knocked up."

"Thirty-six rooms!" I re-echoed as if I had never heard of an inn with such extensive accommodation. And are all these rooms for strangers?"

"Every one of them," answered the indefatigable Lewis, "except No. 1, where master and his wife sleep, and No. 2, which is Miss Florentine's apartment."

"And No. 3—" I began, anxiously expecting to hear that it was reserved for Mr. Blum.

"No. 3, is presently occupied by the major of hussars, who came late yesterday evening," replied the fellow, opening the door of the room immediately opposite to it, on the other side of the lobby.

I now paced up and down my room quite out of temper. I had never been so much struck by any girl's appearance as by Florentine's; and now to witness her insufferable giddiness, her want of female dignity, her imprudence! And then that fellow of a father,—he surely was the cause of it all; but Florentine must have been spoiled for all good already; it was needless to think more of the matter. Here I

heard the sound of a light foot in the stair, and opening my door perceived that it was Florentine herself, who observing me, called out with her melodious voice, "Good night!"

"Good night!" Alas I knew how little I could anticipate an easy repose! And yet—what fools men are—two gentle silver-like tones had almost replaced Florentine in my esteem and love! I fancied there was something peculiar in the tone with which she had bid me good night; it was obvious she could not have been wholly engrossed with her flirtations with the young men, or she would not have observed that I left the room without bidding good night to the company; the girl on the whole must be better than I had been about rashly to conclude. At this moment I thought I heard her door open again; my curiosity was excited, and without knowing exactly what I should do, I stepped gently into the lobby; the lamp was extinguished, but I fancied I heard a whispering in No. 2, or 3. It occurred to me that there might be a communication between these apartments, and I felt myself irresistibly tempted to steal forward and endeavor to overhear what was passing. I was not mistaken; the major spoke aloud, Florentine in a low voice. "My love," I heard the hussar say, "my only happiness, how I longed to be with you! But as for that rogue of a fellow Blum, I will break his neck; he shall never enter this apartment!"

I was about to give way to the passion which now wrought within me, and was extending my hand towards the door of No. 3, when my better reason prevailed, and I checked so imprudent a betrayal of my folly, by asking myself what right had I to interfere betwixt the two. My next feelings were almost of a grateful kind for having escaped the snare into which it appeared the major had been betrayed,—Florentine was no better than she should be, that was evident,—and the major was a fool or worse for holding any intercourse with her. Occupied with such reflections, I reached my room, where I began bitterly to upbraid myself for not having followed the advice of my friend, Zwicker, and gone to the Golden Ox, where—even though it might be amongst Bohemian merchants—I would at least have enjoyed more peace of mind than here; the postillion too was a rogue, and yet perhaps he saved me from future misery by placing me in circumstances in which I obtained a full insight into Florentine's character. I now threw myself upon my bed, but—such weak-headed fools are men—the lovely Florentine still stood before me in my dreams. I remember to have been dreaming that celestial music floated around me, when Lewis, the waiter, entered my chamber, and dispelled the illusion by informing me, that the regiment which had been lying in garrison had just passed with its band, and that it was ten o'clock, and time for breakfast; he also presented me with a note, for which, he said, an answer had already been twice called for.

I hastily snatched the billet, and found it was from Mrs. General Waldmark, my grandmother's intimate friend. Its purport was, that having casually learned from Mr. Zwicker, that an intimate friend of Mr.

* A very pleasant beverage made of hock, bitter oranges, and sugar.

Blum's had arrived at Klarenburg, she requested the pleasure of a call from me as soon as possible.

On stepping out into the street with the intention of waiting upon Mrs. Waldmark, the first sight which met my eyes was Mr. Weinlich, the host of the Blue Angel, with his wife and two ladies in an open carriage, and Florentine with the cursed major in a gig, going, as Lewis informed me, to take a drive into the country. "Good morning!" cried the minx to me, with one of her bewitching smiles, as her gallant flourished his whip aloft, and the vehicles flew past, leaving me gazing after them in perfect rage.

"Well, well, women are still women, I perceive!" was the sage apothegm which hung upon my lips as I entered Mrs. Waldmark's house in miserable humor.

The house seemed a palace,—the staircases were adorned with vases of flowers,—magnificence and taste shone conspicuous wherever I turned my eyes,—and over the whole establishment a soothing silence and repose seemed to rest. An old valet de chambre received my name, and I heard him pass through a series of rooms before he announced it to his mistress. I had thus time to regain my self-possession, and to except my grandmother's intimate friend from the sweeping censure I had just been passing on the sex. I then turned my thoughts upon Florentine, and was beginning to question the soundness of my judgment upon her, when an elegantly dressed maid made her appearance and invited me to enter a boudoir where she said her mistress would instantly join me.

The walls of this room were covered with family-pictures. What a modesty breathed in the features of the females,—all gravity,—all retirement,—all dignity,—truly the women of the present day, I could not help thinking to myself, were a degenerate race, when I gazed upon the staid beauties which hung around me! These were women, thought I, who deserved man's love,—they led a life of virtuous retirement,—and never suffered themselves to be driven about in gigs by majors! What modesty, and yet what conscious dignity sat on the brow of that beauty in the apple-green gown? What a lovely and yet what a chaste countenance was hers of the white flowered negligée! How sweet, and yet how awfully prudent and wise was yonder mother of a family in her magnificent lace gown! What a mild angelic countenance did that young beauty—"Heavens!" I exclaimed, recognizing in the object of my admiration my own mother, as she must have appeared in the prime of youth. The frame of the beloved portrait was adorned with fresh sprigs of Forget-me-Not, and that brilliant species of everlasting Amaranth which our Gallic neighbors aptly enough designate by the splendid name *Immortelles*. The picture itself appeared to be smiling down upon me with an expression of mingled love and melancholy. Overcome by my emotion, I stood before it with my hands crossed upon my breast, while tears flowed down my cheeks: "My mother, my dear, my beloved mother!" I exclaimed in a stifled voice, as I gazed intensely upon her imaged form, and a crowd of early associations rushed upon my mind.

At this moment a door opened, and I turned quickly round to wipe the tears from my eyes and conceal my emotion. But Mrs. Walkmark was already in the room, and had begun to excuse her delay, when suddenly checking herself, and looking upon me with a scrutinizing but smiling countenance, she exclaimed: "Nay, Robert, you do not mean to jest with me! My dear Robert, I welcome you a thousand times! Here, before this picture, it is impossible for you to retain your disguise. The features are the same, and it seems to me as if my own dear Joanna now stood in living form before me."

It was impossible for me to affect concealment any longer; I durst not trifle with the dearest friend of my beloved mother. I seized her hand to raise it to my lips, when overcome by her feelings, she pressed me with maternal affection to her bosom.

Our conversation gradually turned upon the objects of my visit. At first she disapproved of my incognito, but on my informing her of what had fallen from Sander at the inn, and of all the schemes which were laid to entrap me, she excused my artifice, and I, more occupied with the choice my good grandmother might have made for me, than with the whole inheritance, presently turned the conversation to the sealed paper. Mrs. Waldmark started when I first mentioned this document, and complained of the imprudent dispositions of certain people who could not even keep secrets confided to them in their professional character. "But," continued she, perceiving that I was inclined to attach particular importance to the subject, "be not at all restrained in your own free choice. I cannot say with certainty whom your grandmother may have fixed upon, but this I can assure you, that she gave no express injunctions on the subject; she knew the human heart too well for that, and you are still free to choose whom you like best. As for the interest of the fifty thousand crowns, it is too trifling a matter to be put in competition for a moment with your own choice in the matter of matrimony."

"It is certainly not my intention," said I, "to pay any consideration to the fifty thousand crowns, even though I should be quite satisfied with my grandmother's choice. I will not deprive the poor of her benefaction; but I am desirous, if possible, to fulfil her will to the utmost, seeing that it is to her that I owe my whole fortune."

"It was not her intention to lay the least restraint upon you," replied Mrs. Waldmark; "and I cannot tell you how greatly I am dissatisfied with that stupid fellow Sander. The whole matter was to have been kept a profound secret till after your betrothal; but as the matter has got abroad, and it is most probable your grandmother had some young lady belonging to this town in her eye, you must get acquainted with them all. I will give a ball, and invite the whole circle of your grandmother's acquaintances. And now, when I think of it, I am glad you have come incognito, otherwise we should have been tormented with schemes upon you. Well, in a week then, and by the bye it will just be your birth-day, I shall introduce you to the fair citizens of Klarenburg."

On my return to the Blue Angel, Lewis told me that his master and party had not yet come home, and expressed some apprehension lest they should be overtaken by a storm which now seemed approaching. The loquacious waiter soon put me in possession of a great deal of information regarding his master and family; he informed me that Mr. Weinlich possessed a small country-house, whither he frequently retired with a few particular friends, and spent a few hours very gaily,—news which, by the way, did not greatly contribute to mollify my resentment. On passing No. 2 and 3, in company with Lewis, the idea occurred to me that I ought to play a trick on my military rival, and accordingly I told him that I understood No. 3 was set apart for Mr. Blum, and that I had just heard that my friend was to reach the Blue Angel that evening. I therefore expected his room would be got ready.

Lewis had heard his master propose the arrangement, and therefore had little to say on the present occasion. However, he opened the door and desired me to look in and observe how gloomy it was, the windows opening only into the yard. I entered with a feeling of anxiety, expecting to observe a communication with No. 2; but I breathed more freely on perceiving that though there really was a door between the two rooms, yet the entrance from No. 3, was completely blocked up by a large press. However, jealousy is a dreadful passion, and will rest satisfied with nothing short of mathematical demonstration of the falsehood of what it has once believed or suspected to be true; the press, thought I, might easily have been lifted to the place which it now occupies in the morning; but when I tried to move it, I found that the strength of two men could not lift it. "Very good," said I, pretending to be inspecting the arrangements of the room with a view to my friend's comfort; "that press is very well placed, for it prevents the conversation being overheard in the adjoining room."

"O, sir," replied Lewis, "there is little danger of that, for there is just such another wardrobe in Miss Florentine's room; and you may speak as loud as you please, you never could be heard in the next room. But," he added, with some embarrassment, "I know not how the major will like to be put out of his room this very evening."

"It cannot be helped, however," replied I, with no small malignity of feeling. "I will pay for the room from this very day whether Mr. Blum comes or not; but I know he is very particular, and if he should not get the very room which I mentioned in my letter to him, he is off,—and that would be no small thing out of your way, Lewis, for he has plenty money, and will be here, at least, once in the year, and is very liberal to the servants."

"Why, in that case," replied the disinterested Lewis, "we must try to get the matter made out some way or other; but I am sure that the major's lady won't be pleased."

"The major's lady!" I exclaimed. "What then, is the major a married man?"

"To be sure he is!" rejoined Lewis. "His wife

has been living here with her sister since Easter, for the benefit of medical advice; and the major visits her every fortnight. But she is a great deal better now, and is to go away with him in a few days. Did you not observe her this morning? She was in the first carriage with her sister."

I could now have whipped myself for a jealous fool and blockhead. It was with his own wife that I had heard the major conversing the previous evening, and Florentine's honor was still unimpeachable! I now told Lewis that after considering the matter, I was sure my friend would not be willing to occasion the major or his lady any uneasiness, and that the proposed alteration might be dispensed with for a night or two at least.

At this moment the two carriages returned from the country, and Florentine appeared seated now with her mother and the other ladies. She reproached me gently for not having joined the party, and altogether bore herself so modestly and yet so witchingly towards me that I was more deeply in love with her than ever!

Fatigued by the heat of her journey, Florentine did not appear at the supper-table, and I retired to my own room at an early hour, in a much more comfortable state of mind than on the preceding evening.

I had not slept long before I was awakened by a tremendous thunder-storm, and as I lay listening to the terrific peals which rattled after each other in quick succession, I heard the horns of the watchmen give the fire-signal, which was instantly answered from every steeple in the town, and the drums of the garrison. "Where is the fire!" cried I, springing to the window and throwing open the sash,—some people hurried past without noticing me, others called up they did not know. At last a large engine came thundering down the street, surrounded by several men with torches in their hands, and I perceived my little thick friend Zwicker perched upon the top of it with a directing-pipe in his left hand, and a torch in his right. He was attired in a night-gown of large flowered print, with a round white hat on his head, and as the machine rolled on, he kept incessantly bawling out to the crowd to follow him, as I understood, to Herzfelde, my own pretty little village.

I was dressed in a few minutes, and rushing down stairs, flung myself upon one of my landlord's horses and galloped off at full speed after the engine. Unfortunately Zwicker was right. I beheld Herzfelde, the prettiest village in the whole country, one mass of flames! But what a spectacle! The first dawn of morning rimmed the horizon in the back-ground,—the heavy thunder-clouds stood in conglomerated masses on the opposite horizon,—the lightning still flashed out in the distance,—a few straggling stars here and there shed a faint twinkle through the floating clouds,—before us the flames rolled and roared incessantly, drowning the noise of the engines themselves,—all this, with the shrieks of the villagers as they beheld their property perishing in the devouring element, formed a scene of an awful and impressive kind, especially when contrasted with the serenity and happiness which I had so lately witnessed there.

In a few hours the dreadful element was overcome, but not before it had consumed twenty-three cottages, and the beautiful little inn which I had so much admired. It was now time, I thought, to quit my incognito; I resolved to assemble the poor people who had lost all their property by the fire, and to announce to them that I was the heir of the late Mrs. Milbirt, and now their landlord, and that I was resolved to do every thing in my power to mitigate their distress. Full of this idea, I stepped forward to the centre of the village; but a sight there met my eyes which completely engrossed my attention. It was one of the loveliest female forms I had ever beheld, with a countenance of angelic beauty and purity, engaged in distributing bread, wine and clothes among the unfortunate sufferers, who crowded around her and invoked heaven's blessings on the head of their benefactress. I heard this lovely being address words of comfort and encouragement to the weeping families; she said that she was only fulfilling the common duty of humanity to them; that her father would send them farther supplies; "and in a short time," she added, "your new master will be here, and report says that he inherits not only Mrs. Milbirt's estates, but her largeness of heart and bountiful feelings. My father will speak to him for you; and if he is what he is represented to be, you may depend on his sympathy and assistance. Therefore, be comforted, and place your trust in Providence, whose help is ever nearest when we most need it."

"Who is that?" I inquired with great eagerness at the nearest by-stander, all my feelings having been excited by the united beauty and simplicity of the girl. The person to whom I addressed myself did not know her, but it appeared that he too had been touched by the girl's demeanor and words, for he drew his purse out of his pocket and proceeded to distribute its contents among the peasantry. The girl herself turned round and was moving away, after having exhausted all her stores, provisions, and money upon the sufferers: her beautiful eyes filled with tears, because, as I supposed, she had no more relief at hand for those whose wants were not yet supplied.

I now pressed through the crowd and placed a purse full of gold in the hands of the benevolent angel. I wished to have addressed a few words to her, but when she turned upon me her lovely eyes, and looked with astonishment into my face, I could only stand mute before her.

"Who is she?" I again eagerly inquired at an old woman who stood near me.

"That young lady, dear sir, is the daughter of the Inspector of Forests, Miss Joanna."

Joanna was again actively engaged distributing the fresh bounty which I had placed in her hands, when a young woman, in whom I immediately recognized the mistress of the inn, who had brought me the cup of *kalte schale*, burst through the crowd, calling on them for the love of heaven to save her child.

It appeared that in the first moments of alarm and confusion, her husband had left the house, and, as she for a time supposed, had taken his little daughter, who lay asleep in her cradle, with him; she had

afterwards been told that her sister had carried away the child to her father's house in Klarenburg; but on going thither she indeed found her sister who had saved a good many articles of the furniture, but who knew nothing about the child. Distracted at this intelligence, the poor woman had hastened back to the village, and had been with difficulty prevented from throwing herself into the burning ruins in search of her child. Her frantic screams and agony were heart-rending as she embraced Joanna's feet, and implored her to use her influence in prevailing with some of the by-standers to attempt the rescue of her infant. "Who will try to save the child?" exclaimed Joanna, holding up the remainder of the gold in my purse, her beautiful eyes filled with tears. Twenty, thirty rushed forward; but none had the courage to plunge through the thick smoke and flames. Three times the unfortunate mother made the attempt, and thrice she was compelled to return with her clothes on fire. Meanwhile I had directed the engine-men to keep playing upon one spot, and I now crept through an opening myself, amid the torrents of water, till I reached the spot which the poor woman described as likely to contain her infant, dead or alive. I had no sooner entered the apartment than I beheld a cradle standing untouched, as if preserved by a special interference of Providence, amid burning embers, and within it lay the little sleeper all unconscious of the horrible fate which threatened it. I snatched up the infant in my arms, and bore it safely out from the centre of the smoking pile, amid the shouts of the spectators. Joanna received it from my arms, and placed it in the embraces of its mother.

I now threw myself on my horse, having been drenched by the engines, and hastened home. Far more praise had been bestowed upon my exploit than it deserved, for I could not conceal the truth from myself, that the desire of winning Joanna's esteem had a far greater share in exciting me to the action I had just performed, than any purer feeling. So deceitful are the foundations on which many a temple to virtue is reared! Joanna had not exchanged a single word with me, but the look of heavenly rapture with which she received the child from my arms, spoke far more forcibly than any words the anxiety she had felt on witnessing me rush into the flames, and her happiness at seeing me return uninjured with my precious charge.

In the afternoon I received a note from Mr. Wilmar, the Inspector of Forests at Blumenwalde. After an introduction in which he gave great praise to my seemingly virtuous and heroic action, and apologized for being prevented by an attack of the gout from waiting on me to express personally his thanks and those of his daughter, he begged the honor of seeing me, if possible, that very evening, understanding that I was a friend of Mr. Blum, and wishing to consult with me about the best means of procuring aid and shelter for the unhappy villagers who had lost their houses, that I might write to my friend about the matter.

I had often in the dreams of poets found the image of that domestic purity and bliss for which I longed, but never had I seen my ideal realized till I visited

Blumenwalde. I was received like an old friend. Joanna had probably already succeeded in placing me very high in her father's regards, his welcome was so cordial; and he spoke of the distresses of the poor people with so much feeling that the old man instantly won my heart. We talked of the probable aid which must be given the unhappy cottagers at Herzfelde, and Joanna's whole countenance lightened up when I declared that I had Mr. Blum's full authority to settle every matter in which he was interested, and that I should only anticipate his intention by instantly rebuilding the houses, and assisting the villagers by such loans as they needed.

"You see, papa," cried Joanna triumphantly, "I was not mistaken in the opinion I had formed of Mr. Blum; he is just what I expected he would be!"

"And what did you expect him to be?" inquired I with a smile, hoping to hear a favorable opinion of myself fall from her coral lips.

The girl replied that "Mrs. Milbirt had always spoken with a kind of pride of her grandson, and of his generous disposition. And then," she added, while a deep blush suffused her beautiful countenance, "I think he must be good, being your friend."

We walked into the garden, the old gentleman remaining within doors in consequence of his gout. Joanna now told me that she had lost her mother in early life, and gave me an account of the many happy days which she had spent with my grandmother, so that I instantly recognized in her the seventh adjutant, and almost exclaimed aloud in the joy of my heart, "It must be she my grandmother meant!" It was my first intention to return to Klarenburg that evening; but I was so kindly entreated by the father and daughter to remain all night that I could not resist their invitation. I spent the following and two other days at Blumenwalde. The mornings were occupied at Herzfelde with the surveyors and plans for the new cottages,—the evenings in walking, music, and conversation, during which Joanna established her exclusive empire in my breast.

On the evening before my departure she seemed to me—so vain are men—in a melancholy mood. She said she had hoped I would have staid longer, and her father would miss me very much. When I assured her I hoped to return again very soon, she shook her head doubtfully, remarking that in the gay life of the capital I would soon forget my promise, and as she spoke thus she turned away from me, and it seemed to me that a tear shone in her dark blue eye. Enraptured at the discovery, I confessed to her the feelings of my heart with all the eloquence which the inspiration of love could prompt; but what words could express my happiness when the lovely Joanna sunk trembling in my arms, and confirmed my fondest hopes by a silence more eloquent far than words.

Unable any longer to restrain my feelings, I went to her father, and discovered to him my whole heart. I surprised him by the declaration, that I was not, as I had pretended, a friend of Mr. Blum's, but Mrs. Milbirt's nephew himself; but I begged him to keep the secret from his daughter, as I had formed a plan for agreeably surprising her.

Joanna here entered the room, and to change the conversation, her father inquired what she had done with her little jewel-box, saying that he had been looking for it in order to ascertain whether a broken chain had been mended, supposing that she would require some ornaments for to-morrow's ball.

Joanna tried to hide the embarrassment which this question occasioned her, by saying she did not mean to put on any of these ornaments, as they were not very fashionable, though very dear to her as remembrances of her mother and Mrs. Milbirt. "Old Isaac told me a different story," said the father with a faltering voice, as he laid his hand affectionately on the fair ringlets of his child; "it is he who has got the jewels which you exchanged for tears of joy and gratitude."

"Father—" interrupted Joanna, seeming to wish to hide from me the knowledge of what she had done.

It may easily be imagined that I got the jewels back that very evening, which I sent along with some strings of pearls and corals, and a comb set with seven brilliants—to keep to the number so highly venerated by my grandmother—with a choice of elegant ball-dresses to Blumenwalde, adding that I would myself come in the evening with a carriage to convey my lovely bride to the ball.

I then hastened to Mrs. Waldmark, to whom I wished to communicate my secret, but I found the worthy lady so busy with arrangements for the evening's fête, that I could not gain her ear one moment. However, I communicated my secret to the old honest valet de chambre, whom I briefly instructed in his part.

The day lingered, but the hour of assembly arrived at last, and when I entered the ball-room, with the lovely Joanna leaning on my arm, who truly looked in her ornaments the queen of the ball, the honest valet called aloud: "Mr. Blum and his bride, Miss Joanna Wilmar," while the orchestra struck up a merry air, and the whole company stood mute with astonishment, gazing on the beautiful creature at my side, who herself overwhelmed by so unexpected a disclosure of the whole secret, sunk almost fainting into the arms of her friend, Mrs. Waldmark.

"Robert," exclaimed the worthy matron, with joyful emotion, "how happy your choice makes me! This evening is one of the happiest of my life!" She would have said more, but Joanna was now surrounded by a circle of congratulating friends, and among those who crowded around me was the little exciseman, who, amidst his good wishes, told me in confidence that he had at first intended Dinny for me, but seeing I had fallen in love elsewhere, he had that very moment promised the girl to another." "Mr. Wachtel," he added, "is a rich fish, and has been paying his addresses to the girl for more than a twelvemonth. I must call him to make you good friends with each other, as you are now both in the same situation." The interview with Mr. Wachtel over, I was called by Florentine to another part of the room, and introduced by her to her bridegroom, one of the young gentlemen I had seen at table with her in the inn, on the evening of my arrival at Klaren-

burg. In less than another quarter of an hour it was discovered that the four remaining adjutants were nothing behind their fellows in the affair of betrothal.

The first moments of surprise into which we were all thrown by the unexpected denuements over, Mrs. Waldmark desired me to follow her into another room, where she introduced me to two gentlemen, one of whom was the executor of my grandmother's will, the other the director of the establishment for the poor.

"It may be wrong, perhaps, Robert," said Mrs. Waldmark, "to disturb you in a moment of pleasure, but you are aware of the existence of your grandmother's sealed packet, and the moment for opening it has arrived, as you have announced your betrothal. Here are the two witnesses, so let us proceed to examining the document."

The moment was not very pleasing to me. Not that I cared for the fate of the fifty thousand crowns, having made my choice and won Joanna,—but I would rather have been relieved that evening from all concern about business; however, my mother's friend wished it, and that was enough.

The packet was now produced and opened, after every one had satisfied himself that the seals were entire. The signature was next verified, and the contents read, which ran thus:

"The fifty thousand crowns mentioned in Article 65th of my testament, and now deposited at the bank of Klarenburg, are to be disposed of by my grandson, Robert, in benevolent purposes. But if he should happen to marry the person among my acquaintances to whom I have already, in my own thoughts, wished to see him married, as she is the prettiest, the gentlest, the most pious, and the best informed young lady I

know, I declare it as my wish and intention, that he and his wife shall life-rent the said sum of fifty thousand crowns deposited as aforesaid. The young lady now in my view as a fitting wife for my grandson is called Joanna; she resembles my late beloved daughter, and is the only child of Mr. Wilmar, Inspector of Forests at Blumenwalde. It is my belief that these two young people are destined for each other; and that they will live many happy years together, and see glad days upon earth, for they are both dutiful children, and are compassionate towards the poor and the afflicted; and it is in this belief that I place the means in their hands of gratifying their benevolent feelings. The good seed they shall sow will be more grateful to me hereafter than a monument of marble, which I hereby most earnestly decline."

"So she has chosen Joanna for me!" exclaimed I joyfully, and hastened back to the ball-room to call Joanna and her father to share my joy. When I had explained the matter to my bride, she said with deep emotion: "The last of my wishes is now fulfilled, in my knowledge that our union is attended by the blessing of her to whom we both owe so much. As for the money, Robert, I hope you will grant my first request, and dispose of a part of the interest in behalf of the sufferers at Herzfelde, to whose misfortune it is that I owe the happiness of belonging to you."

Gladly did I comply with the request of my lovely bride, and before I returned to the ball-room I made a promise, in presence of the witnesses and Mrs. Waldmark, to employ the interest of my grandmother's special bequest entirely and for ever in benevolent purposes. Joanna shone that evening like a star of first magnitude among the seven lovely brides.

ON SEEING A DOVE FLYING NEAR THE PEAK OF ONE OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Thou art wandering far above this world,
Bird of the gladsome wing!
Yet whither in those realms above
Art thou now journeying?
Seek'st thou to find a spot thus high
Upon the mountain's breast,
Where thy tired limbs awhile may find
A lone, yet welcome rest?
Where thou may'st sit and ceaseless moan
Thy woes, thou grieved one! alone.

Thou art wandering far above this world,
Yet why stretch forth thy wing?
Since, if thou grieve'st, 'tis but vain
To fly from sorrow's sting.
East, west, north, south—'tis all the same;
Thou shalt find even there,
That mirth—bright mirth—is ever dimmed
By sorrow's gushing tear.

Then cease, oh cease, thy journeying—
Thou can'st not fly from sorrow's sting.

So is it with the wounded heart,
When broken are the chords of love—
It longs to leave this world, and fix
Its hopes in that bright realm above,
Where life is calm and beautiful
As skies of summer even,
For sorrow never dims the smile
That lights the land of heaven.
When fled are all the joys of mirth,
How gladly would we leave this earth;
And like the bird that soars above
The realm of all his hopes and love,
Soar to that land where faith alone
Can tread—where only faith has trod,
To find, when other friends have flown,
Our surest, best, and kindest—God!

EXTRACT FROM
THE JOURNAL OF A PASSENGER

FROM

PHILADELPHIA TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

Author of *Lafitte, Burton, or The Seiges, &c.*

LEAF, NO. I.

A WRECKER'S LUGGER—SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—A YAN-
KEE BRIG—PORTUGUESE MAN-O'-WAR.

We were within sight of the Hole in the Wall, and the morning was beautiful. A little to the south of us, rocking upon the scarcely rising billows, was a rough, clumsy-looking craft, with one low, black mast, and an amputated bowsprit, about four feet in length, sustaining a jib of no particular hue or dimensions. Heisted upon the mast, was extended a dark, red-painted mainsail, blackened by the smoke, which, issuing from a black, wooden chimney amidships, curled gracefully upward, and floated away on the breeze in their blue clouds. A little triangular bit of red bunting fluttered at her mast head; and, towed by a long line at her stern, a little green whaleboat skipped and danced merrily over the waves. Standing, or rather reclining at the helm—for men learn strangely indolent postures in the warm south—with a cigar between his lips, and his eyes fixed earnestly upon our craft, was a black-whiskered fellow, whose head was enveloped in a tri-colored, conical cap, terminated by a tassel, which dangled over his left ear. A blue flannel shirt, and white flowing trowsers, with which his body and limbs were covered, were secured to his person by a red sash tied around the waist, instead of suspenders. Two others, similarly dressed, and as bountifully bewhiskered, leaned listlessly over the side, gazing at our ship, as she dashed proudly past their rude bark. A negro, whose charms would have been unquestionable in Congo, was stretched, apparently asleep, along the mainboom, which, one moment, swung with him over the water, and the next, suspended him over his chimney, whose azure incense ascended, from his own altar, to this ebony deity, in clouds of grateful odor.

"What craft do you call that?" inquired one of the passengers of the captain.

"That? It's a wrecker's lugger. Watch him now!"

At the moment he spoke, the lugger dropped astern of us, came to, a few points, hauled close on the wind, and then, gathering headway, bounded off with the

speed of the wind in the direction of the New York packet ship, which the wrecker's quicker and more practiced eye had detected displaying signals of distress. Turning our glasses in the direction of the ship, we could see that she had grounded on the bank, thereby affording very ample illustration of the truth of the proverb, "the more haste the less speed."

Ahead of us, at various distances, were several brigs and two or three ships. Others which we had passed unseen in the night, were far astern, crowded with canvas; while, skirting the southern horizon, a ship, several brigs, and a polacca, were crowding all sail to clear the banks. These it is at all times dangerous to navigate, on account of the shallowness of the water, which on an average is but from three to four fathoms in depth, even far out of sight of land. In violent storms, when the waves run high, scooping out yawning concaves in these shallow seas, ships, not unfrequently, when plunging into them, are dashed with great violence against the bottom, and materially injured, or perhaps stove to pieces.

About the middle of the forenoon, the wind died away, and left us becalmed within half a mile of a brig loaded with lumber. The remaining vessels of the fleet were fast dispersing over the sea—this Yankee "fruiterer" being the only one sailing within a league of us. Expecting to lie becalmed till the evening breeze should come leaping along,

"Shivering the mirror'd sea,"

we planned an expedition to board her in our jolly boat.

"Steward, hand up the ship's signal bag. I will make out who she is, first—she may be a pirate, for what we know," said the captain, laughingly.

As she was exactly abeam of us, we could not read her name, which was lettered upon her stern. Our flag—the brilliant "star spangled banner"—was then unfolded and hoisted to the peak, from which it hung lifeless, displaying only the red stripes in such a disposition of its folds as to give it more the appearance of the blood-red flag of England, than the gaily striped banner of America. The blue and white signals, so

arranged as to read according to the Telegraphic Spelling Book—

“WHAT
BRIG
IS
THAT?”

next fluttered gaily aloft to their station at the mast-head, and then hung down like so many handkerchiefs suspended by a corner.

After waiting a suitable interval for some answering movement on board the brig, we became a little impatient, and withal, somewhat nettled at the apparent nautical insult.

“Haul down those signals!” was the quick uttered command of our captain, after a few moments farther delay in the way of courtesy; and the flag and signals came fluttering again to the deck. But the moment they reached it, the brig suddenly displayed her colors—not aloft, very wisely, without wind to spread them, but on the quarter-deck, extended fore and aft between two seamen; and the words,

—, BATH,

in letters two feet long, stared us full in the face, thereby converting our muttered *anathemas* into very audible merriment. This was certainly significant enough. Our boat was immediately lowered, and manned by—*ourselves*; and in a few minutes we were riding upon the glassy billows, in the possession of livelier spirits than we had enjoyed for many a day. Even the change from the roomy decks of the ship to the thwarts of the little boat, was a welcome one, for the very reason that it was a *change*. Change at sea, however trifling, is a luxury. A passing spar, at times, will offer sufficient inducement to tempt the imprisoned passenger to quit the ship and float astride upon it for a while.

We soon arrived at the brig, after a delightful row over the limpid surface of the sea, which was so transparent that we could distinctly discern upon its bottom small masses of sponge, fragments of coral, convoluted shells of various sizes, some displaying apertures of the most brilliant pearl, others of pale violet, mingled with crimson; the common scallop (*pecten maximus*) in great numbers, and here and there, a large conch shell, (*strombus gigas*), unfolding to the eye its rich lining of rose color.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said the captain, very cordially, as we ran alongside of his vessel, and climbed ten feet higher than her deck to the summit of a load of lumber—“happy to see you.”

Descending into his little cabin, the entrance to which was designated by an aperture left between the piled-up boards, we soon felt ourselves quite at home, over a bottle of Madeira, which the captain—a well-informed, plain-mannered, Yankee sailor—very kindly uncased for the occasion. It is a wonder how social and communicative a three weeks’ toiling on the waves will render a man. In five minutes we had verily known each other five years. After stay-

ing on board an hour, we left the brig, taking with us her commander to dine on board of our ship. Like a true Yankee, (whose ideas of personal neatness or trimness are a national characteristic,) on learning that there were ladies on board, he detained us a few minutes while he donned his best “bib and tucker,” in the shape of a glossy blue coat, adorned with bright gilt buttons, brushed his hair, sleeked his new beaver with his silk handkerchief, and cased his feet in a pair of virgin pumps.

After partaking of a dinner, for which I herewith make my acknowledgments to the “doctor,” who thereby convinced me that cooking was resolved into a science, of which he was manifestly no inferior *professem*, we made a very pleasant afternoon of it, and when our new friend took his departure, as the evening breeze sprang up, we felt rather more resigned to the sea, which had afforded us so refreshing an episode in our monotonous voyage.

These lumber vessels, which are usually loaded with shingles, masts, spars and boards, have been long the floating ruins of Maine. But as her forests, which are the veins from which she draws the ore, disappear, her sons will have to plough the earth, instead of the ocean. Then, and not till then, will Maine take a high rank as an agricultural State. The majority of men who sail in these lumber vessels are both farmers and sailors; who cultivate their farms at one season, sell its timber and sail away with it, in the shape of boards and shingles, to a West India mart, at another. Jonathan is the only man who knows how to carry on two trades at one time, and carry them on successfully.

For their lumber, which they more frequently *barter* away than sell, they generally obtain a return cargo of molasses, which is converted by our “sober and moral” fellow countrymen into liquid gunpowder, in the vats of those numerous distilleries, which, like guide-posts to the regions of death, line the sea skirts of New England.

The remainder of the day and night we had a fine breeze, and by the next morning had lost sight of every sail with which we were in company the preceding day, excepting our Yankee friend, who was just disappearing hull down on the horizon, bound into Matanzas. We, in the meanwhile, steering more to the westward, ran at a rapid rate for the narrow passage between Cuba and Florida. The wind, however, soon deserted us again, and for the five following days we lay becalmed, suffering under the combined influence of a fiery sun, a burning deck, and dazzling sea. There was not even a “cat’s-paw” to straiten out our dog-vane. We amused ourselves, however, in the meanwhile, as well as could be expected, in reading, writing, and boat-rowing; in which last pastime, I frequently indulged—leaning for hours over the stern of the little boat as it rose and fell gently upon the long and majestic swells peculiar to lengthened calms, in company with my young fellow passengers, P****, and B****. The former has just left the halls of Bowdoin; and, true to the adventurous spirit which glows in the bosoms of young New Englanders, is on his way to the “Great West,” that *incognita terra* of a

Northerner's aspirations, to seek fortune, fame and happiness—

"Happiness, our being's end and aim."

He is of noble stock—American nobility, mark you, is of the MIND!—and, if I know him aright, he will add lustre to his honorable patronymic.

B*** is of another mould. He is one among the amiable and excellent of the earth. A sincere Christian—his holy faith beams in all his looks, and mantles in every smile. There is a dignified simplicity—a child-like *naïveté*, and a winning gentleness in his manner, which captivates at once, and involuntarily calls forth admiration and esteem. He is destined for the ministry. But consumption has marked him for her own. She has laid her withering finger upon him, and I fear his star will go out long before it reaches the zenith.*

The smooth bottom, above which we were suspended, through the deceptive transparency of the water, appeared, though eighteen feet beneath us, within reach of the oar. But there were many objects floating by upon the surface which afforded us more interest than all beneath it.

Among these was the little Nautilus, which, gaily dancing over the waves, like a Lilliputian mariner—

"Spreads his thin oar and courts the rising gale."

This beautiful animal sailed past us in fleets, wafted by a breeze gentler than an infant's breathing. We endeavored to secure one of them, more beautiful than its fellows, but like a sensitive plant, it instantly shrunk at the touch, and sunk beneath the surface; appearing, beneath the water, like a little animated globule, tinged with the most delicate colors. This beautiful animal is termed by the sailors, "The Portuguese Man-o'-War," from what imaginary resemblance to the war vessels of His Most Christian Majesty I am at a loss to determine, unless we refer for the solution of the mystery to a jack-tar, whom I questioned upon the subject.

"It's caze as how they takes in all sail, or goes cluck to bottom, when it 'gins to blow a spankin' breeze."

Truly, a fine compliment to the navy of Portugal!

This animal is a genus of the mollusca tribe, which

* This estimable young gentleman is since deceased. Shortly after his arrival in the west, he entered the Theological Seminary at Lexington, Kentucky, and during the prevalence of an epidemic, subsequently, in that city and institution, like his divine master, he went from couch to couch of his fellow-students, administering both spiritual and temporal relief. Three of his intimate friends, one after another, he followed to the grave; and while watching by the pillow of a fourth he was called away to nobler acts of mercy and love in heaven. He died a martyr to Christian philanthropy, and he died like a Christian! "In him," to use the language of his eulogist, "the church has lost one who promised to be eminently useful as he was eminently holy."

glitters in the night on the crest of every bursting wave. In the tropical seas, it is found riding over the gently ruffled billows in great numbers, with its crystalline sail expanded to the light breeze—barks delicate and tiny enough for fairy "Queen Mab." Tormented by naturalists *pharsalia*, from its habit of inflating its transparent sail, this splendid animal is often confounded with the *nautilus pompilius*, a genus of marine animals, of an entirely distinct species, and of a much ruder appearance, whose dead shells are found floating every where in the tropical seas, while the living animal is found swimming upon the ocean in every latitude.

Dr. Coates, in describing the Portuguese man-o'-war, (*pharsalia*), says that "it is an oblong animated sack of air, elongated at one extremity into a conical neck, and surmounted by a membranous expansion running nearly the whole length of the body, and rising above into a semi-circular sail, which can be expanded or contracted to a considerable extent, at the pleasure of the animal. From beneath the body, are suspended from ten to fifty, or more, little tubes, from half an inch to an inch in length, open at their lower extremity, and formed like the flower of the blue bottle. These I cannot but consider as proper stomachs, from the centre of which depends a little cord, never exceeding the fourth of an inch in thickness, and often forty times as long as the body.

"The group of stomachs is less transparent; and although the hue is the same as that of the back, they are on this account incomparably less elegant. By their weight and form, they fill the double office of a keel and ballast, while the cord-like appendage, which floats out for yards behind, is called by seamen the cable." With this organ, which is supposed by naturalists, from the extreme pain felt when brought in contact with the back of the hand, to secrete a poisonous or acrid fluid, the animal secures his prey. But, in the opinion of Dr. C., naturalists, in deciding upon this mere hypothesis, have concluded too hastily. He says that the secret will be better explained by a more careful examination of the organ itself. "The chord is composed of a narrow layer of contractile fibres, scarcely visible when relaxed, on account of its transparency. If the animal be large, this layer of fibres will sometimes extend itself to the length of four or five yards. A spiral line of blue, bead-like bodies, less than the head of a pin, revolves around the cable from end to end, and, under the microscope, these beads appear covered with minute prickles, so hard and sharp that they will readily enter the substance of wood, adhering with such pertinacity that the cord can rarely be detached without breaking.

"It is to these prickles that the man-of-war owes its power of destroying animals much its superior in strength and activity. When any thing becomes impaled upon the cords, the contractile fibres are called into action, and rapidly shrink, from many feet in length, to less than the same number of inches, bringing the prey within reach of the little tubes, by one of which it is immediately swallowed.

"Its size varies from half an inch to six inches in length. When it is in motion the sail is accommoda-

ted to the force of the breeze, and the elongated neck is curved upward, giving to the animal a form strongly resembling the little glass swans which we sometimes see swimming in goblets.

"It is not the form, however, which constitutes the chief beauty of this little navigator. The lower part of the body and the neck are devoid of all colors except a faint iridescence in reflected lights, and they are so perfectly transparent that the finest print is not obscured when viewed through them. The back be-

comes gradually tinged, as we ascend, with the finest and most delicate hues that can be imagined; the base of the sail equals the purest sky in depth and beauty of tint; the summit is of the most splendid red, and the central part is shaded by the gradual intermixture of these colors through all the intermediate grades of purple. Drawn, as it were, upon a ground-work of mist, the tints have an aerial softness far beyond the reach of art."

[To be continued.]

REMEMBER ME.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

REMEMBER ME—

Not as thou would'st a flower whose leaves are broken—

Whose rich, glad hues were brighten'd but to flee;
That were, alas! too fair, too sweet a token
To 'waken in thy breast my memory.

Remember me—

Not as thou would'st a thought once proudly glowing
With all life's early freshness, warm and free,
For then the fount of memory is flowing
Too high, too full, to call up thoughts of me.

Remember me—

Not as thou would'st thy mornings early breaking,
When the bright sun shone glad on land and sea;
Thy bosom is too proud of its awaking,
To cast away one blissful thought on me.

Remember me—

E'en as thou would'st the autumn leaf that's lying
In solitary sorrow by the tree,
Clinging to what is loved in life; tho' dying,
'Tis thus I'd have thee sadly think of me.

Remember me—

As thou would'st call back some old strain of sweetness,
Whose melancholy breathings pleasur'd thee;
And when thou sighest o'er its vanished fleetness,
Then 'waken in thy heart one thought of me.

Remember me—

Sadly remember me—for I am lonely,
And pleasant things are but a mockery;
I would be with thee in thy sorrows only,
Therefore, in grief, I pray, remember me.

LINES.

We are fading away—we are fading away;
We'll be gone ere long from the earth;
Ere the leaves of spring shall have sprung from decay,
None will know that we ever had birth.

We are doomed—we are doomed—our stay is not here,
Our home's in the dark, noiseless tomb;
Tho' we love the bright earth, and to many are dear,
Yet we cannot remain, for we're doomed.

We'll be gone—we'll be gone—when the first rose of spring
Shall open to beauty and light;

We'll break thro' those ties which to fond hearts will cling—
Far away will we hasten our flight.

Our lov'd ones—our lov'd ones—are taken before;
We cannot remain, now they're gone;
Away thro' the realms of vast space we will soar,
Lest without us they there feel alone.

Then, farewell! oh, farewell! to you, friends of my youth;
Oh, think of me when you're alone,
And to you, when away in the mansions of truth,
I'll descend in a whispering tone.

THE LOVE OF WOMAN.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

PERSONS.

Eustache,
Mervin,
Gerauld,
Officers, Gens-d'armes, &c.
Annabelle,
Marguerite,
Peasantry, &c.

PART I.

SCENE—*The Country near Paris—Evening.—ANNA-BELLE, MARGUERITE; Peasant Girls, &c. dropping off by degrees.*

ANNABELLE, (taking MARGUERITE by the hand,)
LIGHT-HEARTED France, whose deepest groans are
breathed

To merry pipes and mirth-resounding feet,
When wilt thou learn to feel? O, what a brow
Were this to sparkle in some clime of laughter,
Where nothing wither'd, saving guilt and grief!
There it were lovely as the smile of seraphs
Descending heaven to bring a spirit home—
But here the paler the more beautiful—
This eye more wet with pity were more bright—
This voice more tremulous, most musical!

Mar. Sweet Annabelle, why dost thou weep?

Ann. Alas!

Has not each day borne weeds and widowhood
To every hamlet of romantic Seine?
Broke in the midst the lively vintage song,
And made it end in tears and lamentation?
O, we have friends and brothers!

Mar. We have lost none.

Ann. We have the more to lose. Those crimson
streets

Of the dread city never will be dry
Till every eye and every throbbing vein
Has paid its tributary drop—Didst hear
That leaden sound come shuddering through the air?
Didst hear it, Marguerite?

Mar. Too true, I heard
The ceaseless voice of that inhuman engine
Telling its tale of death.

Ann. And canst thou guess
What spirit, newly freed, floats on the wind
That passes us? This morn we might have told
Each star that form'd the blessed constellation
About our hearts—How may we count them now?

Mar. Thy fancy is too busy. More than this
I shar'd with thee at first, but frequent horrors
Have grown familiar; and the worn in battle,

Though he can find a sigh for those who fall,
Forgets his fears for those who may. E'en thou
Hast not been long a yellow leaf amidst
The purple wreath of mingling gayety,
Circling our rustic homes. I've seen thee dash
Thy tears away, and seem the very soul
Of mirth and frolic innocence. E'en then
I've seen thee—when yon fatal sound, as now,
Brought its black mandate through the still, soft
night,

To stay our steps, and cast an eye to heav'n—
Yield thy unclasped hand to him thou lov'st,
And force thyself to happiness again.

Ann. True—I have much to mourn.

Mar. But yet not this—

Some recent grief reflects its vividness
Upon the fading colors of the past.
The time's gone by thou shouldst have been a bride;
And thou dost talk no more of the young soldier
Who was so dear a theme.

Ann. It is because

A worthless maiden's words cannot enrich him.

Mar. Why art thou changed?

Ann. I am too much the same.

Mar. And he has proved unkind?

Ann. O, not unkind!

Yet, if he were, what right have I to blame him?
I had no claim upon his love—no more
Than the scorch'd pilgrim on the summer-breeze,
And could not chide it when it pass'd away,
Save with my tears.

Mar. And hath it pass'd away?
Forget him, Annabelle.

Ann. The wither'd flower
Forget the dew that bath'd its morning blossom—
The orphan'd heart forget its mother's breast!

Mar. Then will I lose thy love, and tell thee all.

Ann. Hold, I beseech thee, Marguerite, if aught
Thou'dst speak disparagingly of Eustache—
He never spoke so of his enemies.

Mar. But does so by his friends. It is not just
To let thee mourn for what thou shouldst despise.
Thou dost remember the chateau hard by,
Whose airy pillars, from their spire knoll,

Cleaved, as we fancied, the red streaky sun-set
 Into square furnaces of flame? We sat
 Amidst the amphitheatre of vineyards,
 Which, twining in their playful luxury,
 Leap'd up to screen the low plebeian world
 From its white walls and ruby-studded windows.
 O, what soft words then mingled with thy soul,
 Like breath of roses, with the breeze about us!
 What joy and fondness danced in his dark eye,
 As if they had been conjur'd into life
 By the sweet music of responsive hearts!
 I gazed apart upon the happiest pair
 That ever sigh'd the twilight hour away.

Ann. Talk on—the memory of departed bliss
 Is the most dear of sorrows.

Mar. I employed
 My solitude in watching your lips move,
 And giving meaning to each gentle gesture.
 I thought you playfully described some fair
 And wealthier maid to his reluctant ear;
 Made her the mistress of that sweet chateau
 And vineyard wilderness, then crown'd her worth
 With love for him, almost as true as thine.

Ann. I then could jest with him.

Mar. He look'd reproach,
 Press'd your soft cheek to his, and fondly pointing
 To yon small star which shone so constantly
 Directly o'er your honeysuckled cottage,
 Seem'd as he swore his happiness and fate
 Were ruled by that and thee.

Ann. Well, Marguerite—
 My tears prove how I listen.

Mar. I have done;
 There is a mistress of that tempting home,
 And the fair star that governs thy Eustache
 Hath passed into another sphere.

Ann. And there
 May it remain, and beauteous Mathilde
 Prove worthy as most fortunate and lovely!

Mar. Speak you so fondly of her?

Ann. And why not?
 I loved her ere I did suspect the tale
 Of which you deemed me ignorant; and now
 His love assures me that I judged her well.

Mar. Sweet Annabelle, if she deserved your praise
 She would not steal away your early hopes.
 Could you be happy in the smiles of falsehood—
 Receive the sighs of a cold, truant heart,
 Whilst every one was wasting the faint life
 From innocence that pined in virgin faith?
 O, no! Be sure what he hath basely won
 Will prove as base in value.

Ann. Look—he comes!

Mar. He dares? Oh no, this cannot be Eustache!
 How changed his spirit from the days of pride,
 When conscious innocence upheld his head!
 Falsehood and shame have crush'd him like a worm,
 And riveted his once bold eye to the dust!

Ann. Leave me, I pray you—I would wish him
 happy,
 Show I resent not—pardon him, and say
 Farewell—much, much, that shakes me to pronounce,
 And him no jot to hear. Nay, weep not for me,

It is an office that I can do myself.
 Young soul, and did I blame thee for not feeling?
 Resume thy smiles, and never know the pang
 To be forsaken?

ANNABELLE, EUSTACHE.

Ann. Welcome, dear Eustache!
 We have been strange of late.

Eus. I have deserved!
 Reproach, and fear'd to meet it, Annabelle.

Ann. Reproach from me! O, never!

Eus. Then you cease
 To love?

Ann. It is a useless question. No;
 I can be constant and ask no return.

Eus. I am a wretch whom you should scorn, not
 love,

And scarce have virtue to declare my villainy.

Ann. Needs there excuse to me for choosing her
 Whom you love best? Did I not always pray
 That no devotion to a hasty promise
 Should be as fatal to yourself as want
 Of worth to me? Indeed, most dear Eustache,

I shall be happier to see you happy
 With her you love, than wretched with myself.

Eus. Thy shame for me hath spared my tongue
 what well

Might wither it. What shall I say, thou dear one?
 (For dear thou art, though I am false to thee.)

Entrust thee to forget? I who besought
 Thy love so long—and bade thee swear, and told
 thee

What years of paradise each broken vow,
 Like a loss'd fiend, drove withering from thy hopes!
 And shall I urge thee to receive some other,
 Who more deserves thee, to thy wounded bosom?
 I who so often sigh'd upon that altar
 My shadowy jealousy—my causeless dreams,
 Of where thou might'st have lavished thy young love
 Had we ne'er met? I who did fear to die
 Lest I should leave my sacred place to one
 Who might more dearly fill it?

Ann. O hush, hush!

Though I must love to hear of other times,
 I would not buy the pleasure at thy pain.
 O, why shouldst thou look back; who hast so much
 Of joy before thee?

Eus. Joy for me?—in what?
 In constant fears that those in whom I trust
 Will leave me to the loneliness of those
 Who trusted me? Is there a spot on earth,
 A hue in heaven, which hath not something in it
 Which we have dwelt upon together? Something
 To frown remembrance, penitence, despair?
 Is there a virtue blooming in this world
 Which will not show thee in thy meek forgiveness?
 Is there a crime which will not make me shrink
 By claiming kindred with the one 'gainst thee?
 Is there a beauty, bright above the rest,
 Which will not tell me she whom I forsook
 Possess'd it in a blush more paramount?
 O, Annabelle! I came to thee in fear,

But still prepared, and anxious for reproach ;
Not to be cursed with pardon.

Ann.

Must I not

Remain your friend ?—This morn, while yet the sun

Dwelt with a crimson mist upon our vineyard,
And purple clouds, like happy lovers, stole
With smiles and tears into each other's bosom,
I threw my lattice wide to drink the stream
Of liquid odors rolling from the south ;
And then came mix'd with it a marriage song,
Whose distant melody did seem to dance
Upon a hundred lips of revelry,
And bells and flageolets, and all the sounds
Befitting happiness and summer sunshine.
'Twas a strange thing to weep at, yet I wept—
I know not why.—Some weep for grief, and some
For joy—but I for neither, or for both
Mix'd in a feeling more beloved than either,
Which weigh'd my heart down like a drooping bough

Overloaded with its luxury of roses.
And then—and then—the thoughts of silly maids
Run wilder than these roving vines—I found
My hands were clasp'd together, and my spirit
Stole from my eyes with a dim sense of prayer,
Which had no words. I begg'd a gentle fortune
Upon the newly wedded—pray'd I not
For thee, Eustache ?

Eus. I thought I had no more

To tell thee.

Ann. Nor thou hast, Eustache ; I'll guess it.

I know not—I—I shall speak presently.
I pray thee think not that I grieve thou'rt happy ;
For e'en the victim that courts immolation
To win the garden, blooming with bright stars,
Will writhe beneath the blow that sends it thither.

Eus. O, if thou meet'st at the life that's due to thee,
How oft thou'lt drop a pitying tear for him
Who madly did desert his share of it ?

Ann. Not madly—no. Be cheerful, dear Eustache—

I shall do well enough—I must love still,
For that is life, and that thy bride will spare me :
But here is that which I have worn for years,
Smiled with, and wept with, and almost believed
It understood me. O, if 'twere but so,
And could but speak, I would enjoin it tell thee
When'er a truer heart did beat against it.
Take it—it is Mathilde's—but do not think
I yield it up in anger or in pride—
No, dear Eustache—no more than dwells within
The fond kiss given with it *then* and *now*.

Eus. The first dear present of accepted love !
O, hide it—stamp on it—let it be dust—
For such I made the lineaments of one
More faithful, and, like thee, forsaken.

Ann.

Ah !

The fierce Merzon ! Mathilde's deserted lover !
I have a chill foreboding—he hath ne'er
Enjoy'd the bliss of pardoning a wrong,
And has a heart that would not shrink from blood,
Though 'twere his father's.

Eus.

He is freely welcome

To every drop of mine, for I do long
For some dire, speedy vengeance to o'ertake me.
Thou ne'er wilt know the shuddering of that pause
When guilt awaits its meed.

Ann.

What men are these ?

Eus. A troop of minions from the city bandits,
Reeking from carnage, and in search of fresh—

Ann. O, wherefore should th' unhallow'd miscreants

Bring here their death denouncing steps ? Eustache,
Thou'st shown too oft thy manly indignation
Against the murderers—thou hast cross'd their path,
With speech and sword till thou hast roused their
hate—

Ah me ! thy virtue was enough for that !

Indeed thou must not meet them.

Eus.

Nor avoid—

I scorn'd the wretches when my life was precious—
I have less need to fly them now.

ANNABELLE, EUSTACHE, GERAULT, OFFICER,
AND GENS-D'ARMES.

Ger.

Eustache,

Thy hand—we once were comrades.

Eus. (turning from him.)

Once.

Of.

Thou hast

Some certain friends, Eustache, who see with pity
Thy daily horror at these grievous times—
Some who would spare thee its continuance.

Eus. 'Tis kind, indeed ; and for the courtesy,
I'll pray for them and thee that you may find
The good you give, and that right speedily—
Come, sir, unfold.

Ger.

Thou'rt summon'd to thy trial.

Eus. Most rapid payment ! fatal, but most just !
Sir, I am too straightforward to love forms—
Death cannot come more welcome than to him
That's out of love with life. Your mock tribunal
Will never hear me plead to it, nor revel
In the sweet pastime of denying mercy
To suppliant Eustache ; therefore, at once,
Beseech you, feed your longing to behold
The blood that spurns you. (To Annabelle.) Mute,
thou faithful one !

Thou'lt not be so where tones like thine are heard.

On, sir—I am as ready to be led

As thou to lead me.

Ger.

Now, by heaven, young soldier,

Thou'st made me hate my office. I have heard
The howling of a thousand recreants
Unmoved, but tamely to destroy the brave
Is the worst blot on bravery.

Ann. (rushing to him.)

Bless thee, bless thee !

Thou wilt return, and take, instead of blood,
All good men's prayers for ever !

Ger.

Would I could—

But see, (pointing to his attendants,) 'tis past my power
to befriend him ;

A word would make me partner in his fate.

Ann. Art thou not human ?

Of. (advancing to Eustache.) We delay too long.

Ann. (flinging one arm round Eustache, and opposing with the other.)

Stand off! who dares to place a villain's hand
Upon Eustache? I can be proud as humble,
And will not sue to these for e'en thy life—
Do you not hear? lead on!

Eus. And so farewell!

Ann. Leave thee! I leave thee! Let Mathilde enjoy

Thy sunshine—in the storm thou'rt mine again!

Of. (placing his hand upon her.) We must divide you.

Eus. Hold! (to Gerault.) Thou'rt less a wretch.

Lead her with kindness home; she's young in sorrow,
And never learnt hard usage till I taught her.

Farewell, farewell! *[Exit with the rest.]*

Ann. (falling into the arms of Gerault.)

Now thou art false indeed!

PART II.

SCENE—Montmartre.

ANNABELLE, GERAULT.

Ger. Rest—rest, poor maid.

Ann. 'Tis all one world of black;

No hill, no tower from its vapory bed
Leaps up to mark the bounds of earth and heaven.
The stars, too, glide and glimmer underneath us
Like those above. Where are we, gentle guide?

Ger. These lights are burning in the sleepless city.
This height thou hast trod with happier feet ere now—
Bewilder'd girl, dost thou forget Montmartre?

Ann. O, thou dost well remind me! for this scene
Is known as loved, and that is truly. Here
Each summer eve I parted with Eustache,
And first did learn to weep.

Ger. And here, as then,
I'd have thee think upon thy peaceful home,
And learn to smile again.

Ann. To smile! on whom?
Thou madest a promise and an oath. O think
How base is he who cheats the broken-hearted!

Ger. Mistrust me not. I grieve, but will be faithful.

Ann. So shalt thou gain a blessing which thou'lt count

Amongst the sunbeams of a stormy life:
A scatter'd plank to save thee from despair
When seas of blood would overwhelm thy death-bed.

Ger. Yet 'tis a fearful place thou'dst have me show thee.

Ann. And fearful is my need. Thou'rt wavering still;

Thine oath! remember!

Ger. I suspect thy purpose
Is something desperate. At thy feet, sweet maid,
I do beseech thy pity on thyself.

Ann. Came I not here in pity of myself?
Here lies our downward path. I do believe
That thou wert made for tenderness and virtue,
And walk'd in crime by accident. Alas!
I can but pay thy labor with my thanks.

A Prison.

EUSTACHE AND GUARD.

Eus. The hours pass slowly—tell me, if you will,
How near my last approaches?

Guard. It is midnight
Already.

Eus. The last minute that was granted
To my desire, and yet Mathilde not here?
I did entreat a swifter messenger.

Guard. Perhaps the maid is wise, and better loves
To meet new friends than say farewell to old.

Eus. And wilt thou jeer the dying? If thy soul
Were not too crusted in with blood and murder,
I could relate enough to make it human.

Guard. So every one of you believes his fate
The hardest; and, for partings and last wills,
And whatsoever comes readiest, implores
Fresh work for the tribunal's ministers,
To wait and watch till he hath heart to die.

Eus. Was it for dread of death I ask'd to live?
Thou slanderer! What if the same wild day
Beheld thee wretched in blushing bridal fetters,
Then saw them sudden changed to links of iron,
And these so soon to yield their victim up
To bondage in a blood-bedappled shroud?
Wouldst thou not long for some fond, faithful ear,
To listen while thou saidst, "These things are
strange!"

Guard. But still this wonderer comes not.

Eus. Poor Mathilde!
Wedded and widow'd in a day, thy spirit
Hath too much woman in it not to sink;
Thou canst not come. Yet she whom I forsook
Was firm and fond enough to share my dungeon!
I heard a knocking!

Guard. 'Twas the workman's hammer
Joining the sledge that bears thee to thy doom:
Thou art more honor'd than the herd of culprits.

Eus. (in deep thought.) I tempted thee to falsehood—Can it be

Thou wert too apt a pupil? Fie! 'tis savage
To doubt thy truth ere yet the virgin blush
Hath left thy cheek. Thou wilt be here.—A cry!

Guard. It is the rabble crowding round the portal
To see thee pass. The guard is turning out.

Eus. My heart beats strangely lest she should not come!

Guard. Why, thou dost shake!

Eus. No matter; say 'tis fear;
And though thou liest, I will not tell thee so—
My mind's too busy to care what thou say'st—

[relapsing.]
I cannot die until I have heard thee swear

Eternal hatred of the foe whose hand
In secret malice writes me down for carnage;
I cannot die till I have bade thee love
The poor—poor injured Annabelle (knocking.) Thou
heard'st?

It is a knocking, and now death is over—
And I'm in heaven. My wife! Mathilde!

[The door opens, and Merzon enters.

Merzon!

Mer. Thou sent'st a message to Mathilde, Eustache.

Eus. And did she fix on thee to bring the answer?

Mer. Did she not well choose so dear a friend?
I have been comforting the wedded maid,
And come to say how well she is resign'd
To give thee to a better world.

Eus. *Thou comfort her?*
The loathed, the spurn'd Merzon, whom, heaven judge
me,

I pitied for the distance I did fling him?

Mer. Thou wert indeed almost victorious:
Therefore 'twas needful to remove thee quickly.

Eus. And wilt thou boast thou wert not brave
enough

To meet with an equal manliness?

Mer. Were the wrong equal, so were our contention;

We do not yield the robber stab for stab.
List, for thy time is brief. Thou didst believe
That thou wert wed to never-dying faith,
Which, shadow-like, would follow all thy fortunes
With equal steps—presumptuous aspirant!
What claim had'st thou to excellence so far
Above the reach of more deserving men?
Thy truth to her to whom thou first wert plighted?
What hope? thy bride's tried constancy to me?
Alas! thou'lt find her weak and wavering
As thou thyself?

Eus. *Thou shameless and despised!*
If such the prize, why has the loss of it
Thus driven thee to damn thyself?

Mer. 'Twas said
I lov'd the maid—'twas true—I lov'd her beauty.
'Twas said she had discarded me for thee;
And this was true. Now tell when mortal man
Hath laid his hand on aught that pleas'd the will
Or deck'd the honor of Merzon, and lived?
What more? I pass'd into the revel throng,
And ate me by the mistress of the feast.
Some marvell'd that thy absence should so far
Belie thy promise; some that thy place was fill'd
By me, the whilst the bride spoke tremblingly
To bid me welcome to the wedding cheer.

Eus. To make thee scorn'd of others as of her.

Mer. The time went by—the pausing mirth re-
vived,

And all believed I came in friendliness
To banish idle fears of my revenge;
While, 'midst the busy sounds of lute and song,
I told my grief, and woke a soft remorse
In her who listened.

Eus. *And who listen'd only*
For a defender from thy cursed tongue.

Mer. She sigh'd and wept—"She knew not half my
love,

She had been rash; yet, since the deed was done,
We must henceforth meet only in our prayers."
At length comes one with ghastly face to tell
The dire mischance which had befall'n the bride-
groom;

And there were wonder and becoming woe,
And tears in some, and prophecies recalled,
Which beldames muttered ere you left the altar—
How two false-hearted never could be blest,
And sudden wrath would follow. And what then?
The scared Mathilde sobb'd loudly with affright
And disappointment of her marriage hopes;
Whilst I renew'd the offer of my love,
And kind forgetfulness of all the past.

Eus. Ay, and she spurn'd thee.

Mer. *No; she was too thankful.*

Eus. O, my good guard, be blest, and loose my
chains

One instant while I tear this liar piecemeal.

Mer. Alas, poor youth, thou hast not strength
enough

To carry thine own weight! I will have done.
A season pass'd in pitiful remembrance,
And decent weeds, shall faithfully be paid thee;
Nor will I chide her if, in after times,
She drops a wandering tear upon thy tomb,
Or lulls me with the strain you taught her.

Eus. *Monster!*

He hath destroy'd her, or she had been here
To scare him back to hell!

Mer. *She is come here*

To witness what I speak. Behold the ring
Which made you one. She drew it from her finger
With horror, lest some unimagined judgment
Should fall upon the wearer; and returns it
By me, with pray'rs, that thou wilt die repentant.

(To himself, as he walks slowly out, looking
steadily back upon Eustache.)

Ay! doth he writhe?—he made me live in torment;
And thus in torment will I have him die.

Eus. (clapping his hands.) Be merciful, and teach
me, ere I die,

That this bad man doth wrong her!

Guard. *Come, prepare.*

Eus. Not yet—not yet.

Guard. *We have delay'd too long.*
I do endanger my own safety.

Eus. *Oh!*

If thou dost die for sparing me one hour,
Thy sins will be forgiven!

Guard. *Impossible—*

I pity thee, but have no power to spare.

Eus. (kneeling.) Look—look—I kneel to thee, and
thou dost weep.

I am afraid to die.

Guard. *Thou hast been brave;*

Go nobly to thy death.

Eus. *And so I will;*

Let me but know my wife is innocent,
My blood shall gush with laughter from my veins!

EUSTACHE, GUARD, GENS-D'ARME.

Eus. Now, now, my messenger, let loose thy words,
Like one that's pleading for his life. Thou saw'st Mathilde.

Gens-d'Arme. And did thy message—

Eus. And the answer?

Gens-d'Arme. The lady wept, and said a friend would bring it.

(*Eustache dashes himself upon the ground.*)

I've seen Eustache stand boldly in the battle.

Guard. Would he had died there! it hath wrung my heart

To look upon his anguish. His accuser
Was here but now to crush him with the news
Of his young bride's unworthiness. I would
Have stabb'd the wretch; but dar'd not for his power.

Gens-d'Arme. His case is hard—'twere best to free him quickly.

Come, rouse him.

Guard. Now for pity do't thyself;

I'm only fit for common cruelties.

Gens-d'Arme. Why, man, he hath a comrade in his death

Would move thee more—a delicate young boy,
And lovely as a maiden. I look'd on
The whilst he stood before our dread tribunal;
And when maturer victims groan'd and wept,
His cheek seem'd pale with sorrow more than fear;
He heard his sentence with a smile, and ask'd
No mercy saving leave to empt his veins
In the same current with Eustache. He comes;
I could not harm a thing so beautiful.

Guard. Who hath denounced him?

Gens-d'Arme. None that I could hear;

I saw him pressing through the crowd to join
A string of criminals who stood for sentence,
And there, in spite of one who strove to hold him,
With tears and prayers, he gain'd what seem'd his wish.

THE ABOVE. ANNABELLE, (as a peasant boy,)
GERAULT, GUARDS, &c.

Ann. (*Rushing to Eustache, bends over him, and speaks in a suppressed tone.*)

Thou'rt mine at last—our blood will now be wedded
In a sweet stream, sacred to faithful love!

[*The death-bell tolls.*]

Eus. (*Springing up.*) Mathilde, Mathilde! are there so many here,

And thou away?

Ger. Be patient, good Eustache;

If she forgets thee, thou art still beloved
As never man hath been.

Eus. I hear thee not!

I cannot for the beating of my heart;
He said he was to marry her! my wife!
Ofte, no, no? which of you art wilt gain

VOL. III.

E

The blessing of a dying man, and say
That she is dead?

(*He sinks overpowered upon the bosom of Annabella.*
Ann. He hath forgotten me.

Eus. Why do we stay? on, on, sweet friends, to death,

For I am braver than the reeking Mars,
And scent my own blood with a raven's longing!
Pale, faithful, and forsaken Annabelle,
Was it for this I blanch'd thy blooming cheek?
Come hither one of you—I have a word
Of special trust. (*to Annabelle.*) There is a gentle girl
Who hath been faithful to me since the day
When first her eye look'd love and loveliness.
Succeeding years bestow'd their tribute graces,
And with each grace, it seem'd, increasing fondness;
Till radiant womanhood hath made her perfect.
Well then, I snatch'd the prize, and with a soul
Tumultuous in its passionate gratitude,
Fell down and shudder'd my wild thanks to heaven!
Fool, fool and villain! She was won—what more
Could such an idiot wish for? I forsook her,
Forgot at once her tenderness and tears,
And married with another, O, good youth,
Teach me some dying message to this maid
Of fitting sorrow and reviving love;
For I am bow'd with humbleness, and have
No power to instruct thee.

Ann. Shall I say

Thou hast resumed thy faith?

Eus. She will not trust thee

Say, if thou canst, whate'er a dying man
Can feel when those he cherish'd have proved false,
Those he deserted true.

Ann. Thy Annabelle
Believes and is most blest! now we will go

In triumph to our bridal's crimson altar,
And with commingling spirits gaze upon
Our nuptial moon in Paradise.

Ger. 'Tis true;

This faithful maid is come to die with thee.

Eus. Hold, let me breathe—my Annabelle! to die?

To die with me? O, pity me, ye heavens!

Ann. It is in vain; thou canst not leave me now.

Yon grave tribunal, gentler than Eustache,
Did hear my prayers, and framed a crime for me
Which I confess'd, more gladly than my love
When first you ask'd it. (*to Gerault.*) Take my latest thanks.

At morn seek out the youthful Marguerite,
And tell my story, with this fond addition:
I left no dearer friend than her and thee.

Thy hand, most dear Eustache.

Eus. Ye vengeful powers,

Requite my guilt less terribly! 'Tis just
I suffer, but is death too little? Must I
Know the last eye that would have wept my fall,
Closes untimely with my own? The voice—
The only voice that had excused thy wrongs,
And smoothed my name, can utter no lament?
O, mercy, mercy! let not one so stiff
Indict a pang so deadly.

Ann. 'Thou'lt forgive me
My heart betray'd, or I had died with thee
An unknown partner.

Eus. Mercy! yet, no merry!
What white brow, and those sweet raven braids,
Which have reposed upon my heart so oft—
A moment hence, and where will they repose?
Where, where that delicate, devoted form
Which the vile mob shall stand to gaze upon
And wonder what the features might have been?

'Tis the last time that mortal lips shall touch
them.

[Clasping her violently.]

Ann (*The death bell tolling*) Hark to that sound!
it is our marriage peal!

Eus. Sweet Annabelle!

Ann. Come, come, the choir is waiting
To sing us into Paradise!

Eus O, God!

[*They go out hand in hand, followed by the rest.*]

SCHNEIDENSTEIN:

OR, THE ENCHANTED SMALL-CLOTHES.

"Si fabula erit parum lepida sciote Batavam esse."—*Erasmus.*
If the story be not pretty, know it is a Dutch one.

BY L. A. WILMER.

THE extended shadow of the distant mountain darkened the front of that magnificent castle which had, for ages, been the family seat of the barons of Huggenstein. Or, to tell the tale with less circumlocution, it was almost sunset, when the lady Kotreen, the sole representative of this ancient family, was taking her evening walk on the battlements of the chateau. The lady Kotreen was an orphan, only nineteen years old, and without even an uncle or guardian to keep her in subjection until she was of a suitable age to take care of herself. Of course, the lady Kotreen acted very much as she pleased. As far as her eye could reach, she saw no lands but her own; farm, village, and forest—every object within the scope of her vision belonged to the Huggenstein estate. Of course, the lady Kotreen was rich.

As for personal appearance, the lady Kotreen was doubtless as pretty as young ladies of German extraction usually are. In stature she was short; her complexion was blonde, and the blue eyes and light hair of her country became her exceedingly. Her figure—like that of most German ladies, was pyramidal—a plan of architecture which (though many do not admire it,) has some striking advantages. The pyramid, we are told, is not easily overthrown by earth quakes, or any thing else; and, analogically speaking, a prudent man should wish his wife to be formed on that principle.

The lady Kotreen, placing one fair hand above her eyes, gazed long and ardently in the direction of the forest, from which a road conducted to the gate of the castle.

"Dorothy," said she to one of her maids who stood at her elbow. "Dorothy, do you not see a rising dust?"

Dorothy looked first and then answered, "At a very great distance, madam, methinks I do."

"It is he!—he comes!" exclaimed the lady Kotreen. "Thank heaven! nothing has befallen my dear Schneideinstein, and he is true to his promise."

"Ah, madam," said Dorothy, you little know how the baron adores you. When last he came hither, he gave me a silver crown and a—"

"A what?" said the young baroness, in a tone of impatience.

"A kiss, madam; but I am sure he meant it for you, for he bade me speak a good word in his behalf to his dear Kotreena, as he calls you. O, sweet lady! I am sure he will be one of the kindest of masters."

"Rather too kind perhaps," said Kotreen; "but, alas! Dorothy, that day we shall never behold!"

"St. Grisel preserve us!" cried Dorothy; "then the poor gentleman's heart will infallibly be broken into forty pieces, as he expresses it. Pray, my dear lady, what objection can you have to the baron Schneideinstein, the handsomest man in the principality?"

"No objection in the world, Dorothy; I freely confess to you that I love him—doat upon him to desperation— but—"

"But, alas! madam, but—"

"But—oh, Dorothy—I must not—I cannot have him!"

"Saints and martyrs!—must not?—cannot? Are

you not the lady of Hüggermeister? Weep not, dear madam—you have no cause to weep. Is not your father dead, and are you not your own mistress?"

"Yes," said Kotreen, drying her eyes; "my father is dead, and I am my own mistress;—but, alas! Dorothy!"

"What, madam?—tell me in one word, what is the obstruction?"

"Enchantment!"

"Heavens!" cried Dorothy, and she would have fallen backwards, but for the remarkable quality which we just now referred to, as being a physical characteristic of the German females.

"Yes, Dorothy," resumed Kotreen, "I continue a maid by enchantment; nothing else could—" but here her voice was interrupted by tears.

"Tell me all, madam; for goodness' sake, tell me all," resumed the damsel, as she recovered from the first effects which this astounding communication produced.

"Not now, my dearest Dorothy—not now; behold the baron Schneidenstein is at the drawbridge. Hasten then, my good damsel, and have the bacon and eggs, the krait and the dough-nuts, placed on the table. And be sure to provide a good pipe of tobacco for the baron to smoke after supper."

Dorothy repressed her rising curiosity, and obeyed the commandments of her mistress. The servants of the young baroness ranged themselves in the courtyard to receive, with due honor, one whom they regarded as their future master. The baron Schneidenstein was some ten years older than the lady Kotreen; he was, to use the stereotyped phrase, above the middle height; his hair was black, his eyes gray, his limbs stout, his—but minute descriptions of a man's corporalities have always been our aversion, and, to say the truth, we think them scarcely decent.

Lady Kotreen received her lover with a smile as sweet as that of Miss —; the baron bowed to the ground; the servants of the baroness bowed back again, the maids curtsied, the dogs wagged their tails, and Schneidenstein was conducted by his fair mistress into the hall of her castle.

A substantial supper had been prepared; for the Germans are fond of substantial suppers, notwithstanding, in matters of literature and science, they can feast on air, vapor, and smoke. We shall forbear from recording the good things which were said by the baron during the repast, and the relish with which those good things were received by the fair Kotreen. Perhaps they might not be received with as much relish by our readers; different people have different notions of wit. The Germans are very liberal in construing all that they do not clearly understand as wit and wisdom; hence their enthusiastic admiration of Goethe and Kant, and some half a dozen others of their countrymen.

The clock struck eleven amidst the festivity. The baron hastily arose. "I must ride," said he; "I must tear myself away from the delicious society of Kotreen."

"Oh, not to-night—leave me not to-night," said the lady.

"Ah," said or sighed the baron, with some meaning in his eyes, "may I really hope?"

"Hope!" echoed Kotreen; "alas!—without hope we are wretched indeed." From this common-place remark, it is evident that the lady of Hüggermeister did not understand the drift of the baron Schneidenstein.

"You shall not leave the castle to-night," said the lady; "the woods are infested with robbers, and there is every prospect of a tempest. On pain of my displeasure, I command you not to think of going out to-night."

"I shall obey you, my empress," said the baron, who had drank a sufficient quantity of wine to make him feel an entire devotion to the fair sex; "I shall obey; and now, will it please you order your servants to conduct me to your apartment—hiccup—to my apartment, I mean. Riding always gives me a confusion and dizziness about the head, which, at present makes a little—hiccup—a little rest necessary."

Two maidens, bearing torches, lighted the lady Kotreen and the baron up a long flight of steps in the south-west angle of the north-west turret. The baroness paused at the door of a chamber, and pointing to another door on the opposite side of the passage, "That is your room," said she to the baron Schneidenstein. "Margery, give the baron a torch, and—but stay; have you—" and here she whispered something in Margery's ear.

"Yes, madam, I have," answered Margery.

"O, very well," said the lady Kotreen. "Baron, good night; we have endeavored to make your lodgings as convenient as possible, and I wish you good repose and pleasant dreams, with all my heart."

Here the baron roguishly laid his hand on the knob of the door through which Kotreen was about to enter her own apartment. The women all laughed heartily at what they considered an excellent joke, and Kotreen, suddenly disappearing through the door, looked it after her; so that the baron, for want of something better to do, took the candle from Margery and went into his own chamber.

He found the room fitted up in a handsome but antique style; the bed was closely curtained with crimson hangings, which reached to the floor, and concealed what the baron stood much in need of at that moment, but which he at length found under the bedstead—namely, a box-jack. The window frames projected far over into the room, the cornices curiously carved in the prevailing taste of the nation, with death's heads, cross bones, and coffins. A claw-footed table of ponderous materials, and a chair to match it, stood by the bed side. The walls of the room were paneled around, and here and there hung a picture, which the baron did not stay to examine, as he had very little taste in the fine arts, and his attention was now riveted on another object. This was a pair of buff colored small-clothes, hung, or rather spread, up against the wall, opposite the chair on which the baron sat. They were handsomely constructed of deer skin, or some similar kind of leather, and would

have been a perfect master-piece in their way, but for two large rents on that portion of the garment which is partially concealed when the wearer places himself in a recumbent or sitting posture.

Schneidenstein approached the small-clothes and discovered a record made on one of the knees, in a small hand writing, which stated that the article belonged to the baron Lutwald Huggermeister, (Kotreen's grandfather,) and that these rents in them had been made at the same time the owner received his death-hurt, by a fall from his horse, while he was hunting.

In order that we may give the reader a clear understanding of our story, it is necessary to make known that this baron Lutwald was extremely tasteful in matters of dress, and was especially careful to keep all his garments in good repair. When thrown from his horse, as above referred to, both his legs and one of his arms were broken, his skull was fractured, and four of the vertebrae were dislocated. But the baron Lutwald observing, with much horror, that these, his favorite small clothes, had been materially injured in the fall, quite forgot his own personal sufferings, in the concern which he felt for this disaster to his apparel. Whether this is human nature or not, we do not know and do not care; it is sufficient for us that what we relate is matter of fact, well-known to hundreds of people now living, and can be sworn to, whenever it is found necessary, by plenty of credible witnesses.

Baron Lutwald, on his death-bed, gave his son, Hans Karl, Kotreen's father, a solemn injunction to have these small-clothes carefully repaired, and hung up in his wardrobe, as a memorial of the owner. Whether the son did not admire this species of censure, or whether he was too busily engaged in sparking Kotreen's mother, whom he married shortly after, is not clearly understood: certain it is, however, that the parental admonition was disregarded, and the small-clothes remained unmended, and were shortly forgotten altogether.

To this cause some intelligent persons ascribed the downfall of the house of Huggermeister. It was now without male heirs, and the title and estates would probably pass into another family.

It is an undoubted fact, (an assertion which passes or proof in all matters of this kind,) that any object which is, in any manner connected with our destiny, becomes, at first sight, deeply interesting to us. Schneidenstein gazed at the small-clothes as he pulled off his own, kept his eyes intently bent on them while he drew off his boots, and not until he had extinguished his candle did he cease to regard the ominous article. Even when the light was put out, he endeavored to trace the outlines of the small-clothes; and while busied in this attempt, he fell asleep. For three hours the baron slept, or at least snored, which, we suppose, amounts to about the same thing. Then he awoke, or ceased snoring, and to his utter amazement, beheld a prodigy, for which we are unable to account on any philosophical principles. The mysterious small clothes were surrounded by a luminous circle, resembling that produced by a magic-lantern. Within

this halo, there appeared the figure of an old man in the dress of the preceding century, with a stern and commanding countenance. The apparition fixed its eyes on the baron, and repeated these verses with a strong and clear voice, and an attention to the stops, which showed that some study had been given to the art of elocution:—

"Schneidenstein!—these breeches view;
Win them and the lady too:—
When a tailor shall be found
Who can make these breeches sound,
They are yours and she beside,
Yours the breeches and the bride;—
But, until that job is sped,
Fair Kotreen cannot be wed!"

"Is that all," cried the amazed baron, starting from his couch, "is that all that is necessary to dissolve the enchantment and to win Kotreen?—my soul is on fire to engage in the work!"

The apparition vanished. Schneidenstein snapped a lucifer match and lit his candle.* There was a smell of brimstone; but whether it was the ghost or the match is none of our business. The baron always carried a needle and thread in his pocket, to provide against any emergency; which, by the way, is a very excellent precaution, as we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. The baron was as economical as most of his countrymen are; "Now," thought he, "if I can mend these breeches myself, I shall avoid having another item added to my tailor's bill, which is already long enough in all conscience."

The baron seated himself in the elbow chair, placed the small-clothes on his knees, took out his needle-case and commenced operations. As soon as the needle first touched the small-clothes, they started, quivered and flitted as though they had been "a thing of life." The baron endeavored to hold them still, but in vain, they were not in the humor for being stitched; and Schneidenstein, after an hour's ineffectual labor, concluded that the task was reserved for other hands than his own. A number of demoniac ha, ha, ha's and he, he, he's sounded around him. He rolled up the small-clothes, returned to his bed, and slept without interruption until morning.

When it was day, the baron arose, dressed and washed himself, combed his head, and ordered his horse. He knew the lady Kotreen did not arise till late in the morning, and he was too impatient to try his fate with the small-clothes, to wait for the appearance of his sweetheart.

Having conveyed the talismanic breeches into his portmanteau, and strapped it behind his saddle, he kissed Kotreen, (that is, by her proxy Dorothy,) and wishing all a good morning, he rode in the direction of his own castle. On his arrival at his head-quarters, the tailor of Schneidenstein village was immediately summoned. "Take these small-clothes," said the baron, "and mend them without delay." The tailor was much pleased and a little surprised at this commission, for he knew the baron was accustomed to do

* Query!—Were lucifer matches invented at that period?—Translator.

his own "botching;" he took the small-clothes, carried them to his stall, searched the pockets, lest happily something might have been left there by oversight, but, disappointed in that, he turned them over, to examine the extent of the damage they had sustained.

"Och! ter tefil and toctor Faustus!" cried the tailor, as the first prick of the needle brought the small-clothes to their old tantrums. "Mein frau, Petry—Petsy, I say, coom, ant holt ter legs of dese tam britches, for dey kicks like der blitzen, and tefil a pit of a stitch can I dake."

Betsy obeyed—but neither she nor her cross-legged knight could succeed in bringing the unruly garment to order; it was rebellious to the last, and the wearied tailor, about twelve o'clock, relinquished it as incorrigible. With tears in his eyes and the small-clothes in his hand, he returned to the baron. The latter, when he saw the tailor approach with such a rueful aspect, was scarcely less concerned than the tailor himself, and in no very good humor, he dismissed the artist with more curses than kreutzers. The small-clothes were then despatched, by a trusty messenger, to another tailor, ten miles distant, but they were returned the next day, with a declaration that it was impossible to mend them. In this way, they were sent around to all the tailors within a circle of twenty miles' radius, but with no better success.

At length, as the case seemed to be growing desperate, the following advertisement appeared posted on all public places throughout that part of Germany:

"One hundred rix-dollars reward will be paid to any tailor who is able to mend a certain pair of inexpensibles, now in the possession of baron Schneidenstein!"

This placard, of course, brought many adventurous knights of the shears and thimble, to run a tilt at the seat of these terrible small-clothes; but the latter enjoyed an immunity from conquest, equal, at least, to that of Alexander the Great—they never lost a battle.

Now it happened that there was a young man named Heinrich Reinwald, who was paying his addresses to Miss Dorothy, lady Kotreen's confidential maid. This youth had served a regular apprenticeship to the tailoring business, but for some reasons best known to himself, he had left the delicate operation of that craft to become gardener at the castle of Huggermeister. This interesting couple, Heinrich and Dorothy, would have been married two years before the date of our story, but the lady Kotreen was afraid to sleep alone, and Dorothy was obliged to act in the capacity of bed-fellow, until the lady Kotreen could be better provided. Therefore, it was not expedient that Dorothy should be married, until the baroness could dispense with her nightly attendance.

It soon became rumored among the servants, (but, in what manner I could never possibly guess, since lady Kotreen told it to no one but Dorothy, and charged her particularly to tell no one else,) it soon became rumored, I say, that the marriage of the lady to Schneidenstein could never take place until this enchanted pair of small-clothes were made whole. Dorothy wished to have this marriage consummated for more reasons than one, and she and Heinrich talked

over the matter frequently between themselves. From arguing on the subject, they came to adopt a species of logic which admits of a nine months demonstration, and Dorothy's reasons for wishing her nuptials to be speedily celebrated were at least nine times as strong as ever.

While these matters were going forward, Schneidenstein was making the most strenuous exertions to procure a man of abilities sufficient to restore the pristine elegance of that unmentionable garment, and Kotreen most devoutly wished her grandfather and his breeches to the devil, so as she might possess what occupied the most of her thoughts—a husband.

At last, Schneidenstein and his lady-love determined to steal a march on the ghost, and to get married in spite of him and his breeches. All the arrangements were speedily made. The bride arrayed herself in nuptial vestments, the baron procured a new suit of drab cloth, with pearl buttons. The church of St. Grisel was filled with spectators, and the candidates for matrimony stood at the high altar. Mass was said, the priest rubbed his eyes, turned over the leaves of his missal, and found the appropriate chapters.

"Whereas," said his reverence, "I am about to join Wilhelm, baron of Schneidenstein, to Kotreen, baroness of Huggermeister, in holy wedlock——"

"You lie!" cried a voice which sounded through every aisle and nook of the church. The priest dropped the book, the sexton made a diligent inquiry who dared to interfere with the holy ritual of marriage, but the offender could not be discovered.

The priest took up his book and continued, "therefore, if any person know of any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together as in one, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."

"I forbid the marriage," said the same supernatural voice.

"Come forward, then," said the priest, "and make known your objections."

A pause of several minutes ensued, and no one answered the summons. The ceremony went forward:

"Will you have this woman to be your wedded wife," &c.

Schneidenstein had just opened his mouth to make the customary response, when he felt the application of a foot to his rear; and he afterwards said that it was as solid a kick as ever it had been his good luck to experience.

At this uncouth wedding salutation, Schneidenstein drew his sword and turned hastily around, but the stern aspect of the spectral baron Lutwald instantly disarmed his resentment. The visionary being presented the fatal small-clothes to the shrinking bridegroom, that would be, and repeated:—

"Schneidenstein!—these breeches view;
Are they won by service true?
Has the tailor yet been found
Who can make them whole and sound?
While these rents are gaping wide,
You can never be the bride!
Wicked man, your tricks forbear,
All your vows are lost in air!"

Here the apparition threw the small-clothes in Schneidenstein's face, knocked the book out of the parson's hand, boxed Kotreen's ears, and vanished.

"I see," said the priest, when he had somewhat recovered from his astonishment, "I see these nuptials may not proceed. The deceased baron Lutwald's ghost, which was here even now, must be propitiated before this noble couple can be united."

All acquiesced in the justice of this decision, and the disappointed lovers sorrowfully took their ways to their respective homes. Two days after, the baron again visited the lady Kotreen, and slept in the same apartment which he had formerly occupied. It was after midnight when he retired, and whether it was owing to his gloomy reflections or the bed-bugs, I cannot tell, but, for a long time, sleep forsook his pillow. He tumbled and tossed about on the bed, or rather *le tœwen the beds*, which is the way the Dutch usually repose. Presently, the great clock of the castle began to strike, and the baron began to count—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven twelve, thirteen!"

"Thirteen!" ejaculated the baron and drew a long breath; "yes, it was thirteen, by the mother of Moses. Ah!" continued the baron, "I have found in some of our popular romances when the writers wish to introduce something extra wonderful, they generally begin by making a clock strike twelve. The idiots! any clock may strike twelve, and that on any ordinary occasion, but when a clock strikes *thirteen*, something strange is about to happen for certain."

The baron was right. He had scarcely done speaking, when a tornado swept over the castle, the walls of the substantial edifice shook, and at least fifty panes of window glass were broken. The dogs howled and so did the wind; crash went the thunder and crash went the glass. Cries of distress and horrible groans were wafted on the breeze. Down came the rain, as if the water casks of the skies had all been staved in. The lightnings blazed and fizzed, as if Jupiter had taken a fancy to play the pyrotechnist, for the amusement of madam Juno and the young ones. The lady Kotreen, Dorothy, Margery, and the rest of the female train, half frightened to death, leaped from their beds and flew to the baron's apartment for safety. Foolish creatures! what could the baron do for them at such an awful juncture?

Peal after peal of thunder rolled over the castle—the women were all on their knees in the baron's chamber; the baron had slipped out of bed and was endeavoring to comfort them. But little could be done in that way, for all hands, including the baron himself, were excessively terrified. We forgot to mention that the baron had slipped on his inexpressibles.

Presently, notwithstanding the noise of the rain, wind, and thunder, a heavy footstep was heard ascending the stair-case; it drew near, proceeding along the corridor, and soon a consequential knock was heard at the door of the apartment.

"Mercy on us!—my grandfather!" exclaimed Kotreen.

"Come in," roared Schneidenstein, with a desperate effort, to keep up his courage.

In walked the baron Lutwald's ghost, with its usual majestic pace and severe countenance. The women were too much frightened to faint, for fainting is a piece of stage effect which requires a good deal of self-possession in her who performs the feat. All eyes were fixed on the vision, as it pronounced this obscure but oracular sentence:—

"Schneidenstein, and lady fair!

Hear me now your fate declare;—

When a tailor shall be found

Working only on the ground,

Who, affianc'd to a maid,

Mourns his marriage rites delay'd,

Yet enjoys in his distress

Much that married life can bless;

Who a daughter did beget,

And never was a father yet;—

Such the tailor, who alone

Can mend your sorrows and my own!"

The spectre vanished, leaving them all overwhelmed with despair at the seeming difficulties which surrounded them. Where could such a tailor, made up of contradictions, be found? At length, a gleam of joy spread over the countenance of Dorothy.

"O, madam!" cried she to her mistress, "I have found it!—I know whom the spirit means. It is Heinrich!"

"Heinrich is a gardener and not a tailor," said the baroness.

"He is a tailor by trade," answered Dorothy; "he served his time in Saxony. I had it from his own lips."

"But is Heinrich affianced to a maid?" demanded the baroness.

"Yes, madam; he is affianced to me, and I am your maid."

"But," said the baroness, lowering her voice, "there was something more—a daughter—"

Dorothy blushed, and Kotreen began to think that there was really some truth in the damsel's suggestions. Heinrich was immediately sent for; the fatal small-clothes were placed in his hands; he took his seat in the usual position, on the table, and the company stood around in an agony of suspense. When Heinrich took the first stitch, the storm instantly ceased, and music, as if produced by a thousand Æolian harps, broke upon their ears. The work proceeded without interruption. The small clothes were mended!!!—Louder and louder grew the strains of unearthly harmony, until the finishing stitch was applied. Then all was silent. Kotreen clasped her hands in ecstasy, and Schneidenstein lit his pipe;—that grand regulator which brings all Dutchmen, whether in joy or sorrow, to the same apathetic medium.

The sequel may be guessed. Schneidenstein and his beloved were married the next day, and Heinrich and Dorothy soon after followed their example. The small clothes were hung up in the wardrobe, where they remain to this day, and the manes of the baron Lutwald Huggemeister were appeased.

THE DEATH OF THE AGED.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

<p>THEY have gone, they have gone from us, the white hair'd of our hearth; The ancestors of weary years have pass'd away from earth; The aged hand that used to guide our tottering steps aright, The bland, kind face that smil'd on us, has vanish'd from our sight.</p> <p>The trembling voice that weaker grew, as our own gather'd strength; The time dimm'd eye that knew not day, save only by its length; The hearts that had grown old in life before our own were form'd, And yet for us, with all the glow of early youth were warm'd.</p> <p>They have gone from among us; their life had lost its dreams, And clouds of cold reality had settled on its stream; Their eyes had seen the roses of many a summer fall, And mark'd the breath of winter blast, the brightest coronal.</p> <p>And they had seen the sun grow dim, tho' in its pride and might, And they had found the world of day to them a world of night;</p>	<p>The shadowings of many years had gather'd in a cloud, And wrapt the time worn, weary mind as in a mid- night shroud.</p> <p>And while the earth to other eyes without was bright and gay, They saw within the lamp was dim, that lit the house of clay; They have gone from among us, and our hearts no more shall greet The kind old man that used to fill the fireside's vacant seat.</p> <p>And she, the long loved matron, whose thin locks of snowy white Once floated o'er a sunny brow in ringlets dark and bright, In vain our eyes shall wander, to see each silver'd head, While memory whispers to our hearts those aged ones are dead.</p> <p>They have gone, they have gone from us, the white hair'd of our hearth, And those we loved to look upon are lying in the earth; They have left us but dark shadows, which may not pass away, Until our forms shall moulder where we laid their senseless clay.</p>
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TO A WHITE ROSE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

<p>THOU pale white rose! emblem of her I loved, Who now reposes 'neath the damp green sod, Whose sinless spirit from the earth hath roved, To dwell within the mansions of its God, I gaze on thee in sadness—whilst fast stealing Across my heart, what I may not repress, Forebodings darkly come—to me revealing No nothing thought of future happiness. Like unto thee, thou rose! my own Louise, Blooming and fair, seemed for a little time; With looks that showed a mind of purest ease,</p>	<p>A soul untainted with the thought of crime— But withered, white rose, as thou soon shall be— Became my dearest.—Sad disease invaded All hopes of bliss, and gave us agony, As a return for that his blight had faded. I ne'er will loose thee, flower, but keep thee here— Close to my heart; and when its pulses beat, I'll think of her, who died, not ag'd and sere, But filled with beauty, joy, and graces sweet— Heaven saw her virtue, smiled upon her birth, And raised her soul to heaven, that soul too pure for earth.</p>
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THE INDIAN MAID.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.—BY MRS. RUSSELL SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

THE English historians have always regarded queen Elizabeth with evident partiality. They pride themselves as much in her reign as the French do in that of Louis XIV. All the faults and feelings of the great queen disappear in the splendor of the halo which still surrounds her throne. Pedantic and coquetish—despotic, even to tyranny—cruel and dissembling—Elizabeth is seated there, like the pure and chaste divinity of the church of warriors, statesmen, and poets. At her feet are respectfully placed the attributes of all the glorious contemporaries of her age; the lyres of Spenser and of Shakespeare—the hand of justice of the chancellor Bacon—the flag of Sir Francis Drake, and the sword of Sir Philip Sidney, who, to remain her subject, refused the crown of Poland.

Considering all things, this was an epoch of poetry and enthusiasm. The influence of her reign continued a long time after her death. Since the oppression of Henry VII. and the bloody controversies of Edward and of Mary, England reposed for the first time under the shade of an undisputed political authority, and of a religious supremacy lawfully acknowledged; two powers that mutually assisted and protected each other. All classes submitted with the same chivalric respect to the virgin queen, so that this allegorical age was represented by the treble personification of law, religion, and national grandeur. Imagination, also, conspired to render the despotism of this woman more brilliant, at a time when imagination was, in England, the ruling faculty of the understanding. The English of the present day, with the gallantry of their ancestors, place in the reign of the imperious daughter of Henry VIII. the most brilliant dates of their annals—their religious reform—their masterpiece of dramatic literature—their first naval victories, and their discoveries in the New World.

This reign was rendered still more illustrious by its connection with the one that followed. In vain James I. inherited the same statesmen and captains that had governed or fought in the preceding reign; in vain was he a legislator, theologian, and, in his life time, surnamed the Solomon of the West; in vain was he the patron of Ben Jonson; in vain did he write poetry and tolerably good prose; in vain did he found colonies in the New World; every thing that flourished in England during the first twenty-five years of the sixteenth century, but served to increase the glory of Elizabeth's reign.

James experienced the disadvantages arising from a common appearance, plain manners, and a vulgarity

which could be perceived even in his cultivated mind. The court is a theatre in which the people, for the illusion of the scene, desire that the principal actor, at least, should sustain the appearance and dignity of his part. James had, however, the good fortune to find in his wife a much better representative of royalty than himself; Anne of Denmark was remarkable for her beauty and wit. She sometimes took a share in the government, but she ruled by kindness rather than authority. Permitting the king to attend to his studies and the pleasures of the chase at Thebalds, she introduced into her court at Greenwich, fully and diversion, and, thereby, drew around her the most gallant courtiers and all the beauties of England. Certain manuscripts, left by her contemporaries, which have since been published, treat with severity some acts of levity, committed by the queen and her ladies of honor: we read in them, "These ladies indulged in intoxication, superstition, and love." There is, however, much exaggeration in this posthumous slander. We find no proof that the scene of intoxication described by Sir J. Harrington, the worthy godson of Elizabeth, occurred frequently. As to superstition, the belief in witchcraft, entertained by Anne of Denmark and her ladies of honor, was excusable, since the king had written a large volume to prove the existence of sorcerers, and the great Bacon doubted the miracles of Alchemy. As to love, the queen certainly did not reprove, with the jealous severity of Elizabeth, those of her ladies who forgot their duty; but that she favored licentious manners, would be a slanderous invention I could not defend with the same zeal nor confidence the honor of all the duchesses and countesses that ornamented the fêtes at Greenwich.

The sixteenth of June, 1616, there was a private party in the apartments of the queen. Anne was discoursing familiarly with her ladies of honor, who, in turns, endeavored, by their agreeable conversation and the recital of some new anecdote, to please her majesty. Each one desired to be most lively; and never did lady Douglas, lady Cecil, lady Lennox, and lady Clifford appear so happy. It is true that the favorite of the moment, lady Georgina Arundel alone seemed, from time to time, to forget herself, and to be unusually melancholy; the others were not long in remarking it, and the queen said, in a low voice, to lady Clifford, "Pity poor Georgina; I know what distresses her—she is another Ariadne, who could not succeed in keeping Theseus near her." Lady Clifford would have delighted in discovering the name of this perfidious lover; for it was a secret which had not yet reached her ears. At this moment, however, a

page entered; and, after having saluted the queen, said that captain Smith entreated her majesty to grant him an interview. "Captain Smith!" said Anne of Denmark; "he has already taken leave of the king, and I thought he was in the bay, or, at least, on the road to Plymouth. Let him come in, however; we must not refuse any thing to the bravest admiral of our navy. In speaking thus, the queen cast a searching glance on the circle around her, and, she, alone, perceived that one of her ladies had changed color, and that all were more or less agitated.

"Captain Smith but rarely visits the court of Greenwich," said lady de Vere.

"If her majesty would not be displeased," replied lady Clifford, "we would entreat him to relate to us one of his voyages."

"I should prefer," continued lady de Vere, "that her majesty would demand one of his voyages in Transylvania."

"And I," said lady Douglas, "his captivity among the Turks, from which he was delivered by a Sultana."

"I must confess," said lady Oxford, "that I am anxious to hear his adventures in France, where Madame Chanoye taught him so soon to forget the bad treatment he had received from the corsairs who conducted him to Rochelle."

"In his numerous adventures among the savages and pagans in Europe, as well as in America or Tartary," said lady Clifford, "it appears that the captain has always had the good fortune to find some protecting fairy."

"In fine, they pretend that the captain," added lady Lennox, "has the power of pleasing the ladies. What do you think, lady Arundel—you, who are acquainted with him?"

"I would have him reveal to us his secret," said the queen, who thus evaded the reply that lady Arundel would necessarily have been obliged to make; "but, silence, ladies; here he comes."

The captain was introduced.

Every eye was fixed on him; but if he perceived the curiosity that he excited, he did not show the least embarrassment; not that he could be accused of a foolish presumption; with him it was only the effect of a noble simplicity. He was apparently about thirty-five or six years of age; although so young, he had a life of adventures to relate; his face, although sunburnt, was handsome; he was above the middle size, slightly bent, and inclined a little to the right in walking, in consequence of a wound; in other respects he was well made, grave, and dignified. As a seaman, he had no rival in England, except Drake and Walter Raleigh; but his adventures on the continent were not less celebrated than his maritime campaigns, having combated the Turks and Tartars before measuring his strength with the Spanish corsairs. Since the disgrace of Raleigh, England relied on him for the continuance of her discoveries and conquests in America.

"We thought you were already on board your vessel," said her majesty; "but I am not less delighted to see you. What is your business with us?—let me

warn you beforehand, that these ladies have, in their turn, a favor to ask of you."

"I have ever been anxious," said the captain, "to prove the activity of my zeal for the execution of the commands of my sovereign; but I trust that his service and the glory of England will not suffer, if I beg of your majesty to intercede with your royal husband for my longer stay in London. In deferring my departure, I wish to repay a personal debt, and particularly desire to prepossess in the king's favor, a woman, who has not only saved my life, but has also shown such devotion to the interests of his majesty's subjects in America, that it would add much to his glory and that of Great Britain, to receive her with the honor due to her rank as well as her services."

"Your request relates, then, to a woman?" said the queen.

"Yes, madam, to a king's daughter, who has crossed the ocean to judge for herself of the truth of all she has heard of English power and generosity. I solicit for this Indian princess a reception worthy of her and of Great Britain. It is the young and beautiful Pocahontas, daughter of the king Powhatan, who, with one of her father's counsellors, has arrived at Plymouth, and probably is, at this moment, in Brentford. In the absence of your royal husband, I have recourse to your majesty for orders respecting the reception of the noble stranger."

"Your request," said the queen, "is that of a faithful admiral. I have already heard of this beautiful savage. The necessary orders shall be despatched to-morrow, and nothing wanting to acknowledge the services rendered to our subjects."

"I have taken the liberty," continued the captain, handing her majesty a roll of paper, "to write, in the form of a memorial, an account of what the daughter of Powhatan has done for us, that your majesty may fully understand her claims."

"We will read this narrative with interest," replied the queen, "for we know that captain Smith handles the sword and pen with equal facility. Since the subject of this memorial is connected with one of the most important incidents of his eventful life, here is a favorable opportunity of relating it to us. Behold, captain, an audience ready to listen to you, for, without knowing what business brought you here, these ladies entreated me to set this price upon the favor that would be granted you."

"It is rather a long recital, madam," said the captain.

"No matter," replied Anne, "you must not refuse so trifling a request."

The captain seated himself near her majesty. As he was beginning his recital, lady Effingham, the most learned of the queen's ladies, and, who had had the honor of conversing with queen Elizabeth, whispered to lady Arundel that the present scene reminded her of that passage in the *Æneid* in which *Æneas* relates his adventures to the queen of Carthage. Lady Arundel only replied to this classical remark with a smile, reserving all her attention for the narrative of the captain, who began in the following words:

* * * * *

"We had several times experienced how difficult it was to maintain a lasting peace with the Indians, who were daily recovering from the terror formerly inspired by our arms—but, happily for us, an English city at length rose on the peninsula of the Chesapeake, and our colonists could henceforth find within its ramparts an asylum secure from the attacks of the enemy. I soon found, however, that much skill was necessary to prevent the return of those internal dissensions, which had already proved more fatal to us than the tomahawk and arrow of the natives. But, until we received reinforcement from England, we could not hope, considering the smallness of our number, to extend our limits beyond the James river—for we have also given to the river which flows near Jamestown, the name of our gracious sovereign. In the meantime, our fortifications being completed, in order to occupy these men, whose impatience incessantly urged them to some new conquest or discovery, I sent every day a different detachment from the garrison, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, but always with the express charge to keep in a body, and never to venture too far. I was, unfortunately, the first to deviate from this rule. One day, in exploring a river till then unknown, and being accompanied by two soldiers only, a body of Indians fell suddenly upon us, removing at once all hope of retreat. Their yells of war soon convinced us of the fate we were to expect. We did not wait to be attacked, but, after levelling more than ten of these savages, my companions fell, and I remained captive; the conquerors, overjoyed that not a drop of my blood had been spilt in the combat, destined me to a slower and more cruel death. They immediately tied me to a tree, and seemed, by their fierce looks, to enjoy already the spectacle of my dying agonies; but, as they were preparing to strip me, I drew, as if by inspiration, my mariner's compass from my pocket. This instrument, which the Indians were entirely unacquainted with, attracted at once their attention. The continual motion of the magnetic needle, the reason of which they could not understand, excited their utmost astonishment. They thought, without doubt, that I was a magician; and, after some consultation, decided that I should be conducted to their sovereign. I owed, therefore, the suspension of my death to this faithful guide, which has never yet deceived the mariner.

"These savages dragged me in triumph to Pawhmanrie, their capital town; but, before arriving there, we passed through several villages inhabited by the subjects of Powhatan, who, in every instance, treated me with kindness. They served me abundantly at their hour of repast—but I noticed, as a bad omen, that they never allowed me to eat with them, for fear of contracting some tie of affection with me.

"Powhatan, who reigned then, and is still reigning over these people, keeps under arms more than three thousand warriors. He lives in the midst of savage pomp and grandeur. Two hundred soldiers form his body guard; at the four angles of his palace are placed, night and day, four sentinels, within arrow-shot of each other; every half hour, the captain on duty makes a peculiar noise, passing rapidly one of his

fingers over his lips, to which each sentinel is obliged to reply. Such is the military discipline in the palace of Powhatan.

"Pawhmanrie, his capital city, consists of a hundred huts, made of mats, with low roofs, resembling the cottages of Ireland and Scotland. At my approach, all the inhabitants came out of their dwellings, men, women, and children, and began to dance in a ring with the warriors, assuming a thousand grotesque gestures. These Indians paint themselves in different modes; and they wear on their head, by way of ornament, a bird made of straw, with the wings attached to their ears, from which hang a white shell or a brass plate.

"I was introduced into the assembly room of Powhatan, a room one hundred and eighty feet wide. The prince was sitting before the fire, clothed in raccoon skin. At his right and left hand were two young girls from fifteen to sixteen years of age. Several other Indian women, who were standing against the wall, passed, from time to time, through the ranks of guards, their heads surmounted with feathers, and their necks ornamented with long chains of shells.

"A general cry arose when I entered; an Indian woman, of the royal blood, brought me water to wash my hands, and another a tuft of feathers to dry them. After this ceremony, they conducted me to a hut, in which I was to be guarded during the night. I then learned that the juggler's who had been consulted, put off my trial till the next day, when they were to ascertain whether I was a magician like themselves, and if my death would be unfavorable to the nation.

"The ceremony commenced at day-break by making a large fire in the cabin in which I had passed the night, and spreading out two mats, on one of which I was ordered to sit. All my guards then went out, and a juggler of gigantic stature entered the hut. His body was painted black; his head-dress was composed of the skins of serpents and weasels, whose tails, tied together, formed a sort of hoop; this singular ornament was completed by a crown of feathers. He held in his hand a small bell. After distorting his body in various ways, he began his invocations in a stentorian voice, tracing, at the same time, a circle of flour around the fire. When he had finished, three of his comrades, tattooed and ornamented like himself, came skipping in, followed by three others, equally hideous. To my great annoyance, they all sat down opposite me, and struck up a song, accompanied by their bells. This disagreeable music at length ceased, and the chief juggler put five grains of corn on the ground; he stretched out his arms and hands with such violence as to cause the perspiration to gush from his body, and his veins to become excessively swollen; putting three more grains of corn on the ground, at some distance from the first, he made an oration, and repeated the same exercise till there were three circles of corn around the fire. In the meantime, his associates, renewing their horrible contortions, took a bunch of sticks, and, in repeating the stanza of each oration, put one of them between every circle of corn. They neither ate nor drank till night, when a copious repast was brought them, to which they did honor, and

I thanked heaven for not being excluded from this last act of their exorcism."

"In truth," said the queen, interrupting the captain, "I wish Ben Jonson was here; he was complaining yesterday of having no more ideas. I should like to have him introduce this scene into one of his masquerades, in the form of a diversion of the Indians."

"I confess," continued captain Smith, "that this diversion, as your majesty calls it, appeared to me rather long; and, to increase my fatigue, the jugglers kept it up three days in succession. I understood, from a slight knowledge of their language, that the circle of flour signified America; the circles of corn, the ocean; and the sticks, my own country. The result of their invocations was that no witchcraft could protect my life, and the council of the king having assembled, it was resolved that I should be put to death. The sachem Opechacanou, who arrived at Pawmanrie the day before, and had recognized in me the chief of the English, strengthened this resolution."

"I should have conjectured my fate had it not been announced to me, from the kind and compassionate words of all those (the women especially) who, till the day of execution, came to gaze on me. I received from them many proofs of sympathy, such as fruit, flowers, and honey, which, had I been in the east, I might have taken for emblems of a still more tender sentiment; but I did not imagine, when the day of execution arrived, that I had been an object of the utmost concern. 'They have caressed me,' thought I, 'like a lion in his cage; and free, I would fill them with terror.' I prepared myself, therefore, to die bravely. The fatal moment having arrived, my guards conducted me, in presence of Powhatan, to the public place, in the midst of which was a large stone whereon I was to be forced to place my head, and at some distance stood two savages, armed with clubs, who were to split my skull. The guards closed around me. Having extinguished within me the regret that I was unable to die in battle, I bade a mental farewell to my mother, my mistress, my vessel and my country, and then occupied myself with the world to come. My head was placed upon the fatal stone—the clubs were lifted over me—I had closed my eyes—when, after a piercing cry, which appeared to be the signal of my death, I felt an arm encircle me, and, on opening my eye-lids, perceived, close beside me, a face which, for an instant, I believed to be that of my guardian angel, come to conduct me into the next life. It was a young girl, fairer than the Indians generally are, with hair that fell loosely on her shoulders, and of a beauty that was not impaired by the usual ornaments of her people. I recognized in her the daughter of king Powhatan, Pocahontas, who had scarcely reached her fourteenth year. God, who was watching over me, had, without doubt, excited in her so ardent a compassion for the captive, that, having in vain entreated her father to spare me, she had come to throw herself between the executioner and myself, to shield my body with her's, and to expose her head to the blow that was intended for mine."

"What had been refused her prayers, could not be

denied to her courage. Nantaquous, brother of Pocahontas, as beautiful and generous as his sister, flung himself at the feet of Powhatan, who, I should have said, in consenting to my death, had yielded to the cruel and perfidious representations of the sachem Opechacanou; a part of the people declared themselves in favor of Pocahontas, and I was saved. The executioners retired—the king ordered my fetters to be broken. 'Thou art free,' said he; 'as yet, thou hast only been our captive, wilt thou now become our guest? We have treated thee as an enemy; give us time to entertain thee as a friend.' From this moment I was the guest of Powhatan. I remained some days longer in his capital, and it was not till after having sworn a treaty of alliance between him and the English, that I set forth on my return to Jamestown. In taking leave of Pocahontas, she said to me—'Whatever circumstances may transpire, remember that the English have in me a faithful friend.'

"Unfortunately, we soon had need of her protection; for, on my arrival at Jamestown, I found that this colony, a short time before so flourishing, had now become a hospital, in which hunger and disease were struggling for the few remaining inhabitants. We must all have perished, had not Pocahontas obtained from her father provision enough to serve us until we should receive a fresh supply from England. She came in person to see that her orders were fulfilled, and dressed, with her own hand, the wounds of a soldier who had been pierced by an Indian's arrow. She acquainted us with the virtues of many plants, among which was the root that cures the bite of the rattlesnake. I do not know whether it was her father who employed through policy, the will of heaven that made her an instrument of protection to us, or her wonderful attachment for our nation; but as soon as the least danger threatened us, she was always near to caution or protect. One night, not knowing that some of our men had given Powhatan a just cause of resentment, I was bivouacking with only eighteen Englishmen, in the skirts of a forest. We fell asleep, without any other shelter than that of the trees. I was suddenly roused by a gentle pressure on the arm, and on raising my head, perceived, by the light of the moon, a figure bending over me. It was Pocahontas. 'When thou sleepest,' said she, 'place better thy sentinels; it is not on the east, but on the west that they should have an eye. In two hours a body of three hundred Indians are coming to surround and massacre you. Opechacanou is at their head.' To give me this intelligence, Pocahontas had braved alone the dangers of the night, and the depths of the forest.—We arrived at Jamestown before daybreak, and the vengeance of Opechacanou was once more averted."

"Nor was this the last time that she rendered us her assistance; for, notwithstanding my precautions and the zeal of Pocahontas, the peace was frequently troubled, sometimes by the restless suspicion of the Indians, and sometimes by the imprudent attacks of the colonists on their people."

"There are certain plants in Virginia, the fruit of which have a peculiar property. A number of our soldiers, who had just repulsed a body of Indians, etc

the apples of one of these plants, and were immediately seized with a kind of madness. Like the companions of Ulysses, when they had drunk of the cup of Circe, forgetting that they were men, some flung themselves with violence on the ground, or climbed to the tops of trees—some laughed and capered about, whilst others sank into a state of lethargy. They no longer thought of home nor chief. But, during six days wandering in the forests, and the poison having subsided, they returned to Jamestown, their banner as well as the trophies of their late victory being lost. Fortunately the zeal of Pocahontas was not less occupied with our honor than our safety. At the moment that these soldiers were to be punished for their desertion, she brought back their colors from the woods.

"When the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder had nearly deprived me of life, it was Pocahontas that watched beside my sick bed, and, by her songs and conversation, shortened the most painful moments of my illness; and since I have left America, from which I did not expect to be so long absent, she has still continued to protect the colony. 'Your companions,' said she, on parting with me, 'are my brothers.' She prefers this adopted family to her own nation; is always ready to pardon their faults, and has frequently served as a ransom for them. Yes, most gracious queen, for three years, it is she that has been the means of preserving Virginia; and her visit to England is not prompted by curiosity, but from a desire of becoming more intimately acquainted with the manners of our people.

"As yet I have never asked a favor, neither of the king nor any private individual; but the extraordinary zeal and services of this princess, her rank, virtue, and simplicity, make me bold to entreat your majesty to receive and entertain her with the respect that she very justly deserves."

Captain Smith pronounced these words in an earnest tone, and the queen, moved by his manner, said in return, "Captain Smith, I declare with pleasure that of all the services rendered us by Pocahontas the greatest, in my opinion, is that of having merited the gratitude of so faithful and valiant a subject of the king. Therefore, to express my regard for her, I will appoint you to go to Brentford to receive her on her arrival, and bring her to our court. Yes, captain, my coach shall be at your service to-morrow, and, in waiting your return, we will prepare for the daughter of Powhatan, the deliverer of captain Smith, a reception which will prove to her that the English are neither ungrateful nor a forgetful nation."

In speaking thus, Anne extended her hand towards the captain, who, kneeling, pressed it to his lips; and saluting the ladies of honor, took leave of her majesty.

"In truth," said lady Clifford, "I could scarcely refrain from tears in listening to this recital; I am sorry that the captain withdrew so hastily; I should have questioned him about this savage princess, for it appears to me that he has not related all."

"To have satisfied your curiosity, ladies," said the queen, "our brave admiral would have been obliged to reveal his most important secrets. But let us occupy

ourselves with the promise made concerning the Indian princess. I hope you will all assist me in paying her our debt of gratitude as well as that of the captain."

"Without doubt," said lady Clifford; "I wish to accompany her to London, and enjoy her surprise on first beholding the public buildings—to the ball, the theatre, every where."

"How much I should like to be present at her introduction to the court," said lady Douglas, smiling.

"I am very certain," replied her majesty, "that she will be less embarrassed than certain Scotch ladies, the first time they made their appearance at Greenwich or Whitehall."

Lady Douglas, as a true Scotch woman, would have replied to this sarcasm against her countrywomen, but, at a sign made by the queen, they understood that the *soirée* was not to be prolonged—and all the ladies retired except lady Georgina Arundel, who, at a look from her majesty, remained with her.

"Well! my dear Georgina," said Anne of Denmark, "why this melancholy countenance? You see that captain Smith, so anxious to return to Virginia a few days ago, has offered a new pretext for delaying his departure.

"Ah!" exclaimed lady Arundel, "were your majesty to speak seriously, you would say that my suspicions do not arise from a foolish jealousy, and that it was not glory alone that urged captain Smith to return to the New World."

"What, Georgina! do you think that the captain is in love with the Indian princess, and that she loves him? Do not be unjust, but wait at least till you see this pretended rival."

"I will wait," replied lady Arundel, "since your majesty desires it; but you will pardon me for endeavoring to know the cause of so tender a devotion on the one hand, and of so ardent a gratitude on the other."

"We may discover it quickly, from a girl so artless and so young," said the queen.

"What would I not give to be an invisible spectator of the first interview between them?"

"You, doubtless, are jealous, my dear Georgina, but I hope you will be the first one to laugh at this alarm so hastily conceived. The captain, I am sure, will confide his princess to your care. Farewell, my dear Georgina, and remember, before extinguishing your lamp to-night, the words of Othello concerning the green-eyed monster;" and, with these words the queen dismissed her favorite from her presence.

The crowd, noisy and riotous, stopped before an inn at Brentford, the sign of the Crown and Anchor; women, children, citizens, peasants, sailors, with eyes fixed on the balcony of the inn, exclaim, "Let us see the savages; tell them to show themselves!" "Look," said one, "there is the princess at the window." "Oh no," replied another, "it is Cicely, the waiting maid; the princess, although an Indian, is not so yellow—" "See! there is the old Pagan in his cloak of bear-skin."

But no, it is the groom, Tom. Get along with you closely; begone, Tom, and bring out the savages! let us see the savages!" And as the savages were in no hurry to appear on the balcony, the crowd, becoming more turbulent and impatient, were already preparing to throw stones at the windows of the hotel, when a sailor, who was looking towards the road that led to London, perceived a coach at some distance—it stopped at the entrance of the town. A marine officer, in uniform, alighted. "Holloa there! Frank, here is an old acquaintance of ours," said the sailor to one of his companions, who was at that moment in the act of hunching, rather roughly, a little rope merchant, who had taken the liberty of thrusting himself before him. "Frank, my boy, there is captain Smith."

"Captain Smith!" These words spread immediately through the crowd, and the effect was magical; the tumult ceased—every head was turned towards the London road; they were not less anxious to see captain Smith than the Indians, and when he passed them, every one saluted him, exclaiming "Long live captain Smith, the brave admiral of old England! Huzza! huzza! for captain Smith! Captain Smith forever!"

The captain passed through the crowd, and entered the inn.

CHAPTER II.

POCAHONTAS IN ENGLAND.

THREE years had gone by since captain Smith left England. He was struck with the change that had taken place in Pocahontas. She was no longer a young girl, with a natural artlessness of manners, changing rapidly from a smile to a tear, from gayety and mirth to sadness. She had become thoughtful and reserved; and the elegance of her form, and regularity of her features, not only were developed, but her entire person bore the marks of that calm and imposing dignity which constitutes the true beauty of a perfect woman. It was this dignity, without doubt, that inspired in captain Smith an unlooked for reserve, notwithstanding the official rôle that he was deputed to execute towards the Indian princess. Their first interview, therefore, had an air of solemnity, which might have been mistaken for coldness, had not captain Smith been regarded as the ambassador of the queen, and Pocahontas as the daughter of a king, who, before recognizing her friend with their former intimacy, should receive from him the marks of respect due to her rank.

"Noble princess," said captain Smith, "in the absence of his majesty, the king of Great Britain, the queen, informed of all you have done for her subjects, will be happy to express to you in person her gratitude for your services. I have preceded some hours the envoy who bears you her first presents, and the servants of her household will be at your command. She awaits you at London, her capital city, to which

place her majesty has granted me the pleasure of accompanying you."

Pocahontas was not far enough advanced in civilization to answer the captain in the same language with which he had addressed her; she therefore remained silent—and to conceal her embarrassments the captain was obliged to say, nearly in the same style, some kind things to the counsellor of Powhatan, Utamata. This was a true old savage, a stoic of the desert, who was charged with a special message from his sovereign to captain Smith. Pocahontas, fearing that he was about to deliver a formal harangue, which had been agreed upon between the minister and the king, motioned him to be silent; then recovering herself immediately, she addressed the captain in these words:

"I am sensible of the compliments of your queen, and I accept her generous hospitality. I shall first thank her admiral, for having chosen for my guide, the guest of Powhatan, once a stranger among my nation, as I am now among her's. I can call you father, as Powhatan once called you son!"

These words, although spoken in pure enough English, for Pocahontas had not ceased to cultivate this language since the departure of captain Smith, still preserved the character of her native idiom. The captain, not daring to throw aside his reserve, did not notice at first the affectionate manner in which these words were uttered. "Princess," replied he, "although honored by your father with the title of son, it is the king of England alone that should have the right of calling you daughter." But, Pocahontas either disdainful or ignorant of the artifices of apology, without changing the melancholy expression of her countenance, persisted in her idea, and mingled a gentle reproach with her reply: "I will call you father, and you shall call me daughter. You have often assured me that I should find a second home in your country; but it was to see you alone that I came here—you only can preserve friendship between your companions and the Indians. They told us that you were dead, and it was to ascertain the truth of this report that Utamata and myself determined to visit England, for your countrymen tell so many falsehoods that we cannot rely on what they say."

Smith replied that, so far from forgetting his friends in Virginia, he was on the point of setting sail for Jamestown, when he received the letter from Plymouth which announced her arrival in England.

This explanation produced a smile on the face of Pocahontas, which, till then, had worn a grave if not melancholy expression; and captain Smith again recognized that young and artless girl who formerly had charmed him with her innocent caresses. Their conversation became insensibly less ceremonious. But such is the influence of a first impression, that there still existed a mutual reserve between them, that required a final explanation—an explanation which neither of them was desirous of entering into.

On arriving in London, Pocahontas was carried away in so rapid a whirlwind of sights, unknown to a girl brought up in the forest, that she had no longer a moment left to devote to captain Smith; and, for seven

ral months, the only time allowed her for meditation was in the stillness of the night.

Among the gifts presented to Pocahontas by the queen, was a complete suit of female attire; she accepted it with pleasure, and adopted the English costume immediately, but not without complaining of the constraint. She did not refuse, however, occasionally to look in the mirror, to examine whether she appeared as charming in that dress as they would have her imagine. But Ultima refused obstinately to change his costume, notwithstanding the curiosity that he universally excited.

I cannot describe the various sensations of the two savages, for Pocahontas and Ultima did not leave journals like captain Smith; but there exist some memoirs that describe their introduction at court, where nothing was spared to dazzle the Indian princess; for it was, at that time, an epoch of luxury and magnificence. Citizens and courtiers endeavored to outshine each other by the splendor of their dress; and the London merchants, as a reward for the money lent by them to the nobles, and even the king, had obtained a cessation of the sumptuary laws, and could now display their fortunes in covering themselves with chains of gold, jewels, and silk drapery, ornamented with pearls.

The day that captain Smith had the interview with queen Anne, king James was still at Oxford, engaged in a theological discussion with the professors of that learned university; but he returned to the court in order to be present at the solemn introduction of Pocahontas and Ultima. Sir Walter Scott described before me his costume on that occasion, and I shall add that his majesty wore, among other jewels, a diamond worth 75,000 francs; which diamond he borrowed occasionally of Paul Pindar, a rich merchant, who did not wish to dispose of it. "Really," said his majesty, on perceiving Ultima, "here is a savage that would terrify any one that has not seen our Scotch highlanders; but tell him to put aside his battle axe, or tomahawk, as they call it in their jargon." Then noticing Pocahontas, "as for the barbarian princess," said he, "she is certainly very pretty, by St. Andrew! She reminds me of the queen Sheba!" Whilst his majesty was remarking with pleasure, that his courtiers smilingly received this last allusion to his own wisdom, in the form of a compliment to the Indian princess, the door-keeper was endeavoring in vain to disarm Ultima of his tomahawk, recollecting well, if even the king had not hastened to remind him that his majesty never had the courage to bear the sight of arms, in consequence of a nervous susceptibility, attributed to an accident that happened to his mother during her pregnancy. But Ultima persisted in retaining his tomahawk; and, instead of kneeling to the king, according to the custom, he saluted him in the military manner of his own country, by flourishing his weapon over his head. James, far from admiring this passage at arms, grew pale, and trembled; he continued uneasy during the remainder of the ceremony, and it was the queen alone who entertained the guests by the affable conversation that she addressed sometimes to Pocahontas, and sometimes to Ultima, who, understanding

the English, but not speaking it, had recourse to Pocahontas or captain Smith to interpret the language of the queen. His replies were always noble and sensible. As for Pocahontas, they were astonished at the appropriateness and humor of her discourse, and at the facility with which she expressed herself.

For the first few days, the queen entertained Pocahontas at Greenwich; she assisted in one of those allegorical ballets that resembled the ancient mysteries more than the fairy masquerades of Ben Jonson, and in which the queen loved to play a part. Pocahontas appeared to be very much amused, but Ultima declared that he had been much more diverted a few days before at a cock-fight and a naval combat. There was a ball, in which the Indian princess consented to dance a step peculiar to her own country, and she did it so gracefully that she was covered with unanimous applause. The ladies of honor took turns in receiving her—each one wished to entertain her at least one day, and show her to their friends. She was universally admired for her simplicity and natural dignity. "Every where," says Purchas, a contemporary writer, who had often seen and conversed with her, "every where she showed herself worthy of being a king's daughter." Purchas relates that the bishop of London, the reverend doctor King, wished also to receive her at his house, and displayed a considerable degree of splendor. Pocahontas was not unwilling to embrace the Christian religion, but Ultima Tomakin became a firmer Pagan, after the theologian Goldstow attempted to convert him.

"Well," said captain Smith to Ultima, "what do you think of old England, since you have seen the capital city; it excels Pawhmanrie, does it not?"

"Yes; to know the number of its inhabitants it would be necessary to count the stars in the heavens, and the sands on the sea-shore," replied Ultima, avoiding giving his opinion of the character of the English.

"And is your curiosity satisfied?"

"They have shown me every thing! temples and palaces, vessels and houses; and yet they have concealed from me one man."

"One man!—and who is he?"

"The king."

"Have you forgotten that I introduced you to his majesty?"

"Ah!" replied Ultima, laughing, "that was not the king, but a man who acted the king's part, and not as well even as it might have been acted on the stage. Did you not remark that the sight of my tomahawk made him turn pale, and tremble? A true king would not be so cowardly."

Captain Smith then explained to him the cause of the involuntary weakness of James, son of Mary Stuart; but the savage still denied that the king was a true monarch.

"Do you think," said captain Smith, "that the lords of the court, the generals, and magistrates, would consent to your kneeling before a false monarch? Recollect that only a week ago, you dined with his majesty, and he was served by the most noble chiefs of England."

"Yes," replied Ultima, "I have not forgotten this

festival, but I did not recognize the king in it. On your departure from America, captain Smith, you presented Powhatan with a little white dog, and since that day he has not made a repast without giving it the most delicate morsels. Tell me if the true king of Great Britain would have permitted a foreign guest, the envoy of king Powhatan, to remain standing in his presence?"

Captain Smith did not know what reply to make to this new inquiry.

"Have you," said he, addressing Pocahontas, "any objection to the king?"

"I should prefer him with the venerable aspect of my father, instead of the warlike appearance that Ultima supposes to be the only virtue of a king."

"Well," said the captain to himself, "neither warriors nor women would select our king for a chief of the savage nation. I shall take care not to give an account of the opinions of these two Indians at the court."

"What think you of the queen?" resumed the captain.

"Ah!" replied Pocahontas. "she is a queen, indeed! both generous and beautiful!"

"In fine," said the captain, "will your account of our nation, on your return to America, be an unfavorable one?"

"No," replied she; "I long to relate to my friends the wonders of my adopted country."

"I understand," said the captain, "that your visit here is becoming tiresome to you; but be patient: for in a few days we will set sail for America."

A ray of happiness shone on the face of Pocahontas, and the hope of leaving England so soon, reconciled her to what she had at first found objectionable in the English character and custom. She good-humoredly reproached Ultima for his savage prejudices; and, perhaps, if they had a second time asked her opinion of James, she would have pronounced him the greatest king in the world.

The evening of the day on which this conversation took place between the daughter of Powhatan and captain Smith, lady Georgina Arundel conducted the Indian princess to the Globe Theatre.

The day before, lady Georgina had a private conference with the queen.

"I hope," said her majesty, "that you are at length convinced of the folly of your suspicions? Gratitude alone attaches captain Smith to the American princess, and glory only recalls him to Virginia; glory, Georgina, is a rival that, fortunately, a mistress cannot be jealous of."

"But," replied lady Arundel, "these savages, apparently so innocent, have also their dissimulation. I cannot accuse the captain, however, of having deceived me; but I think he deceives himself in considering Pocahontas merely a devoted girl and a daughter; and if she were willing to speak, the captain would learn two secrets at once—their reciprocal attachment."

"Will you consent to have recourse to the stratagem already proposed?" asked her majesty. "The king has furnished an excellent pretext; he is of opi-

nion that Pocahontas should give a sincere pledge of alliance between the Indians and our nation by wedding one of our courtiers or officers. They say that young Rolfe is in love with her; should we not consult captain Smith concerning this marriage projected by us?"

"I confess, madam, that I dare not acquaint captain Smith with this stratagem; he is the last person to whom I could confide my suspicions."

"This is jealousy, indeed," replied the queen; "but I still think that you are unjust with regard to our brave admiral. Do you not remember the tenderness of his last letter?"

"Yes; and if you had heard his ardent discourse to me this morning, you would be still more his advocate; but I am not so credulous: a lover is eloquent with the mistress that he is going to desert, and timid with the one that will shortly supplant her. For the last week, captain Smith has refused me nothing, conscious that in another week he will be far distant from me. I am a troublesome creditor, of whom he wishes to be disencumbered at any price. As for the beautiful savage, she requires very little of him to-day, in the hopes of possessing him entirely to-morrow. Nevertheless, there remain to me many doubts, notwithstanding all the snares I have set to ascertain the truth of this mysterious passion. Sometimes more subtle than myself, and sometimes feigning not to understand me, Pocahontas has always avoided confessing to me what I am so desirous of having her disclose. I have endeavored, but without success, to ascertain something from the frankness of Ultima."

"What!" said the queen, "has he also turned a deaf ear to all your inquiries? But I am not astonished, since doctor Goldstow was unable to induce him to embrace the Christian faith."

"He not only concealed the secrets of his princess," said lady Georgina, pettishly, "but if I had not been on my guard, I really think that he would have discovered mine. I have also ventured, notwithstanding the severe ordinances of the king, to consult the sorceress of Lancaster county, who has come here to brave even the funeral pile."

"And what did she tell you?" said the queen, in a whisper. "Do not fear to confide in me; I shall never betray you to my royal husband."

"Nothing very intelligible, but that mariners were very inconstant lovers, and that there were more powerful charms than his in the country of my rival. Oh! since the last sentence against sorceresses has been so terribly executed, these poor women have been more obscure. I do not intend to lose, this evening, neither a look nor gesture of Pocahontas, whom I am going to accompany to the Globe Theatre, where captain Smith will join us."

"Indeed," said the queen, "I should like to be one of the company. You must reserve for me a place in the corner of your box, where I shall sit incognito."

The queen repaired that night to the theatre with lady Arundel and Pocahontas. Being already acquainted with the play, they could read the effect of the scenes on the countenance of the Indian maid, who, all attention and curiosity, entered into the scenic

illusions with the delight of a person to whom such spectacles were entirely novel.

Shakespeare's comedy of "Twelfth Night" was the play. The Indian princess was very much interested in the plot, but she did not understand very clearly the burlesque scenes, for she found more to be pitied than laughed at in the misfortunes of poor Malvolio, who is persuaded that he loves and is beloved. She soon identified herself, however, in the character of Viola, the young girl whom captain Antonio disembarks on the shore of Illyria, and who, disguised as a page, enters into the service of duke Orsino, with the hope of one day becoming his bride. During the celebrated act in which the pretended page speaks in such touching terms of his attachment to the duke, lady Arundel could not forbear saying to the queen: "See how attentive she is, and how she fears lest Viola should betray herself."

The play proceeded:—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord; she never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more—swear more—but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Pocahontas could not refrain from weeping.

"Will your majesty," said lady Arundel, "still persist in saying that she does not love?"

Captain Smith came late to the theatre. Scarcely had he seated himself in a box opposite the one occupied by Pocahontas, than captain Antonio came on the stage—

Viola, (to the duke.) Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A brawling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk unprizable:
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honor on him.

By a spontaneous movement, unforeseen and unanimous, the pit and boxes, in turning towards captain Smith, applied to him the words of duke Orsino, in exclaiming, "Fame and honor on him."

At this moment, Pocahontas forgot the play, and the

compliment to captain Smith caused a lively enthusiasm to brighten her features. The captain, who was forced to reply to this public homage, arose, and after having saluted the audience, cast a look on the young princess, that seemed to say: "It is you, you, who saved my life, to whom I am indebted for the pleasure of receiving the glorious acclamations of my countrymen." Pocahontas was delighted, but on turning her head, she met the menacing look of lady Arundel.—The queen left the theatre before the play was ended, and captain Smith took her place. Pocahontas felt her heart beat, in seeing lady Arundel intercept a new glance of friendship evidently intended for herself, and the familiarity with which she took possession of the captain, as if he had been her own property. This is the last resource of a woman, who, finding her lover escape her, imposes herself upon him whether or no. Pocahontas, the poor girl of the desert, was so much troubled that she did not notice, by the embarrassed look of captain Smith, that lady Arundel had lost all in this desperate game.

Never did a night appear longer to Pocahontas than that which followed the exhibition which has just been described. The cause of her uneasiness may be easily imagined. At a very early hour the next morning, she shuddered involuntarily on beholding the woman who had regarded her with a jealous eye, enter her apartment. She expected an explanation, and summoned up all her courage in perceiving on the lips of lady Arundel a bitter smile of irony. The latter addressed Pocahontas with all the haughtiness of a court lady who wished to humiliate a timid rival.

"My dear princess," said she, "I am deputed by the queen to deliver you a message"

"Speak," replied Pocahontas, coldly.

"Last evening," continued lady Arundel, "the queen informed me of a measure that would tend to strengthen the ties already established between your nation and England. Since you have adopted so willingly our manners, customs, and faith, her majesty has reason to hope that you will accept, from her hand, a husband. One of her subjects, an officer, young, brave, and handsome, is sincerely attached to you, and in favor of his choice, the queen will load him with honors."

"And what is the name of this officer?" demanded Pocahontas.

"Sir James Rolfe, son of the lieutenant of captain Smith, whom the queen intends appointing governor of Jamestown."

"Does her majesty think," replied Pocahontas, "that the daughter of her ally, Powhatan, has visited London but to find a husband?"

"Yes; this was the first thought that occurred to her majesty and all the ladies of honor, on hearing of your arrival in England."

"Indeed!" said Pocahontas; "but your countrymen, in their many wars with my nation, have not destroyed all our warriors."

"They even pointed out the man that you had come in search of," replied lady Arundel; "and all our ladies of honor conceived a violent jealousy for the gratitude that you inspired in captain Smith."

"All!" demanded Pocahontas.

"Yes, all," replied lady Arundel, "and one in particular, who has some claims on the friendship of the captain."

"And is it to secure him for this lady that the queen of England is so desirous of choosing a husband for Pocahontas? But I thank her for her generous intentions with regard to the son of lieutenant Rolfe."

"Do you consent, then, to become his wife?"

"I first demand his promotion," replied Pocahontas, with dignity; "he is the son of a noble mariner, of the faithful lieutenant of captain Smith. He is, as you have said, young, brave, and handsome; and I should be happy to prove to his father that I am not ungrateful for his attentions to me during our voyage from Jamestown to Plymouth. As for the lady who loves captain John Smith enough, without doubt, to accompany him to Virginia, and to abandon for him her home and country, go tell her, madam, that Pocahontas will not dispute her place on board the admiral's vessel."

In consequence of an explanation which took place the day before between captain Smith and lady Arundel, it was the intention of that lady to distress her afflicted rival as much as possible; but the pride of Pocahontas humbled her so much, that she left the room more confused than triumphant at an interview, the consequences of which her jealousy and malice had not considered, neither with regard to herself, nor the unfortunate Indian girl.

The next day, Ultima, on visiting Pocahontas, found her occupied in writing—for this child of the desert, not content with merely satisfying her curiosity, had made rapid progress in all the branches that could ornament her mind, and enlighten her understanding.

"Good news!" exclaimed Ultima, "good news; captain Smith set out this morning for Gravesend, in order to hasten the refitting of the third ship of his squadron, and before new moon we will be on the ocean. Oh! the more I see of this city and its palaces, the more I long to be restored to my native forests and wigwams. In all these edifices, of which the people are so vain, I feel a want of air; and the weight of the stone, with which they are constructed, is on my heart."

"In your extreme impatience to return home, Ultima," asked Pocahontas, "could you depart without me?"

"My impatience," replied he, "would never urge me to that step, for did I not promise Powhatan to bring back his daughter?"

"Well," said Pocahontas, "make an oath to me that nothing shall prevent you from restoring me to my father, living or dead, in my bridal robes, or in my coffin?"

"I do swear! but why this oath? What danger threatens you, Pocahontas? Do you fear some new treason like that of captain Argal, who detained you on board his vessel till your father paid your ransom?"

"No," replied she, "but do not accuse captain Argal of treason. I could have escaped at the time I

appeared to be a captive; for it was myself that made that agreement with him, in order to prevent Powhatan from giving Opechacanou the liberty of putting to death our prisoners. I have not, at the present moment, any more fear of being retained by the English against my will, than I had on the former occasion. I only dread the idea of being forgotten when I no longer shall have a voice to make, a second time, the same request of my father—and when I shall not have the strength to raise my arms towards the ocean."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ultima; "in less than a week we shall be on our way to our native land."

"In less than a week I shall be dead, Ultima; but remember your oath. What I have just written is to solicit a last favor of captain Smith. I do not now require him to reciprocate the love of Pocahontas; to accept the offers of Powhatan, who, braving Opechacanou, would have rendered his son-in-law more powerful than himself; no, all I desire of him is to give my coffin a place in his vessel, in order that my father may not think that I have been detained by the English, and that Opechacanou may not have another pretext for renewing a war so fatal to both nations."

There was something so melancholy in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, that Ultima hid his face in his hands to conceal his tears. Pocahontas pursued, "If captain Smith should refuse me this favor, which I think he cannot do, then, Ultima, you will perhaps obtain it of lieutenant Rolfe, by telling him it was on my account that the queen of England appointed his son governor of Jamestown; but if he should refuse also, then you will procure it of an English merchant at the price of all the jewels and ornament given us by the queen and captain Smith."

"But," said Ultima, "what makes you anticipate so near a death? What fatal warning have you had since yesterday?"

"Listen to me," continued Pocahontas; "before leaving Pawhmanrie, I wished to bid farewell to our Gods; in going, for the last time, to the altar of Quis-ocean, to deposit a collar of shells beside the one sent there by my dying mother, I met old Ootallissi, chief of the conjurors, who, after vainly attempting to dissuade me from my fatal voyage, in representing all the dangers to which I was exposed, by my youth and inexperience, among a people opposed to our religion, said to me: 'A time may come, my daughter, when, to escape violence, injustice, or captivity, your only resource will be in taking your own life. Here is a talisman more powerful than the perfidy and oppression of the white people.' It was a portion of the poisonous extract in which our warriors dip their arrows, most carefully preserved under the transparent gum of the persimon. Until yesterday, this talisman had been concealed in my belt; yesterday, the moment arrived to use it—I already feel it freezing the blood in my veins!"

Ultima uttered a mournful exclamation, and said, "Pocahontas, in committing suicide, have you forgotten that your father will be inconsolate in seeing the

corpsé of his daughter? When he asks me if I have avenged her, and on whom, what shall I answer him?"

"Faithful friend of Powhatan," replied Pocahontas. "what vengeance dost thou owe me, even were I to implore it?" I, who have deserted my country, my friends, and my gods—none! I die with all my love, and this love alone has caused my death. Oh! Ultima, remember that in dying I have required but one promise of thee. I have only to tell thee in what place I desire Powhatan to lay the last remains of his daughter. At the foot of mount Ussamack, where the white men sought in vain for the mine of gold, is a grove of hickory and myrtle, which, at my request, captain Smith protected from the axe of his companions. It is there that I found him many times musing beside the waters of the Mathapromy, under the thick foliage that was gently agitated by the wind. He, far from frowning when I thoughtlessly interrupted his plans of conquest and glory, would make me sit down beside him, to teach me the words of his native language; then, when evening began to throw its shades around us, and when the bird we call pocorance, set up the mournful cry which gives the winged visitors its name, he would delight in hearing me relate how this mysterious and solitary bird lends its voice to the lamentations of an American princess who died of an unfortunate love. It seems to me that my last sleep

will be sweeter in this grove than elsewhere, and I am sure that captain Smith, on his return to Virginia, will repair there again occasionally. When the pocorance sings, he will remember my legend, and sometimes, perhaps, will imagine that it is the soul of Pocahontas that has borrowed, in her turn, the song of the bird to speak to him she loved."

But already the voice of Pocahontas was growing faint, and her last words were drowned in the sobs of her father's friend. These sobs were heard by some of the servants that the queen had given the American princess during her stay in London, and on entering her apartment, they ran immediately in search of medical aid. This aid, ineffectual in destroying the poison, prolonged its sad effects, for it is related in the history of the time, that Pocahontas had three days of suffering before she expired.

Ultima kept his word. Two months after the death of the unfortunate American girl, the Indians of Virginia descried on Chesapeake bay, the flag of Sir John Smith; and when he entered the harbor, they recognized on the deck the admiral and their brother Ultima. Every one was astonished at the sadness which was universally visible. They asked why Pocahontas was not there to salute the shore of her native land; the coffin of the Indian maid was placed before them, and the rough cheeks of the children of the forest, and the sons of the sea, alike were wet with tears.

ON PARTING WITH A FAVORITE PICTURE.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, ARTIST.

ONE longer look, and then, again, farewell!
So long companion of my wandering way—
So long attendant on my lonely hours—
How lovelier, far, when I shall part with thee!
How oft, sweet, silent friend, whose dreamy eyes
Still met my own whene'er I turned to thee—
How often, gazing, have I felt my heart
Subdued and softened to the quiet tone
Of thy serenest musing—every care
Subside in peace, and passion stand rebuked
Within the presence of those dove-like eyes!—
My wandering thoughts reclaimed, and fancy led
Back to the fond, believing days of youth,
When all *seem'd* such as thou must sure have *been*!
Blest world, where guile and selfishness were not,
But eyes like thine grew bright at others' joy,
And lips that suffered, plead for others' woe!
When youth perennial glowed upon the cheek,
And beauty was the reflex of the mind—
The mind all radiant with celestial light—
The skies themselves were brighter, and the earth
Enjoyed the influence of a nearer heaven!—
Blest days, that were not, and that may not be!
Yet sure *thou* wast—and loved—and suffered—thou,
With look too lovely for the taint of earth,

Which should have fled thee, as from spirits pure
All evil influence, or as shadows fly
Before the rising of the radiant day!
Thou wast—and Guido saw thee, happy, he
On earth beholding visions of the skies!—
But happier thus to give to future time,
Vision no other eyes nor time could see!
No other eyes—blest artist!—for in *him*
The beauty dwelt that fell on all he saw,
Which, like the medium of prismatic glass,
Arrayed creation in a rainbow dress!

ONE longer look, and then, sweet face, farewell!
Deep in my heart reflected still to live—
The dream of days forever past recall,
And hope of hours—which I have ceased to hope!

I would not vulgar eyes should gaze on thee,
With listless arrogance, nor common lips
With coarser praises speak thy charms;
But she who holds communion with thee now—
Her's is a heart to sympathize with thine—
(Whose lips shall mock the *rubie's* of thine own,
Whose eyes reflect the loveliness of thine)—
With her I leave thee—silent friend, farewell!

POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

THE SECOND PAPER.

KÖRNER.

THE short but splendid career of CARL THEODOR KÖRNER, the poet-warrior of modern Germany, is not a subject of familiar acquaintance to the American, or, indeed to the English reader. A few of Körner's fugitive pieces from *De Leier und de Schwert*, and his celebrated "Sword Song" have appeared in English garb, and afford conclusive proof of his talents; but the versatility of his genius, the depth of his patriotism, the brilliancy of his diversified career, and the particulars of his early death, are unknown to many who boast an intimacy with the literature of continental Europe. The memory of Körner is regarded by his countrymen with enthusiastic admiration; and he deserved their love, for the entire purposes of his soul were devoted to the well-being of his beloved native land. His early prospects of a brilliant career were overshadowed by the cloud that hung over Germany during the Napoleon war; he forsook his flowery path, and darted into the "steel-driven" battle-field. But the poetry that pervaded his mind burst forth even in the hour of danger; the claims of his country furnished his muse with employment, and several of his choicest gems were produced amidst the excitement of the coming fight. He died the death of a warrior, at the age of twenty-two, and was buried in the woodland, with the honors of war.

Körner was born at Dresden on the twenty-third of December, 1791. There was nothing in his early youth to indicate a probability of his future eminence either as a poet or a soldier; he excelled in the gymnastic exercises of the schools, and evinced a thorough knowledge of dancing, horsemanship, fencing, and swimming, before he became acquainted with the subtleties of mathematics, which, with history and natural philosophy, constituted the course of his serious studies; he objected to the trouble attendant on a knowledge of the tongues, and his hatred of the French language in particular was obstinate and fixed. He inherited the national partiality to music, and soon became master of the violin and guitar; he was a skilful draughtsman; and delighted in the European pastime of turnery. His father, a Saxon counsellor of appeals, associated with the *literati* of the day; Goethe and Schiller were frequent visitors; and the ballads of the latter poet tempted the young Körner to essay his hand in the construction of various humorous verses upon local and temporary affairs. Schiller died while Körner was in his boyhood; the young poet lost an attached and useful friend: but he was surrounded by the choice spirits of the northern climes, and therefore suffered but little from the deprivation. The

Danish poet Oehlenschläger, the historian Dippold, who also died young, the pastor Roller, professor Fischer, of the Saxon Ritter academy, and Ernest von Pfuel, an intelligent and accomplished colonel in the Prussian army, were amongst the friends and private tutors who contributed to form the growing mind of Körner.

When he had attained his seventeenth year, he selected the art of mining as the main object of his future study, with a prospective idea of making it his profession. Werner, the Counsellor of Mining at Freyburg, where Körner commenced his studies, and professor Lampadius, with other distinguished men, took much interest in the welfare of the young student; who entered into the practical details of a miner's life with much enthusiasm, till he was seduced from his laborious path by the temptations offered to his notice by the auxiliaries, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. In the practice of these sciences, he soon acquired a proficiency that excited the surprise of the professors, and earned him a proportionate fame.

Before he had reached his twentieth year, he made a pedestrian tour through the Oberlausitz, in the Silesian mountains, and made extraordinary additions to his stock of practical experience, besides gaining the friendship of many celebrated men.

About this time, a serious change came over the spirits of young Körner, owing to the violent death of a fellow student to whom he was enthusiastically attached. Schneider was a man of vigorous mind, but of a dark and melancholy temperament, with more than a usual share of that superstitious gloom and morbid fancy which mark the German character. He exercised a powerful influence over the young and ardent Körner, who made him the depositary of his secrets, and the partaker of his sorrows and his joys. The friends were skating together, and while dashing rapidly along over the surface of the frozen lake, the ice suddenly gave way, and his friend Schneider was snatched from his side to instant death. Another friend, a gay and promising artist, also met his fate at the same time; and the sight of the senseless bodies of his dear associates thus suddenly deprived of life produced a sad and lasting impression on Körner's vivid imagination. The tone of his poetical efforts assumed a melancholy but impassioned accent; the light pieces natural to a young poet's pen, were discontinued; he produced a series of spiritual sonnets, and contemplated the production of a "Pocket Book for Christians," but was eventually diverted from his design by the excitement of an active life.

He proposed to take a mineralogical tour, on foot, to the Harz mountains, but was prevented by a slight lameness. He removed to Leipzig for the farther prosecution of his studies, and diligently labored in the science of botany, and the prosecution of philosophy, history, and anatomy. Several incidents occurred, during this portion of his life, of a nature peculiar to the pursuits of German students in general; he was involved in the quarrels of the two parties, "Renomist and Studenten;" he published a volume of poems entitled "Blossoms;" suffered severely by a tertian fever; became a member of an *Æsthetic* society (a term invented by Baumgarten, and meaning "the philosophy of beauty,") joined a lady, a physician, and an artist, in producing a little periodical called, "Tea Leaves;" established a poetical association; joined the *Macaria*, a social and literary society; and became involved in quarrels with the superiors by refusing to submit to some coercive measures which he declared to be unjust.

After a short residence in Berlin, Korner, at the age of twenty, went to Vienna, under a combination of favorable auspices. Cheered by the friendship of Humboldt and Schlegel, he launched boldly forth into the world of letters, and devoted the chiefest portion of his time to poetry and dramatic productions. His first essays consisted of two one act pieces, in alexandrines, called *The Bride*, and *The Green Domino*, both of which were acted with much success. He bestowed great labor and attention on a historical tragedy called *Conradin*, but never completed it, being aware that the nature of the plot would have called forth the censor's interdiction; and Korner wrote for the stage, and languished for the fame attendant upon the public's applause. After the production of another very successful farce, called *The Night Watch*, he determined to devote his pen to subjects of a passionate and tragic nature. A tale of Heinrich von Kleist's was, with some alterations, worked up into a drama in three acts, called *Toni*. Soon after followed a terrific tragic piece, in one act, called *The Expiation*. He now considered himself prepared to venture on the production of the Hungarian Leonidas, *Zriny*. This was followed by an appalling drama, called *Hedwig*, and a tragedy called *Rosamund*, taken from English history. His last dramatic work of a serious kind, *Joseph Heyderich*, was founded on a real incident, the self-sacrifice of a brave Austrian subaltern officer, who devoted his own life to save that of his lieutenant. He still found time, notwithstanding these works, to produce three comic pieces, *The Cousin from Bremen*, *The Officer of the Guard*, and *The Governess*; as also two operas, *The Fisher Girl*, or *Hatred and Love*; and the *Four Years' Post*, as well as several small poems; and he also concluded an opera commenced some time before—*The Miners*. Part of an opera which he had written for Beethoven, *The Return of Ulysses*, was also ready, and he had, likewise prepared a multitude of plans, both of small and large pieces.

The whole of his productions experienced a reception far beyond his expectations. The public feeling showed itself the most enthusiastically at the first representation of *Zriny*. The author was called to appear

before the audience in person—an honor altogether unusual in Vienna. But the single voices of certain critical judges, the favorable opinion of the judicious few, was yet more gratifying to his feelings. The friendly judgment of Goethe reached him from afar; and, by his influence, *The Bride*, *The Green Domino*, and *The Expiation* were brought out at Weimar, with particular care and with eminent success.

This was the happiest, and notwithstanding the brilliancy of his military career, the brightest portion of Korner's life. His father, in the biographical sketch prefixed to his collection of poems, published under the title of "The Lyre and the Sword," terms his sojourn at Vienna the fruition of a world of joy. Besides the glory of his eminently successful career, and his intimacy with the great literary and the literary great, he enjoyed the fascinations of the most refined female society, at the houses of the celebrated female poet Caroline Pichler and Madame de Pereira. Several visits were paid to the country seat of his godmother the duchess of Courland, near Altenburg; and a certain fair lady of Vienna, whose name has not transpired, conceived a violent passion for the gay poet, and "enchained him by the charms of beauty and of soul." In consequence of the success of his "*Zriny*," he was appointed poet to the court theatre—a preferment of sufficient emolument to ensure him a living income.

Nothing now remained to bless the favorite of fortune but the completion of his nuptials with the object of his love, who had also endeared herself to the bosom of Korner's father. But the cry of "Liberty" resounded through the land; the presence of the French provoked the execrations of the people, who refused longer to endure the interference of Napoleon. Korner determined to sacrifice his assurance of happiness; and devote himself to the deliverance of his country, to whom he offered his life, "crowned with the flowery wreaths of friendship, love, and joy." The following extracts from his own tragedy of *Zriny* embody his sentiments upon the occasion, the tenderness and heroism of which demand our approbation.

JURANITSCH.

But first I must the greater pledge redeem,
For which I stand indebted to my country:
My heart, my love, my feelings, and my thoughts,
These, my sweet bride, are thine, and shall remain so:
But what men call their life, the span of time
That I may breathe within this lower world,
This is the sole possession of my country!
My love is all eternal; and on high
I can be thine, thine undisturb'd, thine only!
But this high feeling for my native land
Can finish only with my latest struggle.
Whate'er I am indebted to my country,
I can repay it only during life,
And will do so. I'll seek my bride on high,
And with divinest transports meet her there,
Since I shall leave no duty undischarged.—
Fly without me, and think, when you are saved,
In softest bitterness of tears, on one
Who loved you once so warmly and so well,
Yet threw aside his fondest dream of bliss

When it concern'd the welfare of his country!
Weep'st thou? I pain thee—yet I would not do so;
Trust me my love is not less warm than thine;
'Tis this induces me to make the offering.
That I devote myself to death were little—
My life I oft have ventured in the hazard,
But that I do so, 'mid such joy and pleasure,
'Mid happiness and highest earthly bliss,
This is the struggle, this deserves the prize—
My country may be proud of such an offering.

Major von Lutzow had announced his formation of a corps of Free Yagers, at Breslau, and at his call, specimens of all classes—literati, landholders, artists, officers who had served in the Prussian army, and ardent youths of every station in society, flocked to his standard. Korner joined the corps, in the month of March, 1813, and was present at the consecration in a village church not far from Zobten. A choral hymn written by Korner was sung by all present; the venerable pastor of the place made a powerful address, and administered the oath—to spare neither their wealth nor their lives for the cause of mankind, of their country, and their religion—and to go cheerfully to victory or to death. The oath was enthusiastically sworn, and the good old man fell upon his knees, and implored God to shower a blessing on His combatants. Martin Luther's soul-moving hymn concluded this imposing solemnity. The Lutzow free corps deserved the good opinion of their country; they were a voluntary association, but remarkable for their activity, energy, and enterprise. Several of these independent yagers made a vow neither to cut their hair nor their beards till they had driven the French out of Germany—a vow which they punctually fulfilled.

Korner's perfection in athletic exercises, zeal and punctuality in the performance of his duty, and joyous disposition at the social board, soon rendered him a popular member of the yager corps; the post of ober-yager (serjeant-major) was bestowed upon him shortly after the formation, and in less than five weeks he was elected lieutenant by the universal suffrages of his comrades.

In the hour of danger, the muses smiled on Korner. The following version of his beautiful "war-song" demands our utmost praise; it is translated by G. F. Richardson, a distinguished German scholar; Lord Francis Levison Gower has also given a version of the same poem.

WAR SONG;

*Written on the Morning of the Battle of Danneberg,
May 12, 1813.*

Darkly dawning, death enshrouded
Breaks the great, the dreadful day;
And the sun, all cold and clouded,
Lights us on our gory way.
In yon hosts that now assemble,
Fates of mighty empires lie;
And the lots already tremble,
As they cast the brzen die!

Arise! this hour, as it dawns on us now,
Impels us to join heart and hand in the vow,
To be true while we live; to be true if we die!

Behind us—in the gloom of night,
Lie defeat, disgrace, and shame;
All, wherewith the tyrant might
Disgrace our nation and our name.
Our native tongue was all profaned;
Our country's temples overthrown;
Our faith destroy'd; our honor stain'd;
And could we weep these glories gone?
No! vengeance inspired us to join heart and hand,
To avert heaven's curse from our loved native land,
And to save her Palladium, ere yet it was flown!

Before us—what bright scenes are given!
The glorious future's golden dreams;
And see! through opening gates of heaven,
The lovely light of freedom gleams!
German arts again shall meet us,
German songs dispel our gloom;
All that's great again shall greet us,
All that's fair again shall bloom.
But a horrid uncertainty rests on yon strife,
And though glory's the prize, yet the stake is life;
And our victories but hasten us on to the tomb.

Yet with God we'll seek the field,
There devote our latest breath;
Our lives an offering we will yield,
And brave thro' Him the power of death!
Yes, to save thine ancient glory,
Fatherland, we'll die for thee!
Those we love shall tell our story,
Those our deaths shall render free;
And the tree of thy freedom immortal shall bloom,
Even though its fresh branches shall wave o'er our
tomb,
Hear, O our country, our offering for thee!

Turn your looks yet homewards, where
Love was wont, erewhile, to bloom,
Ere the tempest of despair
Swept its blossoms to the tomb!
And if tears unbidden come,
Tears disgrace not valor's eye;
Waft one kiss to love and home,
Then commend their cause on high!
All the fond lips for our safety that pray;
All the loved hearts that bleed for us to-day;
Comfort and succor them, God of the sky!

Now, then—fresh to yonder fight,
Turn with eager heart and brow;
All of earth has ta'en its flight,
Even heaven forsakes us now!
Then let every valiant brother
Prove himself a hero here,
True hearts see again each other:
Now, farewell to all most dear!
Hark! hear ye the shouts and the thunders before yet
On, brothers, on! to death and to glory!
And we'll meet in another, and happier sphere!

The "Prayer during the Battle," composed upon the same occasion, deserves to follow. The translation is by the same hand.

Father, I call on thee!
While the smoke of the firing envelopes my sight,
And the lightnings of slaughter are wing'd on their flight,
Leader of battles, I call on thee!

Father, oh lead me!
Lead me to vict'ry, or lead me to death!
Lord, I yield to thee my breath!
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead me!

God, I acknowledge thee!
In the grove where the leaves of the autumn are fading,
As here 'mid the storms of the loud cannonading,
Fountain of love, I acknowledge thee!

Father, oh bless me!
I commit my life to the will of heaven,
For thou canst take it as thou hast given.
In life and death, oh bless me!

Father, I praise thee!
This is no strife for the goods of this world;
For freedom alone is our banner unfurl'd.
Thus, falling or conqu'ring, I praise thee!

God, I yield myself to thee!
When the thunders of battle are loud in their strife,
And my opening veins pour forth my life,
God, I yield myself to thee!

The free corps distinguished themselves in the war, and Korner, during the second month, was appointed adjutant by Major von Lützow, who knew his worth, and wished his presence on an expedition towards Thuringia which he was about to take, with but three squadrons of his cavalry. The French were annoyed by the vigilance of these troops, who cut off their couriers and their supplies of ammunition. Napoleon ordered the destruction of the whole corps, and desired his generals to effect this object at all hazards; and ordered, as a deterring example to the German volunteers, that not a man should be left alive! During an armistice, which saved the life and fortunes of the duke of Prussia, the Lützow corps were surrounded near Leipzig, at twilight, by a superior force; and when Korner rode forward to demand an explanation, the commander of the enemy answered by striking him with his sword. A general attack was made upon the Lützow cavalry before they had drawn a sabre; the major was saved by the Cossacks, and fled with the largest portion of his troops to the right bank of the Elbe, where the infantry of his corps were already collected.

Korner, severely wounded in the head by the commanding officer of the enemy, fled to a neighboring wood. He had scarcely time to bind up his wound when he perceived a troop of the enemy in full chase.

His presence of mind saved his life; he called out, in a loud voice, as if ordering his men to charge, "Fourth squadron, advance!" The enemy dreaded a surprise, and galloped back to their comrades.

Korner past the night in the wood, and, despite the pain of his wound, his burning thirst, and utter exhaustion of bodily strength, succeeded in framing the beautiful sonnet, of which the following is a translation.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

My deep wound burns—my pale lips quake in death;
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!
Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye:
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh, surely no! for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.
And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as freedom, now as love,
Stands in seraphic guise before me now;
And as my fading senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day!

Korner, for some time, had been oppressed with shadows of impending ill and strange presentiments of early death. When he closed his eyes in the dark solitudes of the wood, he expected to awake no more; the numbers of poetry cheered him as he lay, and the lines of the above sonnet were so firmly impressed upon his mind that he repeated them to the peasants who discovered him in the early morning. These men, who belonged to the province, had been bribed by some of the fugitive cavalry to search the wood for a wounded officer; they conducted him, weak from the loss of blood to the neighboring village of Gross Zoschocher, and securely secreted him, although the enemies' troops were quartered there, and a strict search was made by their cavalry for the missing adjutant, who was known to have a large sum of money, belonging to the Lützow troops, concealed upon his person.

His wounds, well tended by a country surgeon, began to heal, and he endeavored to return to his friends at Leipzig, but the city was occupied by the French, and the concealment of any number of the proscribed band of the Lützow corps was forbidden under pain of death. But Korner, aided by warm-hearted and cool-headed friends, was carried safely into Leipzig, and comfortably provided till he was sufficiently recovered to rejoin his corps. After a perilous travel through a country entirely occupied by the enemies' troops, and annoyed by the pain of his wound, which broke out afresh during his journey, he succeeded in joining his friends.

On the right bank of the Elbe, above Hamburg, Korner found the Lützow free corps, as part of General von Walden's army opposed to Davoust, who occupied Hamburg with considerable force. On the seventeenth of August the armistice concluded; and Korner celebrated the re-commencement of hostilities

by his celebrated song, called "Men and Boys," which is now considered one of the national songs of Germany. We offer a faithful and spirited translation of this stirring lyric.

WAR SONG.

The nations arise, and the storm is near;
Where is the coward who trembles with fear?
Lives there the wretch who would shrink from his
vow,

Who would linger affrighted, and hide himself now?
O thou art a base and a pitiful wight!—
No German maid shall thy love requite,
Nor shall offer the cup, nor the kiss of delight:
O no! she will spurn such a wretch from her sight!

When we, at the dark and the midnight hour,
Are awake, and abroad in the storm and the shower—
Canst thou be contented, in times like these,
To stretch thy base limbs upon couches of ease?
O thou art, &c.

When the call of the trumpet our ears hath riven,
And pierced through our souls like the thunders of
heaven—
Canst thou at the ball and the theatre throng,
And delight thy base spirit with dance and with song?
O thou art, &c.

When the heat of the day hath our strength bereft,
And we scarce have a drop of cold water left—
Canst thou at the feast and the banquet recline,
And quaff of thy foe's the Frenchman's wine?
O thou art, &c.

When we, in the press of the deadly fight,
Have breathed our last prayer for our soul's delight—
Canst thou be contented to purchase with gold
The caress of a wanton, so hollow, so cold?
O thou art, &c.

When balls are hissing and lances are ringing,
And death in a thousand shapes is springing—
Canst thou at the card-table practise thy skill,
Delighted to capture—the king with spadille?
O thou art, &c.

And when in the conflict we yield our breath,
And welcome our fate—a soldier's death,
Thou may'st hide thee away in thy silken vest,
With all the despair of a coward oppress!

For a coward's life and death are thine—
No German maid for thee shall pine—
No German song thy praise assign,
Nor cup be filled for thee with wine,
Who hast fled from thy post in the patriot line.

The above song, with other productions of Körner, has been set to music by the immortal Weber; but it was originally adapted by the author to one of the popular melodies of the country, the simple yet nervous

melody of which reached the hearts of the bold warriors to whom his soul-moving words were addressed. He devoted the chief part of his leisure to the production of these martial effusions; he also collected the poems of other writers that he deemed worthy the notice of German warriors, and employed himself in procuring suitable melodies for them. His exertions were appreciated by a people ever alive to genial excitement, and his comrades and superiors knew that he fought not the worse for his poetical indulgences.

The free corps soon came into operation; and Körner wrote his last. On the morning of the twenty-sixth of August, he pencilled his celebrated "Song of the Sword," on some blank leaves in his pocket book, and was reading them to his comrades when the signal for attack was made. In a skirmish with a foraging party belonging to the French, on the high road from Schwerin to Gadebusch, about half a mile from Rosenberg, he received a ball from a flying tirailleur. The bullet passed through the horse's neck, entered his abdomen, wounded the liver and spine and immediately deprived him of life. His friends raised him up, and carried him off, despite the continued fire of the rallying enemy. It was thus that the warrior-poet met the death he had so often anticipated, and dwelt on with so much enthusiasm.

He was buried with all the honors of war, beneath an oak of high and beauteous growth, near the village of Wobbelin. His deeply affected brethren in arms dug his grave beneath the hanging branches of this, his favorite tree, and carved his name upon its stem. The oak, with forty-eight square runs of the surrounding ground, was afterwards presented by the duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to the father of Körner, with sufficient stone and chalk for the erection of an enclosing wall, and when the expulsion of the French ensured the safety of the tombs of German warriors, an iron monument, from a design by Thurmeyer, the master of the Dresden works, was delivered from the Royal Foundry at Berlin. The sides of this national token are graced with appropriate inscriptions; the tyre and the sword repose upon the front of the altar, and the following apposite quotation from his own poem of "Our Fatherland," stands conspicuous upon one of the squares.

Fatherland! we'll die for thee!

Those we love shall tell our story,

Those our deaths shall render free;

And the tree of thy freedom immortal shall bloom,

Even though its young branches shall wave o'er our tomb.

Thus at the early age of twenty-two, fell Carl Theodor Körner, the accomplished scholar, the devoted patriot, the gallant soldier, and the minstrel chief. His memory dwells in the hearts of his countrymen, who venerate his worth, and name him as their patriot saint. One of his comrades, who committed his body to the earth, being placed in a dangerous post in battle a few days after, rushed manly upon the enemy as he uttered the words, "Körner, I follow thee!" and died,

with many wounds. His name was Von Barenhorst; and another, more known to fame, the noble Friesen, who assisted to bring the body of Körner from the place where he received his death-wound, died within six months in a similar way.

The poetry of Körner undoubtedly is framed in imitation of the style of the man who first inspired him with Parnassian love—Schiller. His poems of a martial character are commonly most distinguished; they all breathe a high spirit of heroism, a strong hatred of tyranny and oppression, and a deep sympathy for the afflictions of his suffering country. His miscellaneous pieces will also be found to exhibit some of the most admired graces of refined and elegant poetry. His few prose tales are very beautiful compositions, and induce us only to regret that he has left no more examples of this delightful style of writing. But his dramas are considered his highest efforts, and these display, in the most striking manner, the power and fertility of his mind. He appears to have essayed every species of dramatic composition—to have attempted farce, opera, comedy, and tragedy, and to have succeeded alike in all. In comedy, his productions were exceedingly admired, and he was considered by distinguished critics to possess that genuine *vis comica*, which is the basis of all dramatic efforts of this kind:

while in tragedy, the merits of his pieces insured him the most substantial emoluments, and the most flattering honors; and he was rewarded at once with the approbation of the public, the patronage of the court, and the favorable opinion of the most distinguished writers and critics.

His collected works consist of four considerable volumes, varying in their degrees of interest and attraction, according to the nature of their subjects; but, allowing for the imperfections necessarily incident to youthful efforts, all bearing the impress of high poetic genius. And when we reflect on the various studies, avocations, and pursuits of the author, and consider that in addition to his academical career he also discharged the duties of a military life; and that his various attainments were acquired, and he himself snatched away at the early age of twenty-two, we cannot refuse our highest admiration of an instance of early genius, which is probably unrivalled, and certainly unsurpassed in the annals of literary distinction.

Reader, we find that it is impossible to conclude our notice of the writings of Körner in this number, and must therefore postpone the remainder of our critical remarks and extracts till we meet again.

W. E. B.

I HEAR THEM TELL OF MELODY.

BY A. T. LEE, HARRISBURG, PENN.

I HEAR them tell of melody—

The music of the trembling string,
That fills the soul with ecstasy,
And gives the longing spirit wing
To soar beyond its mortal home,
And revel in those realms afar,
Where silent fancy loves to roam,
When evening lights her vesper star;
Of harp's that breathe the sweetest tone
By mortal hand untouch'd—alone;
Of lips and strings that own the power
To light the spirit's darkest hour;—
I hear them tell of tears that fall
Upon the chords of mournful strain,
Whilst breathing forth the songs that call
The days of childhood back again;—
But not for me the ringing lute,
To turn the thought on vanish'd years;
When chords are slack and lips are mute,

Then comes a melody for tears;
It breathes along the lakes dim shore—
It comes from out the breaking wave—
'Tis warbled when the daylight's o'er,
From mountain crag, and cliff, and cave;
'Tis nature's song—I hear it now,
Binding the past around my brow;—
What voice is this so sad and low?
I know but one could wake such strain,
And she was buried long ago—

Life cannot move those lips again.
Oh, 'tis the power that music hath
To rend the airy veil apart,
That hangs across life's trodden path,
And wave the past back on the heart;—
It wakens smiles—it wakens tears—
It bursts the tomb of buried years—
It stirs up feelings undefined,
And makes a phantom of the mind.

HORRIBLE ACCOUNT OF THE PLAGUE AT MALTA, IN 1813.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

God of the just and guardian of the free,
What scenes arise on my anguished memory.

HAVING been in Malta in the year 1813, during the prevalence of the plague in that island, and having seen no description of its ravage since my arrival in this country, I am induced to give a brief account of its appearance, progress, and termination.

About the beginning of May, 1813, a rumor was propagated that the plague had made its appearance in the city of La Valette, the capital of Malta. This report was treated with ridicule by the Maltese faculty, and with merriment by the populace. However, in a few days, symptoms of sickness exhibited themselves in the house of a person who had recently received some leather from the Levant. This man's child was taken ill, and died suddenly. His wife shared the same fate; and, after being carried to the quarantine hospital, or lazaretto, he too fell a sacrifice to the unknown disease. The dissolution of this family created for some time an alarm, which wavered between hope and fear, till all at once the pestilence burst forth in various parts of the town. Amusements instantly ceased, and places of public worship were shut up; for it was confidently asserted, that infected persons having gone thither, communicated the evil to the multitude, and thereby conducted to its general diffusion.

The unusual heat of the sun at this time, joined with the want of sea breezes, rendered La Valette so intolerably disagreeable, that many of the higher orders suddenly departed into the interior of the island; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, they carried the plague along with them. In the early stages of its progress, the victims of this disease lingered about a week before they expired; but now it became so virulent, that a man fell lifeless in the street. People observed him stagger, reel round, and sink in convulsions, but none would venture near him; life was dear to all, and there was no power to compel them. Persuasion was used in vain, for it was immediately retorted, "*go yourself!*" One might as well ask them to raise a lion from his slumber, as to bear the victim to his grave.

Prohibitory orders were now issued, forbidding all persons to appear in the streets, with the exception of those who had passports from the governor or the board of health; the consequence of this necessary precaution seemed to be, that the disease abated considerably, and very nearly ceased to exist. But while the rigor of the quarantine was relaxing, and the intercourse of business renewing, the plague suddenly reappeared. This was owing to the reprehensible

avarice of mercenary individuals, who had been employed to burn the furniture, clothes, &c. belonging to infected houses, but who, instead of effectually performing their duty, had secreted some articles of value and some wearing apparel, which they now sold to needy people, who, ignorant of the consequence, strutted in the splendid garb of pestilence to a nameless grave.

The plague now raged with accumulated horrors, and the lazaretto being insufficient to contain one-half of the sick who were daily crowding in, temporary hospitals were, at a very great expense, erected outside of the town; indeed, no expense was spared to overcome the evil; but the manifest incapacity of the native doctors, or rather quacks, was worthy of their cowardice. They were woefully deficient in anatomy, and never had any distinct idea of symptom, cause, or effect. Their knowledge extended no farther than common place medicine and herbs, to the use and application of which old women in all countries have equal pretensions. These unfeeling quacks could never be prevailed upon to approach within three yards of any patient whom they visited. They carried an opera glass, with which they examined the diseased person in a hurried manner, being always ready to make their escape if any one approached near enough to touch them. I witnessed a ludicrous proof of their selfish terror while the plague was under the same roof with myself. While a quack was looking in the above manner at the attendant upon the person affected, and inquiring how he felt, &c., the sick man walked up to the quack and exhibited the part affected. The charlatan, not being aware of this, felt so confounded on perceiving him near, that in his anxiety to gain the door he actually pushed the infected man from him, and hurried away: but this person got better. It is but justice to except from this character of the Maltese faculty one gentleman, who having travelled on the continent of Europe, had made himself master of the various branches of his profession; but I am sorry to say he fell a sacrifice to his humanity in behalf of his countrymen.

About the middle of summer the plague became so deadly, that the number of its victims increased to an alarming degree, from 70 to 75 daily. The number falling sick was equal, indeed greater: such was the printed report of the board of health; but the real extent of the calamity was not known, for people had such dreadful apprehensions of the plague hospitals (whether every person was carried, along

with the sick, from the infected houses,) that they actually denied the existence of the disease in their families, and buried its victims in the house or garden. These were horrible moments! Other miseries of mankind bear no parallel to the calamities of the plague. The sympathy which the relatives feel for the wounded and the dying in battle, is but the shade of that heart rending affliction inspired by the ravages of pestilence. In the first, the scene is far removed; and even were it present to the view, the comparison fades. Conceive in the same house the beholder, the sickening, and the dying; to help is dreadful! and to refuse assistance is unnatural! It is like the shipwrecked mariner trying to rescue his drowning companion, and sinking with him into the same oblivious grave.

Indeed, the better feelings of the heart were quenched by this appalling evil; and the natives who ventured to remove the sick and the dead, shared their fate in such numbers, that great apprehensions were entertained lest, in a short time, none would be found to perform this melancholy office; but

Grecians came, a death determined band,
Hell in their face, and horror in their hand!

These daring and ferocious Greeks, clad in oiled leather, volunteered their services effectually, but their number were so small that recourse was had to the prisoners of war for assistance. With a handsome reward, and the promise of gaining their liberty at the expiration of the plague, the French and Italian prisoners swept the streets, and cleaned and white-washed the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c.

The ignorance of the native faculty was now assisted by the arrival of reputed plague doctors from Smyrna. These treated the malady with unbecoming contempt; they related the vehemence of pestilence in their country, where it was nothing unusual, when the morning arose, to find from one to three or four hundred persons in the streets and fields, stretched in the dewy air of death! that the promptitude of the people was commensurate with the evil, for wherever a corpse was found, two men unbound their sashes, rolled them round the head and feet of the body, and hurried with it to the grave. However, they seemed to have left their knowledge at home, for though their indifference was astonishing, and their intrepidity was most praiseworthy, entering the most vile and forbidding places, handling the sick, the dying, and the dead, the nature of this disease completely baffled their exertions and defied their skill.

The *casals* or villages of Birchicarra, Zebbug, and Curmi suffered lamentably; the last most severely on account of its moist situation. The work of death was familiar to all, and black covered vehicles, to which the number of victims made it necessary to have recourse, rendered the evil still more ghastly. Large pits had been previously scooped out, and thither the dead were conveyed at night, and tumbled in from these vehicles, in the same manner as in this country rubbish is thrown from the carts. The

silence of day was not less dreary than the dark parade of night. That silence was now and then broken by the dismal cry for the "dead," as the unhallowed bier passed along the streets, preceded and followed by the guards. The miseries of disease contributed to bring on the horrors of famine. The island is very populous, and cannot support itself. Trade was at a stand; the bays were forsaken; and strangers appearing off the harbor, on perceiving the yellow flag of quarantine, paused awhile, and raised our expectations only to depress our feelings more bitterly by their departure.

Sicily is the parent granary of Malta, but though the Sicilians had provisions on board their boats ready to come over, on hearing of the plague they absolutely refused to put to sea. The British commodore in Syracuse was not to be trifled with in this manner, and left it to their choice, either to go to Malta, or to the bottom of the deep. They preferred the former, but, on their arrival at home, neither solicitation nor threat could induce their return. In this forlorn state the Moors generously offered their services, and supplied the isle with provisions, which were publicly distributed; but the extreme insolence and brutality of the creatures employed in that office, very often tended to make the hungry loathe that food which, a moment before, they craved to eat.

In the autumn the plague unexpectedly declined, and business began partly to revive. But every face betrayed a misgiving, lest it should return as formerly. People felt as sailors do on the sudden cessation of a storm, when the wind changes to the opposite point of the compass, only to blow with redoubled fury. Their conjecture was too well founded; the plague returned a third time, from a more melancholy cause than formerly. Two men, who must have known themselves to be infected, sold bread in the streets; the poor starving inhabitants bought it, and caught the infection. One of these scoundrels fell a victim to the disease; the other fled, but his career was short, the quarantine guard shot him in his endeavor to escape. This guard was composed of natives, who paraded the streets, having power to take up any person found abroad without a passport. Fancy may conjure up a thousand horrors, but there is one scene, which, when imagination keeps within the verge of probability, it will not be easy to surpass. About three hundred of the convalescent were conveyed to a temporary lazaretto, or ruinous building, in the vicinity of Fort Angelo; thither some more were taken afterwards, but it was like touching gunpowder with lightning,—infection spread from the last, and such a scene ensued "as even the imagination fears to trace." The catastrophe of the Black-hole at Calcutta bears no comparison to this; there it was suffocation, here it was the blasting breath of pestilence! the living, the dying, and the dead huddled together in one putrescent grave! Curses, prayers, and delirium mingled in one groan of horror, till the shuddering hand of death hushed the agonies of nature.

A singular calamity befel one of the holy brotherhood: his maid-servant having gone to draw some water, did not return; the priest felt uneasy at her

long absence, and calling her in vain, went to the draw-well in quest of her—she was drowned! He laid hold of the hope with the intention of raising her, and in that act was found, standing in the calm serenity of death.

The plague usually attacked the sufferer with giddiness and want of appetite; apathy ensued; an abscess formed under each arm-pit, and one on the groin. It was the practice to dissipate these; and if that could be done the patient survived, if not, the abscess grew of a livid color, and suppurated; then was the critical moment of life or dissolution.

The rains of December and the cold breezes of January dispelled the remains of the plague in La Valette—but it existed for some months longer in the villages. The disease, which was supposed to have originated from putrid vegetables and other matters, peculiarly affected the natives. There were only twelve deaths of British residents during its existence in the island; and these deaths were ascertained to have followed from other and indubitable causes. Cleanliness was found to be the best preventive against the power of the disease, the ravages of which were greater in the abodes of poverty and wretched-

ness. Every precaution was wisely taken by the former and by the present governor. The soldiers were every morning lightly moistened with oil, which produced a constant exhalation from the heat of their bodies, and thereby prevented the possibility of the contagion affecting them. Tobacco was profusely smoked and burnt in the dwellings of the inhabitants, who, during the prolonged quarantine, felt very uneasy to resume business. They beguiled their evenings by walking on the terraces on the tops of the houses, they being all, or principally flat. When the quarantine ceased, they hastened eagerly to learn the fate of their friends, in the same manner as sailors hurry below after battle, to see how many of their messmates have survived to share in the dream of glory.

Before leaving Malta, I had the melancholy satisfaction of standing on the ruins of the plague-hospital, which had been burnt to ashes—that place where so many hopes and fears were hushed to rest; it gave rise to dismal reflections.

May none of my readers ever behold the miseries of the plague, or endure the lingering tantalization of the quarantine.

M. Y.

I LOVE THE SEA.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

I LOVE the sea,
The blue, the free,
The roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
The foam of its waves,
That madly raves,
Is the dearest sight my bosom craves.

With thee, my bark,
O'er the waters dark,
With the summer moon our course to mark;
How proud we ride,
O'er the dancing tide,
While the white foam laves thy heaving side.

We cut our way
Thro' the shining spray,
While the crowding billows round us lay;
And our shouts of glee,
Rung wild and free,
On the mighty waste of the boundless sea.

The mariner's dirge
Is thy sounding surge,
As it rings his knell on the grave's dark verge
And his last, long sleep,
In the quiet deep,
Is as calm as when willows o'er him sweep.

I love the sea,
The blue, the free,
And the roar of its mighty minstrelsy;
Where the wild waves roam,
In their caps of foam,
The mariner finds his chosen home.

Then spread thy wing,
Thou bounding thing,
And far o'er the waves like a sea-gull spring;
Our trust's on high,
In the smiling sky,
And we rove 'neath the light of a watching eye.

HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PENN.

(Continued from Page 53.)

CHAPTER XVI.

The jarring course of mortal life
Reminds us of the runner's strife;
And where the stream in pools delays,
We find the peace that soothes our days.

For like the water's transient calm,
This bliss is but an hour-brief balm;
Both soon are reus'd by fate's fell force,
To take their onward, downward course.

Hegg.

WHEN I had sufficiently recovered to be fully conscious of the deep reality of the scenes which had recently passed, and to scan the consequences which, unless some providential power intervened, must inevitably flow from them, there struck through my spirit a throb of anguish, whose aching keenness almost deprived me of sense. As I lay in the helplessness of disease, and felt the consuming heat of fever rave through my veins, and remembered that while I lingered in powerless repose, and the hours slid past me in my prostrate inactivity, the evil which I abhorred was fast hastening to be irremediable, and not an effort was in action to arrest the mischief while interference might yet be successful, the bitterness of self-reproach was added to the sharpness of regret, and the wildness of impotent anxiety almost tortured me to madness. Often as I roused the energy of reason and beat away the dark disturbance which I knew to be vain, and which I felt, if indulged, would hunt my life into something worse than death, the thought would return upon me and sting my soul to the depths of its feeling. I at length called for one of the opiates to which man takes refuge when he would be hidden from the terrors of himself, and would cast a pillar of cloud between memory and feeling. For the natural current of our being continually sets to madness, and if our thoughts be not diverted by things, and our feelings dilated by external interests, our spirits would whirl themselves into fury. Place a man in the stillness of solitude and drive from his seat the angel of sleep, and the glorious creature will waste to death, or fret to wild distraction.

I slept long and deeply, and awoke calmed, strengthened, and refreshed. I had mastered and possessed the strength of the thoughts that before were rent and ravelled, and flying all abroad. The

irritation and the agony had passed away; I looked out with earnestness, but not with uncontrol, upon the course which was before me. I had a great work to perform; and my powers felt concentrated and quickened as I contemplated it. I felt within me the ability and disposition to battle against the calamity which impended over me, and I hoped to battle successfully; I felt also the greater strength to wait in patience till the hour of exertion had arrived. Slowly the violence of fever passed away, and convalescence began to fit me for effort. At the first moment in which my feebleness permitted me to leave my couch, I rose and began to make my preparations for setting out in pursuit of the man who had robbed me of the only treasure that I valued upon earth, and planted in my breast the festering thorn of vain remorse. The keen pursuer was changed to the triumphant fugitive, and he who had long rested in peacefulness and joy, was transformed into a victim and an avenger. There arose in my mind, however, no feeling of hate, like that which had been the focus of all the passions of Harford; anxiety to prevent the mischief which was in progress filled all my thoughts, and left no room for revenge. The memory of the actor was forgotten in the engrossing interest of the act; yet I felt that if all my hopes and exertions in that matter were crushed and disappointed, and the evil was consummated beyond the remedy of arrest or reversal, there would be but one thing left to live for.

In a few days I began my journey to Baffa, the port which Harford had indicated as the place from which he should embark. I still felt very weak, and rapid motion produced a dizziness in my head; but my impatience would not permit me to tarry longer in inaction, and I hoped that the freshness of the air and the change of prospect might contribute to the restitution of my health. My horses were accordingly brought to the door, and my servant announced that every thing was ready. Before I descended to turn my back upon a spot wherein so many memories were garnered, I flung open the window of the chamber to take a single look at the grounds which were endeared to me so deeply. The landscape was lying in its calm, and pure, and healthful beauty. In the clear, fresh waving of the branches, as the morning breeze fluttered their vigor, there seemed an exultation and

a joy. Strength, and life, and loveliness were upon all the forms that were sparkling in the gladness of the sun-rays. But the picture was to me like the remembrance of some anterior paradisaical existence, that lay centuries in the dimness of the past; that lay centuries ago I had last ages seemed to have come and gone looked upon it. When the events of a week flung my feelings into a new and separate sphere, there to abide forever, my nature seemed to have cut loose from all that had gone before. The objects before my eyes now recalled sentiments and incidents which perhaps the workings of my own bosom would never have withdrawn from oblivion. There was the silver brook with whose plaintive chaunt the voice of Helena had so often mingled, and upon which it still seemed to float; there were the varied shapes of the trees to whose outline and form the richness of her fancy had given an eternal significance; and there were the daisy-tufted knolls and flowery seats whereon we had so often sat, and painted immortal hopes upon the sky. I cast a long memorizing glance over the scene, and gave one look to the spot where the moral of the drama was marked in marble, and then closed the window and left the apartment.

Attended by a single servant I set forth for the western coast of Cyprus. After riding a little distance along the beach, I struck towards the interior for the purpose of falling into the great road which ran from Nicosia to Baffa. It was about noon that as I journeyed on under the heat with dull and dreary pace, I came suddenly upon an antique elm, which flung arch-wise over the road its gigantic branches, that were furrowed with the twigs and fibres of centuries of years. I had a dim impression of familiarity with the form of that old tree, and as I paused under its shade to recover my recollections of the spot, it flashed upon me that I was following the same route over which I had once passed in the rapture of health and gladness, when I bore my bride to her home. The free, stern tramp of my courser as he flew along in the pride of his power, and the wild laugh of the lovers, which ever and anon leapt from bosoms that were charged with the fulness of youth and joy, seemed yet to live upon the breeze.

My eyes were dim with childish tears,
My heart was idly stirr'd,
For the same sound was in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Could the man who then passed by in the tide-like strength of his victorious hopes, and seemed dowered with that adamant power of spirit which might have defied the tempest and done battle with the storm, be the same person who now crawled along his desolate way, smitten with anguish and blasted by despair? He whose excess of fervor might have supplied the drooping efforts of an army, was standing in the barrenness of desolation with none to comfort him. Yes! there was one joy yet abiding—one restoring germ of a thousand joys; and in the forgetfulness of feeling I raised my arm towards my breast to

bind closer to my bosom the boy that seemed to sit before me. Ah! as the void was forced upon my sight, and the agony of truth rushed upon my memory, what a cry of anguish was wrung from my soul! I plunged the spurs into my horse, and dashed onward from the scene that was so full of bitterness.

On the afternoon of the third day, after a wearying ride, I reached the port of Baffa. I made immediate inquiries in the harbor as to what vessels had sailed from there since the period of Harford's having disappeared. None had left for any European port excepting Constantinople; one had set out recently for that port, but the time did not correspond with that which the limitations of my inquiry prescribed. While I was making these investigations, a seaman came up, who said that a vessel had been seen about a fortnight before anchored in the offing, which, however, did not enter the port. It remained there several hours, and a boat put off to it from the neighboring shore; after which the vessel set sail. Upon farther questioning, it appeared that the day on which these occurrences took place was precisely the day after that on which Henry had been carried away. A single day's ride would have been amply sufficient for the horse on which they were mounted to accomplish the journey which had employed me three. I could learn nothing as to the persons who had gone in the small boat; no one, it appeared, had seen what company it contained. It seemed most probable that those whom I sought had been its passengers. The opinion which all entertained was, that the vessel was a pirate, and belonging to a gang who infested that part of the Mediterranean, and were supposed to have their head-quarters in the island of St. Catherine, near to Rhodes—a rocky and thinly inhabited spot, which was admirably fitted for such a purpose, and had repeatedly served for it in former times.

This intelligence gave me great concern, and seemed almost to render ineffectual any efforts which I could command to pursue the fugitive. If, as seemed probable, Harford had hired this ship, or was connected in such a way with the piratical party as to have the control of it, to perform a voyage to some of the ports of Italy or France, it would be a vain thing to attempt to discover his retreat. It was, however, possible that he had taken refuge in St. Catherine; and indeed the society of that place would be thoroughly suited to accomplish that depravement and corruption of the boy which his demonic malignity had sworn to produce. The more I revolved this conjecture the more reasonable it appeared, and I soon made up my mind to set out at once for that island. By promptly reaching that place, there was held out at least a hope of discovering Harford, which was a degree of encouragement that no other course offered; even if he were not there, I might learn to what port the vessel which received him had sailed. I was told that a regular communication existed between the Island of Rhodes and the town of Cephalonia on the northern coast of Cyprus, and that at least one passage was made every month. If I could reach Rhodes, there would be no difficulty in getting to St. Catherine, and I therefore determined to avail

myself of the facility that was thus afforded. I hired a carriage on the following morning and set off for the north. When I arrived at Chephali, I learned that a packet would sail three days after for Rhodes. I engaged a berth on board of her, and was not sorry to have a little time to rest from my fatigue before embarking on what would probably be a long and difficult enterprise.

CHAPTER XVII.

As whence the sun 'gins his arising,
Shipwrecking storms and direful tempests come,
So from that spot whence comfort seemed to spring,
Discomfort springs.

Shakspeare.

Yet where a friendly tone is found,
So subtly is the sense beguiled,
It sees not nor suspects a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
Free as the light in substance—lost
Only by art in nature lost.

Wordsworth.

WHILE I had been standing in the porch of the inn at Baffa on the previous day, pondering what course it would be best for me to take after I had acquired the information which is given in the last chapter, I observed a man leaning out of one of the windows, and looking at me for a considerable time with unusual interest and earnestness. He was a person of a dark countenance and unpleasant aspect, and the attention with which he regarded me was clearly not accidental or transitory; the expression of his face was that which might have been occasioned by the presence of one whom he had long been seeking, and whom he had thus unexpectedly discovered; and with the surprise that was marked upon his features was mingled an air of rapid meditation, as if he were debating what steps he should pursue. I did not, for my own part, remember ever to have seen the man before, yet his countenance was not one which even a distant and casual encounter was likely to forget. Finding that his scrutiny was continued longer than was altogether agreeable, I fixed my eyes upon him with a look which indicated that I deemed his conduct impertinent and offensive, and he very shortly turned away and disappeared from sight. A few hours after, when I was getting into the carriage to leave the city, I saw the same man look cautiously out of the door, as if he were wishing to observe my movements without being seen himself. When I reached Chephali, and was standing at a little distance from the inn, after having been out to secure my passage in the packet, two equipages drove up to the door along the same road by which I had come into the town. The steps of both were let down at the same time by the couriers, and from the hindmost one descended the very person whose demeanor had excited my notice at Baffa. The moment he saw me, he walked quickly to the carriage in front, and closing

the door, said something to the person within, and then returned to the vehicle from which he had dismounted. The steps were rapidly put up again, and the equipages drove off through another street. There was a certain mystery in this affair which did not please me.

The day had been sultry and oppressive, and when the sun passed behind a bar of clouds which stretched across the west, and the invigorating breeze of the waters set towards the land with its reviving freshness, I strolled out towards the sea, to taste the healing that there is in the wings of the wave-born wind. The spirit which rests like a vapor visibly upon the bosom of the waters is a presence and a pervading power; and the breath which it enhales is life, and love, and splendid strength. Nothing in nature renders back to man the full and instant sympathy which is accorded by the mighty being who thus reposes mildly in the generous grandeur of his glorious power. We may love the forms of the trees, the colors of the sky, and the impressive vastness of the hills; but we can never animate them with a soul of life, and persuade ourselves that they experience the feeling which they cause. But the sea, as its countenance shows its myriad mutations with the variety and rapidity of the passions which sport through the breast of man, seems truly to return the emotion which is breathed towards him; and fellowship and friendship—yea, and personal affection—are the sentiments which his gambols rouse in the spectator's heart. The flashing smiles that sparkle in his eye—are they not his happy thoughts?—and the ripples that flit their scouring dance over his breast—are they not feelings of delight that agitate his frame? Whether I am amid mountains, or on plains, there is not an hour in which my existence is not haunted by the remembrance of the ocean. It abides beside me like a thought of my mind;—it occupies my total fancy;—I ever seem to stand before it. And I know that whenever it shall fare so ill with me in the world that comfort and consolation can no longer be found in it, I have a paradise beside the shelving beach who will give the consolation man withholds. Since the mysterious yearnings of the boy bade him shed blind tears upon his mother's breast, never so fully as beneath this influence have I wept away the anguish of that craving sensibility which makes existence one vague and endless want.

I had understood that a person with whom I had been well acquainted in England, and whose society and conversation had always been interesting to me, was at this time residing on the sea-coast, in the immediate neighborhood of Chephali; and, although I knew that he habitually courted solitude, and was rarely pleased by any effort of others to intrude upon his privacy, yet, as I was anxious to procure information upon certain points, which I thought he could give me more safely and faithfully than any other person, I resolved to violate the restraint which I should otherwise have prescribed for myself towards such an individual, and pay him a visit. Mr. Drummond was a refined and copious scholar, imbued with the richest essence of others' thinking, although he

had never added any thing to the literature which he loved. A thoughtful and meditative temper had led him to mature conclusions upon all the subjects which came before him, though his mind was not naturally of extraordinary force or fertility. Indeed, I have rarely found that any of that class of students, extensive in England and Germany, who live to hibe and not to spin, have been persons of unusual vigor of understanding. Intellect feels that it has an errand to accomplish; and the instincts of genius are stings that urge it to performance. He had never taken part in public duties, but had always been devoted to the teachings of books.

Far from the world he lived, and from all care:
His whole life he had passed in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood.

It was agreeable to one whose days had been spent in action and the tumult of existence, to try conclusions with a man whose training had been so different. The experience of one state presented to the susceptibilities of another, makes palpable truths that neither could have struck out alone.

A servant was standing upon the portico of the house, and to him I addressed myself. Mr. Drummond, he said, had gone out to ride, and would not return for an hour. I made an appointment to call for him on the next afternoon, and turned my steps homewards. I reached the hotel, and sat down in the drawing-room which belonged to the suite of apartments which I occupied. In a little while, one of the servants came in to announce that an attendant of prince Menitzen was at the door, and was the bearer of a communication from his master to myself, which he begged permission to present. Considerably surprised at this mission, which I doubted not had a hostile object, I desired the messenger to be instantly admitted. A well-looking and well-mannered man, in military dress, came in, and after a very courteous salutation, presented me with a note, which he said that the prince, to whose service he was attached, had commanded him to deliver. He added that he would wait in the outer apartment until I had prepared whatever answer I should return, and then retired. Prince Menitzen, it will be remembered, was the person to an alliance with whom Helena had been destined by her brother, and whose hopes and efforts in that matter I had so narrowly but totally struck down. I thought it certain, when this letter was put into my hands, that, having accidentally heard of my passing through that part of the country which I knew was near to his place of residence, he had determined to require of me that satisfaction which, poor as it necessarily must be, was the only penalty which could either be rendered or demanded. Any circumstance which would thus call me back to scenes which, though they once gladdened my heart with a proud sense of triumph, in those days when "hope elevated and joy brightened my crest," now never occurred to my memory without awakening the anguish of a regret which had all the horror of remorse. It was a

relief, as well as a surprise, to find a note of a tone so different as the following:

"Prince Menitzen tenders his respectful salutations to Mr. Pulteney. He has no desire to recur to the events now two years past, except for the purpose of adverting to the fact that there then existed between himself and Mr. Pulteney a relation of opposition, and perhaps hostility. Of the recent deplorable event, by which the violence of passion is for ever disarmed, and the sanctity of regret is thrown over a history that might else have awakened anger, prince Menitzen is informed; and also of the intention of Mr. Pulteney to return to Europe. He is unwilling that a separation, which will probably be final, should take place while his position in reference to Mr. Pulteney is so indistinct, unsatisfactory, and liable to misapprehension. He is desirous of evincing that no unpleasant feeling lingers in his bosom, and to remove from the minds of both parties whatever bitterness might be added to the contemplation of past scenes by the presence of animosity or irritation. He therefore solicits the honor of Mr. Pulteney's company at his villa, to-morrow, to pass the day with him; and he will call for him in his chariot, if he will be pleased to indicate to the bearer of this note what hour will be most agreeable to him.

"Villa Angelani, Tuesday morning."

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes, was the first ejaculation which the perusal of this note called from the breast of one so well experienced in the deceitfulness and treachery of men as myself. There was a rhetorical air about the language, too, which, coming from a man of whom my impressions were so little favorable as of prince Menitzen, stirred an involuntary suspicion and disgust. I read it again, however, and as I instinctively acknowledged the justice and natural force of the feelings it had reference to, I corrected my first opinion, and owned that I had wronged the noble writer. I had myself experienced extreme regret at the uncertain and unmanly attitude which either of us seemed to occupy towards the other, and great reluctance at the prospect of leaving the matter in this doubtful and untermiated state. I confess, however, it never occurred to me there was any other mode of arranging the difficulty than by an appeal to arms, and the pain which any such recurrence to the circumstances and passions of past years would produce necessarily in my mind, always prevented my entertaining the intention of employing that mode of settlement. I admitted at once the superior propriety and more honorable delicacy of that manner of meeting which the prince suggested, and throwing from my thoughts the unworthy apprehensions which had entered at first, I determined to accept the proposal with the same frankness and cordiality with which it was made. I therefore sat down and prepared a polite and friendly reply, assuring the prince of the pleasure and readiness with which I accepted his invitation, and naming an hour of the following morning as the time which would be the most convenient

to me. This I handed to the messenger, who promised to place it in the hands of his master.

When the landlord entered my room in the evening with the tea things—it being the custom in all parts of Cyprus for the keeper of the lodging-house to bring in the first waiter or dish with his own hands and to stand until his guest has begun his meal—he made some observation about the visit which had been paid to me by the prince Menitzen's *attacks*, who, he said, was his private secretary. As I wished to know more than I did at that time about this personage, I encouraged the landlord's communicative disposition, and presently asked him about the character which the prince bore in the neighborhood, as a person of magnanimity and uprightness.

"The prince," he replied, "is excessively unpopular in the village, and there are tales circulating very little to his credit. For my own part, I believe that he is a man of honor, and perhaps of virtue; and I attribute the unfavorable reputation under which he suffers to the inordinate pride of bearing, and repulsive coldness of manner, which mark his intercourse with the commons. He is unapproachably frigid and scornful in his post, and seems to cherish a vehemence of disdain for all mankind. I have not been long a resident in this part of the country, and am therefore not a very competent judge, but I imagine that the irritation caused by this conduct has created the enmity which is very generally entertained towards him. There is at present a rumor of his having stolen and imprisoned in his castle the daughter of one of the poorer inhabitants of the village, and the excitement on the subject is considerable. The girl disappeared two days since, but as it is known that she spoke of her intending to follow her lover, who has removed to a distant part of Cyprus, I have no doubt that the suspicion entertained of the prince is wholly groundless. He, however, is too contemptuous to exculpate himself from the charge, and values opinion too indifferently to take the trouble of correcting its injustice."

The landlord's notion appeared to me reasonable, for I have often had occasion to observe that no active show of hostility can stir that fury of resentment which is kindled by the passiveness of calm and silent scorn. Prejudice on the part of the multitude against men of rank, always inclines me to take part with the latter; for the qualities which most excite the jealousy of the mob are those high, uncompromising, unconciliating virtues which are admirable to all but the selfish and the servile. Unpopularity is the fate of the purely principled at all times, and if they could but view it rightly, they would deem that their richest reward. The king who meets the block amid the envious rage of his subjects, may be sure that the despatch of his lonely excellence has excited that hatred; and the prelate who precedes him in the lists of martyrdom, may assign his ruin less to the "fatal parts" which "mark him out," than to that infirmity of his nature which always obliged him to be obedient unto duty. The reports therefore to which the landlord alluded, gave me no other impression respecting him they related to, than that he did not care for the herd;—whether

his avoidance of them proceeded from the virtue which repels, or from the vice which shrinks, there was nothing which, as yet, enabled me to decide. The generous temper of his letter to me, inclined me to suppose the former.

The next morning, at the appointed hour, the prince's equipage was at the door. As I glanced my eye upon it from the window, I thought that the liveries and the style of the panelings and trappings resembled those of the carriages which I had seen on my first arrival in the town, and whose strange management had at the time excited my surprise, although the present was a vehicle of a different description. As I looked, I saw that the prince was preparing to descend from the chariot, and anxious to anticipate and prevent this courtesy, I hastened to go down to meet him, and the thought I have mentioned passed from my mind. Something yet wanting in my preparations delayed me, and before I was ready to leave the room, the prince had entered it. He was a small and thin man, extremely ugly in countenance, and almost deformed in figure. His features were strongly marked and rigidly fixed. The severity of the lines which were chiselled deeply about his mouth and chin, indicated that that portion of the face which is the seat of the passions, was habituated to the expression of haughtiness and contempt. His address, though stiff and ungraceful by necessity, was yet high-born and courtly. He saluted me very respectfully and kindly, though gravely, and after several expressions of compliment, which were flattering in effect, but laboriously ceremonious in form, and conveyed without any relaxation from the constrained rigor of his countenance, he gave me his arm, and we descended to the door. When we reached the chariot, I observed a number of the villagers standing around at a little distance, whose looks indicated dissatisfaction and excitement, although they did not seem inclined to proceed to any actual violence. Others were to be seen collecting together from various parts of the surrounding scene, and several men were standing singly or in clusters along the road through which the chariot, to judge from its position, had been driven. I thought of what the landlord had said of the prince's supposed connection with the disappearance of the village girl, and did not doubt that the present commotion had something to do with those suspicions. The persons thus assembled were, all of them, men, and generally of a rude and hardy aspect; they looked like a company which was not likely to be assembled causelessly, or dispersed easily. I am as little inclined by birth or principle as any man, either to value the judgment of the mob, or to submit to their passions; nevertheless, when I regarded the fearful and unhonored danger which would necessarily attend an affray with a savage crowd, and remembered that we were wholly unarmed, I hesitated about the propriety of bearding the anger which seemed ready to burst forth, by proceeding at that moment, and I turned towards prince Menitzen, to suggest that our ride should be deferred, but the fierce fire of defiance with which his kindled features were glowing, at once showed the hopelessness of proposing retreat to him, and drove from my

own mind all thoughts of making a suggestion which should indicate less courage on my part than on his. I watched his countenance as he first became aware of the possible intention of the group that surrounded him; he darted a glance of intolerant scorn upon them, and his features grew flushed with the militant earnestness of unconquerable resolution, and his lip stiffened, and his teeth were set, and every part of his face grew fixed and hard like marble. He turned his eye with a cold and steel-like glance upon his enemies, and kept it there while he took me by the elbow, and desired me to get in. I did so, and he followed me. The steps were put up, and the coachman, turning round, inquired if he had not better drive round by the beach, which was a different road from that which he had come by, and somewhat more circuitous.

"No, sir," said the prince, *stomely*, and with a strong emphasis on the latter word, as he seated himself more firmly on his place; "you will drive back the same way that you came."

The man, in obedience to the order, turned the chariot round, which obliged him to pass directly through the crowd that stood at the side. They parted reluctantly, yet peacefully, and yielded passage to the vehicle without any demonstration of resentment, and we drove rapidly on. When we had passed beyond all danger of molestation, the prince cast a glance round upon the men who still stood gazing at the end of the street, and exclaimed with a bitter sneer, "*catiffs!* that would be cut-throats if they were not cowards!"

He had scarcely uttered the words, when a turn in the road brought us in view of another throng of about thirty men, occupying the side of the street a few hundred yards in advance of us. They were standing apparently in expectation of the arrival of prince Menitzén. Some of them had clubs concealed behind their persons, and others had knives in their belts, which might either have been assumed from a hostile motive, or might have formed a portion of their professional attire. A little in front of the others stood a large and sturdy man, clothed in the rude garb of a Cypriote boatman, with the exception of a coarse black cloth jacket, which he appeared to have assumed for the occasion. He seemed to be somewhat advanced in years—and as his neglected hair, which was partially gray, fell around his hardy features, that were bronzed by the heats and storms of many a year, his aspect was extremely striking and picturesque. His red woollen cap was thrust in the side pocket of his coat, and without arms of any description, he stood erect, with his foot advanced, his shoulders thrown a little back, and his head leaning somewhat forward, in the attitude of a man prepared to attempt some bold thing. The whole group stood in front of a little cabin, which might be conjectured to be his own; at the windows of which the faces of two or three females might be seen.

When the rapid trot of our horses had brought us up to this assembly, the man I have spoken of, who appeared to be the leader of the party, stepped forward, and resolutely seizing the bridle of one of the

animals, brought the pair to a stop. Fleet and powerful as they were, they yielded to his sinewy grasp, and stood still.

"Prince Menitzén," he cried, in a sharp, shrill, and piercing voice, as he looked up at the nobleman, with a glance as stern and proud, and steady as his own, "by the right of insufferable wrong, I demand to know if my daughter is within the walls of your castle?"

The lip of the prince curled with disdain as he replied, "*scoundrel!* do you dare to stop my carriage when I am within it? Drive on, villain; drive on!"

The coachman, as the other stood beside his horses' heads, with his gripe unrelaxed, appeared to consider the command impracticable, and sat motionless in his seat. The prince stepped out upon the platform of the driver, and taking the whip and reins from his hands, lashed the impatient steeds with all his force. The fiery animals, bursting from their detention, sprang forward with a single bound, and dragged the still resolute villager after them. He retained his hold for a few steps, until the thong was again applied, when the half-maddened courser to whose bit he clung, flung up his head into the air, and lifted the obstinate peasant from his feet; he swung for a moment in the air, and then fell upon the side of the road, and the chariot flew past. Just as the vehicle whirled by him as he lay, the prince jerked his whip back and struck him over the face. The horses darted along with the fleetness of the wind, and in the next moment the boatman and his party were out of sight.

When the coachman, in obedience to his master's repeated commands, had checked the speed of his horses, and brought them back to their former more moderate pace, the castle of prince Menitzén was already in sight. It stood upon the summit of a hill which rose on all sides by a gradual elevation towards the sea, by which it was abruptly terminated, forming on that side a high and precipitous promontory. The castle was surrounded by a lofty wall, formed almost entirely of huge natural rocks, which might have defied the assault of an army, and beyond which, only a few turrets and the flag of the included mansion were visible from the spot where we were. Just as we turned from the public way which we had hitherto followed, into a road which led by a straight and ascending course of considerable length, directly to the broad gate of the castle-wall, there was heard in the direction of the town, the low sound of a drum, beating a rapid reveille. The moment the sound smote upon my ears, I suspected its cause, and the countenance of my companion indicated an equally quick comprehension upon his part; neither of us, however, spoke. I rose from my seat, and looked back towards the village. An opening in the houses brought before my view the point at which our progress had been interrupted by the incident described; the crowd which we had left was increased to treble its former size, and was marching forward in a dense mass, while numbers were seen coming to join it from various quarters. Among the throng, however, the black

coat of their former leader and spokesman, and probable inciter of the mob, was not visible. The pace of our horses was quickened, and we passed within the high and massive gate.

When we had entered the enclosure, the prince descended from the chariot, and said to the porter, in his usual indifferent and elevated tone of voice, "let all those bolts be fastened, and let the warder of the upper story prepare some melted lead." He then turned to me, and said carelessly, as he ungloved his hand and offered it to me, "perhaps, you will walk to the castle, Mr. Pulteney?"

I accordingly got out, and we turned into a path which led through a double bed of very rich flowers, towards the citadel of this impregnable fortification. My host uttered no observation whatever in relation to the attack which seemed to be at hand, and his manner indicated no apprehension or alarm. He preceded me along the walk in his accustomed peculiar style of manner, flinging out his feet in great strides from side to side, and swinging his body from right to left, while he reclined his head from time to time upon his shoulder or breast, and looking up at the sky, or down upon his boots, or any where except in the face of his auditor, and occasionally folded his arms, made some remark about the flowers, with an affected air of ease and unconcern.

We presently traversed the length of the path, and reached the great hall of the castle. A broad marble staircase occupied the centre of it, which my conductor invited me to ascend. We proceeded through the hall of the upper story till we came to a great window level with the floor, which looked out towards the village. The prince stopped for a few moments, and looked out upon the persons who were seen in the distance gathering towards his castle, and listened gravely for a while to the sound at the gate, which indicated that a portion of the mob had already reached the walls; but he said not a word, and presently turned towards an adjoining door as if there was nothing proceeding outside which could occupy his thoughts for a moment.

"There are some pictures here, Mr. Pulteney," said he, as he threw open the door, and disclosed a fine gallery, and fixed his eyes upon the ceiling as he spoke. "You would be entertained perhaps by looking at them."

I followed his invitation, and went with him into the corridor.

"This," said he, as he swung along the room and pointed at one of the pictures, while he hung his head sideways, and turned his face in the opposite direction, "this is a Raphael;—Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel, you know, was a prophet. There is a Rubens; Charman offering Cleopatra an asp concealed in flowers."

"The coloring is good," said I.

"Is it not too deep for you? However, if you like strong tints, here is a Judas betraying Christ with a kiss, by Murillo; full of meaning, is it not?"

"Truly so; every countenance is charged with intelligence."

"This is a Nero catching pigeons in a net, by Le Sueur."

"The drawing of the pigeons I think will be found defective."

"Depend upon it, the drawing of the net will not. Its fellow, you see, is Domitian killing flies in his palace if they annoyed him—I do not know that he could do any thing better with them. Here is a magnificent thing by Domenichino—Regulus tortured on his return to Carthage; designed apparently to illustrate the folly of keeping good faith—a most praiseworthy purpose, undoubtedly."

"A moral, which, as the world goes, hardly needs teaching by pictures."

"You say true. Here are some family portraits:—my great ancestor, who built this castle, to shut out what hated him, and shut up what he hated."

"A most comprehensive purpose, no doubt," said I.

"Like his descendant, he lived much alone; and it was said of him, by one of his enemies, that he never opened his gates except to allure, nor shut them except to destroy. Here is another of them," continued the prince, halting with his back towards the last of the file, "he was an odd man, was this one: He had a maxim, sir; perhaps it would amuse you to hear it."

"Certainly."

"Beware a stream that is silent, and an enemy that offers friendship. If you will raise that curtain," throwing open a door which, till then, had been concealed in the wall, and, pointing to a broad piece of tapestry, which was drawn over a massive frame that pended from one of the walls of the little apartment, "you will see a picture which gives the saying proof."

I did as he requested me, and stepping into the room or closet, drew aside the curtain, which displayed a very different picture from what I had expected. A passage of considerable depth was exhibited, having a single grated window on one side, and a small iron door in the opposite end, and in the centre of the floor the frame of a guillotine. The horizontal platform was accurately placed for the reception of its victim; the polished blade of the broad scimeter was fixed on high, and a black coffin stood on the ground beside the dreadful instrument of death. On the opposite wall, just above the door, was this inscription, in letters of iron,—

THE REWARD OF ALL WHO THWART THE WISHES OF
A MAN OF POWER, AND THE FATE OF THEM THAT
CONFIDE IN THE PROFESSIONS OF A PRINCE.

The instant that this scene extended before my eyes, the purpose and intentions of prince Menitzin in inviting me to his castle, and bringing me to that spot, rushed upon my mind. I turned with the speed of lightning to seize the traitorous wretch, and crush out his miserable life, but turned only in time to see the massive door swing jarringly to upon its heavy hinges, and to hear drawn the numerous bolts that consigned me to a hopeless dungeon.

[To be continued.]

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.
EXHIBITING
CORRECT DATES
OF
THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,
LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE
HISTORY OF AMERICA.

AUGUST.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1498	The Continent of America discovered by Columbus, while cruising off Trinidad, which he had discovered but the day before. At first he supposed the land to be an Island of the Orinoco, from the numerous mouths of that river, and named it Isla Santa.
—	1768	Commencement of the non-importation contract entered into by the Atlantic cities, respecting British Goods.
—	1769	Governor Bernard, who had made himself odious to the people of Massachusetts, sailed from Boston, having been recalled by the British Government.
—	1780	Smart Skirmish at Cedar Springs, S. C., between the Americans and the British, 50 of the latter captured.
—	—	Rocky Mount, S. C., unsuccessfully attacked by the Americans under General Sumter.
—	1793	French Frigate L'Ambuscade beat off the British Frigate Boston, off New York.
—	1813	Swanton, Vermont, captured and plundered by the British.
—	1830	Great Fire at New Orleans. Loss 150,000 dollars.
—	1836	Two colored women, at Boston, claimed as Slaves, seized by a party of blacks, and carried forcibly from the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.
—	—	Utica and Schenectady Rail Road opened to the public.
2	1675	Brookfield, (Quabaug,) Mass., burnt by the Indians, one house alone remaining.
—	1776	Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, being newly elected to Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence.
—	1777	Fort Stanwix, (now Schuyler,) near Rome, N. Y., besieged by the British and Indians, under Colonel St. Leger. The Americans in the Fort, commanded by Colonel Gansevoort, who gallantly maintained his station till the British retired in confusion on the 20th.
—	1811	Died, aged 81, William Williams, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1813	Large force of British and Indians defeated by Major Croghan and 160 Americans, in an attack by the former on Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky.
—	1826	General Convention of Amity and Commerce between U. S. and Federation of Central America.
3	1492	Columbus sailed from the port of Palos, Spain, on his First Voyage of Discovery.
—	1724	Rutland, Mass., attacked by the Indians for the first time.
—	1763	Died, in North Carolina, aged 27, Thomas Godfrey, the first American Dramatist. Born in Philadelphia.
—	1804	Attack on Tripoli, by American Commodore Preble. James Decatur killed, Stephen Decatur wounded.
—	1807	Trial of Aaron Burr for Treason.
—	1812	Privateer Schooner Atlas captured two British Ships, Planter, 12 guns, and Pursuit, 16 guns.
—	1814	Fort Erie, U. C., invested by 5000 British Soldiers, under General Drummond.
—	—	Skirmish on the U. S. side of the Niagara river, between the Americans and British, who had crossed the river to attack Buffalo, but were compelled to retire.
—	1833	Died, at Newbern, N. C., John Stanley, formerly M. C.
4	1583	St. Johns, Newfoundland, possessed, in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Year.

- 1781 Colonel Isaac Hayne executed at Charleston, S. C., by the British General Lord Rawdon, for being found in arms after having been induced to sign a declaration of fealty to the King of England, at the surrender of Charleston.
- 1784 Lafayette landed on the shores of the U. S. for the third time.
- 1792 Died, in England, General Sir John Burgoyne, a celebrated British Leader during the Revolutionary War.
- 1814 The Americans repulsed by the British at Michillmackinac, or Fort Mackinaw, on Lake Huron.
- 1816 Treaty between U. S. and Pottawottamie and Chippewa Indians.
- 1821 Died, at his farm on the Mohawk, N. Y., aged 87, William Floyd, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
- 1620 The Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Southampton, England, but were compelled to return and abandon one of their vessels as unseaworthy.
- 1749 Born, in South Carolina, Thomas Lynch, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. He sailed, with his wife, in 1779, for St. Eustatia, but was never again heard of.
- 1778 The British Frigates Juno, Lark, Orpheus, and Cerberus, with other vessels, burnt and sunk at Rhode Island, upon the appearance of the French Fleet under D'Estaing.
- 1799 Died, aged 74, Richard, Earl Howe, a celebrated British Admiral during the Revolutionary War.
- 1812 Americans, under Maj. Vanhorn, fell into an Ambush of Indians under Tecumseh, at Brownstown creek, Michigan. Several officers and men shot.
- 1813 American Privateer Decatur captured British Schooner of War Dominica.
- 1816 First Election in Indiana for Executive and Legislative Officers.
- 1832 Died, in New Jersey, Charles Ewing, Chief Justice of Supreme Court of that State.
- 1833 Died, at Newtown, N. Y., aged 57, Colonel George Gibbs, a celebrated Mineralogist, and Importer of Valuable Cabinet of Minerals belonging to Yale College.
- 1777 General Herkimer advancing, at the head of 800 Americans, to the relief of Fort Stanwix, besieged by the British, fell into an Ambuscade, and fell, with 160 of his men.
- The Americans made a sortie from Fort Stanwix, N. Y., and destroyed the Indian Camp—Colonel Willet and Lieutenant Stockton took advantage of the confusion, succeeded in cutting their way through the British force for the purpose of alarming the country, and getting assistance.
- 1778 M. Gerard, the French Ambassador, (the first Plenipotentiary sent to the U. S.) introduced to Congress.
- 1780 The British defeated by the Americans, under Sumter, at Hanging Rock S. C.
- 1811 Ship Wonslonset burnt at Portsmouth, N. H.
- 1815 American Fleet, under Decatur, arrived off Tripoli.
- Died, at Philadelphia, aged 48, James A. Bayard, Statesman.
- 1817 Died, at his Mills on the Brandywine, Delaware, aged 78, Peter Samuel Dupont, de Nemours.
- 1778 Great Fire at New York—300 houses burnt.
- 1790 The first War between the United States and the Creek Indians, terminated by Treaty, signed at N. Y.
- 1804 Commodore Preble's second attack upon Tripoli.
- 1811 Riot at Trinity Church, N. Y., while conferring degrees upon Students of Columbia College.
- 1812 U. S. Frigate Essex captured British brig of War George.
- American Fleet on Lake Ontario chased British Fleet into port. In the night, two American Schooners sunk in a squall.
- 1607 Two ship loads of Emigrants, under George Popham, of Plymouth, England, reached the mouth of the Kennebec river, but the Colonists returned to England in the course of the next year.
- 1679 Great Fire at Boston, 70 warehouses—80 dwellings, and many vessels burnt.
- 1788 Sixteen men killed and four wounded by the Indians, on Tennessee river.
- 1812 American General Hull evacuated Canada in the night, and returned to Detroit.
- 1814 First Meeting between American and British Commissioners of Peace at Ghent.
- 1835 Riot at Baltimore. Several persons killed and wounded, and property destroyed. The supposed mismanagement of the Bank of Maryland occasioned the excitement.
- 1836 Steamboat Motto burst her boiler near Blennerhassett's Island, on the Ohio, 11 persons killed and many wounded.
- Heavy Rains and Destructive Floods in West Tennessee.
- 1736 Born, in Ulster co. N. Y., James Clinton, General in the Revolutionary Army.
- 1775 British Sloop of War Falcon sent her boats, with a Schooner and Cutter, to capture an American Schooner in Gloucester harbor, Cape Ann: but the British party were all captured by the Americans—in revenge whereof, Captain Linzee, of the Falcon, bombarded the Town.
- 1778 Boonesborough, Ky., attacked by nearly 500 Indians, who were compelled to retire on the 20th, with 37 killed.
- 1787 The Ship Columbia and Sloop Washington sailed from Boston on a voyage round the World. They returned in August, 1790, being the first American vessels that circumnavigated the Globe.
- 1809 Intercourse between Great Britain and U. S. suspended in consequence of non-ratification of Treaty.
- 1812 British and Indians, under Major Muir and Tecumseh, defeated by U. S. Troops, under Col. Miller, at Magango, near Detroit.

Day of Month.	Year.	
9	1814	A British Squadron bombarded Stonington, Conn., but was compelled to retire, by the Militia who worked two 18 pounders with much success.
—	—	Treaty between General Jackson, on behalf of U. S., and Creek Indians.
—	1815	Treaty between Commodore Decatur, on behalf of U. S. and Bey of Tripoli, who restored all American prisoners, and made restitution for American Property.
—	1817	Dreadful Storm and Flood in Pennsylvania and Maryland. Extensive Damage done, and many Lives lost.
10	1622	Gorges and Mason obtained a Patent from James I. for the proprietary of Laconia, as the Lands were called, lying between the Sea, St. Lawrence, Merrimac, and Kennebec.
—	1813	British repulsed in an attack upon St. Michaels, Maryland.
—	—	U. S. Schooners Julia and Growler captured by the British on Lake Ontario.
—	1814	British Fleet of sixty sail entered the Chesapeake.
—	1816	Richard Smith hanged at Philadelphia, for the murder of Captain John Camon, under peculiar circumstances.
—	1826	General Convention of Peace and Commerce between U. S. and Denmark, executed at Washington. Date April 26.
—	1835	Great Meeting at Charleston, S. C. in relation to movements and publications of Anti-Slavery Societies.
11	1585	Davis's Straits discovered by Captain John Davis.
—	1676	Falmouth, Mass., ravaged by the Indians.
—	1781	U. S. Frigate Trumbull carried by the British into New York.
—	1782	Savannah, Georgia, evacuated by the British.
—	1814	The British Squadron which bombarded Stonington, Conn., on the 9th, having been reinforced by a 74, again battered the place, but was again compelled to retire.
—	1837	A train of Passenger Cars, with upwards of 200 passengers, ran against a heavy train of burthen cars on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail Road—3 persons killed, 20 hurt, some dangerously.
12	1676	Philip, or Metacomet, the Sachem of the Wampanoags, killed by a friendly Indian, in a Swamp near New Hope, now Bristol, R. I., thus terminating the Indian Wars in New England.
—	1778	The French Fleet, under D'Estaing, much damaged in a gale off Rhode Island.
—	—	Major General Charles Lee found by Court Martial guilty of insubordination, and suspended from command in the U. S. Army for one year.
—	1814	Major Morgan, of U. S. Rifles, killed in a skirmish with the British near Fort Erie.
13	1728	Born, at Salem, N. J., Edward Augustus Holyoke, the celebrated Physician.
—	1762	Havana captured by the British under Admiral Pocock, who took nearly three million pounds sterling in silver, 12 ships of the line, besides merchantmen, artillery, stores, and other immense treasures.
—	1812	U. S. Frigate Essex captured British Sloop of War Alert off the Grand Banks—the first King's ship captured during the War.
14	1775	Commencement of March through the Wilderness to Quebec, from Cambridge, Mass., by 1000 Americans under General Arnold.
—	1776	Constitution of Maryland adopted.
—	1779	Siege of Penobscot raised by General Lovel, of Massachusetts Militia; the Americans retired, after sustaining considerable loss.
—	1795	Jay's Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between U. S. and Great Britain, ratified by American Government.
—	1813	Queenstown, Maryland, possessed by the British.
—	—	British Sloop of War Pelican captured U. S. brig Argus.
—	1830	Died, at Washington, General Philip Stuart, a Revolutionary Officer.
15	1761	Born, at Casco Bay, Maine, Edward Preble, a distinguished Naval Commander.
—	1776	Born, at Philadelphia, Samuel Ewing, Literateur.
—	1777	Great scarcity of Wheat and Corn in Boston.
—	1778	American General John Sullivan commenced besieging Newport, R. I.
—	1780	General Sumter captured a Fort on the Wateree, S. C., and intercepting a party of British soldiers conveying 40 wagons, captured the stores, and made 100 prisoners.
—	1788	Great Hurricane in New England States.
—	1794	James Monroe received in Paris as Ambassador from U. S.; the French Convention ordering the French and American Flags to be conjointly hung in their hall.
—	1812	Americans, under Captain Heald, evacuated Fort Dearborn, Illinois, by order of Gen. Hull.—The Indians attacked the garrison on their march to Detroit, and upwards of 50 persons killed.
—	1814	British repulsed by the Americans in an attack on Fort Erie, with a loss of 900 men.
—	1824	General Lafayette arrived in U. S. from France on his last visit.
—	1837	Steamboat Dubuque burst her boilers about 300 miles above St. Louis, killing 26 persons.
16	1776	Two fire ships sent by the Americans amongst the British shipping in the Hudson, near Tarrytown, but failed in their object.
—	1777	Battle of Bennington, Vermont. The British defeated by the Americans, under Gen. Starke, who lost but 100 men; capturing 700 prisoners, killing 300, taking 1000 muskets, 4 brass field pieces, 4 baggage wagons, &c.
—	1780	Battle of Camden, N. C. The Americans defeated by the British, under Cornwallis.
—	1812	General Hull surrendered the fort and town of Detroit, the American Army, and the whole of the Michigan Territory, to the British, without firing a shot. He was tried by a court martial, and found guilty, but pardoned.

Day of Month.	Year.	
16	1837	Died, at Sweet Springs, Va., John Floyd, M. C. from 1817 to 1829, and Governor of Virginia from 1829 to 1834.
17	1682	A Comet appeared in New England, and remained visible for 30 days.
—	1765	Died, aged 82, Dr. Timothy Cutler, a distinguished Divine, and President of Yale College.
—	1785	Died, of Malignant Fever, aged 75, Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut during the Revolution.
—	1813	British and Indian Camp near Fort George, surprised by the Americans and Indians, who killed 75, and took 16 prisoners.
—	1830	Lafayette appointed Marshal of France, and General-in-Chief of the National Guard.
—	—	Violent Storm along the coast of the Southern and Middle States.
18	1587	Born, in Roanoke, Virginia, Virginia Dare, the first White Child born in the American Colonies.
—	1780	Gen. Sumter's Camp on the Wateree, S. C., surprised by the British General Tarleton, with great loss to the Americans.
—	1807	Fulton made his first Steam trip from New York to Albany.
19	1692	Five persons executed at Salem, Mass., for Witchcraft.
—	1780	A large party of British Regulars and Tories defeated by the Americans, under Colonel Williams, on Ennoree River, S. C. Captain Inman, of U. S. Army, killed.
—	—	Died, aged 48, Baron de Kalb, Major-General in Revolutionary Army: born in Germany. He was mortally wounded in the Battle of Camden on the 16th.
—	1782	Col. Daniel Boone and Settlers attacked by Indians near Blue Licks, Kentucky. Nearly 70 of his party were killed, and some prisoners taken.
—	1812	U. S. Frigate Constitution, 44 guns, Captain Hull, captured British Frigate Guerriere, 38.—The Prize sunk directly after the action.
—	1832	Sloop capsized in Buttermilk Channel, N. Y.—all on board perished.
—	—	Dreadful Fire at Newfoundland—600 persons burnt out. Damage 200,000 dollars.
20	1794	2000 Indians defeated by 900 U. S. Troops under Gen. Wayne, near the Rapids of the Miami of the Lakes—a decisive Victory, ensuring Peace with the six Nations and others. The major part of the American force was not called into action.
—	1813	American Privateer Decatur arrived at Charleston, S. C., with two Prizes—British Schooner of War Dominica, and London Trader ship heavily laden with Merchandise.
21	1781	Exchange of Gen. Burgoyne and his Staff, (Surrendered at Saratoga,) for American Prisoners taken at the Cedars, above Montreal, in May, 1776, authorized by Congress.
—	1811	Tornado in Massachusetts.
—	1837	The Office of "The Observer," an Abolition Newspaper, published at Alton, Illinois, destroyed by a Mob.
22	1567	Dominic de Gorgues sailed from France with 3 ships and 150 men, to revenge the Massacre of the Huguenot Colony by the Spanish Adventurers in Florida.
—	1607	Died, at Jamestown, Virginia, Bartholomew Gosnold, the projector of Colonization in Virginia.
—	1711	An Expedition against Quebec by New England frustrated by a sudden Storm, which destroyed nearly a dozen of the Transport Ships, and drowned 1000 Men.
—	1776	British landed upon Long Island.
—	1777	British under Col. St. Leger raised the Siege of Fort Stanwix, N. Y.
—	—	Americans under Generals Sullivan and Ogden, made an unsuccessful Expedition against Staten Island. Ogden made some prisoners at considerable loss.
—	1778	The French Fleet avoided co-operation with the Americans, and sailed into Boston; D'Estaing being compelled by his Officers to put into port.
—	1814	Nantucket declared itself neutral, but under the protection of England.
—	—	The British Fleet having arrived at Benedict, Ind., Commodore Barney burnt his Flotilla, and retired to Nottingham.
23	1690	Fort Pemaquid, New England, ravaged by the Indians.
—	1724	Nerigwok, an Indian Town, burnt by the New Englanders, and many noted Warriors killed.
—	1789	Died, at Deal, England, Silas Deane, formerly Minister to France from U. S. He was recalled from his Office on suspicion of misusing the Public Money, and died abroad in great distress.
—	1795	Died, aged 40, of a Bilious Fever, William Bradford, Attorney General of U. S.
—	1804	American Commodore Preble bombarded Tripoli for the third time, and again on the 25th and 29th.
—	1813	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 47, Alexander Wilson, the celebrated Ornithologist.
—	1814	Privateer Schooner Patapco captured British Brig Europe.
—	1820	Died, aged 35, from Yellow Fever, Oliver Hazard Perry, "the Hero of Erie." He expired just as his Ship, the United States, was entering the harbor of Trinidad.
24	1683	James, Duke of York, resigned his claims on Delaware and Pennsylvania, in favor of William Penn.
—	1759	Born, at Hull, England, William Wilberforce, the celebrated Abolitionist.
—	1782	The French destroyed the Forts and Settlements at Hudson's Bay.
—	1797	Died, aged 67, Thomas Chittenden, first Governor of Vermont.
—	1814	Battle of Bladensburg, Md. The Americans defeated by the British, under General Ross and Admiral Cockburn.
—	—	Capture of Washington City, and Destruction of the Capitol, President's House, Potomac Bridge, Dock Yard, and Public Offices, by the British.

Day of Month.	Year.	
25	1777	Gen. Howe debarks at the head of Elk River, Md., 18,000 men, for the Subjugation of Philadelphia.
—	1782	Lieut. Col. John Laurens killed in a trifling Skirmish between the Americans and British at Combahee, S. C. He was one of the bravest and most useful of the Revolutionary Worthies.
—	1789	Died, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, aged 82, Mrs. Mary Washington, the Mother of the illustrious Hero.
—	1805	Died, at Newburg, N. Y., aged 45, John Skey Eustace, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer.
—	1807	Died, aged 47, Edward Preble, a celebrated American Commodore.
—	1811	U. S. Branch Bank at Charleston, S. C., robbed in the night (Sunday) of 135,000 dollars in gold. Nearly the whole of the money was afterwards recovered.]
—	1814	The British Evacuated Washington City in the night.
—	1835	Great Fire at Charlestown, Mass.—70 houses and other buildings burnt.
—	—	The Baltimore and Washington Rail Road opened to the public.
26	1775	The Americans opened their entrenchments on Plowed Hill, Boston. The British threw above 300 shells at them.
—	1803	U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, Capt. Bainbridge, captured off Cape de Gatt, a Moorish cruiser of 22 guns, and retook her prize, an American Brig.
—	1831	Fatal Duel between Thomas E. Biddle, paymaster of U. S. Army, and Spencer Pettis, M. C. from Mississippi. Both were killed.
27	1583	Wreck of the Largest Ship of the Fleet under the command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir W. Raleigh, near Wicassett Bay, Maine. Nearly 100 men perished.
—	1741	Born, in New Jersey, Joseph Reed, Patriot and Statesman.
—	1776	Battle of Long Island. Americans routed by the British, with a loss of 2000 men.
—	1816	U. S. Schooner Firebrand attacked by Spanish 24 gun Ship and 2 Brigs of War, near Vera Cruz. After striking his flag, the Captain was allowed to proceed with his vessel to New Orleans.
—	1825	Died, aged 17, Lucretia Maria Davidson, a Poetess of superior Talent and singular precocity.
—	1829	Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between U. S. and Emperor of Austria.
—	1832	Black Hawk and the Prophet delivered Prisoners to Governor Dodge at Prairie du Chien.
28	1565	St. Augustine's Day. Melandez, the Spanish General, having made the Coast of Florida on this day, on his Voyage from Spain, designated the River and Haven where he anchored by the name of the Saint.
—	1776	Washington withdrew his Troops from Long Island.
—	1777	Several Quakers and other Citizens of Philadelphia, supposed to be friendly to the British cause, arrested and conveyed to a place of safety.
—	1781	The British, under Lord Cornwallis, enter Yorktown, Va.
—	1793	Died, on the Guillotine, at Paris, Adam Philip, Count of Custine, aged 53. He served in the Regiment of Saintonge during the American Revolutionary War.
—	1798	Died, at Edenton, N. C., aged 56, James Wilson, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Born in Scotland.
—	1815	American Brig Commerce, Captain Riley, wrecked on coast of Africa. Crew saved, but captured by the Arabs; suffered dreadful hardships.
29	1583	Wreck of English Ship Delight, off Cape Breton—above 100 persons drowned.
—	1708	Haverhill, on the Merrimac, burnt and ravaged by the French and Indians—40 persons slain, 100 captured.
—	1778	British repulsed by Americans under General Sullivan, on Rhode Island.
—	1807	Died, aged 68, Isaac Smith, Member of Federal Congress, Revolutionary Officer, and Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey.
—	1814	Banks of Philadelphia suspended Specie Payment.
—	—	Alexandria, D. C., taken by the British.
—	1837	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 34, John W. Williams, a distinguished Lawyer and Litterateur.
30	1641	Grand Treaty of Peace between the Indian Sachems and the Director and Council of New Netherlands, (New York,) ratified in front of Fort Amsterdam, now the Battery, New York City.
—	1768	Born, at Philadelphia, Joseph Dennie, a distinguished Litterateur.
—	1778	Americans, under General Sullivan, evacuated Rhode Island, and brought away all their Stores, &c.
—	1781	French Fleet of 23 sail of the Line, under Count De Grasse, sailed into the Chesapeake, to co-operate with the Americans.
—	1813	Massacre at Fort Mimms, in the Teusaw Settlement, Alabama. Nearly 300 men, women, and children butchered by the Indians.
—	1814	Sir Peter Parker, with a party of Sailors and Marines from the British Frigate Menelaus, repulsed at Bellair, Md., by the Militia. Sir Peter Parker mortally wounded.
—	1835	Died, at Liverpool, England, William T. Barry, of Kentucky, Minister Plenipotentiary of U. S. to Spain, formerly U. S. Postmaster-general, and M. C.
31	1664	Colonel Richard Nicholls summoned Governor Stuyvesant to deliver New Amsterdam, (New York,) Town and Fort, to his care.
—	1769	Born, in New York City, David Hosack, a celebrated Physician.
—	1778	4000 British Troops, under Sir W. Clinton, arrived at Newport, R. I.
—	1818	Died, at Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia, aged 84, General Arthur St. Clair, a distinguished Revolutionary Officer. Born at Edinburgh, Scotland.
—	1833	Died, in Virginia, aged 65, Dr. Aylett Hawes.

BOAT SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
BY J. C. BUCKEL.

ANDANTINO.

mf Row the boat merrily, Gently and cheery,

Gallant companions, now bend to the oar; Each pulling stea-di-ly, Fearlessly, stea-di-ly,

Fast we are leaving the lessening shore. Now, on the river wide, Swan-like our bark doth glide,

Staccato.

ad lib. pia.

Naught now is heard but the sound of the oar, And soft music flowing To the sound of our rowing,

Sva.

Mingle in sweetness till heard no more.

tr. Boatswain's whistle.

Symp.

Ped.

tr. loco.

Ped.

Ped.

tr.

Ped.

Soft as the tender vow
 Whispered in accents low,
 Unto the loved one—the dearest of all—
 Gentle as falling snow
 Cast in the river's flow,
 Soothing and blessing, the dying notes fall.

The bright sun is glancing
 As swiftly advancing,
 Delighted we gaze on the varying scene;
 The vast spreading mountain—
 The valley—the fountain,
 And lofty trees robed in their foliage green.

But the sunlight is fleeting, The shades of eve meeting, And slow-ly the landscape is

fading a-way; Now homeward re-turn-ing, Ere the red stars are burn-ing,

Years will have pass'd ere for-got-ten this day.

Repeat Symp.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE. By MRS. S. C. HALL, Author of "The Buccaneer," "Uncle Horace," &c. &c.

THE principal story in this collection, "The Groves of Blarney," is an admirable delineation of the habits and characters of various classes of the Irish peasantry. The remainder portion of the volumes consists of an amusing tale called "The Bocher (beggar) of Red-Gap Lane" and a numerous arrangement of "Sketches on Irish Highways, during the autumn of 1834." We have frequently expressed our admiration of Mrs. Hall's talent in our pages, and as we imagine that our readers will prefer lengthy extracts to unnecessary criticism, we hasten to present some excellent specimens of the worth of these volumes, to which we accord unmitigated praise.

The article on "Beggars" presents a frightful specimen of the condition of the lower orders of the Irish, in the vicinity of the town of Wexford.

Good God! it was a pitiable sight—the host of dirty, starving creatures who thrust themselves around the carriage-door, so as completely to prevent its being opened. The servant came round to the other side, which was less blockaded, and placing his face close to the glass, whispered—

"If yez will be pleased to throw a few half-pence among them, it'll scatter them, my lady, and then you can get out."

"A few half-pence!" To look upon the moving mass of starvation and misery, one would have imagined that the wealth of Croesus would go but a short way to alleviate their distress. One of the group—a tall, lilliesome fellow, with rolling black eyes, and a pitiable vacancy of look—grasped the carriage-lamp, or rather the part where the lamp should have been, and swung himself backwards and forwards, singing out, "A penny for Johnny, a penny for Johnny—long life to the king and O'Connell—O'Connell and the king! A penny for Johnny, and another for Jack—poor Jack! poor Johnny! poor Johnny! poor Jack!" "Don't mind him, lady dear," shouted a woman, the upper part of whose form was enveloped in a coarse blue cloth cloak, while, from over either shoulder, lolled forth the head and arms of a squalid, half-starved child; "sure, he's a fool, and the fools never want—every one gives to the fools, to set off their own sense—look at me, and God bless your sight!—look at me, with nothing but a blind man,—(come here, Dan'el, lead him forward Lanty,)—nothing but a blind man for a father over my ten children." "But see here, your honor, look at me, with as good as eleven, and no father at all over them!" interrupted another, who, not being encumbered with two living creatures on her back, was, I suppose, better able to fight her way, and maintain her station at the carriage-door. "Stand back, Mary Shiels, ma'am!" exclaimed a third; "what a brag you make about your children—and every one of them far away, barring those ye borrow for a set off,—eleven, indeed!—it's asy for the likes o' you to have double eleven, when you never cares what comes o' them!" This address, delivered to Mrs. Mary Shiels, was given in a tone and with an air of what I should imagine Billingsgate eloquence—the head thrown back, the arms a-kimbo, the voice wound to a high pitch, and the eye discoursing as rapidly and decidedly as the tongue; but as the second part of her speech was addressed to ourselves, the attitude, air, manner, and voice changed miraculously, and was delivered in a drawling brogue. "God mark ye to grace, and bestow a trifle upon the poor widdy, the *raal* widdy—give her a *teaser*, or a little sixpence, just to keep her from starving! Sure, it's yourselves have the kind heart! See here the hardship God sent upon me," and she lifted a child distorted in all its limbs, and in the lowest state of idiocy, close up to the window. The miserable creature clapped its twisted hands together, and as the thick matted hair fell over its small dull eyes, and it scratched at the glass like some wild animal seeking to disinter its prey, I thought I had never seen so painful or disgusting a spectacle. Those unfortunate idiots which in England are confined in proper asylums, in Ireland are reared to excite compassion from the traveller; and I think that at least every tenth family is cursed with one of those helpless creatures. You meet them by the way side, in the cottages, basking in the sunshine, wallowing with the pigs upon the dunghills, and always soliciting alms, which is hardly ever denied them. Many of those witless beings, as they grow up, attain a degree of cunning which, with a species of animal instinct, they manage to turn to good account. And what are called "*Naturals*," in the expressive idiom of the country, form a class perfectly unknown in any other land. But this topic I have treated elsewhere. To return to the beggars. Let it not be imagined that the few I have specified were the only ones who demanded gifts; there were blind, and lame, and drunk, and sober—but all civil, and all tolerably good-tempered—exercising their eloquence or their wit, as it might chance, upon their auditory, and intent upon extorting money from our compassion. My feelings were at the time too strongly excited to be amused, though one, a *bocher*, or lame man, succeeded in clearing a space that he might give my honor a dance, while "Piping Brady," an old, blind, white-headed man, "set up the pipes" to the exhilarating tune of "Saint Patrick's Day," which acted like magic upon the group. "Poor Johnny, poor Jack," who had continued whirling round and round, keeping up his petition and singing it in every variety of tone, fixed, like Ixion, upon the wheel; and as the decrepit creature jumped to the music with extraordinary rapidity, and flourished his crutch in the air, the whole assembly seemed spell-moved, the old men and old women beating time with their feet and sticks, and snapping their fingers at the conclusion of every bar, and the children, forgetful of their misery, dancing in right down earnest, their pale cheeks flushing with exercise, and their rags quivering about them.

Nearer to the door of the inn, stood a girl—I could hardly call her a woman—who had asked for charity

with the silent eloquence of her eyes, but had neither pressed forward, nor been excited by the music. The hood of her long blue cloak was thrown over her head, and shadowed the upper part of her beautiful face; her eyes were mild and blue, they might have been bright once, but their lustre was dimmed by weeping; and her fair long hair hung uncombed, untrained, down either side of her face. There was something so classic in her form, that it called to mind those Grecian models, where the drapery clings so closely that you imagine it adheres to the form—the falling shoulders, the outline of the graceful back were distinctly marked, and she had gathered the folds up in front to cover a sleeping infant, which she clasped to her bosom, so that the cloak, thus confined, fell in many and thick folds, nearly to her ankles, which, of course, were divested of any covering. The bocher's dance was finished, and well pleased were the exhibitors to receive a silver sixpence between them—threepence for the piper, threepence for the dancer; "poor Jack, poor Johnny," recommenced his tune and whirl, and the beggars invented fresh miseries.

"Why, then, 'twas a lucky drame I had last night brought me to the town to day!" exclaimed one of the score who followed us under the very porch, "and maybe ye'd listen to it—I dreamed I was down in the very bottom of a paytee pit, and three magpies came flying over my head, and one, God save us! was like the gauger that broke my husband by his lies, and the other was the very moral of that handsome gentleman; and, sure, it's myself sees the likeness in your sweet self, lady, to 'other mag'!"

"A hole in your ballad!" exclaimed one voice—"A hole in yer manners!" shouted another—"Likens a fair-faced lady to a magpie, Judy!" vociferated a third.

"And why not?" replied the impenetrable Judy, "why not? isn't a magpie a knowin' bird, and a handsome bird, and a fine bird?"

"Yet ye said he was like the gauger, just now;" answered a little grey-eyed, cunning-looking man.

"People may be like each other, and yet not the same at all at all; you're like yer father, Tim, and yet he was six feet high. He was an honest man, Tim.—Neighbors, dear," she continued, appealing to the crowd, "do an of ye see any likeness betwixt Tim an' his father in that way?" There was a loud laugh, and Tim shrunk behind, while Judy went on.

"Well, the last magpie said to me, says she, 'Never heed the gauger,' (and sure I saw in a minute, it wasn't a magpie at all, but yer darlint self was in it,) 'for I'll give ye an English half-crown to buy a blanket and linsey woolsey to make ye a petticoat'—what, God break hard fortune! I've not had these five years."

"Oh! a penny, any way, lady dear! to keep the could from my heart," roared another.

"There's twopence for you," exclaimed my companion, "if you will promise not to drink it." "Success!" exclaimed the fellow, catching the half-pence gaily in his hand, "I'll do that same this minute," and off he went to the whiskey shop, where unfortunately, three parts of the Irish spend what little they can obtain.

We distributed perhaps more than we ought amongst the crowd, for which our worthy landlady reproved us; while directing her maid, a slipshod, capless girl to dust every thing in the house barring the pictures, which must not be touched, which she never would have touched since Ally Kelly rubbed out his reverence's nose with her scrubbing-brush and cleanliness.

I have been often much astonished at the—not apathy, for that is the last fault the Irish can be accused of—indifference manifested, particularly by the middling class of society, to the horrid misery of the poor. You cannot walk out in a country town without meeting at every turn a population of poverty. I have attempted to count the beggars—I found it impossible—the barefooted creatures were without number—and yet the shop-keepers and trades-people, nay, the greater part of the gentry, do not appear pained or distressed by the recurrence of such scenes as freeze a stranger's blood, and make him hasten to quit a country where the degrading wretchedness of his fellow-creatures seems to upbraid him for the indulgence of his smallest luxury.

"Lord, ma'am," said the landlady, "we have fewer beggars in our country than in almost any other, and it is useless to attempt to suppress them or lessen their numbers; they spring up like mushrooms. The men set off to make English hay, and gather in the English harvest, and then the woman shuts the door of her cabin, rolls her infant in her blanket, secures the blanket on her back by turning the tail of her gown over it: the eldest girl carries the kettle, the eldest boy the begging bag, the middle ones have nothing to carry, and a couple of younger children hang by the mother's cloak, and so they travel from place to place, and there's none of the farmers will refuse them a lock of straw to sleep on, a shed to sleep under, a mouthful of potatoes, or a dole of meal. They are much happier than they look, and by the time the winter closes in, why the husband comes home, and then they live maybe comfortable enough till the next spring, when the mother, with the addition most likely of another child to roll in the blanket, again shuts the door, and again wanders through the country, while the husband repeats his visit to England, where he is well fed, and well paid."

"How wretched!" I exclaimed.

"I dare say it seems so to you, ma'am," she replied, "but they are used to it—they do not feel it a disgrace; and many a fine man and woman is reared that way, after all."

"To what purpose?" I almost unconsciously inquired.

"Purpose," she repeated—as the Irish generally do when they hear a word whose import they do not clearly comprehend—"why, as to purpose, the boys, in the time of the war, used to make fine soldiers—I don't exactly see what all the 'little garsoons' who are growing up now are to do—go to America, I suppose, or beg, or—"

"Starve!" I added.

"Ay, indeed!" she replied, but without any emotion; "so they do starve by dozens and dozens, up the country; and my husband says it's a sin to send so many pigs and things to England, and the poor craythurs here without food."

"And yet your provisions are so cheap; I saw fine chickens to-day for eightpence a couple."

"Is it eightpence?" exclaimed the landlady in amazement, "Ah, lady dear, they knew you were a stranger—catch them asking me eightpence! I could get the finest chicks in the market for sixpence-halfpenny a couple: eightpence indeed! Oysters are up to tenpence a hundred, and potatoes to twopence a stone—and more shame now that the country is poorer than ever—but what signifies the price, when the poor have not it to give?"

"But why do they not work?"

"Who stays in the country, except one here and there, to give them work!—Ah! it's easy for the fine English folk to make laws for us," she added, her broad, good-humored face assuming a more animated ex-

pression; "it's easy for them to make laws—they who have never been with us, and know nothing of us, except from what's on the papers, which are done up by this party or that party, without any regard to truth; only all for party."

We passed through the town with not more than a score of beggars dangling after us, and repeating their petitions in every variety of tone—thrusting their idiot and half-starved children almost into our arms, making us exceedingly angry at one minute by their importunity and noise, and the next amusing us so much by their wit and good temper, that we could bestow upon them half, nay, all our money with good will—at one time provoked by their dirt and indolence, and again sympathizing most sincerely with their poverty and distress. You are perpetually excited either by displeasure, pain, or amusement, and you can hardly tell which preponderates.

After much jolting and delay, we passed the suburbs, and there, beneath the trunk of a blasted tree, her entire figure shrouded in her cloak, sat the girl whose appearance had attracted my notice amongst the crowd on a former occasion. I could not see her face, even her hair was concealed by the hood which fell unto her knees; but I felt assured I could not be mistaken; the rounded shoulder, the graceful sweep of the back, all convinced me I was right.

I ordered the servant to stop—I called to her,—there was no reply.—I sprang off the car—I drew back the hood of her cloak,—still she moved not, her hair had fallen like a shroud over her features, and upon the baby which was pressed to her bosom.—I threw back her hair, and laid my hand upon her forehead; it was clammy and cold as with the damps of death! I attempted to move her head back, and, sinking on my knees, looked into her face—it was as the face of a corpse before the features have been decently composed by the hand of the living; the purple lips were parted, the teeth clenched, the eye fixed, the hollow cheek white as marble. I saw that the infant moved, and I tried to unclasp her arms from around it—I even succeeded in pulling the little creature in some degree from her embrace; but the mother's love was stronger than death; rigid, lifeless as she appeared, she felt what I was doing; her arms tightened round her baby, and her lips moved as if in speech; the child cried, and clung to the breast from which it could draw no sustenance, and the miserable parent grasped it with an earnestness which almost made me tremble lest she should crush out its little life. The cloak had fallen from her; but I quickly drew it over her shoulders, for I perceived that she was entirely destitute of any other covering, except some tattered flannel that had been wound round her waist; the case was sufficiently plain—mother and child were dying of starvation.

"The Groves of Blarney," which, by the way, has been dramatized by the authoress for Power, the comedian, abounds with beautiful touches of natural poetry, used by the Irish peasantry in their daily phrase of speech. Indeed, the whole work before us teems with gems of delicious purity—a few of which we select at random:—

"Alice, you're poor and penniless, and your mother's forced many a day to eat her potatoes with no salt but the tears she sheds over four small children."

An Irishman, who had his scanty stock of furniture seized for rent, remonstrates as follows with the officer who is about to include, in the inventory, the *kish*, a deep, wooden tray of general utility in the Irish cabins.

"God bless ye!" he exclaimed, "and don't take that—it's *nothing but a kish*; it's not worth twopence to you—it's falling to pieces—but it's more to me than thousands; it's *nothing but a kish*—but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his blessed mother *hadn't gone among the bright stars of heaven*, but was here to watch over him;—it's *nothing but a kish*—yet many a time little Kathleen crowded and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy; it's *nothing but a kish*—yet many a day, in the middle of my slavery, have I, and my wife, (the blessed saints take her soul to glory;) and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom, sat round it, and eat the paytee and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, it's little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to—it's *nothing but a kish*—but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, and it's used to me—it knows my troubles—for since the bed was sould from under me, for the last gale (rent day)—what had I but to it to keep my head from the cold earth!—don't take it—it's *nothing but a kish*." There was a picture of misery and attachment—attachment and misery!—yet "it was nothing but a kish!"

A poor widow, wrongfully suspected, says, with much energy, "All Wexford knows I'm poor—but the Almighty knows that I am honest!" Another helpless female is distressed "for the rent the craythur owes for a roof to brake her heart under." We hear of a Milesian Jeremy Diddler—"a fellow that's ready to skin every body's pylate." A hard-hearted Orangeman is described as willing to "heat his oven with Catholic bones." A lover exclaims to his sulky mistress, "Put that pout off yer beautiful mouth, its for all the world like a cobweb over a rose bush."

The admirers of Daniel O'Connell are requested to read the following shrewd calculation of the great agitator's utility.

"Well, every dog must have its day, as I said to Counsellor Dan's own body-man. 'Excuse my ignorance,' says I, 'but I heard my master axing 'What good your mather has done for Ireland yet?' 'Catholic emancipation,' he says, quite glib. 'No, thank ye,' says I, 'sure that was before he got into parliament.' 'Oh, you mane since,' says he. 'Ah,' says I, 'Why,' says he, 'you know Rome wasn't built in a day; it takes time to get the better of his enemies; he has a dale—a great dale to do; but you see when onct he brings the King to reason, and settles the House of Lords, and takes the shine out of the bishops, and gets a few more of his frinds and relations into the House of Commons, why thin, ye understand, thin he'll have time to settle himself quiet, and easy, and comfortable, in some little place or other, with me—you understand, for his *Maitre d'oll*, and thin, my dear frind, you may depind upon it, something considerable will be done for Ireland.'"

Irish potatoes are thus classified:—

"Farmer's glory, red-nosed kidneys, white eyes, lady's fingers, Cork reds, Connaught jumpers, Wicklow banners, and Carrigaline beauties; to say nothing of the apples of Kilbourishane, the whites of Derry-gortnacloghy, the cups of Knocknadrowsky, or the reds of Ballynaboulathrasanagh."

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Peter; "Irish potatoes are terrible jaw-breakers."

"No such thing," said Connor, "no such thing; them are the potatoes that would crack their own cheeks with laughing at ye. O then, how can you live at all in London, where the potatoes are made of wax, the new eggs out of cold Irish ones, and the milk's pumped from the body of the earth, so that ye can't tell it from water—bathershin!"

"What's the meaning of bathershin!" inquired Peter.

"It's all one with nabauchlish," said Connor.

"And what's nabauchlish?" again asked the cockney.

"It's just the same as—as—as," laughed Connor, "as thurumpogue."

We should like to see the following beautiful little poem fitted with a corresponding melody.

Lullaby, lullaby!

I have heard my own darling's first low cry,
As I stood, and trembled, the chamber nigh;
My sad heart beat, as I breathed a prayer—
The heart that another was come to share;
Yet to take the part that we both could spare?
Lullaby, lullaby!

Lullaby, lullaby!

But I heard my baby's voice with a sigh;
The plant that gave birth to the bud might die!

With an aching heart I had heard my boy;
And I spoke in a tone that spoke no joy,
Pray heaven, the babe is not sent to destroy!
Lullaby, lullaby!

Lullaby, lullaby!

But when the weak mother all sweetly smiled,
And gave to my arms my own living child,—
She smiled, and I saw that my fears were vain!
Though its new-born voice may have told of pain,
'Twas music to me when I heard it again!
Lullaby, lullaby!

THE MUSIC OF NATURE; or, AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT WHAT IS PASSIONATE AND PLEASING IN THE ART OF SINGING, SPEAKING, AND PERFORMING UPON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, IS DERIVED FROM THE SOUNDS OF THE ANIMATED WORLD. *With Curious and Interesting Illustrations, by William Gardiner.* Boston.

This very able and valuable work, reprinted from the English edition of 1832, is an acceptable addition to the library of every bibliographer, to the shelves of the musical amateur and professor, to the cabinet of the lover of nature, and the bureau of the man of science. The varied nature of the matter, and the excellence of its manner, demand our utmost praise; every known variety of musical sound, the hitherto "unwritten music" of nature, is here presented to our view, in chromatic form and phrase; the history and properties of every musical instrument, the peculiarities of the vocolity of every celebrated operatic performer, and the rare secrets of the "gay science," are exhibited in popular language and fulness of detail. Anecdotal illustrations and historical facts are plentifully adduced; and every page of the fifty-one chapters contains a mass of information pleasantly put forth. Besides the almost innumerable instances of the cries of birds and animals reduced to scale, this desirable volume contains nearly seventy pieces of scarce and popular music.

The scarcity of new publications at the present time of the year, affords us an opportunity of presenting a considerable quotation of entertaining matter from the pages of the *Music of Nature*.

INSECTS.

The sounds which insects produce are numerous and curious. It is, probably, not generally known, that the noises which are supposed to proceed from their vocal organs, are actually made by rubbing their legs together, or by the motion of their wings.

If we reflect for a moment upon that humming sound, which we hear from a cloud of insects overhead, in a summer's evening, we cannot suppose it proceeds from the combined voices of beings, scarcely perceptible, but that the buzz is the result of a motion, given to the air by the dances of these diminutive creatures.

That keen observer, Mr. White of Selborne, says, "I have often heard a sound like the humming of bees, though not an insect is to be seen. You may hear it the whole common through, from the mossy dells to my avenue gate."

Not undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who musing walks at noon.*

It was on a hot summer's day that Beethoven sat upon a stile in the environs of Vienna, and caught from nature these imitative sounds in the Pastoral Symphony. How admirably do the violins, in that extraordinary composition, represent the soft fluttering stir of the insects—the hum in the noon-tide warmth of a summer's day!

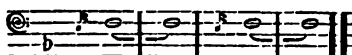
If we watch the house-fly, we shall soon be convinced that he is destitute of voice, and that the noise

* The existence of these diminutive creatures, who only appear in the evening, is said by Reaumur to terminate before the dawn of day; though short, it is a life of incessant pleasure. By naturalists they are now classed as choral flies, who congregate in millions, for the pleasures of music and the dance.

proceeds from his wings; since, when at rest, he is always silent. This sound is invariably upon the note F in the first space:—



To produce this sound, the wings must make three hundred and twenty vibrations in a second of time, or nearly twenty thousand if he continues on the wing for one minute. The hum of the honey-bee is the same; and the large humble-bee, the contra-basso of the tribe, performs the same note just an octave lower:—



Huber remarks that in every hive there are bees whose office it is to ventilate, and supply a current of air throughout the apartments; and this is effected by ranks of *fanners*, who, in all the pases, keep up a constant tremulous motion of their wings. If the ear is placed on the outside of the hive, you may distinguish the *mezzo* tones that emanate from this host of fanners, who shed a mellow music from their odorous wings, which, on listening, will be found to be in the key of F.

The writer was once placed in the gallery of the Royal Exchange, to view that hive of money collectors in the court below. Besides the similarity of the scene, he could not but notice the similarity of sound, the buzz of the two thousand voices being perceptibly amalgamated into the key of F. Many observations have led the author to the conclusion, that the most prevailing sounds in nature are to be referred to this key. Musicians, though not aware of this curious fact, have from all time been sensibly influenced by it. Scarcely an ancient composition appears in any other key, except its relative minor, for the first hundred years of the art.*

The lively note of the cricket is greatly admired by the country people; their dull and silent evenings are much enlivened by the chirp of this companion of the hearth. It consists of three notes in rhythm, always forming a triplet in the key of B:—



This sound, according to Kirby and Spence, is produced by the insect rubbing his legs sharply together.

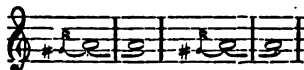
The grasshopper is of the same species, but his note is less powerful. If we can believe what is related by the ancients of this delicate creature, as a race of musicians, they must have greatly degenerated. Plutarch tells us, that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, a string of his lyre broke, and a cicada, or grasshopper, immediately perched on the bridge, and, by its voice, supplied the loss of the string, and saved the fame of the musician. In Surinam the Dutch call them lyre-players, because the sound resembles those of a vibrating wire. Anacreon describes this creature as the emblem of felicity—ever young and immortal, the offspring of Phoebus and the darling of the Muses. The Athenians kept them in cages, for the sake of their song, and called them the nightingales of the nymphs. As in the case of birds, the males only sing; hence Xenarchus used to ascribe their happiness to their having silent wives.†

Some of the smallest insects send forth noises in the night-time, which may be distinctly heard. The death-watch is a sound resembling the tick of a watch, which proceeds from a small spider. In the dead of the night, its performance much annoys you when dropping asleep. A nice ear, by attentive listening, will determine that the sound proceeds from two insects, probably the male and female calling to each other; as the writer detected one to be on the note B flat, and the other on G:—



In the West Indies, the giant cockroach is a noted reveller when the family are asleep. He makes a noise like a smart rapping of the knuckles on a table, three or four sometimes answering each other. On this account he is called the drummer; and they often beat up such a row, that none but good sleepers can rest for them.

The gnat, for his size, produces the most powerful and audible tone. He may be called the trumpeter of the insect orchestra. The clear and well-defined note which he makes, is on A in the second space.



In the night-time, on waking out of sleep, I have, at first, taken it for the sound of a post-horn at a remote distance. Had the ancients referred his note to a corresponding string upon the lyre, we should have had a clue to some of their musical scales, which at present lie hid in mystery. Naturalists differ in opinion as to the part of the insect which produces this sound.

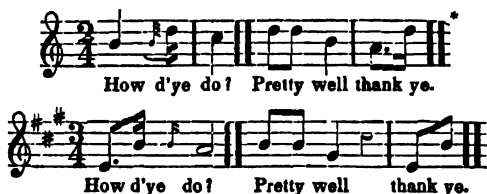
* In Queen Elizabeth's Virginal-book of four hundred folio pages, all the pieces are nearly confined to this key. There is not an instance of a sharp being placed at the clef.

† Booth.

The chapter on "London Cries," or street calls, is comically curious, but too local for our purpose. We select a few instances from "Exclamations," a chapter of peculiar worth.

EXCLAMATIONS.

The ear of the musician is constantly awake to every sort of sound, but none excite his attention more than the exclamations of the human voice—a class of sounds never noticed by the composers of a previous age. We can scarcely turn over a page of Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, but we find traces of these passionate tones. In our conversation we often hear those expressions which delight us; but the sounds are too evanescent to be caught or readily set down in notes. In our deliberate expressions the tones are more decided, and are easily represented, as in the common salutation—



Other exclamations, less sonorous, are all founded upon a musical phraseology; even the grimaces under the dominion of Morpheus:



Haydn has given us a more elaborate instance of yawning in his 57th Quartett.



Nor are we confined to simple expirations of this sort: we find the following specimen of an agreeable sneeze in the minuet of his Eighth Grand Sinfonia—



and in some other composition of his, we find the following satisfactory cough—



Among those of a less concordant nature, we may instance the brawling voices of three persons in a passion introduced by Beethoven in his Third Trio, Op. 9.



Such a clatter of sounds indicate rage and ferocity: these tones escape us in the ebullitions of our worst passions, and are heard in the savage murmurs of wild beasts.

HUMAN CRIES.

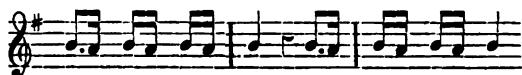
We take but little interest in the cries of animals, except those of our own species. Children have no difficulty in expressing their wants, their pleasures, and pains, by their cries, long before they know the use or meaning of a word; and it is surprising to see with what energy they will evince the strongest passions. If we attend to these sounds, we shall soon discover what a fruitful source they have been, in giving hints to the composer and musician. The following is the puling cry of a spoiled child—

Adagio.

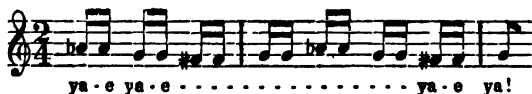


* This and the next passage may be imitated by sliding the finger on the strings of a violoncello.

Rossini has imitated the sobbing of a child in the pensive duet *Ebbere per mia memoria*, in *Gazza Ladra*.



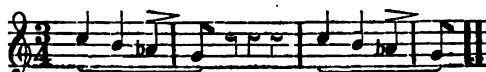
Madame de Stael informs us that Crocodiles imitate the cry of children so perfectly, as to allure and entrap their mothers. In the following strain we may notice the little spiteful voice of one child wantonly teasing another:—



The fugue in the overture to the *Zauberflöte*, is obviously taken from a petulant feeling of this kind. It is said of Mozart that he had a peevish wife—a lady hard to please, who frequently broke in upon his studies, when in her waspish humor; and it was in one of these freaks that he caught from Madame the singular subject of this noted piece. The *snatch* upon the semiquavers is the very essence of irritability.



The following is of a more lugubrious cast—a person weighed down with sorrow and pain.

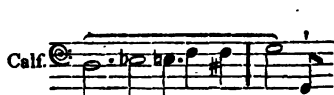
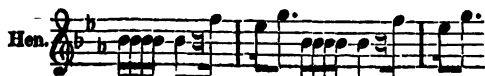
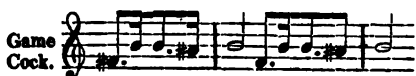
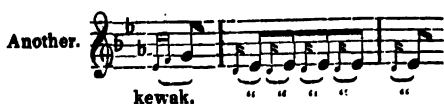


Beethoven has adopted this as the motive of his Third Trio, Op. 9. The following inflection of voice, is the endearing tone of a mother fondling her child.



This passage is elegantly interwoven in Haydn's Fifty-Eighth Quartett.

CRIES OF ANIMALS, BIRDS, &c.



THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

HOPES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT.

Suggested by the circumstances of its present History.

A VOICE of joy to thrill the tropic skies!
The slumbering slaves of centuries arise.
The youngest born of liberty have caught
The fire their fathers' hearts too long forgot,
And Egypt lives again! That wondrous clime,
Whose records trace the history of time,
The world's coeval, the eternal shore
Of elder mystery and hallow'd lore,
Hath risen as once—hath borne a race of men,
Dares to be free—and Egypt lives again!

A voice of joy to hail the chief whose sword
Drove to their gorgeous den the turban'd horde;
Chased with un pitying hand, untaught to yield,
Their warriors to the harem from the field.
Where Acre rears to heaven the sculptur'd mosque,
Or decks in gayer hues the soft kiosk,
(Acre twice known to British fame!) and where
Lone Jaffa slumbers in the Syrian air.
There, fearless minister of freedom's work,
Bold Ibrahim saw and smote the craven Turk;
There traced his pathway in the blood he shed,
Elect avenger of the deathless dead!
Redeemed the franchised land, whose teeming soil
Bore every delegated despot's spoil,
From Goth to Saracen, till Ibrahim came
To win the world's instructress back to fame!

Time's noblest epoch! the exulting mind
Springs on the wings of fancy unconfined,
Interprets coming ages ere they roll,
And scans a part, and dares to dream the whole;
Binds with the annals dark of Egypt's tears
The fond creations of imagined years,
And reading in her first her future age,
Links Mehemet with Sesostris on her page!

Visions indeed! but visions that can swell
The glowing breast with heaven-descended spell;
Visions whose airy world of thoughts sublime
Can fill all space, can people every time.
Ours be such visions; be one nobler hour

Won from dull sense, and sacred to that Power—
Whate'er it be—that rules with soft control
The spectre-haunted twilight of the soul!

And lo! the Spirit wings its mystic way
To deserts wild, and towers with ruin gray;
Pauses beside the hallow'd banks of Nile,
Or hails Osiris in his magic isle,*
Where ceaseless verdure wreathes the roofless wall,
And ruin holds his fairest festival,
Shrouded in flowers! or where alone, outspread,
Carnac, the desert-temple of the dead,
Sees her eternal pillars as they stand
Unmouldering merge and lessen in the sand,
While on and on the steps of ruin press
To shroud the wonder of the wilderness!
Or where, beneath the blue and dazzling skies,
Unthron'd and mute the Son of Morning lies;
Unheard that voice divine whose magic lay
Wooded the young light just blushing into day,
While those who heard the soft unearthly tone,
Dreamed that a spirit lived within the stone,
The breezy murmurs of whose notes were given
To earth in echo of the lyres of heaven!
Or turns my saddening soul whence Egypt piled
Her hundred-portal'd city of the wild;
Turns it from that lone place of nameless things,
Relics of palaces and tombs of kings—
Tombs, like their tenants, crumbled into dust,
The crypt, the urn, the pedestal, the bust,
Fragments luxuriantly o'ergrown, and hid
In nature's verdant shrine of leaves, amid
Acanthus wreathed in many a graceful fold,
Cactus, and bean tree hung with cups of gold,
And gleams of roses through the living green,
Whose pale sad hue beseeems the sadder scene!
The shatter'd obelisk, the ruin'd wall,
The broken archway nodding to its fall,

Temple, and theatre, and gorgeous dome—
 The tiger's or the fiercer Arab's home—
 Forests of sphinxes, giant shapes that seem
 The monstrous phantoms of some fevered dream,
 And colonnades, that stretch beyond the gaze
 Far o'er the waste is many a winding maze,
 The skeletons of cities left to stand
 In ghastly silence on the silent sand,
 As if those voiceless monitors should say—
 Such were the glories of the elder day,
 Such were the men, the happy, wise, and free,
 That framed these columns for eternity!
 Such was *their* glory—such their skill divine;
 And, Egypt, Egypt, such may yet be thine!
 Yes, from these spectres of the desert fly
 The wandering wings of Her whose restless eye
 Beholds the world through some diviner air
 Transpicuous, grovelling sense can never share.
 Fancy that sees, and, seeing, re-creates,
 Till love's bright form emerges out of hate's,
 Beauty from dark deformity, and life
 From death's cold image, victress in the strife!
 Fancy! that borrows, like yon witching moon,
 Light from the orb of truth's eternal noon,
 And brings us, mellow'd to a tenderer ray,
 The soft reflection of a vanish'd day,
 The future moulding, and the past with this
 Mingling, till hope and memory melt to—bliss!
 Yes, from these mighty monuments, that stand
 Unwrought, as fables tell, by human hand,
 But based amid the wide wild solitude
 By demon architects in mirthful mood,
 Or scorn, or in idlesse, or in bitterer hour
 When fettered to that rebel, despot's power,
 Whom mightier Eblis chained!—those spires of stone,
 Huge, mystic, towering, terrible, and lone,
 As barren oaks heaven-scath'd, of giant breadth,
 Stand bare and blasted on some wither'd heath!
 From that mute city in whose pillar'd square
 Are thousands throng'd, yet not a voice is there!
 Congeal'd to stone its marble myriads lie,
 The spectral forms of lost humanity!
 From foaming cataracts, to whose sacred wave
 His gems and gold the Abyssinian gave,
 While undismay'd, in shallop frail and light,
 He dared the whitening gulf and dizzy height,
 Till far beneath, as smooth as summer sea,
 The waves die off in bright tranquillity,
 And tortur'd where the fall in foaming leap
 Scoops an abyss below the turbid deep,
 And banners bright of streaming lustre fling—
 Creep to their placid bed like weary things!
 From Phile's granite cliffs and ruin'd shrine,
 And altars hallow'd still, and once divine,
 Its margin gemmed with wrecks antique o'erlaid,
 With Nile's white lotus and the palm-tree shade,
 Glass'd in the dimpling river! From that fount
 Of famed Syenè the marble mount,
 In whose deep mirror, from the noontide sky,
 The sun beheld his own immortal eye
 Flash the responsive beam, while tower and tree
 Lay sleeping *shadowless* and silently!
 From these—for here not yet the soul hath found

The one, the chosen, consecrated ground—
 Courses the mind in this exulting hour,
 Fired with that inborn consciousness of power,
 The native force, the essential influence,
 That lifts her from the dull domain of sense.
 Yes! springs aloft the struggling fire of mind,
 That sense can cloud, can dim, can never bind.
 As Boreal lights still fly the horizon's verge,
 Still float o'er heaven in many a lustrous surge,
 Still as they wander, tremblingly aspire
 To pierce the *Zenith* with their darts of fire!
 On through the varying scene careers the soul,
 With Nile's eternal waters as they roll,
 Nor pauses in her course. Not even the glooms
 Of Luxor's portal'd halls and hill of tombs,
 Nor Denderah wins her, where with ruin strewn
 It rears its arch'd magnificence of stone,
 As if to pierce the dazzling skies. And yet,
 Unchang'd it stands, and time seems to forget
 Or pity its old splendors. Yes! 'twas here
 The sage engraved the story of the year,
 In emblems dark of mystic lore, and sought
 To shroud from eyes profane the lofty thought.
 And here, from year to year, from age to age,
 Mid change and chance the labors of that sage,
 Safe in the scorn of Arab thief or turk—
 As if the time it pictured, spared the work—
 Lay still a wondrous whole! Nor turns astray
 The obedient fancy from her watery way,
 Even to that garden of the wilderness
 That soothes the desert caravan's distress,
 Blooming Elcargè! blooming still, though frown
 That old Ammonian Jove who reared his throne
 Here in this lonely Eden of the wild—
 The sire of nature shrined where nature smiled
 To gratulate his presence, and poured forth
 Those gorgeous forms that spurn the frigid north;
 Acacia, tamarisk, and graceful palm,
 Olive and date, and yemen's fragrant balm,
 And Isis' heart-shaped fruit of odorous smell,
 That bowed to Christ, as olden legends tell!
 These shroud its ruin'd temples, and o'erspread
 All save those gloomy chambers of the dead
 That crowd its excavated hill, and give
 Warnings in emblems mute to those who live!
 The emblems of triumphant faith—the dove
 That speaks of peace, the cross that speaks of love;
 For Christians slumber here! The Copt, who brought
 The Gospel treasure to his deserts, wrought
 These rudely sculptur'd symbols of his trust,
 And dying, gloried in his deathless dust!
 Nor even Arsinoë's bright land of rose,
 Whose perfum'd winds its treasure sweets disclose,
 Delays the hovering fancy. Fair Faynoom,
 Whose fragrant wealth are odours and the bloom
 Of nature's loveliest flower! Delicious trade,
 Where even the transient labor is o'erpaid
 By its own sweetness! Such the commerce given
 By dreaming bards to some imagined heaven,
 Or earthly Paradise of fruit and flower,
 Where nature wreathes one universal bower!
 Nor yet the relics of that wondrous maze,
 The twelve bright palaces, the winding ways,

Within whose dark and subterranean recess
The dust of monarchs slept in loneliness!

From these—from all—though all alike are fraught
With charms unutter'd of associate thought—
Still flies the unwearied spirit, till at last
Her silvery path of waters almost past,
The goal is gained—she stands upon the plain,
Where Egypt's genius holds his mightiest reign,
She stands before those monuments sublime
That tower to heaven—the altar-stones of time,
The pyramids! where still triumphant art
Dared to enact eternal nature's part,
And built for ages infinite! Alone,
Couched in their lengthened shade, my fancy's throne
Is raised; yet not alone! for centuries roll
Their tide of wonders on my burthen'd soul.
The past is peopled—host on host arise—
I see, I hear, with other ears and eyes;
The dim grows bright, the clouded visions clear,
And distant phantoms circling gather near.
As sunbright clouds at eve our fancies mould
To temples, towers, of crimson and of gold;
While darker masses in the eastern sky
Blacken to fiends and scare the dreaming eye.
The witchery works, the magic of the place
Calls many a royal child of many a race
Crownless, unaccepted, to my reverie!
And whence? Behold the dark immensity
Of yon gigantic monument! Beneath
That granite Atlas was their home of death:
There sleep their ashes where an earthquake's throes
Alone shall shake their stillness of repose!
Silent they stand, and slowly point around,
And mutely ask—Is this not Memphian ground?
There stand the pyramids, the sphinx is there;
But where is Memphis—deathless Memphis where?
Where is the city of Eternity—
Queen of an hundred nations, where is she?
Alas! vanished as a dream. Alas—
Where is she? Travellers know not where she was!
Poor shades! once tenants of a vanished throne,
Your boundless power, your deathless deeds unknown,
Your very names, the talismans of old,
The lore of centuries has scarcely told:
Nor live ye save in dreams like this that shed
An hour's ideal lustre on the dead.
—Shapes of old regal glory sorrowing come,
With eyes unlustrous, lips for ever dumb.
Pharaohs and Ptolemies, and mightier far,
Proud as when harness'd monarchs drew his car,
Uplifts his trembling hand and sightless eyes
Sethos of old, recalls the past, and sighs!
Miserable is here, Busiris, and the shade
Of impious Pheron, and of him who laid
In blood and tears the base of yonder pile,*
And Necho, who essay'd to wed the Nile
With that Arabic deep whose dread abyss
Yawn'd for the chariots of Amenophis!
When whelming myriads in its thundering fall,
The God of Nature loosed the watery wall
That hung incumbent o'er his rescued race,

And gave the waves their ancient dwelling-place,
And millions for their prey! And, darker form!
The vengeful victim of the desert storm,
O'erwhelm'd Cambyse! Kindling at the sight
Fancy hath seized the whole,—that hideous night,
At noonday, on the billowy wilderness,
The shrieks, the wailing of their mad distress,
The desert rous'd beneath its fell Simoom,
Slaying, at once, the murderer and the tomb!
The wind low booming with a long-drawn howl
Of triumph gloomier than the savage growl
Of wolves above their prey; or like the tone
The desert-ghoul might utter when his lone
And pathless realm of horrors was assail'd:
—The struggles wild and fierce till fate prevail'd,
And then the mutter'd curse half-choked; and then
The soundless, sullen desert, once again!
Vanish, these phantoms, fancy! from the scene,
And paint me fairer visions—as serene
As yon calm moon, whose rise I seem to view
O'er Egypt's groves and skies of dazzling blue,
Hail'd from Canopus to the green Nile's mouth
The bright Bubastian Dian of the south!
That now seems scaling yon tall pyramid,
Now cloudless in the heavens, now faintly hid,
Gazing with dove-eyed glance of peace! Behold!
The enchantress cries, and lo! the bright of old:
Luxurious Memphis, Sais, and gorgeous On,
The golden-templed city of the Sun;
To whose rich shrine the bird of thousand dyes,
Leaving its fragrant nest of spices, flies;
And bears its load of precious ashes there;
Then spreads aloft, and wings the glad some air,
The beauteous tenant of the balmy breeze,
Sole in the earth, a life of centuries!
I see the white-stoled priest, the sacred rite,
The worshipp'd bird, the garb of solemn white,
The graceful Isiac dance: I list the sound
Of cymbals beating their melodious round,
While shakes its plumes the bird upon the shrine,
And seems too lovely not to be divine!
I see the mirror'd girls, a dark-eyed train,
Wreath'd with the lily of the Nile, whose plain
Nurses these loveliest infants of the spring,
While from the dome huge lamps of Naphtha fling
A radiance that but glimmers from on high,
So vast the temple's giant symmetry!
The scene is changed! No longer voice of mirth,
But some dusk solitude beneath the earth,
Lifeless and voiceless as the forms that gaze
With eyes that wear the mocking diamond's blaze,
Around its walls. In gloomy ranks they stand,
Shrouded in spectral garb—a dismal band—
Unbreathing images of life; as 'twere
That all in this eternal land should share
Its immortality, the very dead
Are deathless! Or, escap'd to light, I tread
The dark Necropolis, the place of tombs,
Where the dim smother'd ray but half illumines
The plantain and the yellow asphodel,
The mournful verdure that delights to dwell
Around the homes of death! Or, pleas'd, mine ear
Delights the relics of old faith to hear,

* Cheops.

The bright traditions treasured, of that truth
 That once illumed the world's auspicious youth:
 The sole paternity of God,—the bright
 Belief conceal'd in enigmatic rite
 Of mind's eternal essence. Yes—to see
 That symbol of eternal Deity,
 The mystic Isis, as her statue stood
 Inscribed in Saïs' templed solitude,—
 "I am what is, what has been, what shall be;
 None yet hath raised the veil that circles me!"
 Or hear bright legends of the treasure hid—
 The Emerald Tablet—in the pyramid!
 Or thrice great Hermes, on whose wondrous stone
 The secret depths of wisdom were foreshown;
 Or, stranger still,—on crystal shrines to view
 The mystic cross prophetically true,
 Eternal life predicted in the sign
 That told, unknowing told—its *mæns* divine!
 Or join that festival of gloomy glee,
 Where horror came to heighten revelry,
 And the grave sent its habitant to own
 That life so brief is due to bliss alone.
 Stern monitor of pleasure to abide
 Where joy ran highest and by beauty's side!
 What thoughts were her's, were his, whose eye might
 rest,

When the song paused, upon that spectral guest?
 When the light-hearted laughter ceased a while,
 Did she who sought it smiling, keep that smile?
 Did no misgiving whisper that the hour
 Was set, for more than waste, in human power?
 A form whose terrors were not of the earth
 Still bring but argument of vulgar mirth?
 Alas! we know not. 'Twere no novel art
 To turn aside the channels of the heart,
 To read life's lessons, and to learn from them,
 Not what they teach, but what they most condemn;
 To draw from purest air corrupted breath,
 To drink from living wells the draught of death:
 Nor marvel that the wilful breast of man
 Found idiot triumph in his fleeting span,—
 That sophists, proud of error, wise by guess,
 Wrung from deep thought a creed of thoughtlessness.

But all is past,—past; 'tis the fearful word
 In the dread silence of the desert heard.
 The gloomy tone that thrills the idle waste,

Echoed from tottering temples, towers defaced,
 From relics that themselves are waning fast,
 For each day robs the present of the past,—
 The ruins of old ruin! There are climes
 That wear, to those who feel, no present times;
 To those whose eye can pierce the cloud, and see
 Where the hoar genius of antiquity
 Cowers 'mid his crumbling shrines, and bows august
 A brow defiled with consecrated dust;
 The sceptro broke—the regal mantle rent:
 The reverend form in sorrow mutely bent,
 Yet grand in its prostration! Those who feel
 As *men* should do, where *men* have lived, will kneel
 Awed by the genius of a land whose whole
 Wide sphere but forms one temple of the soul!
 To such, the silence of deserted halls
 Speaks louder than their pomp of festivals;
 To such, the silence of the sandy plain,
 Unbroken save by some lone camel-train,
 Speaks mightier than its perish'd empire! They
 Who thus can steer through time a pensive way,
 Who walk in all the *glory* of the past,
 Yet read the *moral* from the present cast,—
 Let *such* approach where lorn Athena weeps,
 Where Rome, half desert, in her marshes sleeps;
 But better still, let him whose gifted ear
 Time's hymn of centuries aspires to hear,
 With us, old Egypt's hallow'd scenes among,
 Catch the *first preludes* of that wondrous song!

Enough of reverie! but if brighter gleams
 Of hope, ere yet we fold our web of dreams,
 Illume their close, will sterner minds restrain
 Desiring fancy from that happier vein?
 Unshroud the future, Hope! A day may come
 To guide instruction to her early home,
 On faded grandeur lustre new to shed,
 To wake the sleeping, to revive the dead!
 We've traced the glories of the land whose skies
 First saw the sun of dawning science rise;
 Alas! the world hath seen those glories set,
 Mourn'd the long night of gloom that shrouds her yet;
 But hope, fair hope, the prophet of the heart,
 Wins from the past with fond dissuasive art,
 And smiling points to where a crimson ray
 Tints the glad East, and tells of coming day!

W. A. B.

T O M I S S

BY AN ARTIST.

BEFORE I saw thee, maid divine!
 I tested beauty by the graces
 That swept thro' sweet Corregio's line,
 Or dwell in Guido's heav'nly faces.

But now Corregio's graceful curves,
 And Guido's fine expression catch it;
 Thy beauty, as my standard serves,
 And they, alas! have none to match it.
 Philadelphia.

SELLING A NIGGER.

(An Incident which occurred at the First Landing of the English Settlers at Algoa Bay.)

FROM A WORK NOW IN THE PRESS.

AMONG the rest of the crew who were left for ship duty, was a topman, named Black Tom. He was a tall, athletic negro, who, at a very early period of life, had been taken from the Gold Coast of Africa; stowed, with a number of others, into the hold of a slaver, carried to the West Indies, and sold to a sugar planter of St. Domingo. He had not, however, been long in the service of his new master, when an English navy captain, who happened to be on a visit at the plantation, took a fancy for him, purchased him, gave him his freedom, and carried him on board his ship, as a cabin boy.

From this period, Tom's life had been devoted to the sea. He had served on board a great variety of ships, and was, at last, entered on the books of the *Hesperus*. He was an excellent seaman; completely up to his duty; clever, active, and a very dare-devil for courage. There was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in his disposition, which formed an inexhaustible fund of amusement to his comrades; and, though his temper was fiery and passionate when roused, such was his extreme good nature, that, of all the jokes that were passed off on him, he seldom took any amiss; nor did he seem, indeed, to have the slightest notion that he himself was the butt at whom they were directed.

Among his messmates, Tom was a great favorite; and, although they all considered him as legitimate game among themselves, they would not have seen him injured by any third party. His chief failing was his great addiction to grog; but liquor, instead of exciting, seemed rather to lull his fiery passions. When fairly intoxicated, he would fall from his seat like a lump of inanimate flesh; his senses so completely drowned that one might almost have stretched him on the rack, or fired a cannon at his ear, without producing any signs of consciousness. When he awoke from this death like sleep, he was generally perfectly recovered; but of all that had occurred to him during his debauch, not a trace remained upon his memory.

One morning, soon after captain Morley had gone on board on his daily visit, Black Tom and Richard Wolfe, the latter of whom had recently been promoted to the dignity of boatswain's-mate, came to Wetherall, and asked for leave to go on shore, for the purpose, they said, of witnessing a wrestling match, and other gymnastic games, that were to take place that forenoon among the new colonists. As captain Morley never refused his men any reasonable indulgence, their request was at once granted, and they set off together in high glee.

The day was bright and breezy, the wrestling ground well selected, and the players good. Almost all Canvass Town had turned out to see the sport, and Tom and Wolfe took their places among the multitude.

Six wrestlers entered the ring, and they were pitted against each other, three to three; the one party distinguished by a black ribbon tied round the wrist, the other by a red. When stripped, the proportions which these men exhibited gave promise of excellent sport; they were all remarkably strong and muscular. Two of the red ribbons, in particular, were perfectly colossal; and the great breadth of chest, the Herculean fullness of neck, the solidity of limb, and massiveness of arm which they displayed, were palpable evidences of their prodigious strength.

As was anticipated, these two men speedily threw their antagonists; and, the game of the third couple being declared drawn, they remained accordingly the victors of the field. The air resounded with the plaudits of the multitude; and the two conquerors bore their honors vauntingly enough.

One of them, in particular, when the stakes he had won were put into his hand, tossed up into the air the bag which contained the money, and declared he would give it to any one present who would stake half the sum, and give him one fall for two. Nobody, however, was daring enough to answer the challenge, and the wrestler kept chucking up his purse, as if to tempt some one to the match.

"I say, Tom," said Wolfe to his neighbor, "I've a great mind to try him."

"Him dam strong," replied Tom, with a monitory shake of the head.

"Devil take his strength! I've given a fall to a bigger man than he."

"Him purse dam heavy," continued Tom.

"Ay, that's just the difficulty; but I'll stake all the money I have about me, and let him stake equal."

"Dare no one come to the scratch?" cried the tall wrestler, once more chucking up his purse.

"I accept the challenge!" cried Wolfe, jumping into the ring.

His antagonist eyed him attentively for a moment; then, throwing his purse upon the ground, "Stake your money," he said; "there are twenty dollars!"

"I have only five dollars," said Wolfe; "but I'll stake them against five of your's, and play you fall for fall."

"A done bargain!" cried the wrestler, taking up his money from the ground, and counting five dollars

into the hands of the stake-holder. Wolfe followed his example, and paid over the stipulated sum.

The match was long and well-contested, but fortune at last declared in favor of our boatswain's-mate. He gave his opponent five falls for four, and carried off the stakes amid the applauding shouts of the spectators.

The ground was now cleared for a race; which was to be run for an open sweepstakes of three dollars. Wolfe entered himself amongst the rest; and he showed that his agility was equal to his strength, by distancing all his competitors, and bearing off the prize, which amounted to thirty dollars.

Elated with success, and with the prospect of growing rich in so pleasant a way, the doughty boatswain's-mate now entered himself for the next sweepstakes; which were for the high leap. This game was inimitably contested; but, one by one, the competitors gave in, and the prize at last lay between Wolfe and one of the new colonists, a limber-looking young Englishman.

The bar stood at five feet two, and both the competitors cleared it cleverly.

"Put it up to five feet four!" cried Wolfe. The bar was accordingly raised, and again they both topped it in beautiful style.

"Make it five, six!" cried the young Englishman; and, when the bar had been moved to the required notch, he threw himself over it, apparently with very little effort.

Wolfe, however, in making his spring, slipped upon the turf, struck the bar with his foot, and sent it spinning before him into the air. His antagonist was declared conqueror, and carried off the prize.

"You leap well, friend," said Wolfe, when he saw the money which he had reckoned upon as his own, paid over to the other; "but, had I not slipped, you would not have won so easily. Have you any objection to try again?"

"None!" replied his antagonist. "What do you stake?"

"Thirty dollars!" said Wolfe.

"Done!" replied the other; and they each deposited the stipulated sum with the stake-holder.

This second match naturally excited great interest. Both competitors were evidently first-rate leapers; and, for men in their rank, the stake was an important one.

The bar was placed at five feet two, and it was raised inch by inch, both clearing it each time, till it stood at five feet nine. The previous height was evidently just about as much as either could accomplish; and it was thought that this last move would prove decisive.

The young Englishman came first; and, having attentively surveyed his ground and measured his distance, he took his start warily, left the turf with a clean spring, and cleared the bar within a hair's breadth.

Wolfe, conscious that he had no common antagonist to deal with, felt that it would now be necessary to exert himself to the utmost. He considered his ground carefully; took in his distance with a practised eye;

advanced, with a light springy step, and left the turf cleverly. But the height was more than he was equal to; he struck the bar with the heel of his right foot, and it fell broken to the ground.

"Devil take my awkwardness!" he growled, as he leisurely resumed his jacket; and, without taking farther notice of any one, he left the ground, accompanied by Black Tom.

"Him leap dam well!" said Tom, after they were clear of the crowd.

"All chance!" growled Wolfe. "But he might have leaped as high as the steeple of Strasburg for me, if he had not carried off my thirty dollars!"

"Ah! him nebber care," replied Tom. "Easy come, easy go!"

"Very well for you to speak, you black-faced nigger! How would you like to lose thirty dollars yourself?"

"Him nebber hab thirty dollar to lose!" replied Tom, in a most pitiable tone of voice.

"Poor devil!" said Wolfe, "I believe you. But never mind, Tom," he continued, "never mind, my lad! I've still four shiners left; and we'll drink them, Tom; d—n me, we'll drink them, my boy!"

To this grateful proposition, Tom cordially assented; and they adjourned together to a small tent in the outskirts of the encampment, where a Dutchman, named, according to his sign-board, Adrian Hendrick Van Struyk, entertained all comers, for their money, at the sign of the Angel.

Liquor was soon produced, and the two messmates commenced their potations in earnest, without troubling themselves much with conversation; Wolfe being chagrined and gloomy at having lost his money; and Tom being no great talker, when the presence of the spirit flask afforded him a more agreeable occupation for his colloquial organs.

With a little round table between them, they sat opposite to each other, in the most friendly and harmonious attitude; emptying glass after glass, with exemplary diligence; till, towards evening, the liquor, which was that horrible compound denominated Cape brandy, began sensibly to operate upon them.

Tom, in particular, was evidently going very fast. His eyes began to roll ominously in their sockets; the muscles of the under part of his face became relaxed; the corners of his huge mouth hung downwards; and, at last, he fairly fell from the bench on which he was sitting, in a state of mortal intoxication.

Wolfe, however, was not so easily subdued. He still kept his upright position; and threw, from time to time, towards his prostrate companion, a look of the most sovereign contempt.

"D—n him for a drunken lubber!" he growled forth; "he has no more head than a tallow candle. But, after all, what can one expect of a nigger! Myn-heer," he continued, calling to the host, "bring me another stoup, will ye; and, look ye, put a little dry straw beneath that poor fellow's head, to keep him from the cold ground."

The straw and liquor were brought as desired; and Wolfe commenced his potations systematically, to while away the time till his comrade awoke.

He had not been long in this situation when a new customer entered the booth, in the shape of a Cape-Dutch boor; a stout, roguish-looking fellow, with a broad-brimmed hat on his head, a long tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and a soiled blue linen "kittel" covering his person, as low as the knee.

"Dis von fine evening, Mynheer!" he said to Wolfe, as the landlord placed a pot of beer for him upon the table.

Wolfe, who had been making rapid progress with his additional stoup, and did not find his tongue altogether obedient, replied by a lurch of the head, intended for a nod; to which he added an extremely inarticulate "Very!"

"Ha! whom we hab here?" continued the boor, observing poor Tom, with his straw pillow, on the floor.

"Drunk!—lubber!" muttered Wolfe, turning his flushed, sleepy eyes, in the direction of his prostrate comrade.

"Drunk! ya, very right. Bot he is von dam strong nigger, do', for all dat!" and he very leisurely proceeded to finger the gigantic limbs of the unfortunate Tom; much in the same manner as a grazier fingers the ox he is about to purchase.

He now drew in a bench, and set himself down opposite to Wolfe, whom every fresh pull at the can was bringing nearer and nearer to a state of utter unconsciousness. Being totally incapable of comprehending the tenor of the various questions and remarks addressed to him by the boor, he either left them unanswered, or responded at random with a gruff drawing "Very."

The wily Mynheer, seeing him in this state, thought it a good opportunity for driving a cheap bargain, for the transfer of the carcase of the unlucky Tom; who, being young and strong, he well knew would bring, at least, three hundred dollars in the market. He accordingly broached the subject, by asking Wolfe what he considered the negro's value.

"How mosh you tink dat nigger worth, eh?" said he; "fifty thaler for him is nit feil, eh? fifty dallar very goot price, you tink? You tink so, eh?" he continued, pressing the unconscious Wolfe for an answer.

Wolfe, who did not understand a word that he said, responded as usual—"Very."

"Denn ven you sell him, I vill gib you fifty thaler; you no gat so mosh anoder time. Vill you sell him, eh? Vat for you no speak? Ven you tink it goot price you vill sell him, eh? Vill you no antwort me? You tink fifty thaler very goot price, eh?"

Thus pressed, Wolfe once more responded, "Very."

"Denn I vill him kaupen; you verstaht? I vill buy him—I hab das gelt here vid me!" and he pulled a huge leathern bag from his pouch, and counted out fifty dollars upon the table.

Wolfe, who, half-sleeping, half-waking, was seated with his side towards the Dutchman; his eyes shut, and his head resting on his hand, had never looked up during this dialogue; and, when the money was spread out on the table, the boor found it necessary to

draw his attention to it, by shaking him roughly by the shoulder.

"Vill you no look up, eh? Here is das gelt for you; vill you no look up?"

Thus roused, Wolfe raised his head, and cast his dim heavy eyes, first on the glittering silver coins, and then on his companion, as if he wanted some explanation of what he saw.

"Da is das gelt," said the boor; "dat is de fifty dollar—I hab zahlt it—all very right! Vill you take it up, eh?" he continued, heaping the money together, and pushing it across the table. Wolfe, who had still sufficient sense left to understand the value of money, grappled with it as he best could, and stuffed it into his pockets.

"D—d—honest—up—fellow!" said he, evidently quite ignorant of the nature of the transaction; "d—d—honest—fellow! Pay—when—meet—Ports—mouth—health—long—life!" So saying, he quaffed off the remainder of his liquor, and, next minute, toppled over in his seat, and fell fast asleep.

The Dutchman, having thus concluded his bargain, called the landlord, and told him he had bought the negro. Two Hottentot servants, who were waiting for him without, were then summoned in. Poor Tom was bound hand and foot, like a sheep going to the shambles, and deposited in the bottom of a large wagon, in which his new master was conveying home some other farm stores. The Dutchman and his two Hottentots mounted in front of the vehicle; and, driving off, soon left Canvass Town in the rear.

Meanwhile, Wolfe continued buried in his drunken sleep; from which he did not awake till after day-dawn in the morning. When consciousness returned, he recollected where he was, and his first impulse was to call his companion.

"I say, Tom, you drunken beast, get up, will ye? It's time we were going on board."

But poor Tom was not there to answer the summons.

"Speak, will you, you black-faced nigger!" continued Wolfe; "why the devil won't you speak? I never knew such a stone to sleep in my life! Tom! you lubber; rouse up, I say!"

Receiving no answer to this animated address, he at last jumped up, with the intention of awakening his comrade by a hearty shake; and, when the poor fellow was nowhere to be found, he did not know what to think. His first feeling was one of anger at Tom, for having "cut, and left him in such a scurvy manner;" but a little reflection convinced him that the negro was the last man in the world to leave a friend under such circumstances. He therefore called the landlord, for the purpose of interrogating him as to the cause of his companion's absence.

"Where's Black Tom?" said he.

"Where is he?" replied Adrian Van Strayk. "Gone away vid he new master, Mynheer."

"Gone away with his new master!" repeated Wolfe, "why, what the devil do you mean, sirrah?"

"Wahrheit, Mynheer!" replied the host. "You hab him verkauft—sold him!"

"Sold him!"

"Ya! to de bauer dat vas here las' night."

"Boor!"

"Ya! he gab you fifty thaler for him!"

"Boor! fifty dollars!" cried Wolfe, with a look of bewilderment. "Harkye, sirrah! take care what you're after! Do you think to pass off your jokes on me?"

"No joke at all, Mynheer," replied Adrian; "you hab das gelt in your tasch!"

Wolfe instinctively stuffed his hands into his pockets, and found the money as the host had indicated. At first, he did not know what to make of this, for he well knew that four dollars was all the money he had when he entered the tent; but, after a little reflection, he began to have some faint remembrance of a stranger, who, on the previous evening, had *lent* him a number of dollars, which he had promised to repay. Mine host, however, put him right in this particular, by explaining the whole transaction; and, as his statement was confirmed by the presence of the money, and the absence of Tom, the awful truth flashed at once across his mind. He did not, however, waste much time in vain regrets; but, having informed himself of the direction the wagon had taken, he sallied forth in pursuit of his ill-fated comrade.

Meanwhile, the phlegmatic Dutchman was driving his cargo slowly homewards, pursuing his way along the sea-beach. During the night, throughout which they continued their journey, Tom lay like a log in the bottom of the wagon, in a state of most complete torpor. Towards morning, however, though his body still continued fast asleep, his mind gave symptoms of returning consciousness, and a heavy confused dream came over him. He fancied himself still at the games of the preceding day, engaged in leaping with the young colonist who had vanquished his companion; and he gave several convulsive starts in his sleep as, in imagination, he sprang at the bar. In this state he continued for some time; till, the effects of the liquor gradually passing off, his bodily senses resumed their sway, and his dream was mixed with a half-waking consciousness of reality. Dim, returning recollection carried him back to the moment when he was sitting drinking with Wolfe; and, being half-conscious of his present recumbent position, he fancied that the usual result of his debauches had overtaken him, and that he had fallen asleep on the floor of the tent. The jolting of the wagon he imagined to be his companion endeavoring to rouse him by shaking; and, as the roughness of the motion gradually awoke him, he turned round on his back, gave his shoulders an impatient twitch, and called out in a peevish tone:

"D—n Dick! what de debbil him shake for! him want sleep."

"Potz-tausend!" cried the Dutchman, turning round at the sound of the negro's voice, and giving him a smart lash with his whip; "lie still, you dam nigger!"

The sharpness of the blow effectually roused poor Tom; who, starting up from his recumbent posture, opened his eyes, and gazed around him with a look of perfect bewilderment.

Memory was now completely at fault. The cords on his wrists and ankles; the Dutchman, with his pipe

in his mouth, and his whip in his hand; the two grinning Hottentots; the wagon itself; all was an inextricable riddle. Astonishment at first rendered him motionless; and it was not till after repeated contemplation of the objects around him, and after frequent rubbings of his eyes, to satisfy himself that all was not a dream, that he endeavored to rise to his feet. In this attempt, however, he was completely baffled by the cords on his legs; and, after various unsuccessful struggles, he at last rolled fairly over on his side, into a corner of the wagon.

Another application of the Dutchman's whip, accompanied by an exhortation to lie quiet, now roused all the fire of Tom's naturally choleric disposition; and, regaining with some difficulty his sitting posture, he began to curse and swear at a furious rate; mixing his maledictions with sundry interrogatories, as to where he was, who dared to bind him, and so forth. To all this, the Dutchman phlegmatically replied, that he had better be quiet, otherwise he would flog him into good manners; and that there was no use making a work, as he had fairly bought him as his slave—and his slave he was!

"And who sell me slave, you dam Dutch tieff!" roared Tom, half-choked with fury.

A huge volume of tobacco smoke from the Dutchman's pipe was the only reply.

"Who sell me, I say!" again roared Tom.

Puff, puff, went the pipe; but not a word in the way of answer.

Tom now went into another tirade of curses; but, finding that all his eloquence produced no other effect than that of making the Dutchman apply more assiduously to his tobacco, he, at last, philosophically determined to give himself up to his fate, and to trust to fortune.

The whole day they continued their route along the sea-coast; only stopping once, to bait the team, and to refresh themselves with a little beer and cheese. A part of this fare was thrown to Tom, but he indignantly spurned it, and again they continued their journey.

Towards evening they left the shore, and took a direction towards the interior of the country.

After a jolting drive of some hours, they at last arrived at what appeared to be a small farm-house; and here, their conductor intimated, they were to pass the night. Tom was removed from the wagon, and thrown among some straw in an outhouse; while the Dutchman and his companions adjourned into the principal dwelling.

Our unlucky negro had scarcely well nestled himself in his straw bed, when one of the Hottentots entered with a torch, bringing some bread and water for his supper. The light of the torch gave him an opportunity of observing that the place where he lay was that in which the farm implements were kept; and, among the rest, he discovered several scythes, pruning hooks, and so forth, lying scattered about.

Tom, whose whole thoughts were bent upon escape, immediately took advantage of this circumstance, and as soon as the Hottentot was gone, he managed to crawl near one of the scythes, against the sharp edge

of which he rubbed the cords on his wrists, till he fairly sawed them asunder. Having now the use of his hands, he speedily freed his ankles from their bindings; and, waiting till all was quiet in the farm-house, he sallied forth, and took the same road, as nearly as he could guess it in the darkness, by which the wagon had arrived,

Meeting with no obstruction, he plodded on as fast as his active limbs would carry him; and, after encountering a variety of difficulties, in the shape of jungles, morasses, and rivers, and having nothing to eat but the wild fruits that grew in his path, he arrived, towards the evening of the next day, at the seacoast. Cheered by the prospect of his favorite element, and having the beach to act as a guide to his farther course, he persevered in his journey, notwithstanding hunger and fatigue; and, on the following day, his eyes were blessed by the sight of the white tents of Canvass Town.

Haggard and emaciated, with his clothes nearly torn off his back, the poor fellow presented himself at the Blue Boar, just as the usual party were sitting down to dinner. As soon as his arrival was announced, captain Morley summoned him to give an account of himself; when he narrated, in his own graphic way, most of the circumstances I have endeavored to describe above.

"And who you tink sell me slave?" cried he, with great indignation, when he had concluded his story; at which we were all nearly convulsed with laughter.

"God knows!" replied captain Morley, endeavoring, in vain, to look grave.

"God know!" cried Tom; "bery true, sur; but Tom sabe too! Dat dam tief of de world, Bolfe! No help me God, sur, him sell me for tree hunder rix daller!"

"Well, Tom," said the captain, "it will be a lesson to you in future, never to get drunk! Where is Wolfe?"

"W're um in, sur? How me know w're um is? But if ebber me meet him again—'tand clear, massa Bolfe; dat all!"

As for Wolfe, we fairly gave him up for lost; all our inquiries concerning him were fruitless.

It was not till nearly three weeks after the occurrence of these incidents, that information was brought one evening, to the Blue Boar, that a stranger, supposed to be a sailor in disguise, had arrived in Canvass Town, and it was shrewdly suspected that he was no other than our veritable boatswain's-mate. I was the next midshipman for duty; and two marines, who were of the shore party, being summoned, we proceeded with captain Morley to the tent where the man was said to be. The marines remained outside, while the captain and myself entered.

The tent in which we found ourselves was a miserable hovel, with no other flooring than the bare ground, and no furniture, save a few barrels and boxes, which served the purposes of tables and chairs. On one of these stood an empty bottle, with the remnant of a lighted candle stuck into its half-broken neck.

The only occupants of the place were three women and one man. In the appearance of the latter, there was nothing very remarkable. He was, apparently, a farmer of the middle class; a tall, robust fellow, in a broad-brimmed hat, bottle-green coat, cord breeches, ribbed worsted stockings, and laced half boots. His dress was arranged with holiday neatness, and his well shaven beard "showed like a stubble-field at harvest home."

Captain Morley contemplated the group for an instant, and then apologized for having intruded upon them.

"I was given to understand," said he, "that there was a man belonging to my ship here; but I find I have been misinformed, and I am sorry for having disturbed you."

With this apology, the captain was just in the act of turning round to leave the tent when his eye accidentally encountered that of the young farmer. No sooner did the two glances meet, than there was an instant recognition on the part of captain Morley.

"Marines!" he cried in a loud voice to the men without—and the two marines immediately appeared at his summons—"Seize that fellow! and take care that he does not escape!"

The marines laid hold of the man by the collar, one on each side, and captain Morley left the tent, desiring them to follow.

"Avast heaving, shipmates!" said Wolfe—for the man was no other—"let me light my pipe, will ye? If you were as hungry and as tired as I am, you wouldn't be in such a d—d hurry to go on board to get flogged."

The two men relaxed their hold for an instant at this appeal; and Wolfe, with his pipe in his mouth, bent his head to the miserable candle end, which stood on one of the boxes that strewed the tent.

"Make haste, men," cried Morley, impatiently, from without.

"Coming, sir!" replied Wolfe, starting up from his stooping posture, with the lighted pipe in his mouth; and the next instant, the two marines were laid sprawling on the floor, by an expert "right and lefter."

One spring brought the prisoner to the entrance of the tent; the captain stood in the doorway, and obstructed his passage. A single blow from the powerful hand of Wolfe, would have felled him in an instant to the ground; and thus the only obstacle to his retreat would have been removed. But scarcely had the natural prompting of instinct raised his arm to strike the stroke of self-preservation, when it fell again, like a dead weight, at his side.

"No!" he cried, with something between a groan and a sigh, while he stood completely subdued in the presence of his commander. "No! not you!—any one but you! D—n me, if I can strike you!"

Without farther resistance, he suffered himself to be secured, and conveyed on board. I need scarcely add that, under such extenuating circumstances, captain Morley remitted the punishment of flogging. A night passed in irons was the man's only punishment

SCISSIBLES,

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books maketh me to gone.—*Chaucer.*

EARLY MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS OF
THE BIBLE.

THE most ancient and most valuable book is the Bible, and of all others the most deserving our attention, even were it only as a specimen of the earliest literature; but the holy volume has a stronger claim upon us. As the spring from whence flow all the blessed gifts of our divine Father—as the sacred reference for our guide through paths chequered with perplexities and ills—as the source of inexhaustible consolation and relief, when encompassed by sorrow's powerful arm—as the beacon through which we learn how to live on earth—and lastly, as the ladder to climb to heaven—we must hold its name ever dear to us, and treasure every fact connected with its existence.

The Old Testament was first written in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek, about 275 years before the birth of Christ, by seventy-two Jews, by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The precise number of the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament is unknown; those written before the years 700 or 800 it is supposed were destroyed by some decree of the Jewish senate, on account of their numerous differences from the copies then declared genuine. Those which exist in the present day were all written between the years 1000 and 1457. The manner in which these MSS. were written is rather interesting.

In the first place, then, the inspired language has been written upon various substances—leaves, skins, vellum, paper, &c., and it is even probable that several of the prophets wrote upon tablets of wood. (See Isaiah xxx. 8.) Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, when required to name his son, asked for a writing-table, and wrote "His name is John." (Luke i. 63.) In the reign of the emperor Zeno, (485,) the remains of St. Barnabas were found near Salamis, with a *Copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew*, in Hebrew, laid upon his breast, written with his own hand, upon leaves of thyme-wood; a kind of wood particularly odoriferous and valuable. In the library of St. Mary, at Florence, is the *whole New Testament on silk*, with the Liturgy, and short Martyrology; at the end of it there is written in Greek, "*By the hand of the sinner and most unworthy mark; in the year of the World, 6840, (that is,*

of Christ, 1332,) Monday, Dec. the 22d."

Some of the Greek MSS. were written all in capital letters; the small letters not being generally adopted until the close of the 10th century. Numerous curious abbreviations also existed in them; the first and last letters, and sometimes with the middle letter of a word only appearing, and the words not being separated. The following literal rendering of *Math. v. 1, 3*, according to the Codex Bezae, or Cambridge MSS. of the Four Gospels and Acts, will convey to the reader some idea of the manner in which manuscripts were anciently written and printed:—

AND SEEKING THEM MULTITUDES HE WENT UP INTO A MOUNTAIN
AND WHEN HE WAS SET DOWN CAME TO HIM
HIS DISCIPLES AND OPENING HIS MOUTH
HE TAUGHT THEM SAYING
BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT FOR THEIRS IS
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

English historians mention some part of the Bible to have been translated into the mother-tongue in the beginning of the 8th century.†

Amongst the Lansdown MSS. preserved in the British Museum, there is a volume stated to be 100 years older than Wickliffe's time, (Wickliffe flourished about 1360.) This book has been considered, by no incompetent judge, even of a still earlier date, and as the first and earliest English translation known. The following extract (the first chapter of *Genesis*) from this edition, is a highly curious and interesting specimen of early translations:—

"In ye beginning God made of nought hevene and erthe. For sothe the erthe was idil and voide; and derknessis werun on the face of depthe, and the spyrit of the Lord was born on the waters.

"And God seide, lizt be maid, and lizt was made, and God siz the lizt it was good, and he departide the lizt fro derknesses, and he depide ye lizt dai, and the derknessis nizt, and the eventyd and mornetyd was made on dai.

"And (God) seide, make we man to our ymage and likenesse, and be he souereyn to the fishes of the see,

* Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature.

† SPT, is contracted for spiryt.

‡ Aldemus translated the Psalms into Saxon, in 709.

ond to the volatilis of hevене, and to unreasonable beestes of earthe, ond to eche creature, ond to erthe creepinge beast which is movid in erthe, and God moide of nought a man to his ymage ond likeness. God moide of nought him, male and female."

Several translations having appeared, we now come to the year 1526, when the New Testament, translated by Tindal, &c. was published by Grafton, which occasioned the then Bishop of London to issue a proclamation, demanding under "poine of excommunication, and incurring the suspicion of heresie, oll ond singular such bookes conteynynge the translation of the New Testament in the Engliche tongue." This translation, containing, according to the decree, "erroneous opinions, pernicious and offensive, seducing the simple people, attempting by their wicket and perverse interpretations, to prophane the majesty of the scripture, ond craftily to abuse the most holy word of God." This prohibition was little regarded, consequently the bishops and clergy made great complaints, and petitioned the king. They were, however, very soon bought up by Bishop Tunstall and Sir Thomas More, and burnt at St. Paul's Cross.

The ignorant and illiterate monks were so much alarmed when the Testament appeared in our mother-tongue, that they declared from their pulpits, "that there was a new language discovered, of which the people should beware, since it was that which produced all the heresies; that in this language was a book come forth called the New Testament, which was now in every body's hands, and was full of thorns and briers."

The Vicar of Croydon, in Surrey, together with numerous other monks and priests, were also much terrified when the Scriptures first appeared in a printed volume, and the former thus expressed himself in a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross:—"We must root out printing, or printing will root out us." As long as ignorance and hypocrisy could stand against the infant strides of knowledge and truth, this doctrine was enforced; but ultimately, as ever must be the case, bigotry and superstition were soon, in this particular instance, torn from their haughty and oppressive throne, and the vicar's prophecy was fully verified.

1532. The first edition of the *whole Bible* in the English language (the translation by Miles Coverdale) was published by Grafton. It was printed at Paris or Marsburgh, in Hemsia. Six copies were presented to Archbishop Cranmer, and Lord Cromwell. It was a folio, dedicated to the king, in the following manner:

"Unto the moost gracious soveraygne lord kynge Henry the eyghth, kynge of Englande and of France, lord of Irelande, &c., Defender of the Fayth, and under God, the chefe supreme heade of the churche or Englande.

"The ryght and just administracyon of the lawes that God gave unto Moses and unto Josua; the testimonye of faythfulness that God gave to David: the plenteous abundance of wysdome that God gave unto Solomon: the lucky and prosperous age with the mul-

tiplicacyon of sede which God gave unto Abraham and Sara his wife, be given unto you moost gracious prynce, with your dearest just wyfe and moost vertuous pryncesse quene Jane."

This dedication is thus subscribed:—

"Your grace's humble subjecte
"and daylye oratour,
"MYLES COVERDALE"

It appears by what Coverdale says here, and elsewhere, that the Holy Scripture was now allowed to be read, and had, in English; but not so always, for in some part of his reign, Tindal's Bible was suppressed, by act of parliament; indeed, the Bible was absolutely forbidden to be read or expounded in our churches; but the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Captains of the Wars, Justices of the Peace, and Records of the Cities, might quote passages, to enforce their public harangues. A nobleman or gentleman might read it in his house or gardens, quietly and without disturbing good order; but women, artificers, apprentices, journeymen, husbandmen, and laborers, were to be *punished with one months' imprisonment*, as often as they were detected in reading the Bible, either *privately or openly*. "Nothing shall be taught or maintained contrary to the king's instructions;" 32 Hen. VIII. c. 39. Such, however, was the privilege of a peerage, that ladies of quality might read "to themselves alone" and not to others, "any chapter in the Old or New Testament."

1536. About this time Bibles were ordered to be set up in some convenient place within their churches, so that the parishioners might resort to the same, and read it, and the charge of this book to be "ratably borne between them and the parishioners of one side; that is to say, one half by the parson, and the other half by them."

1539. In this year a large folio Bible was printed, called *Cranmer's Bible*, with the following title:—

"The Byble in Englyshe. That is to saye, the content of all the Holy Scripture, bothe the Olde and New Testament, truly translated after the veryte of the Hebrue and Greke textes, by the dylygent studye of dyverser excellent learned men expert in the forsayde tongue."

By a proclamation this year, it was ordained that every parish should buy a copy, under the penalty of 40s. The price of it bound with clasps was 12s. The Popish Bishops, two years afterwards, obtained the suppression of this book, and thenceforth no Bible was printed or sold during the remainder of the reign of Henry.

Edward VI. coming to the crown, 1547, Bibles were again permitted to be circulated.

Queen Mary ascending the throne, the Bible was again suppressed; but was happily restored by Queen Elizabeth, and an edition of the largest volume published before 1562.

1563. March the 27th, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, that the Bible and the divine service might be translated into the Welsh tongue, and used in the churches of Wales.

1566. The edition published in 1562, having been sold, a new one now appeared.

1568. A new translation, promoted by Archbishop Parker, came out, called the "Great English Bible," and sometimes "the Bishops' Bible."

1572. The above edition was again reprinted, and called "the Holy Bible," and had the distinction of being divided into verses, which was the work of different bishops.

1584. The Papists now discovering that it was impossible to prevent the circulation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, printed a copy at Rheims, and called it "the Rhemish Testament."

1603 to 1610. The last and best English translation of the Bible was that occasioned by the conference at Hampton Court, in 1603. At this meeting many objections were made to the "Bishops' Bible," when, after due deliberation, it was recommended to have a new translation. King James accordingly issued an order to prepare one. "Not for a translation altogether new, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or of many good ones, one best." In 1604, fifty-four learned persons were appointed to this most important task; but they did not commence until 1607, when the number were reduced, by deaths, to forty-seven. Notwithstanding this diminution in their number, they completed their work in three years, and dedicated it to King James.

After this edition was published, the other translations dropped by degrees, and this became generally adopted. True, it was published by authority, but there was neither canon, proclamation, nor act of parliament to enforce the use of it. Selden, in speaking of this translation, says, "the translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible being given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue, and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If any found fault they spoke; if not, they read on."

ANTIQUATED EXPOSITION.

Extract from an Antiquated Exposition on the Fourteen first Chapters of Genesis, by way of Questions and Answers, by Abraham Ross, of Aberdeen, bearing date 1626, and dedicated to Lord Verulam, Lord High Chancellor of England.

ON CREATION.

Quest. Was the world created, or eternal?

Ans. Created. 1. There can be but one eternal. 2. Almost all the Philosophers are against the eternitie of the world. 3. They that hold it eternal, can bring no sound reason. 4. The most ancient monuments of records amongst the heathen, are not so old as the Flood of Noah.

Quest. Could God make more worlds than one?—
Ans. Yes: for he is Almighty, and hee made it not of any matter: for that should have bin exhausted: but more he *would* not, because hee being one, delights in unitie.

Quest. Why in Hebrew saith Moses, Gods created, joining the noun plural, with the verbe singular?
Ans. To signify the mystery of the Trinitie, one essence in three persons. It is the property of the Hebrew phrase.

Quest. Why in the beginning of this booke, speaketh Moses only of heaven and earth? *Ans.* Because by the name of heaven, he comprehends all celestial bodies, and by the name of earth the elements: for water is in the earth, and fire and aire, as witness the springs and exhalations, in earthquakes, and burning mountains, or hote waters.

Quest. Did God create the earth moveable or not? *Ans.* Immoveable. Job 38. Psal. 39, and 104; this is understood, in respect of the whole earth: yet it moved in respect of parts, by earthquakes, Job 9.

Quest. Of what figure is the earth? *Ans.* Round, this figure is most perfect, capable, ancient.

Quest. Is the earth vnder the water or not? *Ans.* Vnder, because heaviest: yet Exod. 20. Psal. 24, and 136, it seems the water is vnder the earth; but it is to be vnderstood, that a great part of the earth was made higher than the waters, for man's habitation.

Quest. Why cannot the whole earth move? *Ans.* Because hee is in his naturall state, which if it should move, it should ascend: and this is against the nature of the earth.

ON THE SERPENT.

Quest. What is meant by the Serpent? *Ans.* Not the diuell: for so these words should be metaphorically vnderstood; but this is a misterie, and no allegory: nor the image of a Serpent, for it was not a picture, but a real Serpent that was cursed, neither was it a naturall Serpent that did speake: for speech and reasoning alone naturally belong to men, not to beasts: for they neither have reasonable soules, nor the instruments of speech: but it was the deuill that spake in the Serpent, vsing the same as his instrument to deceive. So then, there was, both a Serpent, which is proved both by the speech of Moses, and the punishment inflicted on the Serpent; and besides, the diuell, which is knowne both by his speech and reasoning with Eua, as also by the testimonie of Christ, calling the deuill a man-slayer from the beginning, John 8.

Quest. Why was the diuell so earnest to tempt Eue? *Ans.* Because he hated God, and would not have man to glorifie, but to anger him; because of his pride and enuy; for he could not abide that man should be in such happiness, himself being in misery. *Quest.* Why did Adam eat this fruit? *Ans.* Partly through the instigation of his wife; partly through curiosity, desiring to try what kind of fruit this should be, which God did prohibit. *Quest.* Was the sin of Adam and Eua the greatest sinne that ever was committed? *Ans.* If we do consider one sinne with another, then wee say, that Adam's sinne was not the greatest, for the sin against the Holy Ghost is greater; but if we re-

spect the circumstances of Adam's sinne, to wit, the place, Paradise, where no occasion of sinne was; the time when he sinned, immediately after his creation, at the first encounter yeelding to his enemy, the excellence of the person that sinned, Adam being created in God's owne Image: if we regard also that infinite hurt and misery that hath faine vpon mankind, by that sin of Adam; we must confess, that it is the greatest sin that euer man committed.

EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

Quest. Why did God say that Adam was like to him? *Ans.* By these words, God would show how worthise Adam was to be scorned, who thought to be like any of the three Persons in the Trinitie, for eating of the forbidden fruit: so this word (vs) doth not signify angels, but the three Persons of the Trinitie.

Quest. Why did God drine Adam out of the Garden?

Ans. To let him see how foolishly he had done, in giuing more credit to his wife than to him; to keepe the tree of Life from him, lest he should abuse it, by thinking to haue life by it, seeing he had now violated God's Law; for altho this tree was a sign of life before his Fall, now it is none, that by drining him from this Tree of Life, he might seek for a better life than this Tree could yeeld, euen that heauenly life which is hid with Christ in God. *Quest.* When was Adam cast out of Paradise? *Ans.* The same day he sinned: for he being now a sinner, and rebellious against God, was not fit to stay any longer in that holy place: but what day of the weeke he was cast out, is uncertaine: yet it is thought the eighth day after his creation, he was cast out, in the euening of that day; for Satan did not suffer him to stay long therein vntempted! yet I do not hold that he was cast out that same day that he was created: for so many things as fell out betweene his creation and casting out of Paradise could not be done all in such a short space as a piece of a day; for the beasts were created the sixth day, before

man was: in such a short time Adam could not haue perceived the pleasures and happiness of that place; therefore he was not cast out that same day hee was created.

Quest. Why would God haue Adam to till the ground? *Ans.* Because now the ground was cursed, and would not yeeld fruite without hard labour: by this seruill worke hee would put him in remembrance of his sinne, which brought him to this misery: yet afterwarde God mitigated his hard labour, in freeing euery seuenth yeare from his tillage, to put them in mind of that ease they lost by sin, which was restored againe spiritually by Christ.

THE CHERUBIMS AND FLAMING SWORD.

Quest. What is meant here by the Cherubims and the fiery Sword? *Ans.* Not fearful visions, nor the torrid zone, nor a fire encompassing Paradise like a wall, neither the fire of Purgatory, as Theodorotus, Aquincio, Lyranus, and Ambroas doe imagine, but by the Cherubims we vnderstand the Angels, which did appeare often times with wings, as Daniel i. 9, and the figures of these were wrought in the tabernacle, Exod. 25. By the fiery sword we vnderstand most sharpe and two-edged swords which the Angels in the forme of men did shake, by the which shaking and swift motion the swords did seem to Adam to glister like fire, for more terror, lest he should attempt re-entrance there; the Angels also haue appeared at other times with swords in their hands, as we read, Numbers 22, of the Angel that met Balaam; and of that Angel that Daniel did observe with a sword in his hand, 1 Chron. 21. 16.

Quest. Why are these angels called Cherubims? *Ans.* Because they did appeare with wings in the Tabernacle and the Temple, they were wrought with two wings; they appeared to Esay, seraphims, because they are inflamed with the love of God! they appeare with wings, to signifie their swiftnesse and diligence in executing God's commandments.

“OH, WEEP NOT NOW.”

BY ANDREW M'MAKIN, PHILA.

Oh, weep not now, but say farewell,
With calm, unflattering tongue;
I would not wish one pang should swell
Our sorrows to prolong.

A smile should gild my devious way,
Like sunlight on the sea,
Then weep not now—thou should'st be gay—
Nor shed one tear for me.

Oh, weep not now, it is not meet
Our love should sorrow bring;
Our feelings oft the senses cheat,
To loose the hidden spring.

The darkest hour is said to be
The last before 'tis day;
Then weep not now one tear for me—
Thou should'st, indeed, be gay.

Oh, weep not now—tears shed in vain,
Though hallow'd each that fell,
And grateful as the summer rain,
The flourets thirst to quell.

The glow-worm sparkles brighter far,
On midnight's darkest brow;
Then weep not thou, my earthly star,
To dim thy lustre now.

THE FIEND LOVER.

A TALE OF OBERWESSEL.

"Books!" exclaimed the host, opening his eyes with amazement as he spoke—"Sapperment! if you need good treatment for yourself, and good stabling for your beast, you need not go farther than the sign of the Golden Eagle; but, as for books! you must go to Gottingen if you want books."

"And pray," I replied, "what am I to do with myself, in this inn of yours, till bed-time; for, as to stirring out while this confounded rain is pouring down, it is out of the question."

"Der Teufel!" ejaculated my landlord, with all that bluntness of manner which still characterizes some of the German hosts. "You have got a bottle of my choicest hock, better was never tasted in all Germany—a ham from one of our primeat boars, and a warm hearth to sit by—there is no great hardship, I should think, in passing away a few hours in my best room, when you have all these by your side."

Here was a situation for a man of restless temperament! A dull, dirty room, in an old tumble-down hostel, without even the usual redeeming point of a host and pretty landlady, within doors; while without, descended a tremendous rain, deluging the streets of Oberwessel, and making every kennel like the channel of some mountain stream. I had already been detained two days within the town, by the stormy state of the weather, and felt my situation grow more irksome every instant; but the idea of passing a third within the walls of the Golden Eagle, without the chance of extracting an answer from any one, save my heavy-eyed, peevish host, made me heartily consign town, inn, host, and last not least, my rambling propensities, most irrecoverably to the devil! The third day dawned—dawned, did I say? No, I mistake; the old German clock certainly proclaimed the hour of day-break, but day-light I saw none, unless the thick yellow mist, seemingly possessed of tangible properties, which I beheld from my window, might be called by that name. At all events, I was aware that I had another period of twenty-four hours of insupportable dullness to endure. But let time wave his wings ever so slowly, still they are moved; in a word, noon passed, and evening approached. I grew desperate, and asked for the loan of some mental food, to accompany the viands spread for my supper on the table. The reader has seen the repulse I met with; still I was not to be defeated. "But pray, what are those volumes?" I replied, pointing to a range of shelves above me, on which reposed two dusty books, amidst an incongruous collection of culinary utensils.

"Mynheer is welcome to look," said the landlord, at the same time reaching the books down from their resting-place. I shrugged my shoulders as I glanced at them—the title of one was, "Marshal Saxe on the

Art of War;" the other, a little squat, Dutch-built volume, a dictionary of the German language: unfortunately not even my ennui could give me a relish for the stout warrior's tactics, or give me a desire to con over the Lexicon, so that I was on the point of resigning myself to my fate, when, on casting my eyes again to the shelves, my attention was arrested by what appeared to me some papers bound round with a leathern thong.

I requested to see them. My host took them down, but shook his head, as he laid them on the table, remarking, that they did not belong to him, but to his confessor, who, being obliged to leave Oberwessel for some time, had consigned them to his care, with a strict injunction not to pry into the contents, as they contained some unholy tale not fit to meet the eye of a good Catholic; here the landlord crossed himself devoutly. My curiosity was now excited, and like a true son of Eve, I secretly determined to have a peep at the forbidden scroll; opportunity soon favored my intention, for the host shortly after quitted the room, though not before he had carefully replaced the roll upon the shelves. He was no sooner gone, than I locked the door, to prevent sudden intrusion, and again abstracted it from its hiding-place; the strap which confined it was soon undone, but the task of decyphering the writing on the parchment was one of no little difficulty, time and damp having, in some places, wholly obliterated it. Besides this, I had to contend with the singular and obsolete wording which pervaded the whole, rendering it at times, almost unintelligible; however, the spice of the antiquary within me, prompted me to pursue my labors, in the hope of finding something which might throw a light on the customs and manners of the olden times, to which, judging by its mouldering condition, and the before-mentioned singularity of idiom, it evidently belonged. For the story, I could make little of it, save that it appeared to be a record of crime interspersed with the ravings of a frenzied maniac. On the first page was inscribed, in rather larger letters than the rest of the writing:—"To Hircald, now Abbess of the Black Nuns;" on the second, the manuscript commenced as follows:—

—"I am dying! the cold death-drop is on my brow, and every rush of the burning blood through my veins, hurls me onward to the grave. Yes, Hircald! long, long, ere this scroll of crime meets thine eye, I shall be no more. The hand which traces these lines is now ringed by the cold red worm—the slime of the foul left is on my cheek, and the very air that I gasp for, is the poisonous vapor of my dungeon; yet I reck not this, it is a sister's blood that weighs on my brain, like molten lead, burning, maddening

* * * * Hirgald! dost thou remember the young, the innocent being you once loved, when hope was in her heart, and joy in her eye? Then Bertha, of Odenstein was happy, but when thou, friend of my youth, departed from my father's halls, a sudden—a fearful change came over me. Soon after, as thou knowest, the grave closed on my angel mother. Oh, Hirgald! how that mother loved me, how—but I must not wander. She died, and I was left alone, motherless, friendless. I felt, I knew, that my father loved me not—Marguerite, my sister Marguerite, was his darling, while I, his youngest born—his motherless youngest born, neglected and despised, became the scorn of the vassals of my house, and the very serfs bent not the knee, nor veiled the cap as I passed. I would have reposed my sorrows on the breast of my sister; but she, too, repulsed the overflowings of my heart; I would have loved her, Hirgald, but she shrank from my affection, all—all seemed to hate and forsake me. Oh, Hirgald, did I deserve this?—Was I misshapen in my form! that my father should have held me as if I were some vile, foul thing, unworthy of the name of woman? Did I ever fail in my duty to him, that he should have lavished all his love on my sister, while he banished me wholly from his heart? But it was so; then came the withering feeling on my soul, as if the fiend despair had cast the shadow of his foul pinions on my heart, blighting and desolating all the good thou hadst striven to impress upon me; I shunned both cloister and banquet, and the gloom of the wild forest, when the night-blast was howling through its glades, was more pleasing to me than the festal dance, or the lighted hall; it was at this time that my father held a high festival at Odenstein, in honor of my sister's birth-day; she had attained her twenty-first year; the fame of Marguerite's beauty had spread far and near, and prince and baron, knight and esquire, flocked from all parts to behold the heiress of the broad lands of Odenstein. It was on the third day of the festival, I was alone in my chamber, which overlooked the gay tourney held in the court-yard below; but I heeded not the glittering scene before me; the clangor of the trumpets, and the shouts of the heralds, fell alike unnoticed on my ear. The burning tear of wounded pride was on my cheek, and my hot brow was throbbing with the fierce emotions of my heart.

"Marguerite, the haughty Marguerite, the queen of the gorgeous revel, knew not the being she treated with contempt; whom, (even now my hand trembles with rage as I write,) she had—had forbidden, ay, forbidden! to appear within the lists. She knew me not, I say; she knew not that beneath the outward show of timidity and reserve, I concealed a spirit even prouder than her own: that passions slept within my breast, which, once roused, were fierce and ungovernable, as the mighty Rhine, when its swollen waters are rushing past the walls of Odenstein. Hirgald, she would not let me love her, and, at length, I felt that I hated her—ay, that day I knew I hated her with a horrible, a deadly hate * * * * The tourney had been long over, the neighing of the couriers, and the war-cries of the knights, were heard no more; yet

I was still within my chamber. The evening breeze waved the tendrils of the ivy that clung around the casement, at which I sat; but it cooled not the fever of discontent which burnt beneath my bosom. Suddenly the sound of my name, uttered in a low whisper, fell softly on my ear, and shortly after, a voice, replete with melody, breathed forth a romaunt of the troubadours of France. The subject of the lay was the praise of beauty, and as I listened, I heard my name again mentioned in the course of the song. Trembling with curiosity and agitation, I bent forward from the lattice to discover the unseen minstrel, and, almost shrouded from my view by the shadow of the turret, against which he leaned, I beheld the figure of an armed man, standing on the range of ramparts beneath. The voice ceased, and the figure, stepping forward from the shade of the tower, presented itself directly before me. The armor of the unknown glittered brightly in the beams of the rising moon, and I could perceive that he carried, slung around his neck, a small lute, and bore in his right hand a tilting spear. This, and the golden spur, gleaming on the heels of his steel shoes, evinced the stranger to be one of the knights who had been engaged in the tournament. I was rising to leave the casement, but the unknown made an earnest gesture of entreaty for me to stay; at the same time affixing something to the point of his lance, which he raised to a level with the lattice. The moon's ray now shone full upon the countenance of the stranger; it was a face, Hirgald, that, once seen, could never be banished from the memory of the beholder. It was beautiful! Oh, how beautiful! And yet, as I gazed, a strange, an indefinable sensation seemed to thrill through my veins. I was fascinated, yet I shuddered as I looked. The knight still kept his lance resting against the base of the casement, and I now perceived that a small billet was attached to the point of the spear, which, from the signs he made, I saw he wished me to remove. I hesitated an instant, then stooped and lifted the letter from the weapon. I had no sooner done this, than the warrior lowered his spear, and, bowing till the snowy plumes of his helmet mingled with the white scarf, twined over his hauberk, disappeared from my sight, amidst the shadow of the surrounding turrets. For some time I sat motionless, hardly drawing a breath, till the last clank of the unknown's mailed footsteps ceased to strike upon my ear. At length all was silent, save the distant sound of the revelry and wassail, which broke upon the stillness of the night, mingling with the sullen dash of the Rhine against the walls of the castle. The billet of the stranger still rested unopened in my hand, or I should have believed all that had passed to have been the wild creation of a heated brain; but a glance at the letter convinced me of its reality, and, hastily tearing away the silk which confined the vellum,* I cast my eyes over its contents.

* Although I have found it necessary to modernize greatly the idiom of the manuscript, there were many little illustrations of the customs of by-gone days interspersed, which, I thought might add, in some degree, to the interest of the tale; these, therefore, I have left unaltered. However, I may, perhaps, ven-

Oh! that I had cast the accursed scroll into the moat below; better, far better, would it have been had blindness struck me, ere I gazed on its fatal characters. And yet, Hircald, with what rapture, with what ecstasy of pleasure did I peruse the lines traced upon its folds. I, Hircald, I! the desolate, the scorned, the forsaken, was addressed in the language of respect, of love! Oh! how my heart bounded with delight to know that there was one being, who did not hold me in contempt, and that being so beautiful, nay, even so godlike, in his form. I laughed, I sang, till I sank exhasted, with the delirium of my joy, on my couch.

"'I have been with you,' were the words of the writer, 'in your solitary walks—I have watched the glimmer of the taper in your lonely turret, when you dreamed not of my presence. This, and this only, must plead for my present intrusion on your privacy, which, to you, I am fearful, must appear both sudden and presumptuous. Let your own beauty also plead for me—that beauty which (though I lowered my victorious lance before the throne of the lady Marguerite) alone possessed the homage of the heart of

"CONRAD WOLFSTEIN."

"Wolfstein! Wolfstein! yes, yes! it was, indeed, the name that I had heard proclaimed by pursuivant and herald, as the victor in the tilt. The tourney had passed before almost unnoticed on my eye and ear; but now I remembered all—the pawing steeds, the glittering mail, the nodding plumes, gonfalon and pennon, all was again before me. Yes, it was that form whom I had seen hurl knight after knight from his saddle, till the air rang from barrier to barrier with the applause of the spectators; him, whom I had just seen bending before me, low as a pilgrim at a holy shrine. Holy! did I say! What!—what have I to do with aught that is holy! I that I have no hope either in this world or in the eternity to come: I, the cursed, the——"

Here the damp had rendered the writing completely illegible for some space. This, however, I did not much regret, as the hiatus seemed but to have contained the wild ravings of a maniac, rather than any particular event connected with the interest of the narrative. And after drawing my chair nearer to the fire, and replenishing my glass, I recommenced the perusal of the manuscript. It was continued in these words:

"The festival was over, the revelry had ceased, the banquet-hall no longer resounded with the carousing of the guests; they had all departed from the castle save him—him, the adored, the worshipped of my heart. I was no longer the miserable, grief-stricken being who pined in solitude a few short weeks before—I had now something to love, something to live for, and I was happy. Yes, Hircald! I was happy, but it was when he was by my side,

ture to explain, without offending all my readers, that it was formerly the fashion to confine the envelopes of letters with silk.

in the secret silence of my chamber, when he was breathing the vows of passion in my ear; but when I saw him riding to the hunt, guiding the rein of my sister's palfrey to the glades of the forest, talking with her, smiling with her—hell, hell, seemed within my breast, and I hated Marguerite more and more."

A few lines were here also erased, but I was enabled to pursue the thread of the story:—the writing was again visible as follows:—

"The sun had sunk, and I was still standing on that grassy hill, Hircald, where you and I have often sat together in the happy days of my childhood—you watching the glorious pageantry of the setting sun, and I twining chaplets of the wild flowers for your dark tresses. It was on this hallowed spot that I stood listening to the swell of the distant organ and the choral chaunt of the vesper hymn, which came booming across the valley from the convent, on which we have so often gazed. The wild, fierce thoughts which had filled my mind since my first interview with Wolfstein, gradually gave place to a gentle, soothing calm, and I thought of the days of my innocence; I thought on my angel mother, and it seemed as if her voice was mingled with the hymn of praise—as if her spirit was watching over her degraded and guilty child. My heart was softened, and I felt that I could forgive my sister all the injuries she had heaped upon me—nay, that I could even see her become the bride of—of him! him who had wronged me irreparably, and not call down a curse upon her head. Just then a footstep sounded behind me; I turned and beheld my father. He did not pass me, but, pausing by my side, he took my hand, and gazed earnestly on my pale cheek;—for an instant, the stern look, which I was accustomed to meet from him, faded from his face, and shading back the hair from my forehead, he asked—'Bertha, are you ill?' Those four little words, how they thrilled through me! They were the first words of kindness I had heard from him for years. I could not answer him; I was too happy; but flung myself on his breast and wept. My tears did not fall vainly; for my father pressed me closer to his bosom, and half led, half supported me from the spot. Oh! then, then, how I loved him. We had just reached the foot of the hill when I raised my head from my father's neck, and looked up. Oh, God! what a form was there standing between us and the moonbeam. The form, the dress, was that of Wolfstein, as when I first beheld him on the ramparts; but the face!—a glance at that, seemed to scorch my eye-balls to their inmost core; it was not of earth, it was the visage, Hircald, of a fiend! wearing a smile of horrible mockery on its detestable features. I gazed but for an instant—the air seemed to grow dark and hot around me, and felt as if it pressed heavy on my breast—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and I sank senseless at my father's feet. When I recovered my recollection, my father stood over me with a sword gleaming in his hand, as if awaiting the attack of some unseen enemy; but the evil spirit was no longer there, the moonlight streamed brightly on the spot where it had

stood, but shone only on the long grass waving to and fro in the night-wind."

"Now, the devil take you," I exclaimed, apostrophising the papers before me, at the same time pushing them from me in disgust. This exclamation was caused by my coming to another huge gap in the manuscript, several leaves having been lost or willfully torn away, and I began to debate with myself whether I should or should not continue the task of puzzling through the remainder; but another bumper of my landlord's hock put me into better humor, and after sundry twistings and turnings of the dusty roll, I managed to decypher the other pages. It recommenced, however, rather abruptly—events occupying some space of time having apparently been described in the portion which was missing.

"The next day she was to become his bride; I saw the vassals adorning the chambers with tapestry and flowers. The waiting damsels were brooding the bridal kirtle; the minstrels were tuning their rotes and rebecks for the marriage-song, and guests were again thronging to the fortalice to witness the espousals of the gallant knight, Sir Conrad Wolfstein, and Marguerite, the heiress of the barony of Odenstein. Yet, I still lived, I lived to see my cruel, my faithless betrayer, revelling in his triumph over the being whose innocence he had blighted—whose shame he had accomplished. My evil thoughts were again with me, fierce and horrible as ever. I might have stopped the preparations for this goodly bridal; I might have blanched the scornful lip of my destroyer, by disclosing all, my sin, my shame, but I could not. I dared not meet the anger of my father—the scorn of my sister—my soul recoiled from the thought of the daughters of the vassals pointing with the finger, and saying, 'there walks the dishonored daughter of the house of Odenstein!' 'No!' I said, 'sooner will I cast myself down from the topmost turret of the castle than proclaim it to the world.' Hour after hour passed away; I had wandered towards evening to the brink of the Vulture's Pit,* and buried myself within the secret recesses of the tangled thickets which surround the edge of the abyss. A hunting match had been held that morning, and as the darkness deepened around me, I could hear the hunters returning from the chase; I could hear the sound of their bugles, and the baying of the slot-hounds as they passed the thicket where I was stationed. But I could perceive also by the red light flashing through the boughs, that they carried torches, and to my surprise, I heard the name of Marguerite repeated loudly from horseman to horseman in all directions, mingled with shouts that scared the raven and the eagle from their haunts, and roused the howl of the wolf in his secret lair.

"Amidst the tumult, I could plainly distinguish the voice of him who was to play the gallant bridegroom

in the morrow's pageant;—he, too, was calling on the name of Marguerite.—Ha! ha! ha!—she needed not her bridal robes; her tire women might have spared their labor, for they were woven in vain. But this must not be; my brain is wandering again, and I am resolved that you shall know all—ay, all of that dreadful night. The clamor around had at length gradually ceased, the torches disappeared one by one, and the cries of the hunters, as they rode off again in various directions into the recesses of the forest, fell fainter and fainter on my ear, until they were heard no more. I could now understand the cause of my sister's name being so often repeated; it was plain that she had lost her way in the forest, and that the hunters were seeking for her through the wood. Night was casting her dark shade over the earth, but I still stood on the verge of the dizzy precipice, while the darkness gathered thicker and thicker around me, and with it came the darkness of despair. Twice had I stepped forward with the intention of hurling myself down the gloomy abyss, and as often did I recoil;—I thought of the guiltless babe I bore in my bosom, and the mother's heart could not consent to immolate it in her own grave; but my frenzy rose above the cry of nature, and I was again rushing to the brink, when a rustling among the firs behind me made me pause. I looked round, and the flutter of a robe caught my eye; a figure approached, and the moon, at that instant, struggling from behind the murky clouds which had enshrouded her, revealed to me the form of Marguerite! I shrank back behind the trees, and she came still nearer; but she did not look as I had seen her ride forth to the hunt in the morning. Her cheek was pale, her hair dishevelled, and her riding mantle torn in shreds by the briars of the forest, streamed loosely in the wind. The deep baying of the wolves seemed to fill her heart with terror, and, staggering forward, she nearly fell to the ground; but I felt no pity for her:—nay, it was even delight to me to see that haughty brow humbled, and that stately step faltering with fear; but, when I heard her call on the name of Wolfstein, my blood felt curdling at my heart, and the night blast, as it swept past me, seemed to murmur a fearful thought in my ear. Hircald, it seemed to whisper these words:—'There are none to see, there are none to hear;—one step, one thrust, and thou may'st yet be the bride of Wolfstein.'

"She had approached, unwittingly, to the very verge of the chasm;—again I heard the whisper, and I sprang from my hiding-place:—she started, tottered, and, ere my hand could reach her, fell headlong down the abyss! A faint cry, a loud crash among the branches of the firs, which clothed the upper portion of the precipice, and then a dull, heavy sound from beneath, proclaimed me the murderer of my sister. Hundreds of birds of prey rose up on all sides, filling the air with their discordant cries, and waving their dusky pinions, as if rejoicing in the dark deed. Then came a deep, horrid silence, more dreadful than all; the howling blast seemed suddenly stilled, and the howl of the wolf was no longer heard. I could not bear this;—my brain was burning, and raising my hands wildly above my head, I called on the evil

* It is difficult—nay, perhaps, almost impossible to speak with certainty as to the exact situation of any locality mentioned in the manuscript, but from the description given, it is most probable the precipice mentioned by the writer, by the name of the Vulture's Pit, must have been situated within the forest.

spirits of the place, to rend the rocks and tear up the trees with a tempest, that might annihilate me amidst the ruin. My prayer was vain—the storm did not arise, and I was once more on the point of plunging myself into the chasm; but a dark shadow crossed my path, just as I gained the edge.—I gazed on it—the moonbeam gleamed on the horrible features of that being whom I had once before seen—who had passed before me at the time when my better angel was striving with the dark spirit within my breast. Yes; it was again before me, with the same fiendish sneer, curling its lip, and its eyes glaring on me with that withering glance, on which none of earth might look long and live.

"I remember no more, until I found myself in this loathsome cell. They say that I have confessed all; that my father sat in judgment on his child; that he is dead! I know it not—remember it not; all is as if I had been in a deep sleep.—And Wolfstein, too!—Hirgald, thou wert wont to say, that all the daughters of the house of Odenstein had mated with those of gentle blood.—What think ye, then, of her, who has chosen the prince of hell for her leman! Ha! ha! ha! a goodly mate, for one whose hand is red with a sister's

blood. They will tell thee of my madness; but I am not mad. Even now, as I write, he is before me;—turn from him as I will, nay, though I even close my eyes, I still behold him!—Whom, whom, but the fiend himself, can have this power?—It is, it must be so. . . . But my babe.—Hirgald, they have taken it from its mother! Oh, Hirgald, that, at least, is innocent;—do not, do not let it be harmed. Let them not visit the sins of its mother upon its guiltless head;—it is her last, her dying prayer!—My sight grows dim—my child—remember.—Farewell."

"Finis," said I, as I closed the last leaf of the manuscript. This was addressed also to the lamp, which, for some time, had been rapidly waning in lustre; and the flame, after two or three expiring flashes in the socket, went completely out, leaving me in almost total darkness. At that instant I felt the pressure of a heavy hand on my shoulder;—I looked round, perhaps rather hastily; but it was only the substantial form of my host, who came to inform me his bed-time had arrived, and that he could not allow any guest to remain awake after that hour. M.

L I N E S,

ON REVISITING THE WISSIHICCON.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

WHERE thy sweetly murmur'ing river,
In its glad play,
To the woods that round thee quiver,
Weaves a fond lay.

Where the wild bird loves to listen
On its still wing,
As thy silver waters glisten,
And sweetly sing.

There I roved in youth and gladness,
By thy calm side;
Now, alone, in woe and sadness,
Seek I thy tide.

There, for me no roses springing,
Twine round my feet;
There, no voice in music ringing,
Brings echoes sweet.

There, no eye with kindly greeting,
For me doth shine;
There, no heart in fondness beating,
Answers to mine.

There, strange echoes only reach me.—
Years fled and gone,
Those rude rocks were wont to teach me
Love's sweetest tone.

Wissihiccon, thou art gleaming
Bright as of yore,
But the heart with gladness beaming,
Greets thee no more.

Like a truant bird returning
To its loved tree,
So that heart in sorrow yearning,
Comes back to thee.

POETS AND THEIR POETRY.

THE THIRD PAPER.

KÖRNER.

(Concluded from Page 124.)

THE peculiarities of the German idiom present formidable barriers to successful translations of our author's comic pieces, most of which are written in rhyme, and, from their locality, unfit to be rendered into English. Körner's *chef d'œuvre*, the tragedy of Zriny, although a work of intrinsic merit, owed much of the enthusiasm with which it was received to the warlike nature of the times, and the corresponding qualities of the scenic heroes and the living warriors of the day. The sentiments of patriotism which fell from the mouths of the Hungarian chiefs, found startling echoes in the breasts of the excited Viennoise, who were themselves daring the fury of the conqueror in defence of their fatherland.

Zriny, who has been termed the Hungarian Leonidas, flourished in the sixteenth century; he was required by the emperor Maximilian to withstand the whole force of the Turkish sultan, Soliman the great, and defend his tenure, the fortress Sigeth, to the last extremity, without hope of succor. Körner has given the characters of the opposing chiefs with great skill and effect. The death of Helena by the hands of her lover, a fate self-chosen in preference to captivity, somewhat startled the niceties of various critical journalists, but the approval of Goethe and the nightly applause of crowded spectators, established the poet's supremacy. There is no lack of situation for stage display and theatrical effect in this tragedy; the catastrophe is, perhaps, too melo-dramatic—a fault peculiar to German playwrights—but the exciting scenes preceding the destruction of the castle, scarcely admitted another termination; and the heroic fortitude of the hero's wife, who dashes a firebrand into the powder magazine, when the fortune of the day decides against her husband and her son, elicits the shout of delight from the spectator, and drowns the "still small voice" of the Aristarch in a tumult of applause. The death of Soliman is one of the best *coup de théâtre*s in our remembrance.

Having given our readers a fair notion of the acting qualities of this tragedy, we proceed to quote a few extracts from its pages, preferring still the translation of Richardson, which, if not the most forcible, is decidedly the most faithful and literal in its construction. The following description of the sultan's entry into Belgrade, is curiously particular, and doubtless historically correct.

PEASANT.

I had in Belgrade an affair of business,
And when the matter was concluded, wish'd
To take my horse and seek again my home.
Twas rumor'd in the town, the Sultan came

With wond'rous splendor, and imposing greatness,
To make his entrance with his mighty host.
I dared not stir abroad, so dreadful was
The pressure of the thronging people there;
So staid within, and thus awaited him.

First I beheld five thousand janizaries,
Pioneers, artificers, and all their train;
The most of them were well-arm'd, powerful men.
Then came the slaves, who guard the bashas' baggage.
On foot and horse, all bearing little banners,
And following each the standard of his leader,
Next was the hunting train and falcon-bearers.
Then fifty noble horses led by spahis,
And after them a row of youthful slaves,
Bearing upon their heads monkeys and parrots,
And other childish play-things, followed next.
The Boluck bashas came the next to these,
With richest heron-plumes upon their crest;
Next slaves of the Seraglio; then three
Distinguished bashas, Ferhad, Mustafa,
And Achmet; then the basha Mahomed,
And next the Vizier Basha—he who acts
As judge within the camp; and then a train
Of Tschauches* and of Solackst of the Sultan,
Who dealt their blows with clubs around the crowd,
And shot at people's heads that look'd from windows,
That none might afterwards, exulting, say,
He had look'd down upon their mighty sovereign.
Now came the Sultan. An Arabian horse
Bore the imperial and gorgeous heathen!
A sabre richly studded o'er with diamonds
Hung on his saddle, costly to behold!
The Aga Ferhad rode upon his right,
And spoke with him; three beglers follow'd after;
Also three youths, high fav'rites with their lord,
Who bore his bow and arrows, vest and shawl.
Then came whole ranks of young and handsome pages,
Who went before the golden equipage,
Which was a present from the king of France.
Next eight more carriages, each not less costly;
The channadar with all his train of slaves.
Two hundred asses laden each with gold,
With their attendants, closed the long procession.
Last came the army, all in proud array—
'Tis reckon'd at two hundred thousand men,
And as the people roam'd, at night, abroad,
I ventured forth in safety, and am come
With eager haste, by unfrequented ways,
To bring to you, my noble count, the news.

* A kind of messengers or pursuivants; they are armed with clubs, and commit dreadful outrages.

† Archer guards, rudely disciplined.

The annexed quotation poetically describes the varied qualities of the warrior's dame and the wife of the peasant; from the sentiments expressed, the reader may judge of the heroic bearing of the speaker, Eva, "the fitting partner of a soldier's cares."

Thou yet must learn to conquer thy weak heart,
If thou, indeed, would'st be a hero's bride,
And wear the wreath that crowns a life like hers.
Full many a transport feels the poor man's wife,
Who, peaceful in the hut by labor earn'd,
Doth share with him the fetters of their life;
And when their barns and cupboards all are fill'd,
And produce hath repaid their weary toil,
While fortune bears them prosperous on her tide,
And heaves their joyous vessel on her keel,
Then she rejoices in her well-paid labor,
And in the eyes of her delighted spouse,
And in the lively faces of her children,
As they divert them with their varied gifts,
Life blooms for her all tranquil and serene,
And sweet enjoyment reconciles her lot!
But otherwise must be that woman's breast
Who twines her ivy-blossoms of affection
Around the oak-stem of a hero's love;
Each favorable moment she must seize,
And must retain it as her highest good;
Her life must ever float 'twixt joy and sorrow,
'Twixt pains of hell and highest bliss of heaven!
And if her hero, for his country's freedom,
Would rashly tear him from her arms of love,
Offering his bosom to the murderous steel,
She must confide in heaven and in his valor,
And prize his honor dearer than his life!

Zriny, unable with his diminished force, longer to defend the walls of the town against his innumerable assailants, determines to burn the dwellings of the burghers, and retire with all his force into the fastnesses of the citadel. His soliloquy, the night previous to the execution of his orders, is beautifully natural.

ZRINY. (*Walks to the window and looks out*)
There lies the city, and a dream of peace
Yet floats in melancholy o'er her roofs;
The cannons all are still; the lengthen'd strife
Hath wearied friend and foe. 'Tis peaceful all;
The streets are silent as in times gone by,
And each doth harmless seek his own affairs:
They close their doors, but little think, alas!
No morning comes to open them again;
They little deem that the destructive lightning
Which dashes all this lovely dream of peace,
Already low'ring in the stormy clouds,
Waits but the hand that shall direct it down.
And must my orders wreck this lovely bliss?
Heav'n trusts the fate of countless citizens
Within my hand, and must I then destroy them?
And can I, dare I ask for life to come?
Yet I must cast my own, too, in the hazard,
Offer my wife, my child, and all my friends,
Who willingly have trusted to my fortunes,
And they must, guiltless, share in my destruction.
Alas, poor innocents! thus, spreading death,
Dare I arrest heav'n's angel in his course,

Destroying what I built not? Darest thou, Zriny!—
What sudden burst of melancholy's this?
What mean'st thou by these woman's tears, old hero?
Thy country now requires thine arm alone,
And thou may'st put no question to thy feelings?

Nearly the whole of Korner's miscellaneous poems partake of a warlike character, and breathe the most fervent devotion to his fatherland. "Der Kynast," is the title of some eighty stanzas, descriptive of an ancient legend connected with a mountain fortress in the Riesengeberg; and "Adelaide" is another verification of the old story of the Spectre Bride. The following verses were composed at the early part of his young career.

THE MINER'S LIFE.

The youth descends the gloomy mine,
Master of the world divine,
That lies within the deep earth's womb,
Where no sunlight cheers the gloom;
And the youth must draw his breath
Amid that gloomy realm of death.
And when, to run his daily rounds,
The sun starts forth the day to bless,
Hark! the mountain all resounds
With the miner's word, "Success!"

'Tis silence all—and see, a band
Of shadowy spectres round us stand!
Yet we hold them not in fear;
Miners all are masters here;
We their various tasks assign,
And bid them labor in the mine,
For they must obey our will
By an everlasting ban;
And we rule these spirits still
By a potent talisman.

And the Naiads all, who lave
Their beauteous forms in crystal wave,
Along the mine delight to steal,
And turn, with magic hand, the wheel;
They love to mark its mighty sound,
As it fiercely rushes round!
Vulcan, too, assists our arts,
Vulcan of immortal birth!
'Tis with aid that he imparts
We o'ercome the stubborn earth!

Oft with Proserpine's dread spouse,
We are pledged in friendship's vows;
His realm we seek, and wander there,
Along the frail and fragile stair.
Yet, from that abyss of gloom,
Lies an egress from the tomb,
For a pathway from the grave
Is open to the realms above;
And thus we, fearless, seek the cave
That's shut from heaven's own looks of love.

Through descents so deep and long,
Through the gall'ries how we throng!
And trust to find a pathway sure
O'er the yawning gulf secure.
Thus, without delay or fear,
We pursue our journey here,

And we build our metal walls
In that dreary realm below,
As we shout throughout its halls,
Responsive to the sturdy blow!

See! beneath our hammers' force,
Richest blessings take their course;
All that we from earth have won
Glowing ascending to the sun:
And we spread the glittering spoil,
Fruits of many a weary toil.
And our task is nobly paid
When stores of gold and diamonds bright,
And all that dwells in yonder shades,
We unfold to heaven's own light!

Thus, in earth's remotest womb,
Brightest blessings for us bloom;
And a fair and lovely ray
Gleams along our gloomy way.
And that lovely light divine
Would seem to tempt us from the mine;
But we're constant to the plight
Which our parent earth may crave;
And the everlasting night
Shall wrap us in our mother's grave!

"Lutzow's Wild Chase," written in honor of the Lutzow Free Corps, a band of volunteers with whom he braved the terrors of the battle-field, is a spirit-stirring soldier's song, and must have been deservedly popular amongst the members of that brave band.

LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

What is it that beams in the bright sunshine,
And echoes yet nearer and nearer?
And see! how it spreads in a long dark line,
And bark! how its horns in the distance combine
To impress with affright the hearer!
And ask ye what means the daring race?
This is—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

See, they leave the dark wood in silence all,
And from hill to hill are seen flying;
In ambush they'll lie till the deep nightfall,
Then ye'll hear the hurrah! and the rifle ball!

And the French will be falling and dying!
And ask ye what means their daring race?
This is—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

Where the vine-bows twine, the Rhine waves roar,
And the foe thinks its waters shall hide him;
But see, they fearless approach the shore,
And they leap in the stream, and swim proudly o'er,
And stand on the bank beside him!
And ask ye what means the daring race?
This is—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

Why roars in the valley the raging fight,
Where swords clash red and gory?
O fierce is the strife of that deadly fight,
For the spark of young freedom is newly alight,
And it breaks in flames of glory!
And ask ye what means the daring race?
This is—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

See yon warrior who lies on a gory spot,
From life compell'd to sever;
Yet he never is heard to lament his lot,
And his soul at its parting shall tremble not,
Since his country is saved for ever!
And if ye will ask at the end of his race,
Still 'tis—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

The wild chase, and the German chase
Against tyranny and oppression!
Therefore weep not, loved friends, at this last embrace,
For freedom has dawn'd on our lov'd birth-place,
And our deaths shall insure its possession!
And 'twill ever be said from race to race,
This was—Lutzow's wild and desperate chase!

Sheridan averred that "every thing suffered by a translation, except a bishop." It is barely possible to give in translation, an honest idea of the worth of a national song, abounding with Teutonic idioms and rich in the free use of the vernacular of the district. We have before us three different versions of Körner's celebrated "Song of the Sword," from pens of acknowledged merit—our readers will perceive, in the following detached verses, some little variation in the methods employed to express the author's ideas.

From a Leipzig edition of *Flowers of German Poetry*.

With smoke around him spreading
The bridegroom seeks the wedding.
When swells the cannon's roar,
Then ope thy chamber door.

I cannot choose but rattle
With longing for the battle.
'Tis this that makes me glow,
And dance, and glitter so.

In vain delay opposes;
I long to pluck the roses,
All redly as they bloom—
The flowrets of the tomb.

Then with a soldier's kisses,
Partake your bridal blisses.
Ill may the wretch betide
Whoe'er deserts his bride!

The Same Verses Translated by G. F. Richardson.

Of our glad bridal morning
The trumpet shall give warning;
Amid the cannon's strife
I'll seek my warrior wife.

O well may I be dancing,
When spear and shield are glancing;
When I expect the fight,
Well may I gleam so bright.

Then be not long in staying,
I cannot brook delaying,
But, rather red and gory,
I'd win my way to glory.

Then, comrades, snatch your blisses,
And print the steel with kisses;
And when that spell is tried,
Say, who'd forsake his bride?

The Same Verses Translated by E. B. Impey.

The roar of cannon spreading,
Shall harbinger our wedding;
And 'mid the trumpets' bray,
I'll bear my love away.

Within my sheath I'm clanking,
Impatient to be ranking
With warriors, brave husar,
Athirst for deeds of war.

O tarry not, I'm longing
With foemen to be thronging,
Yon garden grim, where grows
Death, like a blood-red rose.

Then let each arm environ,
His lusty bride of iron,
And woe and foul disgrace,
Beside the faint embrace.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE JOURNAL OF A PASSENGER
FROM
PHILADELPHIA TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

Author of *Lafitte, Burton, or The Seiges*, &c.

(Continued from Page 95.)

LEAF No. II.

A CALM—RUDDER FISH—SUN-FISH—ITS ELECTRIC POWER—MEDUSA—A BREEZE ON THE WATER—STAR GAZING—THE INFLUENCE OF STARS IN CALLING UP THOUGHTS OF HOME—SAILORS ADIEU TO THE NORTH STAR—THE LAND OF FLOWERS—JUAN PONCE DE LEON—THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH—AN IRREMEDIAL LOSS TO SINGLE GENTLEMEN—GULF STREAM—NEW PROVIDENCE—CUBA—PAN OF MATANZAS—BLUE HILLS OF CUBA—AN ARMED CRUIZER—HAVANA—TEMPEST—CAPE ST. ANTONIO—PIRATES—ENTER THE MEXICAN GULF—MOBILE—A SOUTHERN WINTER—A FAREWELL TO THE NORTH AND A WELCOME TO THE SOUTH.

DURING the period we lay becalmed under a burning sun, which, though entering its winter solstice, retained the fervor of summer fire, we passed the most of our time in the little cockle-shell of a yawl, (as though the limits of our ship were not confined enough,) riding listlessly upon the long billows, or rowing far out from the ship, which, with all her light sails furled, rolled heavily upon the crestless billows, suggesting the anomalous idea of power in a state of helplessness.

On the second afternoon of our becalmed state, we were floating under the stern of the ship, whose image, cast upon the polished surface of the sea, was undulatingly reflected with a distinctness and accuracy of outline, which rivaled the original, and amusing ourselves with watching the little elastic rudder-fish which played in shoals around the stern, when a lady suddenly called out from the quarter-deck—

"Oh, see that beautiful sun-fish!" and, at the same instant, a large transparent mass of gelatinous matter, which I can compare only to a flattened globe of melted or consolidated light, floated directly under our eyes.

"Catch it! catch it!" was the eager cry; but, afrighted apparently by the slight agitation of the water, caused by our unskillful efforts to scoop it up, it suddenly disappeared; but in a few moments, when the commotion of the water caused by our attempt to secure it, had subsided, some one on the deck above directed our attention to it rising slowly again to the surface, on the other side of the boat; we now per-

mitted it to float undisturbed, that we might observe its conformation and motions more particularly. It was a jellied, animated substance, in appearance not unlike luscious *blanc mange*, the size of an ordinary hat crown, but of an oval, rather than a circular form. The under surface was apparently *plane* or flat, while the upper was slightly convex, as though expanded with air.

Numerous flesh-colored membranes, like threads of silk floss, from three inches to two feet in length, radiated from its attenuated edge, and spread out upon the water, as the long hair of a swimmer floats around his head. On placing my finger under one of these delicate tendrils—which seemed to be wholly independent of the animal—to raise it from the water, I experienced a sensation of acute pain, not unlike the sting of a wasp, where it had come in contact with my finger, which instantly compelled me to drop it again, when the whole sensitive mass suddenly vanished beneath the surface.

This fish is often confounded by passengers and others with the sun-fish, (*diodon*), which it in no way resembles. By the sailors it is called the sea-nettle—a most appropriate appellation, as my finger to this, now the third day, can testify. From the fibrous beard of this animated mass of jelly, the generic name *medusa* has been given it, probably in commemoration of this gorgon's beautiful tresses; but more justly, if stings are to be taken into consideration, it should have been bestowed in honor of her luxuriant locks when changed by the indignant Minerva into serpents.

An hour before sunset our long-idle sails were once more filled by a fine breeze, which, ruffling the surface of the ocean, more than a league distant, we had discerned coming from the Florida shore, some time before it reached us; and, as it came slowly onward, over the sea, we watched, with no little anxiety, the agitated line of waves which danced merrily before it, making its approach.

As I stood upon the deck, last evening, listening

"To the cadence of the silvery sea,"

and gazing, with feelings of a melancholy nature, not

unallied, I believe, to home-sickness, upon belted Orion as he circled upward from the east, the social Pleiades, whose lost sister has been so beautifully apostrophized by Mrs. Hemans, and the bright twin stars of heaven, the

“—— burning emblems of Friendship,”

and let my wakeful eyes wander, lingeringly, from star to star, with which delightful communion from my earliest years, had made me familiar, I gave wing to chainless memory, for the bright worlds on which I gazed, irresistibly called up the most pleasing associations of the past. Though glittering higher in the firmament, and burning in these southern skies with a purer lustre, there still rolled on above me the same burning urns of light which I had gazed upon night after night from my native land. I could hardly believe that I was now sailing over distant seas, while objects, with a delightful freshness, so intimately recalled reminiscences of *Home*, looked down upon me from their blue abodes.

Wandering in distant lands or sailing upon the boundless ocean, far from the land of our birth, there is no link that will so intimately connect our thoughts with it as the stars.

“—— A light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove,
Linking the thoughts with scenes of youth,
Call back the heart they once have stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.”

When the sailor, who nightly watches the polar star, descending lower and lower the northern skies, as his ship bears him farther into the southern hemisphere, till it twinkles like a pale lamp upon the level horizon, at length beholds with a heavy heart its final disappearance beneath the sea; and sees glittering above him magnificent stars unfamiliar to his eye, and strange, beautiful constellations, he begins then, for the first time, sensibly to realize that he has become a wanderer indeed—an exile from his native skies.

We are now bounding forward with a fresh wind over the olive-green waters of the Mexican Gulf, and rapidly approaching the termination of our long imprisonment,

“Cooped in this winged sea-girt citadel.”

As we mechanically cast our eyes over the sea, on coming on deck the fourth morning after passing the Hole-in-the-Wall, we beheld, to our surprise, the low shores of Florida, distant not more than six or seven leagues to leeward.

A faintly delineated gray bank, lining the western horizon, marked the “Land of Flowers”—of the romantic Ponce de Leon. Can that be Florida! the *Pasqua de Flores* of the Spaniards—the country of blossoms and living fountains, welling with perpetual youth! were our reflections as we gazed upon the low, marshy shore. Yet here the avaricious Spaniard sought for a mine more precious than the diamonds and gold of

the Incas! a fountain, whose waters were represented to have the wonderful property of rejuvenating old age and perpetuating youth! Here every wrinkled Castilian Iolas expected to find a Hebe to restore him to the bloom and vigor of Adonis! But alas, for the bachelors of modern days, the seeker for fountains of eternal youth wandered only through inhospitable wilds, and encountered the warlike Seminoles, who, unlike the timorous natives of the newly discovered Indies, met his little band with bold and determined resolution. After a long and fruitless search, he returned to Porto Rico, wearied, disappointed, and, no doubt, with his brow more deeply furrowed than when he set out upon this singularly romantic expedition.

While we glided along the Florida shore, which was fast receding from the eye, a sudden boiling and commotion of the sea, which we had remarked some time before we were involved in it, assured us that we had again entered the Gulf Stream, where it rushes from the Mexican sea, after having made a broad sweep of eighteen hundred miles, and in twenty days after emerging from it in higher latitudes. Our course was now very sensibly retarded by the strong current against which we sailed, though impelled by a breeze which would have wasted us over a currentless sea, nine or ten miles an hour.

The Bahamas we were rapidly leaving far behind, the last island of which to the westward, New Providence—another of England's colonial isles, we just caught a glimpse of, appearing afar off, like a little cloud resting upon the sea. In the afternoon, the blue hills of Cuba, elevated above the undulating surface of the island, and stretching along its back like a serrated spine, reared themselves from the sea, far to the south; and, at sunset, the twin hills of Matanzas, for which sailors' imaginations have conjured up not the most pleasing appellation—could be just distinguished from the blue waves on the verge of the ocean; and receding from the sea, with an uneven surface, the vast island rose along the whole southern horizon, not more than four or five leagues distant. The Florida shore had long before disappeared, though several vessels were standing towards it, bound apparently into Key West, between which and Havana we had seen an armed schooner, under American colors, hovering the whole afternoon.

As we dashed through the agitated sea in the strait between the two shores, the site of Havana was pointed out to us by one of the officers; but we were too far off to see the great city herself, sitting, like ancient Tyre, “upon the sea,” majestic with domes, cathedrals and towers—encircled with her thousand ships and crested by the impregnable Moro.

Numerous vessels, from the sluggishly moving market lugger, and polacca, to the Spanish line-ship, were clustered in that direction, indicating the location of some great commercial mart. Although the city was hid beneath the horizon, the upper half of the island was clearly visible above it, and the lofty hills, in the interior reared their round summits high over the convexity of the earth.

It was fortunate for some of our tyros that we were not bound into Havana: a few miles farther south

would have placed us within the tropics; and the penalty of crossing even a tropical line, to say nothing of the equator itself, is by no means a small one to noviciates. From time, "whereunto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," it has been customary for Neptune to appear in proper person over the bows of every ship as it crosses either of his three lines which he has strung across the sea, and demand tribute or toll, of all on board, who, for the first time have adventured thus far upon his rightful domain. In case of a refusal to pay the required fee, which is usually a glass of grog all round to the ship's crew—for they are the old sea-god's children, who has a particular affection for them, and is always studying their welfare—the delinquent is lathered and shaved after a very summary process.

One pleasant afternoon, in latitude 0°, just after an equatorial cataract had deluged our decks as though a cloud had burst over the ship, and while the sun was shining out cheerfully from the summit of a mass of black clouds, piled in huge strata, one upon another, I was gazing upon the sea, sheeted with golden sunlight, when an object, glancing brightly over the bows, flashed upon my eyes. The next moment the head and staff of a tri-pronged instrument, used to spear dolphin, rose above the cat-head, slowly followed by the shaggy head and hairy shoulders of an amphibious being, who, from the train of monsters who attended him—some leaping over the bows into the ship, others coming up through the forecabin, must have been an august personage. He stepped upon the deck with great dignity, supporting his form with his trident. His appearance was most majestic! His head was surmounted by the ship's swab, whose brown tresses descended half-way to the deck, and his locks were crowned with the cook's tripod. A pair of leather spectacles bridged his nose, under which stood fiercely out two mustachoes of tarred oakum. A long, black beard, of the same material, carefully slushed and tarred, descended to his waist; in his right hand he held the grains for his trident, in his left a tin pot to receive the toll. His body was girt about with divers nameless teguments, and like a true god, his lower extremities were bare. His attendants were similarly accoutred, though instead of a trident they each bore a segment of an iron hoop in one hand, and a small swab, dipped in tar, in the other. The whole train now moved towards us:

"*Quel noble spectacle s'avance ?*

*Neptune, le grand dieu Neptune, avec sa cour
Vient honorer ce beau séjour,
De son auguste présence."*

We were already prepared for this pageant, and received the old god with all due ceremony, not forgetting the tin cup, with which the old deity and his train "shot the sun," for a while after reaching the quarter-deck, with untiring diligence.

There was on board an irascible little Welshman, a steerage passenger, who sent the tin pot away empty. Incontinently four brawny arms laid him

across the hatch, face upward—two lively hands applied the tarred swabs to his visage, till it was most skilfully lathered—two others, armed with iron hoops, commenced removing his beard, in the gentlest manner imaginable, by the roots, while Neptune soused a bucket of salt water over the furious little fellow, by way of lavender.

This custom is done away with, at present, I believe, in the navy, in which, at such seasons, all discipline ceases, although it is still practised in merchantmen.

The night set in dark and tempestuous. The wind howled wildly and mournfully through the rigging. The noise of the waves as they dashed against the sides of the trembling ship—the loud reports of the collapsing sails—the roar of the surrounding sea—the melancholy cries of the laboring seamen, with the roar of the rain as it poured down upon the hollow sounding deck, in floods—the rattling of thunder and the incessant gleaming of lightning, altogether combined, rendered the night gloomy in the extreme.

In the earlier part of the evening, during an occasional interval of the tremendous showers, we went to the deck, enveloped in cloaks and pea-jackets, to enjoy the sublimely terrific scene. So incessant was the fearful flashing of the lightning that the ocean seemed sheeted with flame. Black clouds, illumined with an almost steady glare from the lightnings, as they shot wildly across the heavens, lowered heavily and threateningly over the ship; and around the horizon, the thunder rolled unceasingly—one continued reverberation; but occasionally a sharper and louder report would break above our heads, with a terrific effect upon the senses. The sea roared and surged on every side, with a tremendous noise, and now and then a high wave would strike against the sides of the unresisting ship, with a fearful concussion, or angrily leap upon the decks and completely deluging them, flow onward through the ship, a deep and ungovernable torrent.

Yet, amid the terrors of this scene,

"—— So wild and dread
That the bravest paled with fear,"

stood the youthful M——, her delicately feminine figure supported by a rope, which she held firmly in her grasp, enjoying this scene of wild splendor with a fearless and almost infantine delight. Repeatedly drenched by the uncourteous waves, she would not descend to the cabin, but flinging the drops of water from her hair, laughed merrily at the sad lamentations of her similarly favored fellow passengers, who, from fear of being drowned, without knowing it in their state rooms, preferred being half drowned by remaining on deck during the existence of the danger.

The ship rolled and pitched fearfully; groaning and quivering as she struggled, like a drowning animal, through the deep trough of the sea, occasionally plunging so deep into their yawning chasms that she seemed repeatedly, during the night, to have gone down under the surface of the sea, never to rise again.

The morning broke over a more placid scene. The billows of the "broken-up deep" were subsiding—the tempest of the night had retired to the turbulent regions of the Gulf Stream, and the sea reflected the dazling sun in crests of flame.

Cape St. Antonio, the notorious rendezvous of that daring band of pirates, which, possessing the marauding, without the chivalrous spirit of the old Buccaneers, long infested these seas, just protruded above the rim of the horizon, far to the south east. We soon lost sight of it, and, in the evening altering our course a little, to avoid the shoals which are scattered thickly off the southern and western extremity of Florida, ran rapidly and safely past the Tortugas—the Scylla and Charybdis of this southern latitude; and are, at this moment, stretching away over the Gulf, or more properly *Sea* of Mexico, with the prospect of speedily terminating our protracted voyage.

Mobile is just ahead of us: in the direction of which as I left the deck, we could discern a large ship probably freighted with cotton, and bound out. But there was no land in sight.

We already begin to appreciate the genial influence of a southern climate. The sun, tempered by a pleasant wind, beams down upon us, warm and cheerily—the air is balmy and laden with grateful fragrance from the unseen land; and, though near the first of December, at which time, you dwellers under the wintry skies of the north, are shivering over your grates, we have worn our summer garments and palm-leaf hats for some days past. If this is a specimen of a southern winter, where quietly to inhale the mellow air is an Elysian enjoyment—henceforth sleighing and skating will have less charms for me. Farewell to the land of ice and snow—farewell to the "stormy north!" and welcome thou

" — land of glorious flowers,
And summer winds, and low-toned silvery streams,
————— with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast
From purple skies, ne'er deepening into night."
[To be continued.]

TO A CAMEO,

WORN BY MISS C ———, OF GEORGIA.

BY J. H. KIFFLIN, ARTIST, PHILADELPHIA.

Tho' lovely the looks of fair Italy's daughters,
There sculptors in vain for perfection may seek,
(They cannot well come to thee over the waters,)
But welcome its nearest approach, in the Greek.

And yet in that land we consider Elysian,
So dazling with glory, and hallow'd with song,
The forms which are fit for a look or re-vision;
Are visions that only to sculpture belong.

And such is the face of this beautiful creature,
The artist imagined, no doubt, was his best;
Nor thought for a moment that ever a feature,
Or look half so lovely, upon it could rest.

He'd heard of America—yes, very often,—
(The shells that he wrought they all came from
Brazil)*
With hard-hearted savages—nothing could soften—
And squaws who were ugly—he peopled it still!

The Georgians, he knew, were a race Asiatic,
He'd heard that they sold for their beauty quite
well;
But never it pass'd thro' his thoughts most erratic,
That Georgian's more lovely—more westward
could dwell!

Then pardon!—his ignorance do not be blaming,
He never saw face that was lovelier before;
Ah! could he see thine, his fair cameo shaming,
I fear he'd cut cameo-cutting—once more.

This sweet classic face, of a texture Atlantic,
Enclosed by the ore of thy own Georgian earth,
Resembles thyself with thy beauty romantic,
Encircled by friends who can value thy worth.

Yes, golden the band of the friends who surround thee,
And lovely the land where thy destinies rest;
But thou lendest magic to all that is round thee—
The cameo borrows its charm from thy breast.

* The best shells for the cameo, in which the two strata of different colors are distinctly marked, come from the coast of America, and are wrought most beautifully in Naples.

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. I.

MARIE LAURENT.

It was a matter of surprise to every one, how so amiable and well-disposed a girl as Marie Dupin could ever become the wife of such a worthless man as Antoine Laurent. He had nothing to recommend him save his outward form; for his disposition and propensities were of the worst and lowest kind; and none of those persons in his native village, who stood fair with the world, were ever desirous of associating with him; and the small property his father left him, consisting only of a few acres of land, was fast dwindling away, to meet his frequent necessities.

But the truth was, Marie loved him with sincere affection in early years; they had been much together—their parents having been neighbors; and long ere the vices of the man had shown themselves, she had learnt to call him her own Antoine, whilst he, in return, called her his dearest Marie. So often had they dwelt on the future that was to see them united, that it became too firmly fixed in her imagination ever to be removed. She could not, indeed, remain ignorant of the character he acquired as he grew in years, or that when any act of violence or daring was mentioned, he was sure to be named as the leader; but she thought the world was harsh—too quick in condemnation, and wrong in attributing those acts as the offspring of a bad heart, which were but the outbursts of an ardent, youthful disposition. She had often heard that a reformed rake makes the best husband; but she did not look farther to see what a confirmed reprobate would be likely to make. She was all confidence in the success of her plans for his reformation, and being an orphan and without control, she gave herself and her little property to the free possession of him who already had her heart.

The few first weeks of their union no one could be more attentive than Antoine; and Marie became confirmed in her opinion, that his acts had been too harshly construed by the world, and his youthful errors would soon merge in the fond husband. Poor Marie! she saw not in the calm the forerunner of the storm which was impending over her. He soon gave way to the true bent of his disposition; joined his former lawless associates; made long and frequent absences from home, and returned, generally, in a savage and discontented humor, to find fault with every thing, and would sit for hours wrapped up in

his meditations, scarce noticing the anxious attentions of his wife.

In a few months time she found that poverty was fast gaining upon them. Antoine had sold all their property, and spent all the proceeds in riot and debauchery; and, to crown her unhappiness, her husband, joining some of his associates, left forever the place of his birth, bearing with him the ill wishes of all who knew him, save one—his forsaken wife, who, amidst all his unkindness and unrequited affection, still fondly loved him, and wished him well wherever his course might lead him.

Marie was too much a favorite in the village to have any doubts as to her being able to maintain herself by her industry, and gladly accepted the offer of a Madame Germain to become her own immediate attendant.

Madame Germain was the wife of a private gentleman, of some considerable property, who had resided many years in the midst of his estates, passing his time in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry, and enhance the value of his property by his own superintendence. Marie was much esteemed by all, and would have lived truly happy had not her mind been clouded with evil forebodings of her husband's fate.

Years passed on and found Marie still with Madame Germain, who had removed to Paris, for the benefit of her children's education. She still remained ignorant of what had befallen her husband, or even of his existence, and had gradually brought herself to the belief that they had parted forever.

She was one day witnessing a review in the Champ de Mars, and paying deep attention to the manoeuvres of the troops, when suddenly she felt her reticule snatched from her hand; she turned round to see who had robbed her, but every body seemed attending to the scene before them. It was clear the bag was gone, but as there was little of consequence in it, she was too much of a Frenchwoman to be annoyed, and in admiration of a charge of cavalry, which was then taking place, quite forgot her loss.

"Bless my soul!" cried some one; "well, I declare, it is the oddest thing in the world! What! Marie, my girl! you hav'n't forgot me, have you?"

Hearing her name, she turned to see the speaker.

There were three ill-dressed looking men standing together, one of whom she recognized as her husband.

"Ah! Antoine! is that you?"

"Yes, my dear, it is indeed me. I suppose you thought me dead?"

"I had feared as much, Antoine."

"Aye, so many thought; I got through it, though; but bless my politeness; here, Le Coq and Petit Singe, allow me to introduce you to my wife."

His friends lifted up their red night-caps, and professed themselves much honored in being introduced to the wife of such a "brave enfant as Antoine Laurent."

Much as Marie had wished to see her husband, she could not but feel that their meeting would be the source of much pain to her. His appearance, and that of his companions, was strongly indicative of their profession, and she had little doubt, in her own mind, that one of the gentlemen had taken her bag. It was with feelings of sadness she accompanied Antoine and the Sieurs Le Coq and Petit Singe to a cabaret in the neighborhood.

Antoine's story was short. According to his own account he had been in the army, and left it, because he found a military life too irksome for a man of spirit like himself; and Le Coq had been a brother in arms. Petit Singe, to be sure, had not been in the army, but then he had a wish to go there, and that was the same thing. After he had told Marie all he had to say concerning himself and friends, he was very desirous to hear how she had done since misfortune, as he called it, forced him from a wife he loved more than all the world; and drew such a picture of the anguish he had felt in leaving her, that it moved Petit Singe even to tears, or at least to the occasional pressing the tassel of his night-cap, first to one eye and then to the other, as if he were much moved at his friend's sufferings.

When Marie had stated the truth, her husband became extremely anxious in his inquiries, as to whether Monsieur Germain was rich, kept many servants, and was regular in his hours. The answers, he said, were very satisfactory; because, though he had led a revving kind of life himself, yet he should have been extremely unhappy to think his wife was living in any other than a respectable family; and as Le Coq knew that he had often expressed himself most anxious that his dear wife might not be prejudiced in the good opinion of others, by his own follies. At the beginning of this speech Petit Singe had caught hold of his tassel, but not finding any thing sufficiently sad for a tear, contented himself with a long drawn ah, and declared that he had heard him say so at least a thousand times; and Le Coq, who was a man of taciturn habits, bobbed his head in token of assent.

The result of this interview was a promise, on the part of Antoine, to see his wife on the following day, who engaged to supply him with money to enable him to look more respectable; and if he would reform she did not doubt being able, through Monsieur Germain's kindness, to procure him some situation, by which he might obtain an honest livelihood.

He did not fail to see his wife on the following day, and became very assiduous in his attentions, vowed his affection was undiminished, and scarcely allowing a day to pass that he did not look in at Monsieur Germain's to see her. He repeatedly declared, too, he had suffered so much in his wild way of life, that his only wish now was to settle down quietly with his dear Marie, and support themselves by honest industry.

One night, as I was going my rounds with some of my men, I perceived, loitering about at the corner of one of the streets, an old acquaintance of mine, the Sieur Petit Singe, and it was very evident that he could not be waiting about so late at night for any good purpose, and as he had not perceived me, I determined to watch him unobserved. In a few minutes he was joined by another acquaintance of mine, the Sieur Le Coq, when they walked together some way up the street, until they came to a large house, and Petit Singe, looking round to see if any persons were near, gave a gentle tap at the door, which, to my surprise, was instantly opened to him. This was strange! The house belonged to Monsieur Germain, and I could not believe that the two gentlemen, who had just gone in, were carrying on an intrigue with any of the servants, since nature had not moulded either of them in one of her most favorable moods. Le Coq was a most desperate character—and Petit Singe a most consummate villain, deficient only in one thing—courage, but which he generally contrived to make up for, by a quickness of invention, which rendered him a valuable ally to those who planned the commission of any desperate deeds.

On entering they had left the door ajar, for the purpose of facilitating their escape, in case they should find it expedient to depart in a hurry. I availed myself, therefore, of the opportunity to follow after them, with my men, and perceived them ascending the stairs, in company with Antoine Laurent; this soon explained how they had so easily obtained their admission. They had no sooner reached the first landing-place than they heard some one coming down stairs; this seemed to perplex them extremely, and Petit Singe, after hiding the light he was carrying, began to descend the stairs, three steps at a time, perhaps judging that a general always fights best in the rear. The person who had alarmed them was no other than Marie, who was coming down stairs with a light in her hand. She had no sooner reached the landing-place, than Le Coq and Laurent darted forwards and seized her, one by each hand, whilst Le Coq pressed his hand over her mouth to prevent her screaming. When she had in some degree recovered from her alarm, Le Coq allowed her to speak. Her eye fell upon her husband, and she exclaimed—

"Oh, Antoine! how, in the name of heaven, did you get here? What is your purpose? And this man, too. Oh, let me beseech you to leave the house instantly; you will ruin me forever."

"No; on the contrary," replied he; "I mean to make your fortune."

"Nay, Antoine, you shall not pass a step farther; pray leave the house; some one may awake, and if

you are discovered, I shall be accused of having let you in."

"I am not quite such a fool, after hiding in the log-house 'till I am so stiff I can hardly move, to walk out at a woman's bidding; let me pass, and don't be so absurd."

"Not a step."

"Are you mad?"

"Mad or not, you shall not pass. If you attempt it, I'll alarm the house by my screams."

They, however, tried to go on; Laurent telling Petit Singe to look to the woman, and if she made the least noise, to cut the matter as short as possible. Marie, faithful to her word, the moment she saw them advancing, uttered a piercing scream and cry for assistance, but was effectually silenced by a blow from the butt-end of Laurent's pistol. She fell instantly on the stairs, deprived of all motion, and, as I dreaded, at the instant, even of life. So thought Petit Singe, for he declared it would be a good night's work for Laurent to make himself a widower and a rich man at the same time. They went on to Monsieur Germain's private-room, the situation of which they seemed to be well acquainted with, and forced open his *escritoire*, in which was lying a large quantity of notes, which I afterwards ascertained had been paid only a day or two before to Monsieur Germain, for an estate of some value he had disposed of. These Petit Singe lost no time in appropriating to himself, and was about to leave the room, when I thought it time to show myself.

"The Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed Petit Singe, the moment he saw me, at the same time running behind Le Coq for protection.

"Not exactly," I said, "Monsieur Petit Singe, but another friend of yours."

"The devil!" exclaimed Le Coq.

"No," said I, "there again you are mistaken."

The booty was too rich to be given up without a

struggle, and Laurent swore he would blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to stop him, calling on Le Coq to assist him in making a dash for it.

I attempted to seize him, and he kept his word by firing at me; the ball went through my hat, and fractured a large glass which was behind. He then drew a dagger, with which he would have attacked me, had he not been at that moment shot by one of my men. Le Coq was soon disarmed, and Petit Singe pulled out from under the table, where he had crept the moment he saw Laurent was about to make resistance, and with the politest bow in the world, presented me with the money, expressing a hope that I did not feel any inconvenience from Laurent's precipitation.

The firing soon awoke the inmates of the house, who were not a little surprised at the scene which presented itself; and attention being paid to poor Marie, it was found that although she had received a severe blow across the face, which had completely stunned her, yet there was nothing to fear for her life.

Some months after this I heard that Marie, who had continued to live with Madame Germain, had yielded to the solicitations of one of her former admirers, and again become a wife. Experience having taught her that reformation was not so easy a task as she had imagined, she took the precaution of ascertaining that there would be little chance of having to try the success of her schemes in the present instance.

With regard to Le Coq and Petit Singe, they are at present on a visit to the "Bains de Rochefort," which is likely to last until the end of their careers. Petit Singe complains most grievously, that at the other end of his chain is attached a gentleman of most powerful make, and withal so arbitrary in his movements, that he cannot enjoy a moment's peace, night or day.

J. M. B.

TO A LADY WEeping THE LOSS OF HER BIRD.

BY J. H. MIFFLIN, PHILA.

I CARE not that I smile no more
At trifles once awaking mirth,
That clouds have softly shaded o'er
The glare and glory of the earth.
I envy not thy silvery laugh,
So clear and musical with joy;
Resign'd no more again to quaff
The reckless rapture of the boy!

Yet would I suffer many an hour
Of quiet, uncomplaining pain,
If fate would but restore the power
To weep, as I have wept, again—

To weep as thou art weeping now.

Ah! never may severer grief,
With heavier tempests, bend thy brow,
But ev'ry shower be soft and brief!

Such gentle showers as give the hues
Of freshness to the flowers and grass;
To morning mist and evening dews,
Exhaling fragrance as they pass.
While some must, like the desert weed
In clefts of rock, exist in vain—
Protected from the storms, indeed,
But hid from sunshine and from rain!

A FAMILIAR ESSAY

ON THE

PECULIAR PROPERTIES OF WATER.

"NATURE abhors a vacuum," was a favorite maxim with the school-men of the middle ages. The truth of this assertion they did not undertake to prove by arguments derived from experiment—a means of acquiring knowledge to them unknown, or entirely neglected. But, following the path of investigation pointed out to them in the writings of Aristotle, before the shrine of whose philosophy they bowed with unmanly and slavish devotion, they attempted to establish this, as, indeed, all the other dogmas of the age, by means of sophistical reasoning founded upon the faint and uncertain light of observation or experience.

"No man has ever detected in nature a space devoid of matter; no man has ever succeeded in rendering space entirely free from matter; ergo, no vacuum exists, or can be created, or, in metaphorical language, 'Nature abhors a vacuum.'" Such, *en abrégé*, was the method of argumentation, by which this was rendered an established dogma of the schools; and, after such ample proof, whoever had dared to dispute it, would have been in great danger, like Roger Bacon, of atoning for his temerity by a long imprisonment, or, like Galileo, of being forced to choose between death and recantation.

In after years, Lord Francis Bacon overthrew the dominion which Aristotle had so long maintained over the human mind, by the invention of the inductive method of reasoning—a mental instrument by which man has been enabled to make as important discoveries in the universe of mind, as by means of the telescope he has made in the material universe. Pursuing the method of investigation thus pointed out to him, Otto Guericke determined many of the properties of the air, and invented the air-pump. The supposed vacuum created by this machine was for many succeeding ages regarded by men of science as an evidence of the absurdity of the old maxim. But the philosophers of still later times, by studying the nature of the imponderable fluids, have satisfied themselves that a receiver exhausted by an air-pump is only deprived of air, and that the space is still occupied with the fluids, caloric, light, and electricity. Therefore, till we can in some way remove these subtle entities, we must, for want of means to disprove it, revert to the ancient dogma.

But, whether this maxim, considered in a strictly philosophical sense, be true or false, still, in so far as it expresses the fact that our world and the works of nature are framed and adjusted on the strictest principles of economy of space and material, it is no less interesting than true, and might well form the motto

of the student of Natural Science. Not only is no space pertaining to our globe devoid of matter, but no particle of this matter is unnecessary or superfluous. Nor in general are the several kinds of substances destined to serve but one purpose; indeed, in case of some bodies, it is hard to enumerate all the offices they perform—they are so many and various. From all the stores of nature we cannot, perhaps, select a more interesting and complete instance of this economical adaptation to many uses than water—a substance without which the present constitution of the world could not exist. This liquid so peculiar in some of its properties and relations, so beautifully adapted to the many duties it performs, exerting so powerful an influence on all the parts of the machinery of nature, is not prepared for such various ends by being composed of many and potent materials, but is the result of the combination of two elementary gases. How remarkable, that from such simple union, such varied effects should result.

So much have we been struck with the singular formation of water—so convincing are the proofs of design drawn from the peculiarities of its nature and constitution, that we can think of no more powerful argument to suggest to our readers in favor of the being of a God, than one founded upon an enumeration of some of the offices which this material agent performs, and an explanation of the peculiar properties which fit it so admirably for these offices.

The ocean is the great store-house of this liquid. From it the sun, acting, if the expression may be allowed, as the agent of the earth, borrows and transmits to her the supply she needs. She, after using it for her various purposes, honestly returns it by gravitation to the ocean, adding, as interest for the loan, such saline and earthly substances as the waters dissolve and carry with them in their passage thither. The benefit arising from this addition we shall presently consider. Without attempting to speak of all the duties which the liquid performs in the several states and situations in which it exists during these revolutions, let us mention but a few of the more essential, and fortify ourselves against the approaches of infidelity by investigating the singular provisions which prepare the liquid for these duties.

The water, which in the form of invisible vapor rises and mixes with the atmosphere, when it becomes condensed by the withdrawal of caloric, falls in rain, snow, hail, or dew. The first office which it performs on reaching the earth is the irrigation of its surface, supplying the vegetation with the moisture essential to its existence. The portion which remains, flows

off, and is gathered in springs and rivulets, where animals obtain it to drink. Thence, collecting into rivers, it returns to the sea. But, besides affording necessary sustenance to the plants and animals which live upon the land, it is so constituted as to become itself the abode of myriads of living creatures. Not only are the ocean and other collections of water tenanted by animals which are of sufficient size to be perceptible to us, but we have ample foundation for believing that every drop of water, however situated, teems with living atoms, too minute to impress our senses, but still possessing each a perfect organization designed to fit it for acting its humble part in the drama of the universe—each a living evidence of the fact that “Nature abhors a vacuum,” that her laws and arrangements are such as to leave no space within her realms, which is not the source of life and enjoyment to her subjects—no place which does not contain a witness of the wisdom and goodness of her Creator.

But what are the peculiar properties which fit this liquid for such a diversity of purposes? Let us select for consideration a few of the more singular and essential.

To what does water owe its present situation? Why, when it enters in so small a proportion into the composition of the globe, does it cover, spread out in a thin film, so large a portion of its surface? Indeed, why does it reach the surface at all—why is it not rather covered up and lost in the other constituents of the earth, since they are so greatly superior to it in quality? How is it enabled to retain a position so singular and, at the same time, so necessary to its usefulness? The existence of this whole arrangement is due to the fact, that water is so formed as to be of less specific gravity than the other materials of the globe. Were this provision suddenly reversed, it would bring ruin upon the whole order of nature. The ocean and inland streams would sink into the bowels of the earth. The solid materials constituting their beds would rise and float upon their surfaces, and would immediately conceal them from our view. The consequences are too apparent to need a recital. “The heavens over our heads would become as brass, and the earth beneath our feet as iron.” The world would soon be but the charnel-house of the myriads of its former tenants. How evident then are the marks of design in this beautiful adjustment!

Another property of water is that of *solution*, or the power which it has of overcoming the gravity of the saline substances with which it comes in contact, and of causing them to diffuse themselves equally through its whole volume. Were the ocean a body of fresh water, with as little motion as it now possesses, it would soon become stagnant and putrid, and consequently could not be inhabited by animals. Its pestilential exhalations would also destroy the inhabitants of the land. Hence the reason why it has been so formed as to be enabled to preserve itself pure by dissolving the common salt and other saline bodies with which it meets.

This, however, is not the only benefit resulting from the nature of sea-water. Its freezing point is

greatly reduced by the saline solution, and, consequently, ice is not formed in the ocean, except in very high latitudes. Its specific gravity too is increased, so that is rendered more fit for the purposes of navigation. But we will not dwell upon these minor advantages.

We have seen how water is enabled to retain its present situation on the surface of the earth; and, thus situated, to combine with itself a preservative against such changes as would render it a source of pestilence and death. Let us now consider the beautiful provision, by which, while thus stored in the ocean, a constant supply is conveyed to the land, to perform its several offices in the laboratory of nature. This conveyance depends upon its *volatility at all temperatures* and the power which it has of *diffusing* itself through the air. From the fact that the liquid state is that in which the great mass of the water on the globe always exists, and in which it generally presents itself to our senses, we might be led to conclude that this is its natural state, or, in other words, that this is the condition in which it would remain, were it left to itself, without being affected by other material agents—that evaporation is the consequence of external influence. But the fact is just the reverse. The existence of water on the earth in a liquid form, supplied, as it always is, with a greater quantity of caloric than is requisite for evaporation, is the result of constraint—is proximately owing to the pressure of the atmosphere, ultimately to gravitation. Were the air suddenly to be removed from around the globe, a portion of water would immediately spring into vapor, and supply its place. This evaporation would soon be checked by the pressure of the atmosphere of vapor which it would create. If, however, this removal of the air were the result of the cessation of the attraction of gravitation, there would be no such check; all the water on the earth would assume the gaseous form. These facts are satisfactorily proved by means of the air-pump. If there be water in the bottom of a receiver, and we attempt to exhaust it, after the air is withdrawn, it will continue to be filled with an atmosphere of vapor, and a vacuum will not be produced till the whole of the water disappears. This experiment will succeed equally well if a piece of ice be used instead of water. A vacuum will not be obtained till the ice, without passing into the intermediate liquid state, is pumped from the receiver in the form of vapor.

The reason why the weight of the air retains the water on the earth's surface, is simply this: that the temperature of the water is never so high as to evolve steam of sufficient elasticity to overcome this weight, since 212° is its boiling point, or the degree to which it must be heated, in order to give off vapor of requisite density to rise in opposition to the atmospheric pressure.

Such is the provision by which water is preserved in its condensed state, and an unlimited evaporation prevented. But then, we might naturally ask, how does vapor rise at all, since its temperature is never sufficiently high to enable it to overcome the weight of the air? Why is not all the water in existence

compressed into a liquid? This difficulty is obviated, and the slow and limited evaporation necessary for the purposes of nature, produced by means of the property which vapor has of *diffusing* itself through the air. This arrangement is one of a very singular and anomalous nature, and affords a very convincing evidence of creative design. We have already seen that the water on the surface of the globe can never evolve vapor of sufficient temperature to enable it to oppose the pressure of the atmosphere; hence it is evident that if it rise at all, it must do so, not by displacing the air, but by mingling with it in such a way as that together they may occupy the same space as the air occupied by itself. The manner in which this is brought about has never been explained to the entire satisfaction of philosophers, though many methods of accounting for it have been invented, some of them possessing much plausibility. We cannot then lay before our readers a complete and undisputed theory, capable of explaining all the facts in the case, nor would such an exposition tend in any great degree to increase our admiration of the beauty and efficacy of the provision, or to confirm our belief in the existence of its Author. If we cannot fully understand the philosophy of the arrangement, yet we know very well its effect—we have sufficient data to enable us to conclude, that, were it to cease to exist, the waters, imprisoned in the ocean, would cease their needful journeys to the land.

Some of the properties, by the possession of which water is fitted to become the abode of animals, are still more interesting than those already mentioned. It is a general law in regard to all animals that the respiration of air is necessary to their existence; this, we might suppose, would render it entirely impossible for any class of them to live in water. But the difficulty is provided for by the constitution of this liquid, being such as that it absorbs air, when exposed to the pressure of the atmosphere, as it always is when existing in the natural state on the earth. The fact that water contains air, the absorption of which is due to the atmospheric pressure, is proved by placing some in a receiver, and removing this pressure by means of an air-pump. The air, in this case, will be seen escaping in minute bubbles.

But there is another still more remarkable peculiarity which enters into the constitution of water, to fit it for the sustaining of life. It is very often the case that infidels, when pressed with arguments in favor of the truth of revelation, which are derived from the harmony and wonderful adaptation of the laws of nature, answer them by asserting, that the existence of these laws is the effect of chance, or, rather, that they are what might naturally, and, *a priori*, be expected to exist. If, however, we can instance a case, in which, in order to the accomplishment of a certain design, one of these general laws is infringed, in which an exception to an otherwise universal rule is made just where such exception was needed, we shall have evidence, which cannot, even in appearance, be refuted by such frivolous argument, but which must carry conviction to the mind of every

candid infidel. Just such evidence we have. It is a general law that bodies are contracted by cold and expanded by heat. Were we to quote this law to an atheist, as an instance of benevolent design, enumerating to him the many advantages which accrue from it, he would, perhaps, answer us by asserting that it is a law which agrees with the general nature of bodies, and is a result of their constitution. But, if we can find an instance of a body, which, were it to obey this general law, would not answer the purposes for which it was intended, and which, on this account, is so framed as to form an exception to it, we should at once deprive him of this gratuitous method of arguing. Water is such an instance.

Let us suppose that this liquid did contract, when deprived of caloric, and that a lake, or, indeed, any body of it, containing fish, were exposed to a degree of cold below the freezing point. The water at the surface, as soon as by giving up its heat to the air, to which it was exposed, it had become diminished in bulk, and, consequently, heavier than that below it, would sink, and thus give place to another portion. This, in its turn, acquiring density, would sink, and thus the whole body of water would, by degrees, become of the same temperature with the atmosphere. As this was supposed to be below the freezing point, the whole would become a solid mass of ice. Congelation, which, in the present constitution of things, begins at the surface, would, in the case we have supposed, take place first at the bottom, since ice would be of greater specific gravity than water. It is easy to see the effect this would have upon the fish. The first evil they would have to encounter would be the low temperature of the water. If this did not destroy them, those species which derive their food from the earth, would soon be prevented from reaching it, since a layer of ice would separate them from the bottom. Finally the whole would become a frozen mass, the fish partaking in the common congelation. Were the weather to change, and the air to become warmer, the ice would not melt by any means as fast as it was formed. There would be no such mingling of its particles as there was in this latter operation, since, if the portion at the surface became heated, and were to melt, it would still remain at the surface, because its gravity would be diminished. The heat then must reach the portion below by means of conduction, and, since water is a bad conductor, the descent of caloric would be very slow. The lower part of a body of water, of any considerable depth, thus frozen, would remain so throughout the year.

The depth of the ocean would not prevent it from undergoing a like operation. The immense icebergs, so numerous in high latitudes, would have been formed at the bottom of the sea, instead of floating on its surface. Situated as they now are, evaporation keeps pace with their formation, and prevents their indefinite increase in size and number. In the case we have supposed, the ice would be shielded from evaporation, and, of course, its increase would be unlimited. In course of time, the whole ocean, in the vicinity of the poles, would become an immense frozen

mass, as firm and solid as the other materials of the globe.*

A consideration of these things cannot but convince the reader of the necessity of the fact, that water should form an exception to the general law that bodies are increased in volume by the addition of caloric, and diminished by its withdrawal. Let us examine whether such an exception has been made, and, if so, what law has been substituted. If we take a glass globe, containing a thermometer, and with a tube connected with it, and, having filled it to the top of the tube with water, of which the temperature is above 40° , if we place it in a freezing atmosphere, as the water cools, it will sink in the tube, till the thermometer has fallen to 40° , whereupon it will begin to rise, and will continue to do so, till it freezes, at which stage of the cooling process the rapidity of the expansion will suddenly increase, and it will burst the globe. We learn from this, that water, at all temperatures above 40° , obeys the law of expansion common to other bodies—that from this degree, as its temperature diminishes, it expands in proportion to this diminution, till it reaches the freezing point, when a sudden expansion accompanies congelation, and that, consequently, 40° is its point of greatest density.

Let us see how this provision prevents the disasters of which we spoke—how it harmonizes with the general order of nature. Let us suppose, as before, a collection of water, tenanted by fish, to be exposed to an atmosphere, of which the temperature is below the freezing point. The water at the surface would part with caloric, and, contracting, would give place to a lighter portion from below, which, in its turn, would sink; till the whole would, after a time, be reduced to the temperature of 40° , which suits very well the physical constitution of the fish. Here the vertical motion of the water would cease, for that portion which was at the surface, when this temperature was acquired throughout, would remain there, since a farther withdrawal of caloric would but increase its levity. Thus the lower part would be defended from the cold by that at the top, for, as we have already stated, this liquid is a bad conductor of heat. The

cooling process continuing, a coat of ice would form on the surface, which would be a still better defence for the under portion, since water, in its solid state, is a much worse conductor than when a liquid. On the arrival of warm weather, the ice would immediately melt, and the water, by the process of mingling before described, would return *en masse* to the temperature of 40° . Above this degree the general body would be protected from rapid accessions of caloric, from the fact, that the upper portion would alone be exposed to such accession, except by the slow method of conduction. Thus, by this beautiful adjustment, the fish are defended from both extremes—their native element is so framed as to yield but very slowly to the influence of an external temperature, which is below, or above the healthful medium, and rapidly to return to this medium, when such influence is withdrawn. An examination of this single provision is enough to convince the devotee at the shrine of chance, of the folly of his creed. We could not, perhaps, in the whole field of science, obtain a more firm and simple basis on which to rest an argument, in proof of the existence of the Deity.

Thus we have selected a few of the more important properties of this wonderful liquid, that, by a consideration of their design and effect, we might awaken the reader's curiosity, and induce him to direct his attention to a more complete investigation of the subject than our limits will permit us to undertake—that he may satisfy himself, that what we have been treating is not a rude and unorganized substance, the elements of which might have been thrown together by the blind operation of accident, but that it is highly finished and beautifully framed—the evident result of Creative Intelligence. Whether existing in freshness and purity in the spring which bursts from the mountain side, or in the river, which wends its way to the sea—whether buried in the briny depths of the ocean, or rising unseen from the surface to mingle with the clouds—whether falling in rain to refresh the earth, or in snow to shield the vegetation from the cold—in whatever part of the vast laboratory of nature it is engaged, it declares, in language which cannot be misunderstood,

"The hand that made me is divine."

W. B. B.

Princeton, N. J.

SONNET TO GENIUS.

BY ROBERT MILLHOUSE, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

O, born of heaven, thou child of magic song!

What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee,

When thou art doomed to cramping poverty!

The poisonous shafts from defamation's tongue—

The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,

Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail;

While hunger, pinching as December's gale,

Brings moody dark dependency along.

And, shouldst thou strive fame's lofty mount to scale,

The steps of its ascent are cut in sand;

And half-way up, a snake scourge in her hand,

Lurks pallid envy, ready to assail:

And last, if thou the top, expiring, gain,

When fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

PLAY-HOUSE PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ACTOR'S ALLOQUY."

The stage and actors are not so contemptible,
 As every innovating Puritan,
 And ignorant swearer, out of jealous envy,
 Would have the world imagine.
G. Chapman's "Revenge"—1613.

No. II.

MAD ACTORS.

MISS MACAULEY.

AMIDST the vast tribe of eccentric geniuses who have strutted their time upon the English or American stages, this lady deserves a conspicuous, if not the foremost place. The dramatic annals afford no parallel case of such continuous inconsistency and fixed variation of purpose as marks her progress, either provincial or metropolitan. We can number a tolerable catalogue of actors wonderful in their professional or personal vanity, and disgusting in the display of their own opinions of this supposed excellence; but we never met with any one who so pertinaciously crammed such opinions down the throats of managers and the much-abused public, as the subject of our present remarks. We believe that the children of Thespis have more right to be termed the tribe "irritable" than the sons of Apollo, and Miss Macauley, having claims upon both families, seems to have concentrated within herself the bile and venom of the unsuccessful of the two progenies. She received more than her share of "chances" in the theatrical world, and failed in them all—not so much from positive want of talent as from a constitutional pettishness and overruling vanity which prompted her to grumble at the proceedings of her friends, and to nullify the efforts of the managers, who might otherwise have found it to their interests to push her into popularity.

Miss Macauley was born in the old city of York, England, somewhere about fifty years ago. She imbibed the dramatic fervor at an early age, and before she had attained her fourteenth year, made her appearance on the boards of the York theatre in the character of Sylvia, in the musical entertainment of Cymon. She then migrated to the other side of the island, and played at the Farnham, Gosport, and Arundel theatres, under the management of Bonnel Thornton, almost as great an eccentric as herself. Conceiving that she possessed splendid talents for singing, she went to London, and placed herself under the musical direction of the celebrated Corri; but her vagrant propensities returned, and she wandered into Ireland, and made herself popular at the Dublin and Belfast theatres. Miss Walstein, a London actress of great repute, was engaged to "star" at Belfast, and serious-

ly outraged Miss Macauley's notion of dignity; she conceived her fame attacked, and in a fit of pride, threw up her engagement. The father of the tragedian Macready was proprietor of the Bristol theatre; he gave Miss Macauley a situation, which, strange to say, she held for four years; it is true, that she was allowed to play every good part that she fancied, and had her own way in the direction of business, but even that was not sufficient to keep her quiet in other places. While at Newcastle, she published a volume of poems called "Effusions of Fancy," in the preface to which she pathetically describes the fate of a tragedy which she had written; and in passing to and from London, had travelled upwards of six hundred miles to present it to the managers of the theatres; but, after being "tossed on the billows of disappointment for a length of time, her every hope was lost. But there was little doubt but that her poems would perpetuate her name, and that the dew drops of sympathy would fall when she would be no more." But the criticisms of the press sentenced Miss Macauley's "Effusions of Fancy" to merited perdition.

From Newcastle, she journeyed to Scarborough, and then to Southampton, and then to Dublin, where she produced an unsuccessful melo-drama, called "Marmion," the failure of which she kindly attributed to the apathy of the actors. The presence of Miss Walstein again drove her from the stage; and she produced a monologue, consisting of tales, songs, etc., mostly written by herself, and delivered by her in any convenient concert or ball room, under the title of "Miss Macauley's Regalia, or Literary Amusements." This bold and unlady-like attempt proved profitless, and she accepted an engagement with Harry Johnston, at an opposition theatre in Ryder street, Dublin. Having written an opera, she left the stage again, and, nothing daunted by her former failure, she went to London for the purpose of getting her piece performed, but again her efforts were without success. She was now well known in every professional circle, and much dreaded, from the fury of her tongue and her well practised powers of mischief making. About this time, she conceived a violent passion for the celebrated tragedian, George Frederick Cooke, and publicly declared that she meant to marry him,

and was to be deterred from her purpose by death alone. That he was the most talented male creature living; and as she was the most gifted living daughter of Eve, it became an imperious duty that they should be joined together in bands of holy love, gracefully secured with the marriage chain. She averred that neither of them could possibly find an equal elsewhere, and being thus necessitated to marry or live single, it was an act imposed upon them by fate. But when they considered the wonderfully talented progeny that must spring from such a glorious union, they were unworthy the name of social beings, did they withhold such blessings from posterity. In furtherance of her plans, she invited George to her house, and mixing up modicums of love with mutchkins of whiskey, continued to detain him for an hour or two. He never understood her hints on matrimony, and turned a deaf ear to her decree of fate. The reader must understand that Miss Macauley never could pretend to even a moderate share of good looks. One evening, when George had discussed the merits of many a mutchkin, a reverend gentleman was introduced from a neighboring apartment. George smoked the business of the "gentleman in black," and left the damsel and the divine to finish the whiskey, "D—— him or her," said George, "who would plan mischief over the bottle! If she could have made me insensibly drunk, I should have been put to bed, and in the morning she would have told me that I was her lawful husband. What an escape I have had from the subtle gorgon!"

Finding that it was impossible to obtain the representation of either opera or tragedy, she returned the MSS. to her trunk, and played a very short engagement at the Haymarket theatre in London. Then she went to Southampton, and then to Edinburgh, under Mr. H. Siddons; but her stay there was extremely short, for with that singular inconstancy of mind peculiar to her character, she hastened to Newcastle, and commenced giving instructions in music. This, as might be expected, proved a total failure, and she was reduced to considerable straits. Mr. Thompson, a provincial low comedian, supplied her with money for several months, and prevented her positive starvation.

Mrs. Jordan, with that amiable exercise of charity for which this much-abused and ill-used woman was distinguished, interfered in behalf of Miss Macauley, and recommended her to the notice of the Drury Lane manager, but all negotiations were broken off, from the insupportable arrogance and unbounded pretensions of the woman, who was absolutely without a shilling of her own. Elliston kindly gave her an engagement at the Birmingham theatre, which she quitted to perform sacred music at Sheffield.

Her entertainment, "The Regalio," was now revived; and in 1818, she travelled through various parts of the British dominions, giving her performance, and announcing that the profits were to be bestowed upon the orphan daughters of naval and military officers. But, like the Wandering Piper, her expenses were so heavy, and the receipts so light, that but little overplus ever found its way into the pockets

of the poor. In this year, she published "An Address to the Public," in behalf of the same orphans, wherein she touched largely upon the sin of seduction, and *offered some methods to prevent it!*

Repeated applications to the Drury Lane managers eventually resulted in an engagement. She was summoned to rehearse Constance, in Shakspeare's play of King John—Kean playing the hero. But Mr. Kean, in her opinion, was not a man of talent, and it was impossible for her, an embodiment of genius, to co-operate with a fellow whom she had known as an obscure actor in a provincial theatre. She was vulgarly rude to the great little man, who politely endured her insolence, and humored her egregious vanity. She appeared, and although not hissed, barely escaped condemnation. Each succeeding performance brought forth fresh insolence from her, till Kean, justly incensed, refused to play with her. She was tried in one or two other parts, but her success at least was doubtful; and at the termination of her engagement, the managers refused to renew it.

Delighting in excitement, she addressed violent letters to the London editors, containing fierce attacks upon Kean; which, very wisely, he refused to notice. Failing in her attempt to provoke the town against its favorite, she opened her "Regalio" at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, but without success. Mr. Buck, a noisy, empty headed author, conceiving himself injured by Mr. Kean, who had refused to play in his tragedy of "The Italians," printed it, with a furious tirade in the preface, which, being violent and vulgar, attracted public attention. Miss Macauley, glad of an excuse to "feed fat her ancient grudge," publicly read the play of "The Italians" during her entertainment, with remarks upon the beauties of the author, and the villany of the actor. Shortly afterwards, she published an attack upon managers in the shape of a pamphlet, called "Theatrical Revolutions," but it fell still-born from the press.

Determined not to be daunted, she personally waited on various of the nobility, and solicited their patronage to her "Regalio," which she gave several times in the Concert Room at the King's Theatre, prefacing her motley performance by a rude attack upon the Sub-Committee of Drury Lane, and the arch offender Kean. This speculation was the worst of all the bad; she was compelled to move her "traps" to Shade's Concert Room, Soho Square, where ill-luck still pursued her. The Covent Garden managers were in want of a heroine, and offered her terms for a few nights; she opened there in December, 1819, in a new play called "Mary Stuart," the same piece which Mr. Ternan had lately the impudence to assert was written expressly for his wife, Miss Fanny Jarman. Miss Macauley was a poor representative of the lovely queen of Scots, and notwithstanding her sanguine prognostications of wonderful success, the whole affair terminated in inglorious failure. She appeared one night more, at her own desire, in Jane Shore, but experienced a similar result. The managers were willing to pay her during the rest of her engagement, although they resolved not to allow her again to appear before the public upon their stage;

but she claimed the fulfilment of her bond, ridiculed the charge of failure, and declared that with fair play, she could save the theatre from its otherwise inevitable ruin. Fawcett, as stage manager, was commissioned to give her two hundred pounds, and send her off. She astonished the veteran by declaring in an exalted tone of voice that he had ruined her—had taken a base advantage of her—and had mortally stabbed her reputation. The old man was alarmed, and demanded an explanation. "You have placed my name, sir, in letters smaller than Miss O'Neil, (then in her zenith,) which is a virtual acknowledgement of her superiority—a thing I never shall agree to." She drove him from the apartment in the midst of horrid threats of public and private vengeance.

It is almost impossible to give an overcharged idea of the self-conceit indulged in by Miss Macauley, upon all occasions. After her failures at the two patent theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, she visited several provincial establishments and played short and profitless engagements at some of the minor London theatres. At Bath, she evinced a specimen of self-estimation somewhat similar to the conceit of John Dennis, the acute but growling critic, who having written against the king of France, was horribly agitated at the proposal of a treaty of peace lest the French monarch should, in one of the articles, enforce the delivery of the terrified author to the pains and penalties of Gallic justice. On the first night of Miss Macauley's engagement at Bath, she seized hold of Charlton, the gentlemanly manager, and with evident perturbation, exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "Good God! why am I made the victim of such unheard-of persecution? do you see that stout man in the front row of the pit? observe with what intense anxiety he follows me with his eyes! I mean that man with the red nose, large cheeks, and immense corporation. That is captain Ford, in disguise. He has followed me post from London, at the desire of the whole of the female part of my profession, with the express intention of hooting me from the stage! Gracious heavens! to what lengths will the indulgence of vanity and envy drive poor human nature." "Poor mad thing!" said Charlton, to the coterie in the green room, "I could not talk to her on the stage, but I knew very well that her fancied persecutor was no other than quiet old Jenkins, the tallow chandler."

Her vagaries at this time became more frequent and more preposterous. She quarrelled with every manager, and insulted every actor with whom she came in contact. It was impossible to please her. One night she would play Desdemona, and when the piece was announced for repetition, demand the part of Emilia—particularly if the lady who performed that character had made any impression upon the public. Nor were her variations confined to the opposite tragedy parts; she has been known to desire the repetition of the Foundling of the Forest, wherein she played Eugenia, for the sake of eclipsing Mrs. Allop, who had delighted the audience by her excessive sprightliness in the character of the waiting woman Rosebelle. One night, during the performance of Pizarro, she took offence at the dress of the lady

representing Cora, and selecting the same play for her benefit night, announced herself for that part, resigning her proper character of Elvira to a stock actress of inferior grade. "Now," said Miss Macauley, strutting into the green room, "behold the correct mode of dressing the South American Indian!" A small white muslin robe exquisitely frilled and flowered, was thrown negligently over one shoulder, exposing the whole of one side of her bosom and back; her petticoat was looped Diana fashion, more than half way up her thigh, which, with her legs, feet, hands and arms, were entirely bare, save the coloring necessary, in her imagination, for the skin of the Indian maid. Remonstrance was useless; she *would* appear in the dress, and consequently drove away the few respectable people whom her announcements had induced to enter the theatre. She meant no immodesty in this proceeding; her excessive vanity induced her to believe that her example was sufficient to stamp correctness upon any proceeding, however *outré* or repulsive.

Having quarrelled with every manager in the kingdom, she was compelled in her own defence to turn manager herself, or give up the practice of her profession. Mr. Wilson, proprietor of the European Museum, King street, St. James's, was persuaded by Miss Macauley to fit up a theatre on his premises, and place it at her sole control. During the completion of the fittings, her whims were of the most aggravating kind; the paint, paper hangings, curtains, etc. were several times changed, after the arrangements had been deemed complete; and the orders given to the workmen to day were certain to be contradicted to-morrow, with an excess of temper that rendered their execution a work of peculiar aggravation. At last, the fanciful lady consented to be satisfied; a new edition of "The Regalio" was announced, and after a few nights, failed even to pay the expense of the lights. Applications were made to the nobility, offering the use of this elegant little theatre for amateur performances. The scheme promised success; but Miss Macauley was not to be driven from her tenure—she insulted the ladies by her contemptuous demeanor, sneered at the lordlings, broke up the party, and compelled her friend and patron Wilson to take the benefit of the insolvent act, and sell off his estate by public auction, to pay the law expenses.

The Argyll Rooms, in Regent street, gave the next token of her "whereabout;" in addition to her usual allowance of serious and comic songs and speeches, she gave "Dramatic Illustrations of the Passions," and very curious specimens of positive madness were the passionate illustrations, which, when they failed to frighten the timid portions of the few adventurers in front, served as food for immoderate laughter. I have heard her recite with appropriate action, Belvidera's mad scene, wherein she would dash herself down upon the six feet square stage erected at one end of the room, and with frantic yells, tear at the boards with her distended fingers, as if digging up her Jaffier from the grave. In five minutes, she has appeared again, in a short round frock, or countryman's blouse, red wig, and squab hat, singing a comic fol-de-rol sort

of song in true Yorkshire dialect. Again, she would appear in her own proper apparel, with a blue-ribanded guitar slung round her neck, warbling a Spanish serenade most pathetically. "*Hic et ubique*" seemed her chosen motto. You met with her at Birmingham and Brighton, and saw her bills as you passed through the metropolis on your way. She was to be heard of in Edinburgh, and seen in Dublin—the same paper contained her advertisements of the "Regalio" at Freemason's Hall, and a Lecture at some Mechanics' Institution. She has been before the public in every possible way. She has publicly preached the gospel at a small chapel in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and exhibited herself in conjunction with those infidel scoundrels, Carlisle and Wright, "the Devil's Chaplain," at their Sabbath desecrations in Blackfriars' road. She has played at every theatre in London, and held her "gallimauffries" in each of the countless concert rooms in the metropolis and its boundless environs.

In 1825, she published a volume of tales paraphrasing the plots of various of Shakspeare's plays—it is well done, but inferior to Lamb's work on the same subject. In 1832, when the many horrible murders (for the sake of selling the bodies to the surgeons,) were committed by the miscreants Burke and Bishop, Miss Macauley published a long "Letter to the Lord Chancellor of England upon the subject of Burking," as the crime was denominated in the slang of the day. No other female but Miss Macauley would have dared to meddle with so revolting a subject.

Miss Macauley's inordinate self-esteem caused her many a sleepless night and restless day. She was eternally repining at the success of her compeers, and maligning their fair names. Popularity ever pays a heavy tax in being compelled to endure the never-ceasing sneers of the ignorant and envious laborers in the same line; but Miss Macauley concentrated within herself malignity sufficient for six second-rate actors of ordinary jealousy, and conceit enough for a dozen popular and pretty young actresses spoiled by flattery and flirtation. Miss Macauley once received a letter from an agent, offering a situation of some value at a minor theatre in London; she went to him in a towering passion, and threatened to horsewhip him for insulting her with an offer "so derogatory to her talent and her consequence." A few months afterwards she went to the same theatre for one-half the money that had been previously offered her. Sometimes she would assume the airs of the inspired poetess; and once when a manager called on her about an engagement, she strolled into the room, clad in a negligent dishabille, with her hair loose about her neck, one stocking off, and a mysterious roll of paper in one hand, while the other grasped a gray goose quill, which she played distractedly over her face as she walked up and down the room; at last, the bright idea was clothed—the words were framed, and calling loudly for the ink, she ran out of the room without noticing the person she had travelled many weary miles to meet.

She was once invited by lady Griesby to *lionize* before a large party of fashionables; she did so, and

standing up at one end of the room, recited a very, very long poem of her own composition, on the death of Mary, queen of Scots. She then sat down to the piano forte, and accompanied herself in several of her laughable songs; after which, she horrified her hostess and her hearers by madly preaching the most ultra-fanatic denunciations in the cant and slang of the conventicle—not content with uttering her own wild imaginings, in reprehending their way of life, she borrowed the established forms of the most celebrated brimstone dealers, and, with frightful energy, consigned the whole of her unwilling congregation to the depths of the bottomless pit.

Miss Macauley could not be reckoned a handsome woman, and, during the main portion of her notoriety, was certainly not very young; yet she deemed herself a personification of Hebe and Venus, and spoke confidently of her wedded destiny, and the comforts of her expected domesticity, although it is not known that she ever received a serious offer of matrimony. A hoax was once played off upon her, certainly not of a justifiable nature, although her egregious vanity caused every member of the theatre to enjoy its progress. A letter was sent to her, written, in fact, by a well-known tragedian, but purporting to be the handiwork of a gentleman of independent fortune, full of strange vows and solemn protestations of burning love, and requiring the fair object of his thoughts, if disengaged in heart and hand, to wear a fillet or wreath of white roses in her hair during the performances of the ensuing night. The letter was received; but, unluckily for the joke's health, Miss Macauley had to perform Floranthe in *The Mountaineers*, "a breeches part," as it is technically termed—that is, the performer has to assume the male attire. This, it was imagined, would effectually exclude the appearance of the wreath of roses. The play commenced; Floranthe appeared in the usual drab slouch hat and feathers, and the hearts of the jokers desponded. The play progressed; Floranthe uncovered her head to permit the recognition of her lover Octavian, when, lo! you now, the wreath of roses was seen encircling her head, to the delight of the initiate few. After the fall of the curtain, the author of the letter, who, by the way, played Octavian, said to his victim, "Miss Macauley, we have made quite a hit to-night—did you see that handsome young man start up with delight when you pulled off your hat in the recognition scene? I never saw any one so delighted." "Ah! show him to me, I beg." The hole in the green curtain was in requisition, but the handsome young man was not visible—he had doubtless left the theatre.

Another letter was sent to the unsuspecting lady, thanking her for her kindness and condescension in attending to the wishes of a stranger, who had too great a sense of his own unworthiness to presume to solicit an interview, without the permission of the idol of his soul; and requesting her, if the letters were acceptable, to wear a pink feather, etc." The joke was again successful. Another letter, requesting permission to wait upon her, to be accorded by carrying a nosegay in her delicate fingers. A bouquet of larger proportions than usual accompanied the letter,

and, in the evening, Elvira walked about the camp before Quito, with a bouncing nosegay of English flowers. Several letters, all without signature or address, were sent at various times, requesting her to wear different colored dresses on different occasions; the requests were uniformly complied with, to the great delight of the hoaxers, who thus improperly played with the feelings of an unsuspecting female. Her vanity induced her to insist upon the reality, and she frequently hinted at the probability of an immediate change in her condition. The plotters appointed several interviews, and sent as many apologies. The tragedian again noticed the agitation of the handsome young man in the boxes; and, once, actually pointed out an unconscious visitor, in a side box, as the gentleman who uniformly applauded Miss Macauley, with such passionate vehemence. At last, in a letter breathing sad despair and instant suicide, the anonymous lover accused her of entertaining a passion for the tragedian—requiring her to wear *real armor*, on her next appearance, if the charge were false. This preposterous scheme was resorted to, in hopes that its extravagance would break off the affair; but the infatuated woman, determining to keep faith with her attached unknown, refused to play Mrs. Beverly on the ensuing evening, affecting to be seriously ill. Her eccentricity could not shadow forth an excuse for dressing the modest and suffering wife in real armor; but, on the next evening, to the horror of the jokers, she came down from her room, dressed for the Queen in

Hamlet, with a bright steel breast plate and a golden casque. The manager's remonstrances were treated with rude indignation; he was in the secret of the plot, and, hurt by the tenor of her remarks, betrayed his knowledge of the fact. She refused to play again upon the boards of his stage—but used, whenever she reverted to the circumstance, to ridicule the idea of the fictitiousness of the epistles. She knew them to be genuine; but the manager, who had been applied to by her unknown lover, did not wish her to marry, and refused to allow her to appear in the dress requested by her incog. innamorato; the dear youth, imagining that she acknowledged the truth of his suspicions, refused to write again, and thus, by the envy of the profession, she had lost an excellent establishment and a devoted friend. She evermore hated the manager and the tragedian, with a concentration of malignity known only to the frequenters of the green room.

Miss Macauley's abilities however varied, were not above mediocrity in any thing that she attempted. Her tragedy was formal, antiquated, and coldly correct in its general tone; occasionally bombastic in the passionate portions, and peevish and whining in the expression of intense woe. In comedy, she had a strong touch of the Borachio, and was otherwise unpleasant. Her singing was barely tolerable. Her industry and perseverance were illimitable. She died in England about two years ago.

W. E. B.

THE PREVALENCE OF LUXURY.

BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

It is admitted by every individual that judging by the past, is the only method of foreseeing the events of time and partially removing the mist which pends between the present and the future. In the history and records of former ages and countries, we may read, though indistinctly, the destinies of the governments of the present time. We can see the rise and advance of a nation, trace the sunny path of her existence, decry the appearance and progress of a fatal enemy to her endurance, and finally discover the immediate causes of her dissolution—the rock on which she split. We there may contemplate one people steadfastly pursuing a high career of glory and renown. We may behold her sons eager to pluck a leaf from the wreath of knowledge, and aspiring to thread the intricate mazes of science; diffusing the genial rays of literature throughout the unenlightened world, elevating man from the low situation he occupies, to a sphere for which he was intended by his Creator;

bursting the thralls of ignorance by which mankind have long been bound; and, as it were, infusing anew the breath of life and liberty into those who have borne the burden of a moral and political bondage.

Of such a government we have the highest hopes. We, in imagination, can trace her prosperous path down the vista of succeeding generations, and predict for her an existence lasting as time, and bright as the beams on the chaplet of innocence.

Too soon, alas! are our fair visions of prosperity darkened by observing the rise and influence of an insidious foe to her happiness. The people feel secure from the aggression of a foreign force, nor perceive the existence of an internal canker which, though slowly, surely extends its pernicious influences, and widens its sphere of action till the whole community are impregnated with its effects. The assurance of security induces the populace to relax their efforts for the maintenance of the national cha-

acter, and they begin to indulge in luxury and inactivity. The pursuits of industry, once inviting and pleasant, become irksome, and are laid aside for the gratification of effeminate and unhallowed desires. The cheerful routine of business is displaced by habits of powerless indolence. The effusions of genius, which late were wont to recreate the mind when loaded with the cares of life, now seldom appear, and when they do, they seem to carry, in their very aspect, the taint of luxurious inactivity. The halls of science have become the haunts of voluptuousness, and the spirits of literature and poesy have left the scene of former culture, and their shrines are deserted. The neglect of moral and literary advancement begets indolence with respect to the affairs of state. Careless and supine the people leave their social compacts and political institutions exposed to the innovations of aspiring and unprincipled demagogues, who mould the operations of government at their own pleasure. The picture of a nation's degradation is soon completed. Fallen from her late high and exalted character, she has reached her destination, and has become the passive tool of usurpation and oppression.

Where now are her sages, her heroes, and her patriot sons, who were wont, from their knowledge and prudence, their valor and their ardent attachment to their country and her institutions, to command from an admiring world esteem and respect? Impudent conceit now supplies the place of wisdom; the hero of the tented field has become the puppet of the drawing-room, and patriotism is degenerated into servile flattery and degraded sycophancy.

Is this the chimera of a disordered imagination? Are these the wanderings of a wild and irregular fancy? Go seek an answer in the ruins of Greece and Rome, and in the remnants of other popular systems, which flourished once, but now are not. Let the remains of their stately and gorgeous palaces and amphitheatres; their arenas in which was witnessed with a refinement of cruelty, the destruction of human life; let the splendid walks and anointed baths, still magnificent in ruins—give the response. The luxury and degeneracy of the people hastened the downfall of these illustrious republics, and they are now known only in the story of their ancient grandeur and present degradation. Their columns and statues, their altars and temples, time-honored and mouldering, remain as mournful mementoes of their former greatness. The examples here introduced may be too familiar to the minds of many, to enable them to appreciate their force; but did occasion seem to demand, we could recount the similar story of other renowned dynasties, whose existence, although not so brilliant, was disastrously terminated by the operations and influence of a spirit of luxurious indolence. We trust, however,

that the instances above cited may serve as warning to those who feel interested in the purity and permanency of the institutions, social and political, of our country. And as we recur to the recollection of the pristine dignity and renown of those illustrious governments which time has nearly effaced, and recall the memory of the magnanimous and chivalrous spirits of those departed heroes and sages, who still live in the remembrance of every generous and sympathizing modern, and as we transport our imaginations to those periods when they shone as bright stars in the firmament of glory, casting a brilliant and inspiring influence around, animating their countrymen to deeds of noble daring and irreproachable fame—and then turn again to the present existence of their sons, we should ask, why so great a change? We had thought that Rome, the mistress of the world, might have withstood the ravages of a thousand centuries and still occupy that same distinguished and illustrious station. Carthage and Greece, too, why have they perished? While their sons were untainted with any of that supineness and luxury, which, when indulged in, enervate the body, paralyze all its faculties and blunt and extinguish the noble feelings of the soul, they were secure. But when a spirit of luxurious indolence began to pervade the minds of men and cause them to sigh for the flattering but deceitful pleasures of wealth and dissipation, neglect of civil, moral and political advancement was engendered, and the welfare of the public institutions was disregarded. In a little while men of all degrees, from the peasant who late pursued his occupation with cheerfulness, to the great ones whose duty it was to guard and guide the destinies of the people, fell under the dominion of this ensnarer; and unable to derive nourishment and support from the degraded slaves of indolence and ruin, the tender institutions of freedom received a shock from which they could not recover, and fell from the proud eminence which they had attained, dragging with them all the glory, honor, and almost existence of the people. Is this fancy, or it fact? The history of the world in all ages, confirms the statement, and even now the spirits of calm friendship, pure and ardent affection, ennobling science, refining literature, disinterested patriotism and holy religion point to the wounds they received from the same hand which drew the life blood of liberty—and bid us preserve ourselves from the innovations of this insinuating destroyer; and exhort us to be vigilant in avoiding its fostering, lest it should spread its blasting influence over this fair land and precipitate our liberties into an untimely grave, to swell the catalogue of examples of man's incapability to govern himself; and succeeding generations regard the relation of our name and actions as a legend of tradition.

Philadelphia.

ESSEX.

ZEPHANIAH DOOLITTLE.

A POEM.

From the Manuscripts of Montmorency Sneerlip Snags, Esq.

EDITED BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Though my rhyme be iagged,
Tattered and ragged,
Rudely rain beaten,
Rusty moth-eaten ;—
If ye talke well therewith,
Ye will find in it some pith.

Skelton's Colyn Clout.

[The said Poem containeth the Adventures of the Hero previous to his intended essay at Preaching ; his race with Bumble's bull ; the battle consequent thereon ; a soaring attempt at sublimity, which falleth into bombast ; and divers other matters.]

"HAIL muse," etc.—though each bardling sings
Of noble deeds of which he always knew little,
My soul shall mount on Poesy's sounding wings,
T' exalt the name of ZEPHANIAH DOOLITTLE!
A man was he, though great in many things,
In stature small, for in his size he grew little.
His mind was kneaded well with holy leaven;
And in its boundless thought was huge as heaven;
His length was just five feet, age twenty-seven.

It is the custom, which I shan't adhere to,
To sing about a hero's early days—
About the parents whom the boy was dear to ;
How oft the younster studies, how oft plays ;
How his bold spirit made his teachers fear to
Correct his manners, or amend his ways.
I'll overlook the days of his minority,
As also six long years of his majority.
And hold for this, *myself*, as good authority.

Our hero thought, (a very curious notion,)
That he could preach an edifying sermon,
Such as would draw from out the vasty ocean
All monstrous things, from whales down unto mer-
men ;
Make lacing belles forsake their Almond Lotion,
Dandies their lisp, philosophers their German ;
In short, upset each foul and knavish trick,
Of he whom preachers from the world would kick,
That monstrous scamp and master de'il—old Nick.

Who has not felt thy fierce and wild desire,
In works a demon, and in thought a God—
Ambition! e'en thy name awakes a fire
Within our souls that bends us to thy nod :
If thou were not, all striving would expire,
And mankind think of nothing but to plod.
Some grope through life unnoticed and unknown,
But bolder spirits bend before thy throne,
Seeking for fame e'er life and hope be flown.

The man who creeps amid the common throng,
Within whose breast dwells not ambition's form,
Who heeds not, hears not emulation's song,
Is but a worm—a vile, degraded worm.
Smile if you will, my reader. Gad! ere long,
You'll own me right. Ambition is the germ
From whence all growth of nobleness proceeds ;—
A blooming flower amid a host of weeds,
It proves a goad, which prompts to glorious deeds.

Inspired by this, the poets numbers roll
From off the lyre, in tuneful harmony,
Causing his swelling thought and raptured soul
To soar in regions of blest poesy,
Spurning the clods that would his mind control,
And roving with imagination free.
Why does he this? say what the mighty laws
Bind him to leave the world? its sordid cause?
Does not ambition urge that world's applause?

But not alone the monarch of the lyre,
Whose words are melody, whose voice is song,
Dost thou with feelings emulant inspire;
For see! a mortal from the plodding throng
Has heard thy voice, has felt thy startling fire,
And men of might and master souls among,
Has snatched a station with a grasping hand,
A nation trembles at his bold command,
His frown alarms, his anger shakes the land.

The painter and the sculptor feel thy power,
It is thy mandate calls their bodyings forth,
All bow thy magic influence before,
Thou mighty monarch o'er the great of earth;
Cynics at thee may snarl each passing hour,
Fools may deride, and grovellers scorn thy worth,
Still of thy mighty power will poets sing,
By thee allured, forget their sorrowing,
And crown thee monarch! undisputed king.

Our hero took the fitting steps, and made
 Due preparations for his first appearance
 Upon that *depot* of the preaching trade—
 The pulpit. Now, I'll give my muse a clearance
 From all uncouth rhyme, whether sung or said,
 Or else I'll scarcely merit much forbearance,
 For though the measure's modelled after Dorset,
 The rhyme is rather in a strain *en corset*,
 Unyielding, stern, stiff, rascally, and forced.

There's one alone on earth whose dulness read is,
 'Tis BENNY BRANDRETH, curer of all ills—
 He, quite successful at the quacking trade is,
 And, storing cash by selling off his pills,
 Defies the ire of all blue-stockings ladies,
 Seeming to wield at least a thousand quills.
 He is the man that jokes and champagne cracks,
 All known diseases with success attacks,
 LORD OF EMPIRICS, POTENTATE OF QUACKS!

There's oculist JOHN WILLIAMS, great eye-curer,
 Inserting eyes where none had been before,
 Making the blindest to see firmer, surer,
 And those that much do see, to see the more.
 He gulls the public, and what judge or juror
 Imprisons him as rogue, or thief, or bore?
 Why none at all. The herd and vulgar mass
 Will have it not, but let him onward pass,
 Riding triumphant on the public ass.

And there's Monsieur, the Animal Magnetizer,
 And his half score of "*petite demoiselles*,"
 Who when asleep than waking folks are wiser,
 Knowing of aught. (What sage and potent belles!)
 Hence and begone, Stokes, Stockton, Reeside, Keyser,
 No more you're wanted, so sage FOYEN tells;
 His air-rides favor of a "no-go" motion,
 Or at the best, a very slow-go notion,
 And much beneath our old steam locomotion.

Though to be sure it would be quite convenient,
 (Lord, how the country folks would gape and stare
 Whene'er beholding such a sage expedient.)

To start express mails through the upper air—
 Our Congress, to the peoples voice obedient,
 Must have a sapient magnetizer there,
 Our doings to report. Then they, (the elves)
 Would know our thoughts much better than our
 selves.

('Twould save the mire in which that body delves.)

But to talk serious—*what* is this famed science
 Which makes the blind to see, the deaf to hear,
 Transforming idiots into mental giants,
 Making their thoughts no more confused, but clear,
 And bidding rules of common sense defiance?

'Tis something strange, and therefore 'tis more
 dear

To some than was to Egypt's Queen, the asp,
 Which brought her death. Fond fancy fain would
 clasp

The pleasures fate hath placed far, far beyond her
 grasp.

Now to our tale. A day had been appointed,
 On which good Zephy should a sermon preach;
 That sermon he had written, framed and jointed
 Some time before—it had five headings; each
 With the bright dulness of his brain anointed;
 Prepared good manners to the world to teach,
 It talked of sin, and sorrow, and transgressing,
 Of hope and piety, and wrongs confessing,
 And ended, as they all do, with a blessing.

The day arrived—"big with th' impending fate,"
 Though not of Cato nor of "Mason's Blacking,"
 But Zephaniah. The good people met,
 Of all the villagers not one was lacking;
 Arrived at church, and in their pews well set,
 The women's tongues soon gave their mouths a
 thwacking;
 A buzzing noise rose loud and louder. Each her
 Own good opinion gave, upon the preacher
 That was to be their sage and ghostly teacher.

Long did they hum, and longer still the hum
 Would've been continued, had not deacon Schneipt
 Rose up and whispered to squire Currycomb,
 Whilst with his sleeve his glowing face he wiped,
 "Why, squire, Lord bless me, won't the preacher
 come?"

I *razly* think Old Nick the man has griped."
 The squire, in slow and cautious manner speaking,
 While flamed his nose as glowing as a beacon,
 Replied, "I cannot tell now, really, deacon."

Now let us leave this prurient congregation,
 With curiosity and wonder fretting,
 Them, and their anxious, curious agitation,
 And to our good friend Zephani' be getting.
 But first we'll fill the verse with meditation,
 To imitate the lay of "Tony Etting;
 Or talk most learnedly on Sancho Panza,
 On Louis Philippe, Bordeaux, or Braganza—
 But stay! we've reached the bottom of the stanza.

Sage Zephaniah left his own good mansion—
 In one coat pocket he had cheese and crackers,
 The other held two books which de'il's might dance on,
Videlicet, "The Cottage Hymns of Packer's,"
 And that, to which all men should pay attention,
 THE BOOK OF HEAVEN. This, though defaced by
 wreckers,

Who, in their calling clerical, presume
 Its clearest truths to darken into gloom,
 Is still the light, man's darken'd mind t' illumine.

The Bible! 'tis a name which fills our heart
 With hope, with charity, and thoughts of heaven;
 A blessed peace and comfort doth impart,
 And heals the soul that hath with wo been riven.
 Let deists, 'gainst the dictates of their heart,
 Say "it was ne'er by inspiration given,"
 E'en though 'twere not, still 'twould have highest
 place
 Over all other works. In it we trace
 A thousand guides for our most sinful race.

We'll preach no more, but hasten to our hero,
Whose courage rose at times to boiling heat,
Now sank to blood, and thence below to zero,
As he thought on the toils which must him greet.
He thought (and then he doffed his worn Montero,
And scratched awhile his partly vacant pate,)
Upon the things which most men's fancy tickle, as
Fighting "the fight of faith" with wicked Nicholas,
And making sin look hideous and ridiculous.

He thought some more, and would much more have
thought,
Had not his vision loomed athwart the church-
yard,

(Which was by some called a "neat burying spot,"
Others, half French and English, called it "mort-
yard.")

He saw that he was late, so thought he'd cut
The distance shorter, by squire Bumble's orchard;
He scaled the wall, sans aid, help, or assistance,
Save arms and legs much like an engine's pistons,
And soon with lengthened strides abridged the dis-
tance.

As he proceeded with devotion full,
He heard a furious bellowing behind him;
And turning 'round, he saw a monstrous bull,
Pawing as though beneath his feet he'd grind him.
He ran, you may be sure, to "save his wool!"—

Who would not, if such motives had inclined him?
Zephy *could* run, and *did* run at a pace
As swift as might be, but we always trace
The thought that four legs win, from two, a race.

He dropped his sermon, but no living creature
When anger reigned to reason was inclined;
The bull, with angry look and twisted feature,
Whisked with his tail the paper to the wind.
Fast ran the bull, and fast did run the preacher—
All Zephy dropped the bull did never mind,
But chased away right lustily, (that's flat!)
Next Zephy dropped his bible, even that
Checked not his foe; next, but in vain, his hat.

He yielded up for lost, when lo! his eyes
Beheld a tree, the kind so off named "Eve's,"
Its knotty limbs before him did arise,
Covered with Newtown pippins and with leaves;
He thought he'd gain this tree of mighty size,
And bid defiance unto bulls and bees.
'Twas so—he leapt—no moment then was lost,
For had he tarried 'twould have been with cost,
On Bumble's bull's sharp horns he'd have been tost.

He seized the nick of time—but not the Nick
That dwells below and ne'er on earth is heard,
Although 'tis said, in mischief ever quick,
He interposes many a wicked word,
Tempting to sin, Tom, Arthur, Jack, and Dick;
Neither the one described by doctor Bird—
To whom in reverence we might this thing say:
Nick of the Woods! great devil must thou be,
Old Nick below will yield the palm to thee.

Neither was it the Nick, or rather Nicholas,
Who reign'd within his marble hall in state,
Whom foes endeavor still to make ridiculous,
And friends and merchants to make wise and great;
Whose smiling face and manners bland doth tickle us,
And make good-humored thoughts rise in our
pate.

Who, praise of friends and foeman's ire, both scorning
Sets in his chair, "calm as a summer's morning;"—
But the bright time success is still adorning.

This, then, he seized, and mounted in the tree,
He kept the bellowing animal at bay;
But what astonishment it was to see
That the proud brute still seemed inclined to stay.
Zeph felt enraged. What! was it so? was he
From his loved sermon to be kept that day?
'Twas so, alas! and he was forced to gulp it.
How oft he wished the brute's huge horn-capt skull
split,
Or hurled unto the bottom of a coal-pit.

He saw from out his seat within the tree
That all the audience, far and wide, were scatter-
ing;
He *saw*, but could do nothing else but *see*,
For probable escape was not so flattering;
And well he knew this single fact—if he
Jumped down, the bull would try his head at bat-
tering.

Alas! his congregation little knew
That he was prisoner made by Taurus, who
Made him to tremble at his hollow "boo!"

Zephy sat still, and chewed the bitter quid,
Not of reflection, but Virginia weed,
To wait intending, until night had hid
The earth in darkness; till the sun his steed
Had ta'en to stable, and the earth was rid
Of that great fright to men of wicked deed,
That tell-tale vagabond, informing light.
A something inward said, "All will be right,"
And hope outspread her sunny flag of light.

Hope! smiling genius! whose gladsome reign
Brightness and love unto the heart extending,
With the dark shades of sorrow and of pain,
The light relief of joy and beauty blending.
All nations love thee, spirit! all would fain
Allure thy smile. The Ethiop, when wending
(His darksome way 'midst ignorance and despair,
Knows thy loved form will chase away his care,
Dispersing sorrow in illusive air.

Who would not love thee owns a heart as cold
As is the icebergs of the frigid north—
Stern, as if cast in dark affliction's mould,
And nursed within a cavern of the earth—
Gloomy, as though from hell's sulphurous fold,
At Pluto's mandate, it had issued forth.
Who would not list to thy light words of gladness,
Which cheer the soul, and chase the dark imp, sadness,
Should dwell alone 'mid hate, revenge and madness.

Such were the thoughts of Zephy as in station
 Sublime and high, upon a crooked limb,
 He thought on hope, and sermons, eke salvation
 From the dread might and mighty power of him
 Who held below a watchful observation,
 And seemed to make a duty of a whim—
 Squire Bumble's bull, the bull of esquire Bumble.
 "If," thus spoke Zephy, "I should chance to tumble
 From height just here, his *horns* would make me *hum-
 ble*."

He raised his eyes and saw a party stalking
 Across the field, headed by deacon Tottle,
 Who famous was in all parts for his talking,
 Likewise his deep devotion to the bottle;
 In company with him, was also walking,
 Squire Tumblewell, who two stout men could
 throttle;
 Next deacon Schneipt, who was quite pious, very;
 Then Peter Dumps, who grinning was and merry;
 Then Sammy Snakeroot and lieutenant Berry.

He raised his eyes, and then he raised his voice,
 And like an owl, in ruined castle hall,
 That in the darkened midnight does rejoice,
 And whoop and halloo, he did shout and bawl;
 Till they, attracted by the shrilly noise,
 Approached quite close unto the orchard wall.
 They stared and stared—the deuce! what made them
 stare so?
 To see a preacher set up as a scare-crow?
 Zounds! nonsense! why, sirs, *that* is not a "rare-go."

Many there are who at the present day
 Raise themselves up as marks for fools to squint
 on,
 And by odd things, out of the common way,
 Make them notorious; there is Avery, Hinton,
 Irving, Fitz Clarence—lord knows, I might say
 A thousand names as I my verses went on,
 But that my temper is quite merciful,
 And loves not at their name or fame to pull,
 Save to compare the mass with Bumble's bull.

Who, though no member of our pious clergy,
 Resembled them in some things at the least,
 In hunting up a sinner, as e'en heard ye
 In a back stanza, roaring like a beast.
 As some divines, who think that they have cured ye
 Of woful sin, by spreading out a feast
 Of hell's dread agony and torments dire,
 Of brimstone, scorpions, burning flames and fire,
 And every fright that demons could desire.

But that is not the manner to convert
 From sin to piety the stubborn heart;
 The *mode* is bad—by terrors, you but hurt
 The young repentance, and no good impart
 Unto the soul. Just so 'tis with a shirt,
 (Excuse the simile, peruser smart.)
 In the West Indies, where the negroes wash,
 They seize two stones, and with them beat and slash,
 Until they pound the linen into "smash."

Meanwhile the band did gaze and gape upon
 A sight which unto them was strange to see;
 They asked of Zeph, if he would downward come,
 And not stay, like a scare-crow in the tree.
 "I can't," said Zeph, "for *he* won't let me down."
 "He! who mean you?" said they, "pray, who is
he?"
 (The *bull*, meanwhile, was hid behind a bush,
 Waiting, in ambuscade, to give a rush,
 Whene'er this holy band should forward push.)

Then did they scale the wall, and then advance
 Unto the aid of their "*demented*" minister,
 Whom they imagined, from the first quick glance,
 To be endowed with purpose bad and sinister;
 Else why, without "malicious thought prepenes,"
 Would he engage to preach, and then not in it stir?
 Their train of thought, howe'er, was quickly ended,
 And with "confusion, worse confounded," blended,
 The bull soon scattered thoughts, sublime or splendid.

For with loud roar and most horrific bellow,
 The bull was soon the thickest group among.
 Lord! how they ran! from the short, dumpy fellow,
 Pete Dumps, to he whose legs were thin and
 long,
 Squire Tumblewell, and as they ran did halloo.
 Rushing in fright, "a wild, tumultuous throng."
 Here was no place for friends to bill and coo;
 For here, to use the "*lingo party voo*,"
 The general cry was "*Messieurs, sauve qui peut*."

Which last, when in the English tongue translated,
 Doth read, "the bull may gore the hindmost man,"
 And (odd enough) at this fell time 'twas fated
 The proverb should be true—and truer than
 Most proverbs are. The bull with anger baited
 No doubt at laying under Zephy's ban,
 Gave to Squire Sammy Snakeroot such a butting
 Upon that part which from the rear is jutting,
 That strength and thoughts were scarcely worth a—
 button.

The next one to the bull was Peter Dumps,
 Whom first he struck, intending but to serve him
 As he had served squire Snakeroot, by two bumps,
 Which could or would not tend 't'unnerve him,
 But which would make him stir his solid stumps,
 And from his usual lazy stride would swerve him.
 Alas! the waistband of Pete's inexpressibles
 Hooked on the bull's horns, who soon made them
whisk-ables,
 And gave to Pete a spasm of distressables.

Many the tales which eastern bards relate,
 In which the wizard might of woman's love
 Shines like the brilliant guiding star of fate,
 Sparkling and bright, high in the heavens above.
 We know not if Pete's wife were small or great,
 Or whether one at all he had, by Jove;
 However, if he had one, she should teach us,
 By her good spouse's woful jerks and pitches,
 Never to wear a waistband on our breeches.

The bull went scouring on across the field,
 With Peter Dumps suspended to his horn,
 Whom like a waxen puppet he did wield,
 Making him rue the day that he was born;
 Causing his wife with fear to be congealed,
 And laughing all his struggles unto scorn.
 'Twas just as bad (to use a well-worn trope)
 As dangling at the end of Keitch's rope,
 That you ne'er may, pray, and in praying hope.

The bull brought up against the orchard wall,
 And slung friend Peter Dumps across the road.
 The rest—and pray, what of the rest?—why, all
 Sprang from the field in manner *a-la-mode*.
 But when escaped from out his bullehip's thrall,
 Then they began his rising ire to goad;
 They raged, and talked, and looked as large as
 giants,
 Or famous lawyers 'fore admiring clients,
 Bidding to bulls, both tame and wild, defiance.

Along the road another party came,
 And now, supported by this new addition,
 They did commence a war of holy fame,
 A pious crusade, (by your good permission.)
 To save their preacher. In their breasts, a flame
 Like that which lighted he of holy mission,
 Peter, the hermit, did arise, and burned
 As bright as candles, which of late are spurned
 For brilliant gas-lights, and unjustly scorned.

Sticks forward flew in dense and woody shower,
 And stones that had for years in terra grown
 Now were torn up, and hurled with force and
 power

At Bumble's bull, upon whose face was shown
 Contempt and scorn, and where the most did lower
 His foeman's fury, most was heard his groan.
 Bellowing and bawling with a rage-fraught wail
 That made the fiercest of his foemen quail,
 He whisked in rage his anger-straightened tail.

Now grew the battle fiercer—and the rage
 Of Bumble's bull and his redoubted foes
 Grew fiercer also. Naught could it assuage.
 (Always excepting death's terrific throes.)
 His foes, like heroes on the Thespis stage,
 Who dress in tin-pots and in tinselled clothes,
 Rushed on in dread array. Leading the van,
 Came captain Swagger; he (the gallant man)
 Had been the foremost since the fight began.

The ambushade placed in the apple-tree
 Saluted Taurus with a galling fire
 Of Newtown pippins, by the way, d'ye see,
 Of small shot. Very high uprose the ire
 Of Bumble's bull. What of it? Although he
 Waxed high in anger, his foe's rage rose higher.
 They formed *en masse*, they charged (the gallant
 men)
 To beard the bull within his own dark den.
 How firm and doughty! (Peter, nib my pen!)

They charged, they broke, they charged again, and
 rallied,

And with a loud buzza, they onward sprang;
 And then the bull did chase 'em back—those allied
 Powers of Snagsville—while the orchard rang
 With his loud roarings, as he onward sallied,
 Not on his foes, but on the wall. Then, bang!
 Came missiles of all sorts and sizes, show'ring
 Upon the shoulders of the brute, who, low'ring,
 Withstood their power, *sans* fear or signs of cowering.

Bravest of bulls! whose mighty power, *and so forth*,
 Did I but sing, soon, scouring through the land,
 Praises of thee and thine, great bull, would go
 forth,

Chaunted and squealed by all the bardling band.
 Said I the word commanding it, and lo! forth
 Issuing, like fiends 'neath Freischutz's magic wand.
 Odes would be piled on odes, wrote by Bianca,
 Numps, H. N. M., Elera, and Satanca,
 And songs by scores, in all not worth a "thank'ye."

But I have mercy on the public ears,
 And will not make these fellows wield their pens;

Therefore, my readers, banish all your fears,
 They shan't lay odes, as eggs are done by hens,
 One on each day, and two on Sunday. Where's
 The bardling living who will do't? and when's
 This great infliction to be done or made?
 These poems splendid to be sung or said?

This cloud-capt acme of the scribbling trade?

Why, nowhere! There's an "end on't!" So we'll
 back

Unto those noble men whom we left fighting,
 Nor once we'll wander from our beaten track

Till you no more are reading, or we, writing;
 No more on scribbler's heads our thunders crack,

But to our scribe our verses be inditing.
 Not that we fear the bardling's power—not we;
 But want no broils, although the truth, perdie,
 Is, that—we—lack—a share—of bravery.

Loud grew the noise. Another reinforcement

Arrived, the former gallant band to aid;
 Composed of village beaux, who smelt of horsemint
 And tallow-candles—the perfuming trade
 Had not yet reached their village—they of course
 meant

To smell quite sweet, and charm each village maid.
 You sure can't blame them. Not at all. For vanity
 Is at all places shown. Ay! all humanity
 Are much afflicted with this sad insanity.

The allied army charged. They scaled the wall

And drove the brute triumphantly away;
 Using no guns, nor swords, nor ball, save bawl,

And coming off "the winners of the day."
 They took friend Zephy from his bullehip's thrall,
 And made, if not the bull, the de'il to pay.

Poor Zephaniah! he was downcast quite;
 His face was just as lightly pale with fright
 As is the paper sheet on which I write.

"A long farewell to" preaching. When he'd think
 If such a thing could e'er again be borne,
One recollection would still make him shrink—
It was the memory of the bull's sharp horn.
 And then before his eyes, which fain would wink,
 Would come the sorrows of that fatal morn.
 His hopes were wrecked. (But, prithee, let that
 go,
 Wrecks are quite common in this sphere below ;
 "This world," so says an 'adage trite, "is full of
 wo.")

"Talking of wrecks," once on a certain time,
 I saw a wreck, and once I saw a ghool ;
 Of the first subject will I talk in rhyme,
 Although no member of the lofty school.
 Perhaps, you think no thoughts, great or sublime,
 Enter my pate. Good reader, you're a fool.
 I'll try to prove you liar, too. What then ?
 Naught that I know of. (Pete, bring here that pen.)
 Here goes for bombast. Now, great muse, begin !

Fast falling was the blazing light of day,
 And the sun cast upon the placid ocean,
 Which, like a mass of molten beryl, lay
 Stilly and calm, deprived of aught like motion—
 A redd'ning gleam, a solitary ray,
 Fading and transient as is man's devotion.
 The paly moon shone dimly, half afraid
 Of her own light, and some in truth dismayed
 At seeing all o'ercast with dark'ning shade.

Far on the outmost verge of that huge dome
 Which rears its ether arch above the world,
 And pleasant is to bards, as gems to some,
 Lay a black cloud, like a damned spirit, hurled
 By God's high hand, from out its heavenly home.
 Far in the ether, its huge mass was curled
 In forms uncouth ; the herald of the storm,
 Whose black, fantastic, and misshapen form
 Would soon with lightning flash be riven and torn.

The sky grew darker. Soon came booming on
 The deep-voiced thunder, whilst at distance rolled
 The wild winds dirge-like and yet tempest tone ;
 The lightning's evanescent sheet of gold,
 Flooding its light the air, the sea, upon,
 Burst in its anger from the clouds huge fold.
 At first they came full slow. The lightning's glare
 Was charged with gloom, as though it held in air
 Some spirit bold, writhing in proud despair.

Then came they swifter, with a threatening clash,
 As though the very elements were warring ;
 And noise sought noise, and crash succeeded crash,
 As the wild winds the thunder-clouds were jar-
 ring.
 Then came the rainy torrent in a dash,
 The many charms of air and ocean marring.
 Then from the mountains, to the beach below,
 Which with the lightning's transient fire did glow,
 Ten thousand torrent streams in wraith did flow.

The dark-green ocean blanched to whitest foam,
 And seemed a plain of ever-drifting snow ;
 Whilst all the wildest terrors seemed to roam
 From their true places, gath'ring over now,
 Ready to burst from out their cloud-built home
 With noise indignant and with angry glow.
 These were the terrors of the tempest. Breaking
 Upon the moaning wind, the shrilly speaking
 Of treacherous water-maid came wildly shrieking.

A stately bark, with eastern riches laden,
 Came dashing proudly o'er the foaming brine
 Of ocean. List'ning to the water-maiden,
 Whose song of joy did float upon the wind,
 Stood th' affrighted seamen. Naught could deaden
 That song's effect on their untutored mind.
 They yielded up for lost. Their coward ear
 No hopeful omen could succeed to cheer,
 And every noise became a sound of fear.

Muttered the clouds—then fierce and redly flashed
 Across the skies, the war-bolt of our God,
 The sheeted flame of heaven. Wild it dashed
 Its flame into the vessel, which did nod
 As though t' acknowledge that the power which
 crashed
 Its form, high heaven's jewelled court had trod.
 And whilst the sound of heaven's ordnance rung
 Through air, the shrouds, and sails, and masts among,
 The curling flame did thrust its forked tongue.

The huge spars crackled, whilst the vessel grew
 Close to the flame, as though it meant to lave
 Its form within the element. Her crew—
 Some sprang in fright into th' illumined wave,
 To meet the death less cruel of the two.
 Dread choice ! a wat'ry or a flaming grave !
 The shrieks of hardy men and women fair,
 Rose in a general shout upon the air,
 While hope and firmness sank before despair.

Now rose into the tempest-darkened night,
 As flashes sunshine through a black'ning cloud,
 A lengthened flame, which showed a fearful light,
 And then a roaring crash, deaf'ning and loud—
 'Twas covered o'er with gloom, where late 'twas
 bright !

* * * * *
 Son waits for sire upon the sandy shore,
 And mother stays for son—their race is o'er !
 Nor son, nor sire, bereaved ones ! meet ye more !

And so my jingling poem, tale, or strain,
 Or what you choose to call't, at length is ended ;
 As I shall not oft trouble you again,
 Excuse me if with rhymes a saw is blended ;
 I cannot help myself, though I would fain
 Not do in this, as long ago most men did.
 Ne'er cross an orchard without knowing well
 Whether a bull within its precincts dwell—
 With this advice, dear reader, fare-thee-well.
 Blockley, August 10th, 1834.

SPECIMENS OF RHETORICAL EMBELLISHMENTS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. R. SHARP, D. D.

THE REPARTEE.

It is a fine day.—It generally is, when a viper is abroad.

Madam; my lord is dying for you.—I wish he was; and that he may never again importune me on the subject of love.

The letter A stands as the first letter of the alphabet in all languages, on account of its simplicity.—Surely, Mr. Lecturer of Rhetoric, it is not on the same account that you have taken the chair at this Institution!

A clergyman, one Sabbath, in his sermon had been supporting the doctrine, that "whatever is, is right," and that "what God had made, was well made." One of the overseers of the parish, who had a protuberant back, and was short and crooked, followed him out of the church, and in the porch thus addressed him: If all things, sir, are well made, how came I not not to be so? The parson instantly ascertaining the mensuration of his figure, told him that he considered him well made—for a cripple.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle, observed, that he was fearful that he was obtruding on his ear. No, no, replied Aristotle, I have not been listening.

A litigation once arose in the University of Cambridge, whether Doctors in Law, or Doctors in Medicine, should hold precedence. The chancellor asking whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution, and being told that the thief usually took the lead, well, then, said the chancellor, let the Doctors in Law have the precedence, and let Doctors in Medicine be next in rank.

A Quaker, in a stage-coach with an officer, observed that his sword was very troublesome.—All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

A link-boy, one very dark evening, asked doctor Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? No, replied the doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish, then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is devilish dark.

THE ANTHRODISMUS.

A Figure, by which a person renders the Proposition of another of counter effect.

Turpin took my mare from the stable, and rode to York, without my knowledge and consent: which I term a felony.—It is true, he did so; but it was no theft; for he rode her to your yard again, and tied her to the rack.

Charlotte, it is my duty as a parent to inform you, that you are sitting by a man of very profligate cha-

racter, who will mar your reputation.—Papa; Vice placed near virtue, makes Virtue more lovely, strong, and clear.

You might have had a deal more wit, papa, had you been governed by my mamma.—Child! he who is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

THE BON MOT.

Brackley Kennet, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1780, was originally a waiter; and when summoned to attend the Privy Council, to answer for his pusillanimous conduct during the riots, his arrival was announced to the Council-chamber: *Ring the bell*, said lord North, and let him attend us.

In a recent duel between two *Lawyers*, one of them shot away *the skirt* of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a *client*, he would very probably have *hit his pocket*.

THE DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A gentleman ordered to attend one evening at the bar of the House of Commons, respecting the *Isle of Man*, was asked by Mr. Dundas, if the population of the Island was on the increase! Very much, answered the witness, since my living there.

Two vivacious girls entering the pump-room at Bath, met a short, fat, ruddy, coarse lady, retiring. Here is *beef a-la-mode* coming out, said one of the girls; this is usual, replied the dowager, to make room for the game!

A gentleman observing his gardener with an old broad-brimmed hat on, jocosely asked him, who gave him that cuckold's hat. It is one of your old ones, replied the gardener, that my mistress gave me yesterday, when you were at the races.

The roses on your cheek were never made
To bless the eye alone, and then to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
To please no other sense than that of seeing.

THE ANECDOTE.

A conceited juvenile pulpit-performer importuned (on some anniversary) the bishop of his diocese to allow him to preach. I have no objection to permit you, said the bishop, but nature will not.

An officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it.—Damn it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why so, colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon, but none with my *batter*.

THE IMPRECATION.

May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen storms of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow! May his days be filled with reproach, and his nights be haunted with remorse! May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! and, may all his offspring be blighted and perish, except one, who may grow up a curse to his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave!

THE DILEMMA.

Why should he be so sharply rebuked? If he has done wrong, a mild admonition would be better: if he has not done wrong, reproof will fall on yourselves.

To say that he is rotten, is a strong term, because it denotes the last stage in the progress of dissolution: and yet if I state that he is near putrefaction, I shall fall short, because putrefaction expresses only the progress toward rottenness.

THE PROCRASTINATED CLIMAX.

What is your name? said a gentleman to a porter. My name, replied the fellow, is the same as my father's. And what is his name? said the gentleman. It is the same as mine. Then what are both your names? Why, they are both alike, said the porter.

A fellow who was tried at Dublin, for some private offence, received the following sentence—JUDGE: The sentence of the court is, that you be flogged from the bank to the quay.—PRISONER: Thank you, my lord! you have done your worst—JUDGE: And be flogged back again.

THE PROVERB.

It is dear bought honey that is licked off a thorn.

A knotty piece of timber requires a smooth wedge.

A man who does not look before, will generally be found behind.

The higher an ape climbs, the more he shows his tail.

Good blood makes an ill-pudding without a little suet.

There is very little for the rake after the shovel.

A man whose eyes require couching, is not a proper person to set up as an oculist.

"He is a chip of the old block." This proverb signifies, that a descendant is like his progenitors.

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip." This proverb arose from the fate of Antinous, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses as he was going to drink.

THE CONTRAST.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,

How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns!

But no sooner we want them, to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins and our mirth's at an end.

SARCASM.

It is true you are a Member of Parliament; but you are too heavy a log to be lifted to preferment by any court lever.

He seems to have invented a new system of ethics, which discards virtue as a superfluity, and rejects integrity as an incumbrance.

This morning, quite dead, Tom was found in his bed,

Altho' he was hearty last night:

But 'tis thought, having seen Dr. Glynn in a dream,

That the poor fellow died of the fright.

VITUPERATION.

Our language has no term of reproach, the mind no idea of detestation, that has not already been happily applied to you, and exhausted.

He is one of those who would not scruple to apologize for every crime that has been committed, from the murder of Abel, down to the last burglary recorded in the annals of the Old Bailey.

He has a fine head of hair, and I trust that the justice of God will soon plait it into a halter, as it did Absalom's; and that the spreading arm of some tree will speedily snatch him to execution.

THE SUN.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

The sun arising in the pomp of brightness,

Dimming the lustre of the frigid moon,

Casting o'er this dark earth his rays of lightness,

Quenching the glimmering planets in their noon,

Drinking full draughts of dew from every blossom,

And hiding darkness in his burning bosom,

Is sight full beautiful;—but fairer still

Is he to view, when from his height declining,

Throwing his farewell beams o'er vale and hill,

He scatters gems upon the streams and fountains,

E'er he his gorgeous empire is resigning,

To sink in stately pride behind the mountains.

The darkening crimson clouds high o'er the west,

Hanging like gorgeous curtains in the sky,

Appear to form around his place of rest,

A gloomy pall, a death-bed canopy.

And when he flees far from their eager view,

In anguish they disperse, dissolving into dew.

July 5th, 1838.

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PAGES FROM
THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. VI.

THE REPRIEVE.

"Audi"
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est."
Juvenal.

"When man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate."
Dryden.

"AND may God have mercy on your soul!" There is an appalling and mournful feeling that comes over the bystander in a Court of Justice, when, after a period of intense interest and breathless attention from the crowded audience, the judge concludes the sentence of death upon a fellow being who has incurred the highest penalties of the law, with the quaint and simple supplication above. But, at such a time, who, without the experience, can imagine the feelings of a young man—the counsel for the condemned, who sits beside his client after every energy has been spent in vain, and beholds the final seal thus impressed upon the destinies which had been confided to his care and protection.

All that ingenuity, all that research, all that the midnight toil could accomplish has been fruitlessly exerted—every hope, every chance has been concluded, there is no error, no informality, no appeal, and the hope and the anxiety which has animated every particle for some period back with its intensity, has flickered its last gleam upon the case. The prisoner stands condemned to die, by the sentence of the law, which he has violated. Oh! it is a thrilling and a painful moment, and one which, though more than once experienced, I would pray ever to avoid again.

John ——— was tried for murder. He was one of several brothers who had emigrated early in life to this country, and who had left behind them every thing that they had esteemed dear in kindred or in friendship, to meet their fortunes in the new country of the free. They had been here for many years, and by thrifty industry had amassed a comfortable little property for their security in time of need, or in the decline of life. John was the twin brother of another who had been left at home to gather for the old people the crops that were grown upon the homestead. He was in the midst of his prosperity—every thing around began to wear the assurance of the success of his honest and upright career among his collaborators, and those with whom he was associated—his house became the asylum of the destitute of his countrymen, and his counsel, the guide and support of the

distressed. In short, he was among his own class and among his countrymen, no common man.

When the news of the arrest was made public, there was, as might be expected, great excitement among his friends. Every determination was set for his service—every heart beat with a quick pulse in his regard, and a hundred hands were ready to lend their aid in securing his defence. The services of a senior counsel and myself, were retained for the accused. The *ex parte* hearing was had, and upon a positive accusation confirmed by some circumstantial evidence, the unfortunate prisoner was remanded, to await his trial at the next session of the Oyer and Terminer. The day fixed for the trial arrived. The Court House was crowded in every part, and amidst all the assemblage there was not perhaps one being unconnected with the issue, that did not feel a lively and fervent desire for the acquittal of the prisoner. He had just arrived at the full development of the man—he was about thirty, and his well squared frame, his healthy glow which stood upon the cheek unchanged by the prison's dew or the mind's distress, and his good humored smile that was stamped by nature upon his face in the hour of his birth—all made him an object of interest, and his fate a subject of solicitude to every one who looked upon him. The trial occupied several days, during which every assiduity and attention which professional experience and skill at the hands of those retained for him could give, was bestowed upon his case. All that friends could do, or means could command in his behalf was expended in the establishment of his defence. Yet all could avail nothing against the effective and affecting power of the prosecution. The widow of the deceased, and the orphans of the murdered man, dressed in the sad habiliments of mourning, came in the presence of the prisoner, and when called upon to designate the murderer of the husband and the father, pointed with unerring certainty and equal promptitude to the accused. The evidence detailed a most foul and deliberate deed. The deceased had been watched on his way home to his residence,

which was some distance from the habitation of any fellow being. In a moment of fancied security and quiet, when his wife was busied in the preparation of the plain and homely fare of the evening board, and the children were clambering around their father's knees, to hear his account of the doings of the day with the out-door world, and manifesting their joy at the return of their labor-worn parent—at such a sacred moment, the assassin had entered the door of their solitary home, and with a demoniac fierceness, before their eyes, and in the very drowning of their cries for mercy and for help—had slain their only support and protector, in a strange, wide world; and with a merciless instrument with which he was prepared, had beaten the body of the deceased until it presented before them a loathsome gory mass, scarcely distinguishable as having been the habitation of the spirit that had but a moment before enlivened and warmed them with the ardor of its affection. In addition to this evidence, the prisoner, though residing several miles from the place where the deed had been committed, was seen in that neighborhood, by several persons who knew him, but a short time previous to the hour in which it was alleged the murder had been perpetrated. To all this the prisoner could say nothing, but the unvarying expression of the surprise in which he was overwhelmed at the character of the charge, and the evidence, and the reiterated protestations of his perfect and entire innocence of the crime alleged. There was no chance of proving an *alibi*. It was true he had been in the neighborhood of the place where the deed was committed, about the time of its transaction; he was there in search of a person on some business, but at what precise time he was at any particular place, he was as unable to prove, as it was impossible for him to give evidence of his entire ignorance of the existence of such a being as the deceased, prior to the time of his accusation.

The trial was concluded, and the jury, with every desire and disposition to receive and to cherish every shadow that might oppose the glare of evidence in which the guilt of the prisoner was exhibited to them, were solemnly compelled to seal their verdict of condemnation, and to place the prisoner upon the mercy of a higher tribunal, for the numbering of his days upon earth. The day of sentence was one of such impressive character as to leave its remembrance deep in the heart, after a lapse of many years.

There sat the three judges congregated together, to witness the imposing and solemn discharge of the last act of the court, in pronouncing sentence. Confronting them in the centre of the long dock sat the convicted prisoner. On each side was marshalled a small body of the officers of the peace, with their staffs of office holding off the eager crowd that pressed on all sides to obtain a look at the unfortunate victim of the law. In the centre of the forum sat the members of the bar, who had been attracted on this sad and unusual occasion, each bearing in his countenance the deep impression of the high authority which they were about to witness, exercised by man over his fellow man. Every corner and every nook, every

window and door that commanded an inview to the court-room was thronged with spectators. And yet, with all this crowded assemblage, not a whisper was heard to disturb the silence that reigned around. After a little while the prisoner was ordered to stand up. He rose from his seat and firmly took his position at the bar. As he rose, however, and exposed his manly features, his unwrinkled brow and noble figure to the bystanders, an involuntary sigh heaved from the hearts of the multitude, to behold one so fair, so mild and so youthful, about to receive the doom of the murderer—the sentence of death. The feeling judge, in a tone that betokened the emotion under which he labored, addressed the prisoner by name, and in a solemn voice asked him if he had any reasons “why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him.” He stood a moment as if collecting his energies and his thoughts, and after looking around upon the mass of fellow beings that surrounded him, he answered as follows: “I have been fairly tried and legally convicted—for the purposes of human justice I am guilty—but in the presence of these my fellow mortals, and in the presence of that God from whose eyes no deed is hidden, and into whose ear no falsehood can enter, I do now as I have always done, most solemnly avow my innocence of the crime of which I stand convicted. My reliance is on Him, who is the justifier of the just, and the guardian of the innocent—on Him I rely for my safe deliverance from the ignominious death of the murderer.” With these words he took his seat, and a moment of silence, still as the deadly night of the charnel house, pervaded the room. A cry of grief was heard in a moment afterwards, from a distant corner of the room. It grew more violent until it became necessary to remove the person from whom it proceeded from the court-room. A female in a deep swoon, unrecognized by any one, was carried through the crowd, and placed in an adjacent chamber, while assistance was sent for to revive her from her lifeless state. In the meantime the judge proceeded in his painful duty. The sentence was brief and solemn. The prisoner received it without betraying the slightest emotion, nor seemed to move either muscle or feature, until the last words fell upon his ear—“and may God have mercy on your soul.” He raised his eyes to heaven on the enunciation of the prayer, and spoke from them, the strength of his support. The order was given to clear the court-room, and the assembled multitude dispersed, part speaking their still belief in his innocence, and some regarding his calmness as the assurance of the heartlessness of Cain.

In a little time the prisoner was removed from the dock, and under a guard of officers was on his way to the vehicle that was to convey him to the prison from whence it was ordered that he should never return with the spirit of life. As he passed through the hall that faced the entrance of the court, a wild shriek was heard, and immediately a frantic female rushed into the crowd, grasping at the prisoner, and exclaiming, “you cannot, you shall not take him yet.” ’Twas the woman that had swooned away in the court-room.

The unhappy man turned around to behold the being who had thus unexpectedly involved herself in his wo, and in meeting her eye, beheld a sister. They had been separated for many years, and he had believed himself parted from her by the broad ocean, and had hoped that the tale of his suffering even had not, would not, reach her ears. She was with him, locked in his arms, and again helpless in the excitement of her feelings. He could withstand no longer the torrent of his anguish, and he and she were each carried away senseless from the spot of their unexpected meeting. I immediately gave directions to have the poor girl removed to a comfortable and convenient place of repose, where I could see her and administer to her necessities, and gain from her all the intelligence of her sudden presence.

A few days found her, under the care of good attendants, much revived from the shock which had seriously prostrated her. My most industrious and sagacious inquiry could elicit nothing, however, that in any degree explained the mystery of her sudden appearance, and her unexpected emigration. I at length suggested to her a visit to her brother, in his cell, at the prison. The practicability of this, which she had not hoped for, scarcely, in the deep dejection of her privation, seemed to inspire a new life and a new vigor to her mind. "Can I then see him, and speak with him again—alone too?" she soliloquized, and raising her arms towards me, seemed as if she would impress upon me with manual force the emphasis of her assurance, when she exclaimed, "he is then yet safe."

With the presence of the sheriff, the next day, I conducted the unhappy girl to the prison, and led her to the cell of her brother. She entered it with a light step, and in one bound, she entwined him in her arms again. But when she looked for the response to her embrace, and saw his helpless arms weighed down with the load of chains that fettered him, and his feet clasped in the iron bands that bound him to a block in the centre of the floor, her joy fell, and her heart sought the relief that is gained when

"From tender hearts

By strong impulses called, tears burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye."

They desired to be alone for a few moments, that they might converse without restraint. The request was granted to them, and they were left in close and eager discourse for some time. They were at length separated, and to our surprise, parted with a smile upon each others countenance, and an ordinary obedience, as if they had separated, friend from friend, in the ordinary sociality of life.

To the sheriff in attendance, who had taken the liveliest interest in the fate of my client, as well as to myself, the occurrences of this visit opened new mysteries and new anxieties for the confidence of the convict.

But with all the regard that he professed for us, and all the reliance which he had already placed in

me, our every effort proved abortive, by which we endeavored to raise the veil that the appearance and the intercourse of the sister had thrown around him. He was suddenly elevated by her presence, unexpected as it was, from dejection to cheerfulness, from complaint to perfect indifference and resignation. The time appointed by the executive of the commonwealth for his execution was fast drawing near. From months and weeks, we had already begun to count the days that intervened between his execution and the present. The pious catholic friend, the priest, was called in, and having daily communion with the prisoner, had at length promised himself so much satisfaction to the result of his labors, as to administer the holy sacrament to him. Yet, there was no confession—no other asseveration but that of reiterated innocence. The sister remained in the same mysterious silence, and seemed to wait in patience the coming day of the brother's doom. A few days only now intervened for his destiny to reveal itself, and I sought the sister to entreat her to say, if aught she could, why there should be delay or mercy extended to the brother. She was still, and wrapt herself in the mystery of thoughtfulness that had made her impervious to all inquisition heretofore. At length I told her that the scaffold on which her brother was to hang, was already erected in the jail-yard—the rope was already prepared—the warrant had been read to him, and conjured her by these awful presages of his fate to reveal what she knew, that could avert his danger. This conjuration proved the test of the natural feelings of the heart, and after a moment's pause, she asked if it was yet in time to delay, at least, the execution, if the assurance of good reason therefore could be given. I informed her that it was, if the utmost promptitude was exercised. She then demanded who had the right to grant her the *reprieve*. I answered that it was the prerogative of the governor, who was at the seat of government, and volunteered myself to be the bearer and the advocate of her claims to the indulgence which she prayed. "Bear me to the governor as speedily as possible," she replied, "and I myself will be the oracle and the advocate of my prayer." Our arrangements were made for our departure the next morning, and the same evening we had an audience with the governor. After the statement of the nature and course of the trial, and all the circumstances which were in my possession, to avail the convict, I turned to the sister who sat beside me, and made known her relation to the subject of my supplication. She rose from her chair, and, advancing to the centre of the room where the governor was seated, asked the privilege of speaking in private with him. I, of course, immediately withdrew, and gave her the fullness of opportunity which her precaution desired.

What took place at this interview was then a mystery to me, and I sought not, nor felt an anxiety to inquire into it, so that it was efficient in the object for which it was granted. It soon proved so. The next day I was called upon by the secretary of the executive, with a *reprieve* of two weeks for my client.

Our immediate return to the city was requisite to make our success available, and we lost not a moment in retracing our way homeward. The day before the contemplated execution, the reprieve was placed in the hands of the sheriff, and the sister again admitted to the cell, and to a private interview with the brother. After she had been engaged in converse for some time, I approached the cell, unconscious that she was there, and in my unexpected interruption, heard, as they hastily closed their conversation, the last words of the sister. "He will then be far on his way."

A new light seemed to burst upon me, and I detained the sister, while I called upon the gratitude of the brother, as a plea, if my unrewarded labor in his behalf constituted no assurance of the sincerity of my interest in him, whereupon I was entitled to a revelation of the mystery that daily separated me more and more from their confidence, and removed them farther and farther from my assistance. A period, not one week preceding the expiration of the reprieve, was fixed by them as the day on which I should be made acquainted with every secret in which they seemed so deeply isolated. This day, at length, arrived, and the following was the revelation given by both to me, as we were met, in the narrow and dim-lighted cell. The prisoner was as innocent and ignorant of the deed or the contemplation of it, as the infant that yielded its pure spirit yesterday to the author who gave it. The twin brother, who had been left in Ireland, and whose resemblance to the convict had, from infancy, baffled the scrutiny of the most intimate friends to distinguish between them, had perpetrated the foul and inhuman deed. The widow of the deceased, the principal witness in the prosecution, was early betrothed to him, and had preceded him to America under the most solemn vows of constancy and fidelity to the pledge that mutually bound them together. He was delayed from various causes from his projected emigration, and for years had lost all tidings of his betrothed. He heard, at length, of her perfidy. She was the wife of another, had married the deceased, and was the parent of several children. By an unlucky and unholy prompting, he made the resolve to pursue her and despoil her of her perfidious happiness. His purpose was overheard by the sister, but it was understood too late to prevent its fatal execution. He had already embarked for

America, and no hope was left for her to intervene between him and his design, but to pursue him as speedily as possible with the chance of overtaking him, before he had committed his dread device. She arrived here, after a long passage, just in time to receive the intelligence of her brother's arrest, and to discover in the court room, for the first time, the mistake of the law in the prosecution of its victim.

She had sought out the real offender, and had facilitated his escape to a neighboring port, on his return to the "old country" again.

Having assured herself of his departure, she now sought the interview with the brother in prison, which she obtained, and then and there, for the first time, revealed to him the mystery which had involved him in such fearful apprehensions. The injunction of the brother upon the sister, in this interview, was as noble a devotion of fraternal love, as the deeds of the sister were heroic evidences of the chivalry of woman. He bade her not to breathe the name of another than himself, as connected with the murder. "If I die his death," said he, "I go before my God with my soul pure from the foul stain of murder; if he is betrayed, he will be hurried on, without the time for repentance and ablution, to a premature and ignominious death. Let me suffer, rather than risk his capture." The solemn assurance of the woman of her knowledge of the guilt of another, and the innocence of her brother in confinement, of the crime alleged, produced such serious impression upon the mind of the governor, connected with the assurance of the production of witnesses to establish the fact, as to induce him to grant the reprieve. It remained now to disclose and to prove these facts. In the language of the devoted sister, the guilty one was now "far on his way," and the danger of his arrest was removed. The affidavit of the sister, with the other evidence which the publication of these facts elicited, was immediately secured.

The widow of the deceased was sought after, and when brought forward, acknowledged her perfidy to the man whom she had left with the firmest pledge of her heart's devotion, and joined in the belief, that was now on all hands adopted, of her deception in the person of the individual convicted. With such evidence, it need scarcely be added, the pardon of the convict was immediately obtained, and he again set at liberty.

SONG.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL, 1590.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!

THE EMIGRANT AND THE INDIAN.

A FACT.

ABOUT twelve years ago a person of the name of M'Dougal, a native of Argyleshire, who had emigrated to Upper Canada, a few years before, wrote to his friends in Scotland, giving an account of his fortunes in the new world, and among other things failed not to make honorable and grateful mention of the following truly romantic incident. In a section of Argyleshire the story was told in every parlor, spence, and booth, by the shepherd on the hill, and the fisherman on the lake; and a military gentleman who happened to be on the spot shortly after the news arrived, was so much struck with the circumstance that he collected the particulars from head-quarters, and is ready to vouch for their accuracy.

M'Dougal, on reaching Upper Canada, from anxiety to make the most of his scanty capital, or some other motive, purchased a location where the price of land was merely nominal, in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization. His first care was to construct and plant a cabin in the wild, and this task finished, he spent his whole time, early and late, in the garden and the fields. By vigorous exertion and occasional assistance, he brought a few acres of ground under crop, acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, made additional inroads on the glade and the forest, and though his toils were hard, gradually and imperceptibly became in a rough way "well enough to live," as compared with the poverty he had abandoned at home. His greatest discomforts were distance from neighbors, the church, markets, and even the mill; and along with these the suspension, or rather the enjoyment, after long intervals of time, of those endearing charities and friendly offices which lend such a charm to social life. His cattle depastured in the neighboring forest, and after a little training returned in the evening of their own accord, particularly when they heard the well-known voice of their master and his dog. On one occasion, M'Dougal had a melder of corn to grind, and as the distance was considerable, and the roads none of the smoothest, this important part of his duty could only be performed by starting with the sun and returning at the going down of the same. In his absence the care of the cattle devolved on his spouse, and as they did not return at the usual hour, the careful matron went out in quest of them. Beyond its mere outskirts, the forest was to her terra incognita in the most emphatic sense of the term, and with no compass or notched trees to guide her, it is not to be wondered at that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Like Alps

on Alps, tall trees rose on every side—a boundless continuity of shade; and fatigued with the search, she deemed it prudent to retrace her steps while it was yet time. But this resolution was much easier formed than executed; returning was as dangerous as "going o'er," and after wandering for hours, she sunk on the ground, her eyes swollen and filled with tears, and her mind agitated almost to distraction. But here she had not rested many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and anon an Indian hunter stood before her—"a stoic of the woods, a man without a tear." Mrs. M'Dougal knew that Indians lived at no great distance, but as she had never seen a member of the tribe, (*omne ignotum pro magnifico*.) her first emotions were those of terror; quickening, it may be said, every pulse, and yet palsyng every limb. But the Indian's views were more comprehensive; constantly on the out-look in search of the quarry, and accustomed to make circuits comprising the superficies of many a Highland mountain and glen, he had observed without being observed himself; knew her home, recognised her person, comprehended her mishap, divined her errand, and immediately beckoned to her to rise and follow him. The unfortunate woman understood the signal, and obeyed it in as far as terror left her power; and after a lengthened sweep, which added not a little to her previous fatigue, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. Her conductor invited her to enter by signs; but this she sternly refused to do, dreading the consequences, and preferring death in the open air to the tender mercies of cannibals within. Perceiving her reluctance and scanning her feelings, the hospitable Indian darted into the wigwam and communed with his wife, who in a few minutes also appeared, and by certain signs and sympathies known only to females, calmed the stranger's fears, and induced her to enter their lowly abode. Venison was instantly prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, found the viands delicious, and had rarely, if ever, partaken of so savoury a meal. Aware that she was wearied, the Indian removed from their place near the roof two beautiful deer-skins, and by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two compartments. Mats were also spread in both, and next, the stranger was given to understand that the farther dormitory was expressly intended for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied by signs as well as she could, that she would prefer to sit

and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly; often they looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language, and at last the red took the white woman by the hand, led her to her couch, and became her bed-fellow. In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and was anxious to depart without farther delay; but this the Indian would on no account permit. Breakfast was prepared—another savoury and well-cooked meal—and then the Indian accompanied his guest and conducted her to the very spot where the cattle were grazing. These he kindly drove from the wood, on the verge of which Mrs. McDougal described her husband running about every where, hallooing, and seeking for her in a state of absolute distraction. Great was his joy, and great his gratitude to her Indian benefactor, who was invited to the house and treated to the best the larder afforded, and presented on his departure with a suit of clothes.

In about three days he returned, and endeavored by every wile to induce Mr. McDougal to follow him into the forest. But this invitation the other positively declined, and the poor Indian went on his way obviously grieved and disappointed. But again he returned, and though words were wanting, renewed his entreaties, but still vainly and without effect; and then as a last desperate effort, he hit upon an expedient which none save an Indian hunter would have thought of. Mrs. McDougal had a nursing only a few months old—a fact the Indian failed not to notice—and after his pantomimic eloquence had been completely thrown away, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The alarmed parents instantly followed, supplicating and imprecating at the top of their voices; but the Indian's resolves were fixed as fate; and away he went, slow enough to encourage his pursuers, but still in the van by a good many paces, and far enough ahead to achieve the secret purpose he had formed—like the parent bird skimming the ground when she wishes to wile the enemy from her nest. Again and again, Mr. McDougal wished to continue the chase alone; but maternal anxiety baffled every remonstrance, and this anxiety was if possible increased when she saw the painted savage enter the wood, and steer, as she thought, his course towards his own cabin in the heart of the wild. The Indian, however, was in no hurry; occasionally he cast a glance behind, poised the child almost like a feather, threaded his way with admirable dexterity, and kept the swaddling clothes so closely drawn around it, that not even the winds of heaven were permitted to visit it too roughly. It is, of course, needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, farther than to say, that the Indian at last called a halt on the margin of a very beautiful prairie, teeming with the richest vegetation, and extending to several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood for some minutes panting for breath, and eyeing one another in silent and speechless astonishment. The Indian, on the other hand, appeared overjoyed at the success of his manoeuvre, and never did a human be-

ing friek about and gesticulate with greater animation. We have read or heard of a professor of signs, and supposing such a character were wanted, the selection could not, or at least should not, be a matter of difficulty, so long as even a remnant remains of the aboriginals of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, eloquent, and intelligent; and we have the authority of Mr. McDougal for saying, that the hero of the present strictly authentic tale, proved himself to be a perfect master of the art. The restoration of the child, the beauty and wide extent of the prairie, and various other circumstances combined, flashed across our countryman's mind, operating conviction where jealousy and distrust had lurked before; and as the Indian stood before him, his eyes beaming with benevolence and intelligence, his arms extended, and, along with his body, thrown into the most varied and speaking attitudes, he became more and more satisfied that his speech, if given in broken English, would have run very nearly as follows:—"You doubt Indian; you think him treacherous; you think him wish to steal the child. No, no; Indian has tribe and child of his own; Indian knew you long ago; knew you when you first came, and saw you when you not see Indian; saw you poor but hard-working man; some white men bad, and hurt Indian; you not bad; hurt no one, but work hard for your wife and child; saw you choose bad place; Indian pitied you; never make rich there; saw your cattle far in forest; thought you come catch them; you not come; your wife come; Indian find her faint and weary; Indian take her home; fear go in; think Indian kill and eat her; no, no; Indian lead her back; Indian meet you; very sad, then very glad to see her; you kind to Indian; give him meat, drink, and better clothes than your own; Indian grateful; wish you to come here; not come; Indian go again; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; not run fast; know you would follow child. Look round! plenty ground—rich, rich; Indian love the deer, and the birds and beasts of the field; the chase make him strong; his father loved the chase; if Indian farm, Indian farm here; look round! plenty of ground—rich, rich; many, many cattle feed here; trees not many on that side; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you; come, come—Indian your friend—come, live here." Mr. McDougal in a trice examined the soil, and immediately saw the propriety of the advice given by the untutored, but by no means unintelligent or unobserving savage—if savage, in deference to custom, he must still be called. By a sort of tacit agreement a day was fixed for the removal of the materials of our countryman's cabin, goods, and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a detachment of his tribe to assist in one of the most romantic "flittings" that ever was undertaken, whether in the new or old world. In a few days a roomy loghouse was fashioned, and a garden formed in a convenient section of the beautiful prairie, from which the smoke was seen curling, and the woodpecker heard tapping at no great distance. Mr. McDougal was greatly pleased with the change; and no wonder, seeing that he could almost boast of a body guard as bold as the bowmen of Robin Hood.

HOME.

His Indian friend speedily became a sort of foster-brother, and his tribe as faithful as the most attached tail of gillies that ever surrounded a Highland chieftain. Even the stupid kine lowed on finding themselves suddenly transported to a boundless range of the richest pasture, and, up to the date of the last advices, were improving rapidly in condition, and increasing in numbers. The little garden was smiling like a rose in the desert; grass, over-abundant, gradually giving way to thriving crops; and the kine so well satisfied with their *gang*, that herds and inclosures were alike unneeded to keep them from the corn.—The Indians continued friendly and faithful, occasionally bringing presents of venison and other game, and were uniformly rewarded from the stores of a dairy overflowing with milk, butter, and cheese. Attached as the red man was to his own mode of life, he was at length induced, with his wife, to form part of the establishment in the capacity of grieve or head shepherd—a duty he undertook the more cheerfully, as it still left him opportunities of meeting and communing with his friends, and reconnoitring the antlered denizens of the forest. Let us hope, therefore, that no un-

toward accident will occur to mar this beautiful picture of sylvan life; that the M'Dougal colony will wax stronger and stronger, till every section of the prairie is forced to yield tribute to the spade and the plough; and that future generations of the clan will be able to say for themselves, and impress upon their children—

"Happy the man whose highest care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
'Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie!"

H O M E .

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN

I LANGUISH for my home, my home;
Kind mother, call me back;
My sicken'd heart will leap to see
My childhood's sunny track.
My wearied feet have strayed afar,
That loved with thee to roam;
The earth is but a wilderness—
Then, mother, call me home.

Alone I watch the silver stars
Upon the summer sky,
And fancy, in their holy light,
I see thy gentle eye;
And to my bosom's inmost depths,
Some secret whisperings come,
To tell me of the loving hearts
That gläd mine early home.

Mother, loved mother, like the dove
That sought the holy ark,
I bring to that lone resting place,
A time-worn, weary bark.
It tempts no more the waves of life,
A wreck upon its foam;
Shatter'd and frail, it turns to thee—
Then, mother, call me home.

Thick thronging memories crowd my heart,
And every gleam that's cast
Upon it now, is but the light
I borrow from the past.
In vain—in vain I seek for peace
Beneath God's bright blue dome,
Its angel form is but with thee—
Then, mother, call me home.

BARON BOHEMIA;

OR, THE RIVAL JUMPERS.

A NEW COMIC SONG, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

COMPOSED BY J. BLEWITT.

PIANO FORTE.

8va

ALLEGRETTO POMPOSO.

ff

Loco.

In Turkey there liv'd such a mighty Bashaw, That what

p

e - ver he did or said it was law, And he vow'd that his daughter should

f

Lento.

give her fair hand, In marriage to one of a fam'd foreign land. So he

caused to be printed a certain decree In - - vi - ting the no - bles of

p

f

A Tempo.

ev' - ry degree, Stating he who jumpt highest, to set a - side strife, Should

ff *p*

win his fair daughter, and make her his wife. Jump high, jump low!

8va.

jumping we go.

8va.

Loco *Loco.*

ff

II.

The rivals all met, such a rum looking throng,
Of all kindreds and tongues, some short and some long;
Some had shoes with cork soles, and some channel pumps,
To try the effect of their wonderful jumps!
'Mong the guests was a German, VON BARON BOHMBIG,
Who in Holland had purchased his shoes for this rig,
Which in speed should outvie even Mercury's wings,
And of Indian rubber were made, and with springs.

Jump high, &c.

III.

The day being fix'd, to the palace they hied,
Where this mighty Bashaw their fate should decide;
Each used his endeavor the lady to earn,
But the BARON, who thought that he'd have the last turn,
So having new laced Mynheer's patent shoes on,
And fancied the prize he had already won,
He just gave a spring, to put them to proof,
And away went the Baron, right bang through the roof,

Jump high, &c.

IV.

The folks all amazed ran into the street,
 Where they saw the poor baron come down on his feet,
 But the springs were so strong, that in two or three falls
 He was carried just ten times as high as St. Paul's.
 The baron not liking this jumpeting berth,
 Cursed the Dutch and their shoes as he came down to earth,
 And he call'd out for aid with stentorian might,
 But bounce'd up again, and went clean out of sight.
Jump high, &c.

V.

He now had become such an aerial sprite,
 That he did not reach Turkey until the next night,
 And though daily the people were gazing to seek,
 He appeared not again for more than a week!
 The next time he came down, poor baron Bohmbig,
 His body was stiff, and without hat or wig,
 The crows of his face had begun to make carr'ion,
 And the people all said that can't be the baron."
Jump high, &c.

VI.

When philosophers wish to examine the moon,
 They use the poor baron instead of balloon;
 And strange though the tale is, the Turks they do say,
 His skeleton's jumping to this very day.
 Should the weather prove fine, and the sky very clear,
 If you go you may see him come down once a year;
 And believe it or not, for prove it I can,
 'Twas this that gave rise to the flying Dutchman.
Jump high, &c.

MUSIC.

BY C. M. F. DEEMS.

There's music in the morning's breath, the soft and
 balmy air,
 Which plays with gentleness upon the forehead dark
 with care;
 There's music in the vesper's voice, where slowly
 fades the light,
 And in the solemn stillness of the holy hour of night.

There's music in the thrilling laugh of cheerful in-
 fancy,
 Which bursts from its enraptured heart, engaged in
 joyous glee;
 There's music, melting, soft and sweet—breathed by
 a kind friend's voice,
 Whose words fall soothing on the ear, and make the
 heart rejoice.

There's music in the voice that speaks the vows of
 ardent love;
 Whose accents would not soil the lips of holy saints
 above—
 Those deep, impassioned, thrilling tones which tell of
 rapture's height,
 And fill the young and bounding heart with infinite
 delight.

There's music in the mother's mourn, though it be
 sad and wild,
 When bending o'er the lifeless form of her own first-
 born child:

There's music, when the spirit, bowed beneath afflic-
 tion's rod,
 Submissively pours forth its prayers before the throne
 of God.

There's music in the wild wind's rush, and in the
 raging storm,
 When the spirit of the tempest shows his dark and
 awful form;
 There's music in the thunder-clap, and in the dread-
 ful crash,
 Which shows the desolation of the vivid light'ning's
 flash.

There's music in the breeze that sighs upon the lone-
 ly shore,
 And still more deep-toned music in the troubled
 ocean's roar;
 There's music in the worlds that roll in silence
 through the sky—
 "Unwritten" though that music be, 'tis sweetest
 melody.

There's music when the good man is about to meet
 his fate,
 To find the full fruition of a far more blissful state;
 'Tis music such as earth ne'er heard—the high, the
 swelling hymn,
 Which stirs the harp, and tunes the voice of holy
 cherubim.
 Martinsburg, Va.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

SEPTEMBER.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1675	Deerfield and Hadley, Mass., attacked by the Indians.
—	1774	The public store of Gunpowder seized at Charlestown, Mass., by the British General Gage ; public tumults in consequence.
—	1779	D'Estaing with the French Fleet, captured British 50 gun ship Experiment, off Charleston, S. C.
—	1804	Born, at Cabot, Vt., Zerah Colburn, the Calculating Boy.
—	—	Died, at New York, aged 69, James Nicholson, Commodore in U. S. Navy.
—	1814	British Sloop of War Avon sunk in action, by U. S. Schooner Wasp.
—	—	Fort Castine, on the Penobscot, Maine, taken by the British.
—	—	Banks of New York and Maryland suspended Specie Payments.
2	1790	Constitution of Pennsylvania adopted.
—	1798	Bank of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, robbed of 162,821 dollars, by Thomas Cunningham, the Bank Porter, and Isaac Davis, a Carpenter. Nearly all the money regained. Patrick Lyon, the celebrated Blacksmith, arrested on suspicion of furnishing false keys, but recovered 14,000 dollars damages for false imprisonment.
—	1815	Treaty between U. S. and Kickapoo Indians signed at Portage des Sioux.
—	1816	Treaty between U. S. and Chickasaw Indians.
3	1670	William Penn tried in England for having spoken at a Quaker Meeting. The jury, after being three times sent back by the Recorder, persisted in returning a verdict of Not Guilty.
—	1759	General Wolfe killed in Battle before Quebec.
—	1783	Definite Treaty of Peace signed at Paris between United States of America and Great Britain.
—	1804	Sixth Attack of the Americans, under Commodore Preble, upon Tripoli.
—	1814	The Fortified Camp, near Champlain, abandoned by the Americans to the British, under General Prevost.
—	—	U. S. Frigate Adams, 32 guns, blown up at Hampden, on the Penobscot, to prevent her falling into the hands of the British.
4	1609	Heinrich Hudson discovered the North River, N. Y., since called by his name.
—	1646	The First Church west of the Delaware, consecrated at Tinicum. A wooden building erected by the Swedes.
—	1774	First Meeting of American Congress at Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia—52 Members present, Delegates from Eleven States.
—	1805	The Intrepid U. S. Fire Ship, containing 100 barrels of powder and 150 Shells, exploded in the inner harbor of Tripoli by Capt. Somers, who, with 2 lieutenants and 10 men, were killed, with 200 of the enemy.
—	1814	Another Skirmish at Fort Erie. The British were driven into their intrenchments.
—	1833	Died, at Kittanning, Pa., aged 89, Robert Orr, a distinguished Jurist.
—	1834	Died, in London, aged 80, George Clymer, the Inventor of the Columbian Printing Press—formerly of Philadelphia.
5	1749	First Grand Lodge of Free Masons in Pennsylvania, held in Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin Grand Master.

Year.	
1778	The Public Stores and Warehouses, 70 mil of shipping, besides small craft and vessels on the stocks, many dwelling houses and mills, destroyed by the British at Bedford and Dartmouth, Mass. They also carried off the public monies, 300 oxen, and 10,000 sheep.
1795	Treaty of Peace signed between U. S. and Algiers.
1813	U. S. Brig Enterprize, Captured British Brig of War Boxer. The American Commander, Burrows, and British Commander, Blythe, both killed.
1816	Treaty of Commerce and Peace between U. S. and Sweden.
1834	Died, at Newport, R I., J. H. Brouwere, a Painter and Sculptor.
1620	The Pilgrim Fathers, after suffering many reverses, finally left the shores of England.
1757	Born, in the Department of Auvergne, France, Gilbert Mottier Lafayette, a devoted Friend to American Liberty.
1781	Fort Griswold Captured, and New London, Ct. Burnt, by the British, under Gen. Arnold.
—	American Privateer Congress captured British Sloop of War Savage, of 20 guns
1814	Skirmish at Batemantown, near Plattsburg, N. Y. The Americans retired before the British.
—	The Boats of British Ship Menelaus captured 2 large Sloops and a Schooner on the Chesapeake.
1760	Montreal surrendered to the British, under Lord Amherst.
1767	Died, at Boston, Mass., aged 62, Jeremiah Gridley, a Celebrated Lawyer.
1781	Sea Fight off Cape Henry, between British Fleet, under Graves, and French Fleet, under De Grasse.
1810	Dreadful Hurricane at Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.
1815	The Citizens of Philadelphia supplied with Water from the New Works at Fairmount.
1825	Lafayette departed from America for the land of his birth, in the U. S. Frigate Brandywine, fitted for the occasion.
1565	St. Augustine, Florida, established as a Spanish Colony, by Pedro Melendez, 40 years prior to the settlement in Virginia.
1656	Many Quakers imprisoned and banished by the New Englanders, on account of their Religious Opinions.
1664	New Amsterdam surrendered by the Dutch to the English Commander, Sir Robert Nichols. The city was henceforth termed New York.
1755	The French and Indians, under Baron Dreskau, defeated on Lake George by the British, under General Johnston.
1781	Desperate Battle at Eutaw Springs, S. C. The British defeated by the Americans under Gen. Greene.
1802	Died, aged 71, Dr. John Ewing, an eminent Divine and Mathematician. Born in Maryland.
1815	Treaty between U. S. and the Six Nations of Indians.
1836	Harvard University celebrated at Cambridge, Mass., the second Centennial Anniversary of its foundation.—1300 Alumni and Guests dined together.
1776	The term of "United States" first applied to the American Confederacy.
1812	The Indians renewed their attacks upon Fort Wayne, Indiana.
1814	The British Outposts, at Plattsburg, attacked by Capt. M'Gassin and 50 men.
—	U. S. Schooners Scorpion and Tigress captured by the British, near St. Joseph.
—	British Privateer Schooner Fortune of War, captured by the Americans off Sapelo Bar.
1816	Died, at Albany, aged 73, General K. Van Rensselaer, a celebrated Revolutionary Officer.
1832	Died, at Washington, D. C., aged 50, Marcia Van Ness, a distinguished Philanthropic Lady. Born in Maryland.
1736	Born, in Newington, Va., Carter Braxton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
1775	Col. Nathan Allen, of the American Army, captured by the British before Montreal.
1781	British Frigates Richmond and Isis, 32 guns each, captured in the Chesapeake by the French Fleet, under Count D'Estaing.
1785	Treaty of Amity and Commerce between U. S. and Prussia.
1804	Violent Tempest on various parts of the American Coast.
1813	The whole of the British Fleet on Lake Erie, captured by the Americans, under Commodore Oliver H. Perry.
1833	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 46, Thomas Say, Natural Philosopher.
1834	Died, at Alicant, Spain, G. B. Adams, U. S. Consul for that place.
1835	Died, at Nashville, Tenn., aged 68, Willie Blount, Governor of Tennessee for 10 years.
1697	Lancaster, Mass., again ravaged by the Indians.
1776	Gen. Arnold defeated by the British on Lake Champlain.
1777	Born, in Berkeley Co., Va., Felix Grundy, Statesman.
—	Battle of Brandywine. The Americans defeated by the British, under Cornwallis.
1782	French Frigate L'Aigle captured off the Delaware Capes by British Squadron.
1813	Running Fight, for six hours, on Lake Ontario, between British and American Squadrons.—The British Admiral escaped by his superior sailing.
1814	British disembarked 8000 troops at North-Point, Md., destined for the attack of Baltimore.
—	The whole of the British Fleet on Lake Champlain, captured by the Americans, under Commodore Macdonough.
—	Battle of Plattsburg, N. Y. The British Army of 14,000 men, defeated by the Americans 4500, under Gen. Macomb.
1816	Great Flood in James River, Va.
—	Shock of an Earthquake felt in New Jersey.
1633	John Porter, the Burgess for Lower Norfolk, expelled from the Assembly of Virginia, "because he was well affected to the Quakers."

Day of Month.	Year.	
12	1812	The Siege of Fort Wayne, Indiana, raised by the arrival of troops under Gen. Harrison. The Indians retired with precipitation.
—	1814	The British evacuated Plattsburgh, and retired to Chazy, N. Y.
—	—	Battle of North Point, and Bombardment of Fort M-Henry, near Baltimore. The British defeated by the Americans, and their leader, General Ross, killed.
13	1628	Endicott's company of Emigrants landed at Massachusetts.
—	1739	Born in Bucks County, Pa., Andrew Pickering, a celebrated Revolutionary Officer.
—	1759	Battle of Abraham's Heights before Quebec. The French defeated by the British, under General Wolfe, who was killed in the moment of victory. Montcalm, the French General, and the seconds in command on both sides, also met their death.
—	1761	Born, in Philadelphia, Caspar Wistar, a distinguished Physician.
—	1779	Captain Linn, Thomas Boyd, and 17 Pennsylvania Riflemen, murdered by Indians, on the Genesee river, N. Y.
—	1831	Treaty between United States and Turkey signed at Constantinople.
—	1832	Died, at Detroit, aged 68, the Rev. Gabriel Richard, a French Catholic Priest, of extensive learning. Elected Delegate to Congress in 1823.
14	1609	Heinrich Hudson anchored for the first time, at West Point, N. Y.
—	1775	Born, at Philadelphia, William Bradford, an eminent Jurist.
—	1778	Benjamin Franklin appointed Minister to France.
—	1780	The Americans repulsed by the British, under Colonel Brown, in an attack upon Augusta, Georgia.
—	1806	L'Impeteux, French 74 gun Ship, destroyed in Chesapeake Bay, by British Ships Bellona and Belleisle.
—	1836	Died, on Staten Island, N. Y., aged 81, Aaron Burr, a celebrated Revolutionary Officer, Statesman, and Jurist. He was third Vice President of the United States.
15	1776	Americans under Washington evacuate New York, which is entered by the British under Lord Howe and Sir William Howe.
—	1789	Born, at Bordentown, N. J., James Fenimore Cooper, the Novelist.
—	1814	British Expedition against Fort Bowyer, on Mobile Point, defeated by the Americans under Major Lawrence.
—	1833	Died, at Lowell, Mass., aged 40, Warren Colburn, Mathematician.
16	1665	The Swedish Fort Casimir, or New Amstel, now Newcastle, on the Delaware, surprised by the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant.
—	1732	Earthquake in Canada and Northern States of America.
—	1776	British repulsed by the Americans in an attack upon Harlem Heights, New York. Colonel Knowlton (American) killed.
—	1777	Skirmish between American and British forces in Chester county, Pa. on the Lancaster road. Both parties dispersed by a violent storm.
—	1785	Intense darkness at noon-day at Quebec.
—	1814	The Pirates on Barataria Island captured by Commodore Patterson, with their whole fleet of cruizers and prizes.
—	1830	Great Fire at Gloucester, Mass. Loss, \$100,000.
—	1831	Three Christian Missionaries condemned by the Superior Court of Georgia to four years' imprisonment and hard labor in the State Penitentiary, for residing in the Cherokee Territory without taking the oath to support the laws and constitution of Georgia.
—	1832	Died, aged 81, Major Thomas Neville, one of the Boston Tea Party.
—	1836	Treaty between United States and Emperor of Morocco concluded for 50 years.
17	1683	Lord Baltimore demanded of William Penn all the land lying west of the river Delaware, and south of 40 degrees north latitude, as part of his Province of Maryland.
—	1720	William Burnet, son of Bishop Burnet, took upon himself the government of New York.
—	1721	Born, at Waterbury, Conn. Samuel Hopkins, D. D. and founder of a sect called Hopkinsians.
—	1775	St. Johns, Canada, besieged by the Americans under General Montgomery.
—	1782	Dreadful Storm off Newfoundland. The British fleet, with a convoy of merchantmen and the prizes captured from the French, suffered severely.
—	1787	Born, at Concord, N. H., Nathaniel Hazeltine Carter, Litterateur.
—	—	The Convention for forming the Constitution of the U. S. reported the same to the several States.
—	1796	Date of Washington's Farewell Address.
—	1814	The Americans under General Brown sortied, during a heavy rain, from Fort Erie, attacked the British camp, destroyed their batteries, and took 385 prisoners.
—	1830	Celebration of Second Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of Boston, Mass.
18	1675	A great Slaughter of Emigrants, by the Indians, at Deerfield, Mass.
—	1777	The British defeated at the north end of Lake George by the Americans, who took 300 prisoners, and released 100 Americans.
—	—	The Congress of the U. S. suddenly adjourned from Philadelphia to Lancaster in the night, and afterwards to Yorktown, Pa. on account of the approach of the British.
—	1780	The siege of Augusta, Georgia, by the Americans, raised in consequence of the arrival of additional aid to the enemy.
—	1814	American Privateer Dedalus captured by the British Ship of War Niemen, off the Delaware.
—	1830	Died, at Richmond, Va., George Hay, an eminent Jurist.
—	1833	President Jackson gave notice of his determination to remove the Public Deposits from the Bank of the United States, and place them in the State Banks.
19	1650	The Boundary Line settled between New Amsterdam (now New York) and New Haven.
—	1777	U. S. Brig Lexington captured by a British Cutter of superior force.

Day of Month.	Year.	
19	1777	Battle at Bemis' Heights, or Stillwater, N. Y., between British and Americans. Both sides claimed the victory.
—	1778	Born, at Newbern, N. C. William Gaston, L. L. D.
—	—	British Frigate <i>Levant</i> , 32 guns, blew up in action with American Privateer General Hancock.
—	1814	American Privateer Brig <i>Regent</i> carried by the Boats of British Ship <i>Forth</i> , off Little Egg Harbor.
—	1818	Died, at Boston, Mass., Francis A. Matignon, D. D. and Litterateur.
20	1737	Born, at Annapolis, Md., Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a celebrated Statesman.
—	1776	Maryland adopted a New Constitution.
—	1777	Surprise and Massacre of American Troops under General Wayne, at Paoli, Pennsylvania.
—	1814	The Siege of Fort Erie raised by the British, in consequence of their losses on the 17th.
—	1830	Died, John H. Hobart, Episcopal Bishop of New York.
21	1565	Massacre of the Huguenot Colony at St. Johns, Florida, by the Spaniards under Melendez.
—	1757	Born, in Devonshire, England, James Jackson, a distinguished Officer in the Revolutionary War.
—	1776	Great Fire in New York. 1000 houses, including the Trinity and Lutheran Churches, Charity School, &c. The city was then in possession of the British.
—	1814	U. S. Sloop of War <i>Wasp</i> captured British Brig <i>Atlanta</i> , off Madeira.
22	1692	Six Women and Two Men executed for Witchcraft, at Salem, Mass. One man also pressed to death for refusing to Plead.
—	1722	Born, at Boston, Mass., Samuel Adams, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1790	An Act passed by Congress to place the Seat of Government at Philadelphia for ten years, and after that period, permanently at Washington, D. C.
—	1811	Died, at Cheltenham, England, General William Lyman, an American Consul.
—	1833	Died, at Georgetown, D. C., aged 87, Stephen Bloomer Balch, D. D.
—	1836	The Bowery Theatre, New York, destroyed by fire.
23	1779	Paul Jones captured the British Frigate <i>Serapis</i> .
—	1780	Arrest of Major Andre, at Tarrytown, N. Y., by three American Militia men, Paulding, Van Wirt, and Williams.
—	1783	Definitive Treaty of Peace signed between U. S. of America and Great Britain.
—	1813	U. S. Frigate <i>President</i> captured the British Schooner <i>Highflyer</i> .
—	1833	William J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, having declined to sign the order for removing the Public Deposits, was removed from office.
24	1664	Fort Orange, on the Hudson, surrendered by the Dutch to the English, under General Cartwright, who named it Albany, in honor of James, Duke of York and Albany.
—	1755	Born, in Fauquier Co., Va., John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, and Litterateur.
—	1779	Savannah, Georgia, in possession of the British, invested by the Americans and French.
—	1831	Riot at Providence, R. I. Four persons killed—others wounded.
—	1833	Died, at Delaware, Ohio, John W. Campbell, a distinguished Jurist.
25	1493	Columbus sailed from Cadiz on his Second Voyage of Discovery.
—	1655	Christiana, on the Delaware, surrendered by the Swedes to the Dutch, under Stuyvesant.
—	1777	Colonel Ethan Allen, with a party of soldiers, captured near Montreal by the British.
—	1780	Benedict Arnold, the Traitor, escaped on board the <i>Vulture</i> , British Sloop of War.
—	1791	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 73, Colonel William Bradford, a Revolutionary Officer, and a distinguished Printer.
26	1776	Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Thomas Jefferson, appointed by Congress Commissioners to the Court of France—the first persons appointed by the U. S. as Ministers Plenipotentiary.
—	1777	Philadelphia taken possession by the British under Lord Howe.
—	1780	Skirmish at Charlotte Court House, Va., between Americans and British.
—	1782	British Ship <i>Pandora</i> captured the American Privateer Sloop <i>Lively</i> .
—	1789	Edmund Randolph commissioned as the first Attorney General of the U. S.
—	1812	Died, in New York, aged 56, George Frederick Cooke, a distinguished Tragedian.
—	1813	American Privateer Schooner <i>Saratoga</i> captured the British Brig <i>Morgiana</i> , off Surinam.
—	1814	The boats of a British Squadron captured and burnt in Fayal Roads the American Privateer Brig General Armstrong, after a desperate resistance.
—	1832	University of New York organised; the Chancellor and Professors inaugurated.
—	1835	Died, at South Kingston, R. I., Elisha R. Potter, several years M. C., and 25 years member of R. I. General Assembly.
27	1732	The First Newspaper published in Rhode Island, (the R. I. Gazette,) by James Franklin.
—	1777	U. S. Frigate <i>Delaware</i> compelled to strike her colors, having unfortunately grounded near Philadelphia while firing on the British batteries.
—	1805	Died, at Charleston, S. C., aged 76, William Moultrie, a gallant Revolutionary Officer.
—	1808	Born, at Plattsburg, N. Y., Lucretia Maria Davidson, a distinguished Poet.
—	1813	The British evacuated Malden, U. C., after burning the Fort, Barracks, Navy Yard, Public Stores, &c. The Americans, under General Harrison, possessed themselves of the place.
28	1776	Americans defeated by the British at the battle of White Plains, N. Y.
—	—	Pennsylvania adopted a new Constitution.
—	—	Died, at Long Island, aged 89, Dr. Cadwallader Colden, Physician and Litterateur.
—	1813	Detroit evacuated by the British, who destroyed the Fort, &c.
—	—	Action between U. S. and British Squadrons on Lake Ontario—the latter returned to port.
—	1816	Dreadful Fire at New Orleans

Day of Month.	Year.	
29	1778	U. S. Frigate Raleigh ran ashore while engaging two British men of war, and was captured.
—	1780	Major Andre found guilty by a Court Martial of being found within the American Lines in disguise, and sentenced to be hanged as a Spy.
30	1770	Died, at Newburyport, Mass., aged 56, George Whitfield, the celebrated Preacher.
—	1775	Stonington, Connecticut, cannonaded by the British Ship Rose.
—	1779	Colonel John White, of the Georgia Line, with his Servants and Six Volunteers, captured by stratagem 141 British troops, and took them to an American post, 25 miles distant. He kindled large fires at night round the enemy's encampment on the Ogeechee river, near Savannah—they thought themselves surrounded by a superior force. He also captured five vessels of war.
—	1781	Yorktown, Va., occupied by the British, under Lord Cornwallis, invested by the American and French Armies.
—	1790	Battle between Americans and Indians at Miami Village.
—	1800	Treaty of Amity and Commerce between the French Directory and the United States.
—	1835	Died, at Wethersfield, Conn., aged 92, Stephen Mix Mitchell, L. L. D., a distinguished Statesman and Jurist.

POETICAL PORTRAITS.

BY ROBERT MACNISH, AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS,"
"THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP," ETC.

SHAKESPEARE.

His was the wizard spell,
The spirit to enchain:
His grasp o'er Nature fell,
Creation owned his reign.

MILTON.

His spirit was the home
Of aspirations high!
A Temple, whose huge dome
Was hidden in the sky.

THOMSON.

The Seasons as they roll
Shall bear thy name along;
And graven on the soul
Of Nature, live thy song.

GRAY.

Soaring on pinions proud,
The lightnings of his eye
Scar the black thunder-cloud,
He passes swiftly by.

BURNS.

He seized his country's lyre,
With 'ardent grasp and strong;
And made his soul of fire
Dissolve itself in song.

SOUTHEY.

Where Necromancy flings
O'er Eastern lands her spell,
Sustained on Fable's wings,
His spirit loves to dwell.

COLERIDGE.

Magician, whose dread spell,
Working in pale moonlight,
From Superstition's cell
Invokes each satellite!

WORDSWORTH.

He hung his harp upon
Philosophy's pure shrine;
And, placed by Nature's throne,
Composed each placid line.

CAMPBELL.

With all that Nature's fire
Can lend to polished Art,
He strikes his graceful lyre
To thrill or warm the heart.

SCOTT.

He sings, and lo! Romance
Starts from its mouldering urn,
While Chivalry's bright lance
And nodding plumes return.

WILSON.

His strain, like holy hymn,
Upon the ear doth float,
Or voice of Cherubim
In mountain vale remote.

HEMANS.

To bid the big tear start
Unchallenged from its shrine
And thrill the quivering heart
With pity's voice, are thine.

SHELLEY.

A solitary rock
In a far distant sea,
Rent by the thunder's shock,
An emblem stands of thee!

HOGG.

Clothed in the rainbow's beam,
'Mid strath and pastoral glen,
He sees the Fairies' gleam
Far from the haunts of men.

BYRON.

Black clouds his forehead bound,
And at his feet were flowers:
Mirth, Madness, Magic found
In him their keenest powers.

MOORE.

Crowned with perennial flowers,
By Wit and Genius wove,
He wanders through the bowers
Of Fancy and of Love.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CLEMENT FALCONER: or, THE MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG WHIG. Two Volumes. N. Hickman, Baltimore.

"Clement Falconer" is a political novel, and the emanation of a violent partisan; the members of the various circles in the great arena of politics are introduced under names which scarcely constitute an alias; and the great executive, the kitchen cabinet, and other leaders of the democratic party, are handled with unlimited severity. We have nothing to do with politics, and the literary portion of the work demands but little notice. It is pleasantly written, with scarcely any pretensions to plot. The hero goes to college, falls in love, is elected to Congress, and, after one session's probation, during which he fights two duels, he marries the object of his love, and the book concludes.

The author has not chosen to reveal his name. We have our suspicions that a distinguished lawyer, novelist, and member of congress, on the shores of the Potomac, knows something about its concoction; there is, occasionally a dash of description worthy of his pen; vide the following, which is quite in his style, and well worthy our reader's attention. It exhibits a picture of successful industry and perseverance of a cheering nature to our young friends who are not blessed with a large share of the *aurum potabile*.

Mr. Crabbe entered his office late one evening, after having passed from the grave to the gay, in his usual manner at the table of a friend, and throwing himself into his own chair, "Clem," said he, "lay aside that book, and let us talk." And the volume being deposited on the table, he continued: "I have turned out of my office a number of very clever, and a few very distinguished men, and whether you are to go in advance of your predecessors, or to fall behind them, must depend, in some measure, upon nature to be sure, but mainly upon yourself. I was sitting in this place one morning in the fall of the year, when I stepped a long, lank, limber young Yankee. His cane was thrown over his shoulder, from which depended down his back a bandana handkerchief, containing all the worldly goods and clothes he possessed besides those he had on. He wore a slouched beaver, a thread-bare coat, linen pantaloons, and coarse shoes, and had travelled afoot from the mountains of New Hampshire, on his way to the west. But it had occurred to him that morning, as he said, that before he arrived in the new States, he would like to study the law, and requested permission to begin his studies forthwith, in my office, desiring me to state, at the same time, what was the customary student's fee in these parts. Somewhat startled at the apparition, I had thoughts at first of not receiving him; but there was something in the quiet determination of his eye, and the confident business air with which he threw down his bundle, and opened the subject of his wishes, and still more in the hardy enterprise and firmness of purpose implied in the whole conduct of the young man, that pleased me exceedingly, and I told him that he was welcome to the use of my books, and to such aid as I could afford him in the prosecution of his studies. That my charge for those young gentlemen who were able to pay me conveniently, was one hundred dollars per annum; but those who could not afford this expenditure, I willingly received without charge. He replied that he had no money, and could only say, that after he should be qualified to practise, and had got into business, which he hoped he would not be long in doing, he would remit my fee from the west. He set in accordingly, paying his board, and providing himself with clothing, by taking a class of young men, to whom he gave instruction at nights, in Latin and Greek, and was never absent from the office one day for three years, at which time he was admitted to the bar. He now again took up his cane and bundle, continued his tramp over the mountains, and sat himself down in the then territory of Indiana, whence he remitted me, in small sums, from time to time, the whole amount of my fee. I wrote to him, declaring that I was unwilling to receive his money, and hoping that he would consider me satisfied; but he insisted upon paying me every farthing. And that man is now a senator in Congress from the west, building up a well-earned fame among the Amphyctyons of the Union."

NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM, OF NANTUCKET. *Comprising the Details of a Mutiny and atrocious butchery on board the American brig Grampus, on her way to the South seas, in the month of June, 1827. With an Account of the recapture of the vessel by the survivors; their shipwreck and subsequent horrible sufferings from Famine; their Deliverance by means of the British schooner Jane Guy; the brief Cruise of this latter vessel in the Antarctic Ocean; her Capture, and the Massacre of her Crew, among a group of islands, in the eighty fourth parallel of southern latitude: together with the incredible Adventures and Discoveries, still farther South, to which that distressing calamity gave rise.* New York. Harper and Brothers.

An Indian warrior pursuing a flying tory, seized his foe by the tail of his peruke, and drew his scalping knife for the purpose of consummating his victory, but the artificial head-covering of the British soldier came off in the struggle, and the bald-headed owner ran away unhurt, leaving the surprised Indian in possession of the easily acquired trophy. After gazing at the singular and apparently unnatural formation, he dashed it to the ground in disdain, and quietly exclaimed "A d—d lie!" We find ourselves in the same predicament with the volume before us; we imagined, from various discrepancies and other errors discovered in a casual glance, sufficient also to convince us of the faulty construction and poorness of style, that we had met

with a proper subject for our critical scalping-knife—but a steady perusal of the whole book compelled us to throw it away in contempt, with an exclamation very similar to the natural phrase of the Indian. A more impudent attempt at humbugging the public has never been exercised; the voyages of Gulliver were politically satirical, and the adventures of Muchausen, the acknowledged caricature of a celebrated traveller. Sindbad the sailor, Peter Wilkins, and Moore's Utopia, are confessedly works of imagination; but Arthur Gordon Pym puts forth a series of travels outraging possibility, and coolly requires his insulted readers to believe his *ipse dixit*, although he confesses that the early portions of his precious effusion were published in the Southern Literary Messenger as a story written by the editor, Mr. Poe, because he believed that the public at large would pronounce his adventures to be "an impudent fiction." Mr. Poe, if not the author of Pym's book, is at least responsible for its publication, for it is stated in the preface that Mr. Poe assured the author that the shrewdness and common sense of the public would give it a chance of being received as truth. We regret to find Mr. Poe's name in connexion with such a mass of ignorance and effrontery.

The title of the work serves as a full index of the contents. The "incredible adventures and discoveries" in the Antarctic ocean conclude somewhat abruptly; the surviving voyageurs, Pym and a half-breed Indian, are left, madly careering, in a frail bark canoe, in a strong current, running due south, in the immediate vicinity of the Pole—volcanoes bursting from the "milky depths of the ocean," showers of white ashes covering the boat and its inmates, and a limitless cataract "rolling *silently* into the sea from some immense rampart in the heavens, whose summit was utterly lost in the dimness and the distance." Two or three of the final chapters are supposed to be mislaid; therefore, we have no account of the escape of Arthur Gordon Pym from the irresistible embraces of the cataract to his snuggerly at New York.

There is nothing original in the description of the newly discovered islands in the Antarctic sea, unless we except the scene wherein a few ambushed savages precipitate *more than a million tons of soft rock* from the hill side, by merely pulling at a few strong cords of grape vine attached to some stakes driven in the ground. The shipwreck is unnecessarily horrible—a rapid succession of improbabilities destroys the interest of the reader, and the writer's evident ignorance in all nautical matters forbids the possibility of belief. We are told that when his boat, sloop-rigged, carrying a mainsail and jib, lost her mast close off by the board, he boomed along before the wind, *under the jib*, and shipping seas over the counter! A cabin boy of a month's standing would have been ashamed of such a phrase! Then, we hear of a ship sailing over a boat in a gale of wind, and hooking one of the boatmen by a copper bolt in her bottom—the said bolt having gone through the back part of the neck, between two sinews, and out just below the right ear! The body was discovered by the mate of the ship, when the vessel gave an immense lurch *to windward!* and was eventually obtained after several ineffectual efforts, during the lurches of the ship—and, notwithstanding its long immersion and peculiar transfixion, was restored to life, and proved to be the hero of the tale, Arthur Gordon Pym.

The mutiny is rather a common place mutiny; but Pym's secretion in the hold is a matter of positive improbability. No Yankee captain of a whaler ever packed his oil casks in such a careless manner as described by the voracious A. G. P., who, by the way, sleeps a nap of three days and three nights duration, "*at the very least.*"

The annexed description of the river waters of the Antarctic isles is a fair specimen of the outrageous statements which "the shrewdness and good sense of the public" are required to believe.

At every step we took inland the conviction forced itself upon us that we were in a country differing essentially from any hitherto visited by civilized men. We saw nothing with which we had been formerly conversant. The trees resembled no growth of either the torrid, the temperate, or the northern frigid zones, and were altogether unlike those of the lower southern latitudes we had already traversed. The very rocks were novel in their mass, their color and their stratification; and the streams themselves, utterly incredible as it may appear, had so little in common with those of other climates, that we were scrupulous of tasting them, and, indeed, had difficulty in bringing ourselves to believe that their qualities were purely those of nature. At a small brook which crossed our path (the first we had reached) Too-wit and his attendants halted to drink. On account of the singular character of the water, we refused to taste it, supposing it to be polluted; and it was not until some time afterward we came to understand that such was the appearance of the streams throughout the whole group. I am at a loss to give a distinct idea of the nature of this liquid, and cannot do so without many words. Although it flowed with rapidity in all declivities where common water would do so, yet never, except when falling in a cascade, had it the customary appearance of limpidity. It was, nevertheless, in point of fact, as perfectly limpid as any limestone water in existence, the difference being only in appearance. At first sight, and especially in cases where little declivity was found, it bore resemblance, as regards consistency, to a thick infusion of gum Arabic in common water. But this was only the least remarkable of its extraordinary qualities. It was *not* colorless, nor was it of any one uniform color—presenting to the eye, as it flowed, every possible shade of purple, like the hues of a changeable silk. This variation in shade was produced in a manner which excited as profound astonishment in the minds of our party as the mirror had done in the case of Too-wit. Upon collecting a basinful and allowing it to settle thoroughly, we perceived that the whole mass of liquid was made up of a number of distinct veins, each of a distinct hue; that these veins did not commingle; and that their cohesion was perfect in regard to their own particles among themselves, and imperfect in regard to neighboring veins. Upon passing the blade of a knife *athwart* the veins, the water closed over it immediately, as with us, and also, in withdrawing it, all traces of the passage of the knife were instantly obliterated. If, however, the blade was passed down accurately between two veins, a perfect separation was effected, which the power of cohesion did not immediately rectify. The phenomena of this water formed the first definite link in that vast chain of apparent miracles with which I was destined to be at length encircled.

SKETCH OF THE POETICAL CHARACTER, AND (INCIDENTALLY) OF AUTHORSHIP IN GENERAL.
By Samuel F. Glenn. Washington. W. Fischer.

The above is the title of a Lecture, read before a Literary and Debating Society, and since published in pamphlet form, of some sixteen pages. From the title which the pamphlet bears, we were led to expect a brief but graphic delineation and portraiture of the most striking characteristics of Poets and Authors of all kinds *en masse*. But as we have been greatly disappointed in our anticipations, by a farther acquaintance with its contents, which furnish us with a most singular and heterogeneous combination of ideas, either partially or wholly inapplicable to the subject, and in which we can trace neither description, relation, argument, nor connection, we will examine a few passages for the satisfaction of others.

In his prefatory remarks, Mr. G. observes that "the subject and its connexions prevent his being diffusive." This would have been well said, had he told it to an audience who had read only the writings of one man, (Mr. G.'s, for instance,) but it is very inappropriate to publish such a sentence to an audience first, and then to the world, who, with one broad sweep of the memory, can gather into its remembrance the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, Scott, and a host of others, to say nothing of the classic authors, and who could not avoid detecting its falsity. What subject is more diffused and varied for an imaginative pen, than the one selected by Mr. G.? It combines all the variety of character, habits, feelings, fortunes, and fame, and yet he would pronounce it a barren subject! However, we will proceed in our investigation, and see whether our author has left it as he found it. The first grand principle or self-evident truth, from which he branches out, is this "*The mind finds more real enjoyment in communion with itself, or, with other kindred minds, than in all the adulation which man can offer.*" In this hard wrought sentence, he very aptly "aims at nothing and hits it." The author will admit, upon a second thought, that he has committed a most flagrant metaphysical error in this sentence, which not only asserts a thing but denies it at the same time. The mind can form no comparison between "communion with kindred minds," and the act of receiving or giving "*adulation*," for they both imply one and the same thing. Therefore, the literal meaning of the sentence as it now stands, if it has any meaning, is this: The mind finds more real enjoyment in communion with itself or with kindred minds, than it can in communion with itself or with kindred minds!

"The inductive lessons to authorship, discover the interpolator in the gardens of Truth and Fancy, and many are left without even the shadow of a great name. *Magni nominis umbra!!!*"

"Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss and thunder!" what a sentence to be distilled from his "alembic of sweets!" We are not in the habit of offering rewards, but, under present circumstances, we feel justified, for the purpose of advancing the interests of English literature, in offering a reward of \$5,000, to any nation under heaven (Arabs and Esquimaux excluded,) that can solve the meaning of the above sentence. And in submitting it to their tribunal, we shall dismiss it altogether from our own mind, and proceed to the examination of some more (*principles?*) He next quotes some silly capers of Mrs. Butler, such as flourishing her father's sword out of the carriage window as it passed through the streets of Philadelphia, etc. etc, and adds, "why should I refuse her the *dignity of quotation?* to strengthen my argument, viz. that the *evanescence* of the spirit must have vent either by flourishing the 'inky fluid,' or 'playing romance in real life.'" We can find no language adequate to express the meaning of this sentence unless we call it *jaw-breaker!* "*Evanescence of the spirit!*" We rather suspect the author is endeavoring to introduce a system to have the mind evaporate and condense according to the state of feeling, this hot weather; if so, we wish him all success—but if it be through ignorance that he confounds *evanescence* with *effervescence*, we advise him, before he takes another *flighty* tour, to tarry at Jericho a little longer.

Here comes something clothed in italics, which we suppose indicates a great concentration of argument, or at least condensation of thought, else, why should it be distinguished from the other type. Writers generally clothe their best thoughts in italics, in order to attract the mind and draw the attention to those points more than others; it is so in this case we suppose, so we will endeavor so show the author that he has not failed in this object at least. "*Genius has not more faults than others, but the eminence on which she is placed makes her blue lights shine more vivid, and were they as pure as crystal the MICROSCOPIC eye of selfish malevolence will discern blemishes.*" As the showman said when exhibiting the ribbed-nose baboon, "This a rare specimen of the kind." We have heard of genius "getting blue" occasionally, and being sometimes troubled with the "blue devils," but these "blue lights of genius" form a new phrase in our idiomatic vocabulary, but we welcome it to the science of letters and cheerfully give full credit to its discoverer. *Microscopic* is a word that we are unwilling to place in our vocabulary along side of "*the blue lights of Genius*," for various reasons, one of which is, it *has no meaning*; another is, we have a word to which this bears an air of similarity that is full of expressive meaning—these are two good reasons, and for two good reasons a man may commit suicide, therefore we reject the word. Again, the idea of forming a comparison between genius or mind and a "*crystal*" is as ridiculous as it is absurd. No rule of criticism will justify such comparison.

Tangible and intangible objects when brought together in forming a comparison, must not clash either in harmony or sense. But in this comparison we find the harshest grating that the mind can bear, and yet derive no sense from it whatever. We assert that the author has sacrificed all sense and all harmony to the foolish whim of a corrupt and unrestrained imagination. Let us transfer it to canvas and see what kind of a picture it presents. Genius sitting on an eminence—her lights streaming from her in every direction, and like those

in Macbeth burning blue!—pure as crystal—away in the distance we see a *microscopic* eye, watching with all the alertness of an Argus until it detects the “faults of genius,” when it approaches and lays them at her feet for correction! All this strange figure of real and fictitious, tangible and intangible, material and immaterial, relate to the manner in which the mind shows itself in its actions and how the world is prone to detect its errors. Such bombastic and unmeaning expressions show plainly that the author had some idea in his mind that struck him as a forcible truth, and being deceived with it himself he undertook to array it in a language that could not fail to convince by its strength and verbosity. But we assure the author he has failed, and the sentence on which he placed so much hope, has left the idea nestling in his own mind, while the reader remains in darkness and conjecture, his mind unsatisfied and his taste disgusted.

The author vents a great deal of spleen against the idea of an acquired or scholastic education, and says “the mind exudes its natural strength in acquiring knowledge,” but still he cannot give up his “classical partialities.” A very tender and beautiful sentence he thus introduces in support of his doctrine: “*When nature takes genius by the hand, she always conducts her pupil to the tender and the beautiful, and by a shorter road than the learned languages.*” “*The tender and beautiful.*” a very soft, delicate sentiment, indeed; we fear it will not bear much handling. Here the author in his “vagary of genius,” labors under the supposition (for it is evident he has no positive knowledge of it,) that the study of the ancient languages is merely a “road to the tender and beautiful,” and because it is such a long road it is best not to travel it, but let nature direct a shorter course.

We opine the road is so long that the author never saw either end of it, notwithstanding his “classical partialities.” The study of the languages is more particularly calculated to discipline the mind and furnish it with a fund of words. But it may be turned to many other important advantages. And we deem a knowledge of language an essential qualification for a poet or author of any kind, for nature may furnish ideas, but how can it express them? The author may bear in mind, when next he perpetrates such inflictions upon the public, that all men are not equal with himself for versatility of genius and volubility of language.

From this point in his essay he concludes with a long criticism on critics. He charges them with “copying every careless paragraph, sentence or word, and giving their author notoriety through the columns of a newspaper, since the review does not suit the dignity of a magazine.” Now we assure the author that this review shall find its way through the pages of a magazine, more to suit the *dignity* of the subject and its writer than the review or the magazine. It is the critic's business to point out all defects in whatever form or wherever they may be found.

In conclusion we must say, in justice to the author, that there are some good and many well meant sentences in his essay, but as a whole we regard it as being entirely deficient, and unfit to appear before the public. The subject is one which is well calculated to inspire the mind with a flow of rich and dignified thought, gathering its strength and beauty from the characters it involves in its extent and variety. The poet is the high-priest of nature. His character unfolds a theme of delightful contemplation. His feelings, passions and sentiments are different from those of the rest of mankind. He possesses strong affections—liberal feelings—much sympathy, kindness and benevolence—his views are wider and loftier than those of others, and the constitution of his mind and heart seem different in nature from all else. The author might have drawn ingenious and interesting conclusions from a comparison of matter, style, strength, and subjects, together with the general public and social character of poets and authors. But he forms no contrast—draws no comparison—settles every thing without reference, and gives us what he terms a “sketch,” of that which he has completely failed to touch. He modestly observes that he “submits these suggestions without any pretensions to more than what the title indicates.” It is well that this sentence found its place in the introduction, else we might have read on, under the belief that we were reading an essay on nature, genius, language, and criticism.

We do not wish to be harsh in our remarks, but we feel it due to the author to point out his errors without the least equivocation. And in failing to do this, we fail to do our duty. From a candid and serious examination of his essay, we find that it is ungrammatical, unconnected, irrelevant, ambiguous, verbose, and bombastic.

These are errors sufficient to condemn any writing, and particularly one that has been forced into public notice in so many different ways as this sketch has been. Grammatical errors are never permitted; a subject unconnected shows a want of taste and methodical arrangement; irrelevant and ambiguous sentences destroy all relih for the subject, and exhibit a want of information in their author, and verbosity and bombast are detestable. We conclude by recommending to the author—a careful perusal of Webster's Dictionary, Hedge's Logic, Blair's Lectures, and Kame's Elements of Criticism, with a hope that he will profit more by his studies than by all the fulsome criticisms that may be lavished on his own productions.

The foregoing criticism on Mr. Glenn's pamphlet was forwarded to us by a literary friend, a well known member of the editorial corps. We are not in the practice of giving insertion to “notices of books” by other hands than our own, but the wholesome nature of the above remarks demanded our notice; and being convinced of their justness and moderation, from a perusal of the arrogant affair under review, we readily accord publicity to our friend's critique.

ED. G. M.

THE CLOCKMAKER; OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE.
 SECOND SERIES: *One Vol. pp. 220. Carey, Les, and Blanchard.*

The first series of this singular work deservedly received the highest encomiums of the press, throughout the United States, Great Britain, and the British Colonies, in North America. Large editions were rapidly sold, and, without wasting our vocabulary of laudatory epithets, we are of opinion that the continuation is every way equal to its predecessor, if not eminently superior. The *Clockmaker* is more confident in the tone of his remarks, and takes a wider range of observation; nothing escapes the pungency of his satire, which, while it bites deeply and hits with unerring aim, is deprived of all bitterness by the potency of a quiet but irresistible humor, that pervades every sentence of the work. The author is said to be Thomas C. Haliburton, of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, a gentleman well known for his literary attainments and extensive knowledge of British colonial affairs. We believe that he is the author of a *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia*, a work of standard value and importance.

Samuel Slick, in a conversation with the supposed narrator of the *Clock* "Sayings and Doings," advises him to present a copy of their production to the British Colonial Minister, and demand, as a return, the office of governor. We ask him to speak for himself, because the subjoined quotation well describes the nature of the Yankee's elocution.

Says you, minister, says you, here's a work that will open your eyes a bit; it will give you considerable information on American matters, and that's a thing, I guess, none on you know a bit too much on. You ha'n't heard so much truth, nor seen so pretty a book, this one while, I know. It gives the Yankees a considerable of a backin', and that ought to please you; it shampoos the English, and that ought to please the Yankees; and it does make a proper fool of blue nose, and that ought to please you both, because it shows it's a considerable of an impartial work.

We offer a few of Mr. Slick's remarks as guide-posts to some of our statesmen, in the course of their political career, whatever may be their tenets.

Well, then, Mr. Buck, if you really will take my advice, I'll give it to you, said I, free-gratis for nothin'. Be honest, be consistent, be temperate; be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change; of rational reform, but not organic alterations. Neither flatter the mob, nor flatter the government; support what is right, oppose what is wrong; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected; popularity lasts but a day, respect will descend as a heritage to your children.

Quitting the political portions of the work, we beg leave to present a few of the oddities scattered profusely over its pages.

In the latter end of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, if my memory serves me, I was in my little back studio to Slickville, with off coat, apron on, and sleeves up, as busy as a bee, abronzin' and gildin' of a clock case, when old Snow, the nigger-help, popped in his head in a most terrible of a conflustruction, and says he, master, says he, if there a'n't Massa Governor and the General at the door, as I'm alive! what on airth shall I say? Well, says I, they have caught me at a nonplush, that's sartain; but there's no help for it as I see—show 'em in. Mornin', says I, gentlemen, how do you do? I am sorry, says I, I didn't know of this pleasure in time to have received you respectfully. You have taken me at a short, that's a fact; and the worst of it is—I can't shake hands along with you neither, for one hand, you see, is all covered with ible, and t'other with copper bronze. Don't mention it, Mr. Slick, said his excellency, I beg of you;—the fine arts do sometimes require detergents, and there is no help for it. But that's a most a beautiful thing, said he, you are adoin' of; may I presume to chatichise what it is? Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with the great white two story house in it, havin' a washin' tub of apple sarce on one side, and a cart chockfull of punkin pies on t'other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this land of promise, our great country, Amerika; and the gold letters A. P. initialise it Airthly Paradise. Well, says he, who is that he one on the left?—I didn't intend them letters H and E to indicate he, at all, said I, tho' I see now they do; I guess I must alter that. That tall graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long Bowie knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, are angels emigratin' from heaven to this country. H and E means Heavenly Emigrants. It's alle—go—ry.—And a beautiful alle—go—ry it is.

Well, says he, at last, if there is one thing I hate more nor another it is that cussed mock modesty some galls have, pretendin' they don't know nothin'. It always shows they know too much. When I was down to Rhode Island larnin' bronzin', gildin', and sketchin' for the clock business, I worked at odd times for the Honorable Eli Wad, a foundationalist—a painting for him. A foundationalist, said I; what is that?—is it a religious sect? No, said he, it's a bottom maker. He only made bottoms, he didn't make arms and legs, and he sold these wooden bottoms to the chairmakers. He did 'em by a sarcular saw and a turnin' lathe, and he turned 'em off amazin' quick; he made a fortin' out of the invention, for he shipped 'em to every part of the Union. The select men objected to his sign of bottom maker; they said it didn't sound pretty, and he altered it to foundationalist. That was one cause the speck turned out so well, for every one that seed it a'most stopt to inquire what it meant, and it brought his patent into great vogue; many's the larf folks had over that sign, I tell you.

So, said he, when I had done, Slick, said he, you've a considerable of a knack with the brush, it would be a grand speck for you to go to Lowell and take off the factory ladies: you know what the women are—most all on 'em will want to have their likeness taken.

If you think you can trust yourself, go; if not, stay where you be. It's a grand school, tho', Sam; you'll know somethin' of human natur' when you leave Lowell, I estimate, for they'll larn you how to cut your eye-teeth them galls; you'll see how wonderful the ways of womankind is, for they beat all—that's sartain. Well, down I went to Lowell, and arter a day or two spent a visitin' the factories, and gettin' introduced to the ladies, I took a room and sot up my easel, and had as much work as ever I could cleverly turn my hand to. Most every gall in the place had her likeness taken; some wanted 'em to send to home, some to give to a sweetheart to admire, and some to hang up to admire themselves. The best of the joke was, every gall had an excuse for bein' there. They all seemed as if they thought it warn't quite genteel, a little too much in the help style. One said she came for the benefit of the lecturer's at the Lyceum, another to carry a little sister to a dancin' school, and a third to assist the fund for foreign missions, and so on, but none on 'em to work. Some on 'em lived in large buildings belongin' to the factory, and others in little cottages—three or four in a house.

I recollect two or three days arter I arrived, I went to call on Miss Naylor, I knew down to Squantum. and she axed me to come and drink tea with her and the two ladies that lived with her. So in the evenin' I put on my bettermost clothes and went down to tea. This, says she, introducin' of me to the ladies, is Mr. Slick, a native artist of great promise, and one that is self-taught, too, that is come to take us off; and this is Miss Jemima Potts of Milldam, in Umbagog; and this is Miss Binah Dooly, a lady from Indgian Soap, Vermont. Your sarvant, ladies, says I; I hope I see you well.

But, what are you lookin' at, Mr. Slick? said she; is there anything on my cheek? I was only athinkin', says I, how difficult it would be to paint such a'most a-beautiful complexion, to infuse into it the softness and richness of natur's colorin'; I'm most afeerd and it would be beyond my art—that's a fact.

Oh, you artists do flatter so, said she; tho' flattery is a part of your profession, I do believe; but I'm e'en a'most sure there is somethin' or another on my face—and she got up and looked into the glass to satisfy herself. It would a done you good, squire, to see how it did satisfy her too. How many of the ladies have you taken off? said Miss Dooly. I have only painted three, said I, yet; but I have thirty bespoken. How would you like to be painted, said I, miss? On a white horse, said she, accompanin' of my father, the general, to the review. And you, said I, Miss Naylor? Astudyin' Judge Naylor, my uncle's specimens, said she, in the library. Says Miss Jemima, I should like to be taken off in my brother's barge. What is he? said I, for he would have to have his uniform on. He? said she;—why, he is a—and she looked away and colored up like anything—he's an officer, sir, said she, in one of our national ships. Yes, miss, said I, I know that; but officers are dressed accordin' to their grade, you know, in our service. We must give him the right dress. What is his grade? The other two ladies turned round and giggled, and Miss Jemima hung down her head and looked foolish. Says Miss Naylor, why don't you tell him, dear? No, says she, I won't; do you tell him. No, indeed, said Miss Naylor, he is not my brother; you ought to know best what he is;—do you tell him yourself. Oh, you know very well, Mr. Slick, said she, only you make as if you didn't, to poke fun at me and make me say it. I hope I may be shot if I do, says I, miss; I never heerd tell of him afore, and if he's an officer in our navy, there is one thing I can tell you, says I, you needn't be ashamed to call one of our naval heroes your brother, nor to tell his grade neither, for there a'n't an office in the service that a'n't one of honor and glory. The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British.

Well, says she, lookin' down, and takin' up her handkerchief, and turnin' it end for end to read the marks in the corner of it, to see if it was her'n or not—if I must, then, I suppose, I must; he is a rooster swain, then, but it's a shame to make me. A rooster swain! says I; well, I vow I never heerd that grade afore in all my born days; I hope I may die if I did. What sort of a swain is a rooster swain? How you do act, Mr. Slick, said she; a'n't you ashamed of yourself? Do, for gracious sake, behave, and not carry on so like Old Scratch. You are goin' too far now: a'n't he, Miss Naylor? Upon my word I don't know what you mean, said Miss Naylor, affectin' to look as innocent as a female fox; I'm not used to sea-tarms, and I don't understand it no more than he does; and Miss Dooly got up a book, and began to read and rock herself backward and forward in a chair, as regular as a Mississippi sawyer, and as demure as you please. Well, thinks I, what onder the sun can she mean? for I can't make head or tail of it. A rooster swain!—a rooster swain! says I; do tell— Well, says she, you make me feel quite spunky, and if you don't stop this minnit, I'll go right out of the room; it a'n't fair to make game of me so, and I don't thank you for it one mite or morsel. Says I, miss, I beg your pardon; I'll take my davy I didn't mean no offence at all; but, upon my word and honor, I never heerd the word rooster swain afore, and I don't mean to larf at your brother or tease you neither. Well, says she, I suppose you never will ha' done, so turn away your face and I will tell you. And she got up and turned my head round with her hands to the wall, and the other two ladies started out, and said they'd go and see arter the tea.

Well, says I, are you ready now, miss? Yes, said she:—a rooster swain, if you must know, you wicked critter you, is a cockswain; a word you know'd well enough war'n't fit for a lady to speak: so take that to remember it by—and she fetched me a deuce of a clip on the side of the face and ran out of the room. Well, I swear I could hardly keep from larfin' right out, to find out after all it was nothin' but a cockswain she made such a tounss about; but I felt kinder sorry, too, to have bothered her so, for I recollect there was the same difficulty among our ladies last war about the name of the English officer that took Washington; they called him always the "British Admiral," and there war'n't a lady in the Union would call him by name: I'm a great friend to decency—a very great friend, indeed, squire—for decency is a manly virtue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a fominine virtue; but as for squeamishness, rat me if it don't make me sick.

A second edition of "CHARCOAL SKETCHES, or, Night Scenes in a Metropolis," has just been issued by Messrs. Carey and Hart. We rejoice to find that the public have a proper appreciation of Mr. Neal's humor, and hope that the success of this, his first essay, will speedily induce him to achieve another work of more extended design. We hope great things from the future exercise of his pen.

HOMEWARD BOUND: OR, THE CHASE. A Tale of the Sea. By the Author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," etc. *Two Volumes.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

"Come aboard, sir," says Mr. Cooper, touching his hat slightly with the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, as he reported himself to the officer of the watch. "I see you have Mr. Cooper," replied the officer, "and I rejoice once more to find you in your place, where you are a credit to your craft and your country. Take the advice of a well wisher, and *never leave the ship*, unless you wish a ramble in the woods of your native land—you have done yourself no credit by your recent wanderings in foreign parts." Cooper, as usual, looked black at the reproof, but, swallowing his ire, he joined his messmates, and being received with a shout of delight, found himself as much at ease in his old quarters as ever.

The above paragraph, if not exactly ship shape, is at least freighted with a cargo of truth. We are truly rejoiced once more to see the author of the Pilot on his old cruising ground. As some atonement for the jaundiced sermonisings lately inflicted upon the faithful public, he has given us another "Tale of the Sea,"—a story replete with wholesome excitement, and abounding with those minute and vivid descriptions which have gained Mr. Cooper a name pre-eminent in the ranks of imaginative writers. There is a well known reply attributed to Garrick, we believe, although any other stage potentate for the time being will answer as well, which reply accurately describes in brief the cause of our author's varied failure and success. "How is it," inquired a parson of the aforesaid player, "that we so frequently preach the serious truths of the gospel without awakening the attention of our hearers, while you never fail to enchain their faculties by the representations of acknowledged fiction?" "The reason is obvious," replied the player. "We perform fictions as if they were positive realities; while you deliver your truths as if they were nothing but fictions." Mr. Cooper's account of his Travels in Europe are so distorted by his contradictory prejudices, and so tinged with the dye of his own morbid views that every impartial reader treats the traveller's truths as so many ingenious fictions; while the life-like reality and earnest faithfulness of his novels impart the charm of actual truth.

"Homeward Bound" bears internal evidence of a hasty construction; and the author has thereby suffered various errors to slip into his work which his own good sense would otherwise have taught him to reject. Indeed, we doubt, if Mr. Cooper, upon mature deliberation, would defend the *primum mobile* of the plot—the avoidance of the British cruiser by the captain of the American packet ship; but if this is allowed, for the sake of the story, how can he defend the inconsistency in Captain Truck's behaviour, who valiantly fights his way through every opposition rather than submit to be searched by "The Britisher," or stand a chance of being compelled to resign his passengers to the hands of justice while in the waters of the British channel, yet quietly suffers his vessel to be boarded by the foreign officers while on the shores of his own country, and basely resigns into their clutches the gentleman who has been the means of saving his packet from destruction, and delivers up a defaulter to certain death, although the said defaulter has restored nearly the whole of his plunder, and fought side by side with him in the battle with the Arabs for his vessel's safety. We question if there is a captain of an American packet ship in any line who would not indignantly deny the possibility of such events.

The eccentricities of Truck, the captain of the packet, are capitally drawn, and sufficiently amusing. His constant habit of individual introduction is comically characteristic; particularly in the well-described scene of getting the packet under weigh, when every passenger assists in hoisting the sails, and the baronet is put to work by the polite and busy Truck, who claps a rope into his passenger's hands with the following unconscious introduction—"Sir George Templemore, the topsail halyards—topsail halyards, Sir George Templemore." The black steward is pleasantly sketched, and might have been made more conspicuous with much advantage. If any other author had conceived such a character as Dodge, he would have been denounced by Mr. Cooper himself as a libeller of the United States and the prerogatives of its citizens; and if the writer had been an Englishman, our author would have discovered nothing but evidences of the national malignity of feeling which he pertinaciously avows universally exists against the Americans. We believe that Dodge possesses many of the characteristics of a certain portion of the Eastern States, but Mr. Cooper might have spared us the rank display of cowardice that disgraces the career of the individual in question, as a gratuitous and unlikely addition to the questionable qualities he has so well described.

There is much nautical wisdom in the remarks of the master, Truck, upon prayer reading at sea.

"I have brought my bible, Mr. Leach," said the captain when he and the mate were left alone, "for a chapter is the very least we can give a cabin-passenger, though I am a little at a loss to know what particular passage will be the most suitable for the occasion. Something from the book of Kings would be likely to suit Mr. Monday, as he is a thorough-going king's man."

"It is so long since I read that particular book, sir," returned the mate, diligently thumbing his watch-key, "that I should be diffident about expressing an opinion. I think, however, a little bible might do him good."

"It is not an easy matter to hit a conscience exactly between wind and water. I once thought of producing an impression on the ship's company by reading the account of Jonah and the whale as a subject likely to attract their attention, and to show them the hazards we seamen run; but, in the end, I discovered that the narration struck them all aback as a thing not likely to be true. Jack can stand any thing but a fish story, you know, Leach."

"It is always better to keep clear of miracles at sea I believe, sir, when the people are to be spoken to; I saw some of the men this evening wince about that ship of St. Paul's carrying out anchor in a gale."

"The graceless rascals ought to be thankful they are not at this very moment trotting through the great desert lashed to dromedaries' tails! Had I known that, Leach, I would have read the verse twice! But Mr. Monday is altogether a different man, and will listen to reason. There is the story of Absalom, which is quite interesting; and perhaps the account of the battle might be suitable for one who dies in consequence of a battle; but, on the whole, I remember my worthy old father used to say that a sinner ought to be well shaken up at such a moment."

"I fancy, sir, Mr. Monday has been a reasonably steady man as the world goes. Seeing that he is a passenger, I should try and ease him off handsomely, and without any of these methodist surges."

Mr. Dodge entertains his fellow passengers by reading a portion of his journal kept during his European tour. In this journal, Mr. Cooper has unconsciously satirised himself; we could extract from his "travels," specimens of misconstruction as incongruous as the experiences of Dodge. The following is amusing.

"I have observed that the people in most monarchies are abject and low-minded in their deportment. Thus the men take off their hats when they enter churches, although the minister be not present; and even the boys take off their hats when they enter private houses. This is commencing servility young. I have even seen men kneeling on the cold pavements of the churches in the most abject manner, and otherwise betraying the feeling naturally created by slavish institutions."

"Lord help 'em!" exclaimed the captain, "if they begin so young, what a bowing and kneeling set of blackguards they will get to be in time."

"It is to be presumed that Mr. Dodge has pointed out the consequences in the instance of the abject old men mentioned, who probably commenced their servility by entering houses with their hats off," said John Effingham.

"Just so, sir," rejoined the editor. "I throw in these little popular traits because I think they show the differences between nations."

"From which I infer," said Mr. Sharp, "that in your part of America boys do not take off their hats when they enter houses, nor men kneel in churches!"

"Certainly not, sir. Our people get their ideas of manliness early; and as for kneeling in churches, we have some superstitious sects—I do not mention them; but, on the whole, no nation can treat the house of God more rationally than we do in America."

"That I will vouch for," rejoined John Effingham; "for the last time I was at home I attended a concert, in one of them, where an *artiste* of singular nasal merit favored the company with that admirable piece of conjoined sentiment and music entitled 'Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!'"

"I'll engage for it," cried Mr. Dodge, swelling with national pride; "and felt all the time as independent and easy as if he was in a tavern. Oh! superstition is quite extinct in *Ameriky*!"

"Homeward Bound" is but part of a novel—therefore, due allowance must be made for the incompleteness of the story. We anxiously await the publication of the remainder; and, in the interim, notwithstanding the faults we have enumerated, warmly recommend the published portion to the attention of the reading public as one of the very best books of the day.

We have frequently had occasion to remark upon the constant indulgence in the use of technicalities by the authors of nautical works. There is much of rudeness to the general reader in this practice; we cannot be supposed to be intimate with the slang of every profession; and an author has no more right to inflict upon his land patrons a long and technical description of every nautical manœuvre because he is himself conversant with the minutiae of the profession, than a medical gentleman, indulging in novel writing, has a right to give us a learned and verbose description of any simple amputation which a non-professional writer would call "cutting off a leg." Mr. Cooper has disfigured many of the best scenes by the introduction of these vulgarisms, unintelligible to his lady-readers, and ridiculous in the affectation of superior knowledge in the trifles of an exclusive attainment. Here is a passage which we defy any one to understand, unless he has passed his novitiate in the fore-castle; and all that this unnecessary display of ship learning means might have been well and intelligibly expressed by the phrase "sail was made."

The order was now given to brail the spanker, and to clap on and weigh the kedge, which was done by the run. As soon as the ship was free of the bottom, the fore-topmast-staysail was set flying, like a jib-top-sail, by hauling out the tack, and away upon the halyards. The sheet was hauled to windward, and the helm put down; of course the bows of the ship began to fall off, and, as soon as her head was sufficiently near her course, the sheet was drawn, and the wheel shifted.

If an author wishing to let his readers know that his hero was about publishing a book, should display his intimacy with the details of the printing business in the following manner, would he not merit the contempt of his readers; and yet all our nautical novelists persist in foisting their slush-water jargon upon the common sense of their readers, with equal infirmity of purpose.

Proof slips were taken of the solid matter in the galleys, read, corrected, and revised. The leaded articles were already made up, and the pages, first secured with whip-cord, were pushed on to the imposing stone; side and foot sticks, gutters and head pieces of broad, double broad, and narrow furniture were fitted, the page cord removed, quoins of various width were introduced, justifiers were adapted, and the mallet, the shooting stick, and the plainer settled the business. The pressmen immediately wetted their tympan, adjusted their blankets, laid their tympan sheet, and cut out their friar-ket—the register was found correct, picks were removed by the bodkin, monks and friars were inquired into, and the wet heap rapidly vanished at the rate of a token and a half an hour.

While this arrangement was proceeding in one apartment, the forms already worked off were being washed

at the ley trough in another. Industrious compositors were busy with the distribution matter—the thumb and fore finger were frequently rubbed on the piece of alum to obtain a rigidity of tension injured by the metallic particles of the type—fresh copy was given out—the jiggers were placed over the MSS., and the office once more resounded with the rattle of the setting rule and the composing stick.

OUTWARD BOUND; OR, A MERCHANT'S ADVENTURES. By the Author of *Rattlin the Reefer*. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

We protest against the *trade trick* which brought these volumes into the market immediately after Mr. Cooper's novel of "*Homeward Bound*" appeared in the literary announcements of the day. The title is evidently one of opposition, inasmuch as it belongs not to the events described, which have already appeared before the public in the pages of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, under the name of "*Ardent Troughton, the Wrecked Merchant*." The London bookseller, the originator of this scurvy prank, had but little reason to strike at the originality of another tradesman's speculation by imitating or opposing the title of his ware, for the intrinsic merit of the work before us must ensure a rapid and extensive sale, wherever a capital recital of "adventurous deeds and sad mishaps" finds welcome. Mr. Howard, the author of "*Outward Bound*," is also the author of *Rattlin the Reefer*, and *The Old Commodore*; and was sub-editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine* when that periodical was under the control of Captain Marryatt.

The plot and subsequent adventures of the principal characters have been much amplified since their appearance in the pages of the *Magazine*. The conduct of the *denouement* is managed with much skill and originality; and the shipboard scenes are equal to any thing in the long list of nautical romance. The serious pages develop an intimate and rather curious knowledge of the workings of the imagination; and the singular leaning of the morbid-minded Troughton to the contemplation of his "unuttered sin," reminded us forcibly of the dangerous sophistry of Voltaire, in an article in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, detailing the adventures of some young people left on an uninhabited island. Doubtless, Mr. Howard conceived some of his incidents from reading Voltaire's suppository case.

The annexed description, by a London cockney, of the doings aboard a convict ship on its voyage from England to New South Wales, presents a frightful picture.

"That was a hell of a life. Pent up like wild beasts in a cage—and we wasn't much better—and admitted on deck by threes and fours at a time, to get a mouthful of air, that really seemed cool in comparison to the hoven below. We was all in a large ship of six hundred tons and over—seven hundred of us and hod—there was no rig'lations then. A quarter of the live cargo generally found their way overboard before they got to Botany Bay. I had remorse and repentance enough then. Vell, I don't know at all where we were—it was precious hot, but somewhere about where this hooker is now, if I may judge by the sea-weed, and the heat, when a large Spanish slaver, well armed, comes alongside of us. The slavers were free to trade then; but whether or not, the Spaniards were at war with us, and so they asked the English vessel to yield quietly; but the skipper was a spunky little fellow, and as we had a captain, two lieutenants, and a whole company of sixty of the 50th regiment on board, and he had twelve short nines mounted on his flush deck, to it they went, hammer and tongs. That was a slaughtering fight, my lads—nice calm weather—yard-arm and yard-arm—didn't the shot, every one on 'em, crash through the old ribs of the ship, and afterwards make its way through solid masses of the convicts? No escape for von of us. Oh! the howling in that well-packed den! And then, in the after prisons, there was lots o'vhemmen females—the shrieks that rang in one's ears was horrible. The soldiers and the men on deck couldn't bear it; so they opened their cages, and turned them all down into the hold; but not till many of them had been stived to pieces by the shot, and more had died by right and suffocation.

"If slaughter makes a glorious fight, that was one, Bill Bobstay. Every ball went through us just as if you had fired a pistol-shot through a barrel of herrings, we were packed so closely. And my eyes! how we prayed to be let out to work the guns; but they wouldn't trust us, so they worked them themselves, but to very little purpose. For hevery shot that we ad they ad two—and for hevery seaman three—so, while Johnny Epangnol was mashing us poor convicts up in a sort of thick soup of blood, and bowls and brains, on the main-deck, he was sweeping of the blue and red jackets from the deck above—besides knocking away all the masts, and making a complete wreck of the ship. Now it's my principle to do your best to vin, but when ye sees ye can't vin, to coolly knock under, and allow t'other to be the best man. However, our ship couldn't fight any more, cos there was no one left to do the needful; but, as the colors weren't hauld down, the Spaniard kept pummelling away, till, at last he took courage and came on board. The carnage actually made many of them sick—not a word of a lie, Bill—not a word. But who, think ye, was one of the first fellers that jumped aboard? why, our present Spanish skipper, Captain Don Mantex.

"But neither he nor the other knew what to do with the ship that they had taken, much less with the cargo—jail-birds not being a marketable commodity in any known port in the world. Now, mateys, perhaps you are not going to believe me—but it's all as true as gospel. Hush! hie! are ye sure none of these outlandish fellers are near? Sniff round—do none of ye smell garlick? Well, all right, I believe. Well, this very pompous Don Mantex began to order all the wounded as well as the dead to be thrown overboard—stripping the bodies first, of course—for a Spaniard don't care where he thrusts his filthy hand, so long as he can draw it back with a farthing sticking to it. Vell, that ere made a pretty clearance, you may be sure. There wasn't, of the brave defenders of the ship, more than five left, sound wind and limb, and they couldn't help this here wholesale burial.

"The upper deck was thus made pretty clear, and down they comes on the middle deck, were the gentlemen's and ladies' prisons was. And who should Don Mantex and his officers meet, with their shoes over heels

in blood, but Timothy Fribbut, the sentinel at our door, as stiff as his own pigtail. So they told him to move out of the way and give up the key; but he swore he wouldn't budge an inch, or give what they asked, until he was regularly relieved by his sargent. So, when some o' em began to push him on one side, he brought his bayonet to the charge, and sang out, according to orders, for the corporal's guard; and then one o' them gently slipped a small sword through Tim's body, and relieved him from duty for ever. That's what I call a rig'lar sentry for you—as stiff and as stupid as a post. Vell, Tim was chucked overboard of course; and as gentlemen malefactors verna't used any better than the soldiers and sailors, they tossed the dead and the disabled overboard, with no ceremonies of no kind. And the vhemem they served the same way, only if they was only a little hurt they saved them; but if they thought that their wounds would make them troublesome, over they went.

"This sort of feeding thinned us pretty considerable. Out of nearly eight hundred alive an hour ago, there was scarce four hundred left to chip biscuit. After all, they didn't know what to do with us, or the prize either. Our ship was totally dismantled, and the spare spars on the booms, cut up too. So, at last, they called us Henglish on deck, men, vhemem and lads, and gave us a choice, that, at the time, we thought looked vastly generous. All as would enter on board of the Spaniard might enter, and all as chooses to stay on board the English ship might stay, vhemem included.

"Now this was a particler ticklish choice—at least for we gen'lemen convicts. We didn't like to enter on board a vessel little better than a pirate, and we didn't like to trust one another in the ship, for I can't help owning we were a set o' bad uns. However, many o' the convicts fancied themselves greatly, and said as how, now they were their own masters, they could take the ship into any port in the world and jury rig her like winking; and they appeared quite delighted with the idea of being a republic, and every body free to do just as they liked; and the thing pleased the ladies quite as well.

"For myself I didn't like the looks o' things, and, I remembered the Spanish proverb, when I looked at my companions, all of them o' course going to be commanders—

'He senior—you senior—I senior—
Then tell me who'll pull the boat ashore.'

So I, and about seventy convicts, and thirty women, all the best looking, by-the-by, transferred our lives and fortunes aboard the Spaniards. The dons, I must do 'em the justice to say, plundered the vessel only of the little money and plate that they could find, before they abandoned her to the convicts. Well, the Spanish ship staid very near her till dark, I suppose to see how she'd behave. Such a screeching, and howling, and shouting, and singing. Bedlam broke loose could be nothing to it. They were getting tipsy, too gloriously; and when we lost sight on 'em, they had not made a single commence to repair damages, but were chasing each other, men and vhemem, round and round the deck, like so many wild cats, or a warren of rabbits on a fine moonshiny night in summer. Well, we made sail, and next morning nothing whatever was in sight. It would be a curious thing, and quite feelosophical, to know what become o' that ere ship and her ship's company. They were not lost for want of gumption, I know; for three hundred and odd cleverer fellows than those left on board of her you couldn't a selected in the three kingdoms."

"Yes," said a voice, "It would be a right curious speculation to know what became of that ship full of thieves. Did ye never hear that she was hailed after, or that she made any port?"

"No; but she couldn't have harmed—so much talent on board of her—only I didn't like to trust it."

DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA: A JOURNEY TO THE EAST. *With a Sketch of the State and Prospects of Syria, under Ibrahim Pasha.* By Charles G. Addison, of the Inner Temple. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

Books of travels, nautical romances, fashionable novels, and tales of humble life, form the four quarters of the modern bookseller's universe, with a stray pamphlet now and then for an occasional island, and a group of annuals for the flowery land of Australia. We pant as ardently for the appearance of a terra incognita, as did Columbus in the midst of his mutineers, or the Indian-killed-Cook on the deck of the Discovery. We have repeatedly undertaken an exploring expedition among the bookseller's catalogue of ventures "preparing for publication," but have never succeeded in getting beyond the usual latitude. We have scorned to follow in the usual track of other navigators in the seas of criticism; and, despising the stereotyped notices and map-like marks of our contemporaries, have made our own observations and worked our own reckoning, as our log-book plainly shows. The monthly voyages of our craft, have, in this respect, we are proud to say, been as satisfactory to our patrons as the trips of our regular liners to and from Europe; but we begin to find them equally monotonous, and leading but to the same result. We have exhausted our phrases of bad and good import, and having but the same affairs to chronicle, fear mightily that our log will become but a monthly iteration of set notions and legitimate commonplaces. We have before us a book of travels; and after racking our brains for terms of original construction, wherein we might express our opinions of its merits, we have failed to achieve a single sentence of utility; the frequency of the occurrence has exhausted our epithets. Simply, then, and "in terms twice told a many weary times," we have read the work with infinite pleasure and profit, and presume that our readers will do the same, if they venture to follow in our footsteps. Mr. Addison garnishes his own observations with the experiences of his predecessors, and reverts to the history, social and political, of the countries travelled, with a knowledge pleasantly urged and pertinently employed. The ways of the Bedonin Arabs are minutely described; the sad state of Greece under Bavarian misrule, is plainly evidenced; and the account of the various eastern cities of repute, given at large, with a power of description adequate to the task. We have no room for extracts—but may revert to the work again.

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN; WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR. *Two Volumes in one.* Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

It is needless to pronounce any eulogium upon works so well known and universally admired as Miss Austen's productions; and the somewhat vaunted quotation, in the advertisement, of Sir Walter Scott's favorable opinion of various of her novels is turning a natural and commonplace remark into an act of super-erogation. The present edition, the only one by the way, that is procurable by the American reader, contains "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," "Persuasion," "Sense and Sensibility," "Emma," and "Northanger Abbey;" and the warmest thanks of the public are, in our opinion, due to the publishers, for placing before them a full and handsome copy of these inimitable productions. They are worthy a place in every library that contains the works of Scott, and other master minds, who have revelled in the development of habits and manners, and the secret movements of the human heart.

We have been favored with a view of an early copy of Messrs. Carey and Hart's splendid annual for 1839, THE GIFT, which, we see by the advertisements, is announced for publication in the course of the ensuing month. The plates, all of them of American production, tell mightily of the rapid progress of the arts amongst us, and deserve unqualified approval. We would especially instance the "Goldfinch," which is engraved by J. B. Forrest, in a style of surpassing delicacy and felicitous execution. This young man is rapidly making unto himself a name pre-eminent in the scale of merit, and the prowess of his burin may challenge competition with men of mark in other lands. He has another engraving, Brother and Sister, from a painting by Sully—a production of superior worth. The frontispiece, "Helen," and the vignette title page are from the graver of Cheney, who has never been more successful than in the execution of these plates; the latter, the subject of which is a head of surpassing beauty, by Sully, is a gem of inestimable value, and Helen, although a modern Miss in a low dress and lace mantilla, is lovely enough to fire another Troy. "Rustic Civility" represent a group of cottage children opening a gate in a country lane, with a bit of the most exquisite woodland in the back ground. Pease has contrived in his engraving of this well conceived design, to give the due effect of light and shade to Collins' able picture—we have never seen a more effective print. Chapman's well known picture of "The Snare," exhibiting a country boy fixing his rabbit noose, has been well engraved by Lawson; and another rustic subject, "The Farmer's Boy," exhibits the well known abilities of Tucker in a favorable light. We are partial to the vignette style, and the simple but effective appearance of the print before us, confirms our predisposition. There is something wrong in the position of the left eye of the principal figure—a fault to be regretted, as it somewhat detracts from the merit of one of the best plates in the volume. We have largely but honestly indulged in the laudatory style, and regret that we have any cause to spoil our "winding off," by deprecating the introduction of such a print as "Miranda" amongst a group of worthies seldom congregated. If we had not seen the original picture, we should have imagined that the letter engraver had made a mistake in the painter's name; and if we were not intimate with the usual excellence of the engraver's works, we should have at once denounced him as unable to compete with the master hands who have given us fresh instances of their abilities and skill in the delightful volume before us.

We intend, next month, to devote some portion of our contents to a full notice of the literary portion of this handsome volume, which rather exceeds in merit the standard of its predecessors, and therefore deserves a progressional award of popularity.

"The Violet," an Annual for Young People, but under the same able supervision as the Gift, that of Miss Leslie, contains seven exquisite plates and appropriate matter for the edification and amusement of the youthful literaries. It is announced for publication, and will receive due notice at our hands.

INDIAN SUMMER.—A late writer, describing the properties of the American climate, regards the Indian summer as a peculiarity belonging exclusively to the northern and middle States of this continent. This notion is incorrect. The indefatigable Hone, in one of his volumes of *The Every Day Book*, asserts that the few fine days which occur (in England) about the beginning of November, from All Hallows to Martinmas, have been denominated "*St. Martin's Little Summer*." Shakspeare refers to this period in the first part of *King Henry the Sixth*, Act I. Scene 2; where Joan of Arc says—

Assigned am I to be the English scourge—
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect St. Martin's Summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

And Prince Henry bids adieu to Falstaff, see the first part of *King Henry the Fourth*, Act I, Scene 2, in these words—

Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, all-hallowen summer.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1838.

No. 4.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A PASSENGER FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY PROFESSOR INGEBRAHAM.

Author of *Lafitte, Burton, or The Sieges, &c.*

(Continued from Page 173.)

LEAF No. III.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOYAGE—BALIZE—A FLEET—A CHANGE—FINE SPECTACLE—WEST INDIAMAN—PORTUGUESE POLACRE—LAND HO!—ADVENTUROUS MEN—A MODERN SANCHE—THE LAND—ITS FORMATION—PILOT, OR "LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY"—LIGHT-HOUSE—REVENUE CUTTER—NEWSPAPERS—"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS"—A SINGULAR APPEARANCE—A MORNING OFF THE BALIZE—THE TOW-BOAT.

We are at last at the termination of our voyage upon the sea. In three days, at the farthest, we expect to land in New Orleans. But three days upon the waveless Mississippi, to those who have been riding a month upon the ocean, is but a trifle. After an uncommonly long, but unusually pleasant passage of thirty-one days, we anchored off the Balize,* last evening at sunset.

The tedious monotony of our passage since leaving Cuba, was more than cancelled by the scenes and variety of yesterday. We had not seen a sail for four or five days, when, on ascending to the deck at sunrise yesterday morning, judge of my surprise at beholding a fleet of nearly fifty vessels surrounding us on every side, all standing to one common centre; in the midst of which our own gallant ship dashed proudly on, like a high-mettled courser contending for the victory. To one imprisoned in a companionless ship, on the broad and lonely ocean, so many days, this was a scene, from its vivid contrast, calculated

to awaken in my bosom, emotions of the liveliest gratification and pleasure.

In a few moments, on announcing the circumstance, the state-rooms were minus their occupants, who considering their little toilet arrangements as a matter of comparatively small moment, rushed "en déshabille" to the deck, and springing into the rigging and on to the traffrail, amused themselves in gazing upon the novel scene; while our quizzing jack tars amused themselves in gazing upon *them*. Faces, which the day before would almost have made the heavens weep if turned upward, were now so miraculously luminous with delight that every one exhibited an admirable personification of Momus. Every spy glass on board was in requisition, and more than half the morning was consumed in gazing upon the interesting sight. The morning was clear and cloudless. The breeze was light and steady; wafting us along at about four knots an hour; and the sea was as waveless as a mountain lake. Every thing contributed both in nature and our own feelings to render the morning's enjoyment as perfect as could be wished. A point or two abaft our beam, within pistol shot distance, slowly and majestically moved a huge British West-Indiaman, her black, gloomy hull wholly unrelieved by brighter colors, with her red ensign heavily unfolding to the breeze, in recognition of the stars and stripes, floating gracefully at our peak. Farther astern, a taunt-rigged, rakish-looking Portuguese polacre, (polaque) carrying even in so light a breeze, a "bone in her teeth," glided swiftly along, every thing set from deck to truck. We could distinctly see the red woollen caps and dark red faces of her crew, peering over the bows, as they pointed to, and made remarks upon our ship. We distinctly heard one voice say in Spanish, "El Ame

* French BALIZE, Spanish VALIZA, a *beacon*; once placed at the mouth of the river, but now superseded by a light-house. Hence the term "Balize" to the mouth of the Mississippi.

ricane es mejor que el Inglis," in reference to our respective rates of sailing. Early in the morning, about a league ahead of us, we had observed a heavy sailing Dutch ship, as indeed Dutch ships all are; about eleven o'clock we came up with, and passed her, with the same facility as if she had been at anchor. On all sides of us, vessels of nearly every maritime nation were in sight; and in conjectures respecting them, and in admiring their variety of construction and appearance, we passed most of the day, elated with the prospect of a speedy termination to our voyage.

Before we had completed dinner, to which many of us descended half-unwillingly, reluctant to deprive ourselves, even for the short time requisite to discuss that meal, of the pleasant prospect around us, the cry of "Land ho!" was heard from the main top. Down went knife and fork, over went chair and camp stool, and up rushed passengers, one and all, to the deck. Every eye was instantly running along the northern horizon, with a rapid glance. Long and perseveringly they scanned the hazy boundary with a steady, searching, intense gaze; had a travelling gnat passed within their range, he could not have escaped their scrutiny; how then could land escape their vision! Had there been any above their horizon, it most unquestionably could not have eluded it. Glasses were tried, but glasses would not bring the land. At last, two of the most adventurous of the passengers assayed to mount aloft, that they might even at so great a risk, feast their longing eyes on the "promised land." When at length after most marvellous efforts and hair-breadth escapes, one of the adventurous two gained the "futtock shrouds;" and, delaying a few minutes, to recover his recollections, and his breath, he cautiously peered through the rigging, and took a long, lingering look, while twenty long, lengthening faces were peering up to him. Suddenly when we had begun to imagine our "land" was but another "El Dorado," our Columbus aloft, sending forth an outlandish whoop, and clapping his hands, cried out, "I see it!" But alas! the poor fellow, in the ecstasy of the moment, deprived himself of the only means of support, and when his hands relinquished their hold to assist, by clapping, in expressing his joy, his body, in obedience to the laws of gravitation, which "obtain" at sea as well as on land, relinquished its position, and fell ineontinent—fortunately not into the yawning deep—but into the awning spread over the quarter-deck, and, after rebounding a few times, from the vibration of its chords, like honest Sancho in the blanket, he was safely delivered from his durance, unhurt, "having," as a wag on board expressed it, "not only discovered land, but safely landed after the discovery." And in the course of half an hour, we saw from the deck, not exactly land, but an apology for it, in the form and substance of an immense marsh, of tall, wild grass, which stretched along the horizon from west to east, *ad infinitum*. This soil, if you may term it such, is formed by the accumulation and deposition of ochreous matter discharged by the Mississippi, whose turbid waters are more or less charged with terrene particles, so much so, that a glass filled with its water appears to deposit

in a short time, a sediment nearly equal to one twelfth of its bulk. The matter discharged by the river, condensed and strengthened by logs, trees, grass, and other gross substances, is raised above the ordinary tide waters, upon which a soil is formed of mingled sand and marl, capable of producing the long grass which not only lines the coast in the vicinity of this river, but extends many miles into the interior, where it unites with the cypress swamps, which cover the greater part of the unreclaimed lowlands of Louisiana. We coasted along this shore till about three in the evening, when the light-house, at the south-east passage, the chief *embouchure* of the Mississippi, appeared in sight, but a few miles ahead; passing this, we received a pilot from a fairy-like pilot-boat, which on delivering him, bounded away from us like a swift-winged albatross. About four o'clock, the light-house at the south west passage, lifted its solitary head above the horizon. The breeze freshening, we approached it rapidly, under the guidance of the pilot, who had *suivant l'usage*, taken command of our ship, and during the brief but pompous reign of this personage, the captain always sinks into an acquiescing subject. When nearly abreast of the light-house, a fierce, little warlike looking revenue cutter, ran along side of us, and lowering her boat, sent her lieutenant on board, to see that "all was straight." He cracked a bottle of wine with the captain, and leaving some late New Orleans papers, took his departure. The time passed at sea is almost a blank in existence, under any circumstances. And those who have never suffered the privation of being at sea a month, without hearing a word from the busy, bustling, moving world from which they seem to be shut out, can form no idea of the avidity with which we seized and devoured those papers. There were but three of them; and the lucky or rather unlucky holders of them were compelled "*nolens volens*," to read every article aloud, for the satisfaction of the impatient passengers. For the next half hour the quarter deck appeared like a school room; buzz, buzz! buzz! till the papers were read and re-read, advertisements and all, and all were satisfied. About six o'clock in the evening, we cast anchor at the mouth of the south west pass, in company not only with the fleet in which we had sailed during the day, but with a large fleet already at anchor, waiting for tide, pilots, wind, or tow-boats. In approaching the mouth of the river, we witnessed, to us, a novel and remarkable appearance—the meeting of the milky, turbid waters of the Mississippi, with the pale green of the ocean. The waters of the former being lighter than the latter, and not readily mingling with it, are thrown upon the surface, floating like oil to the depth of only two or three feet. A ship passing through this water, leaves a long, dark wake, which is slowly covered by the uniting of the parted waters. The line of demarkation between the yellowish-brown water of the river and the clear green water of the sea, is so distinctly defined that a cane could be laid along the mark of junction. When we first discovered the long white line about two miles distant, it presented the appearance of a low sand beach. As we reached it, I went aloft, not having

the fear of my predecessor's fate before my eyes, and seating myself in the top-gallant cross-trees, beheld one of the most singular appearance of which I had ever formed any conception. When within a few fathoms of the discolored water, we appeared to be rushing on to certain destruction, and when our sharp keel cut and turned up the sluggish surface, I involuntarily shuddered—the next instant we seemed suspended between two seas. Another moment, and we had passed the line of division, ploughing the lazy and muddy waves, and leaving a dark, transparent wake far astern. We are hourly expecting our tow-boat—the Whale. When she arrives, we shall, immediately, in the company of some other ships, move up for New Orleans. The morning is delightful, and we have the prospect of a pleasant sail, or rather tow, up the river. A hundred snow white sails are reflect-

ing the rays of the morning sun, while the rapid dashing of the airy pilot-boats about us, and the slower movements of ships getting under weigh, to cross the bar, and work their own way up to the city, together with the mingling sounds of stern commands, and the sonorous "heave-ho-yeo!" of the laboring seaman, borne upon the breeze, give an almost unparalleled charm and novelty to the scene. Our *whale* is now in sight, spouting, not *jets d'eau* of salt water, but volumes of dense black smoke. We shall soon be under weigh, and every countenance is bright with anticipation. Within an hour, we shall be floating upon the great artery of North America, "prisoners of hope" and of *steam*, on our way to add our little number to the countless thousands, who throng the streets of the Key of the Great Valley through which it flows.

STANZAS.

BY E. BREWSTER GREEN.

Oh! bring me a flower that will not fade
To deck my life's young day;
From a tree, whose cool and balmy shade
Shall never pass away!

Oh! bring me a cup from that fountain bright,
Whose waters sparkle free;
Where health reigns god, and joys invite
The heart to revelry.

Oh! bring me a bird from the mountain grove,
That warbles a deathless song,
Whose melody fills the heart with love,
And buoys the spirit along.

I'm tired of earth, with its gloom and care,
Its change and wickedness;
Oh, take me hence to some other sphere
Of purer happiness.

Or bring me life from a fairer world,
Where peace flows like a stream;

Where the shades of death are ne'er unfurled
To shroud the spirit's beam!

Where clouds come not to dim the soul,
Nor damp the heart's delight:
Where memory roves with sweet control,
And hope is ever bright!

Where the heart is glad, and the spirit free,
And joy delights the eye;
Where pleasures roll as a gentle sea
Beneath a cloudless sky!

Where flowers shed their rich perfume
In wreaths of nectar spray,
And smiles shed o'er the spirits gloom,
A brightness clear as day!

In that bright world of virgin love,
Immaculate and fair,
My earth-worn spirit fain would rove,
And breathe its life out there!

Philadelphia, July 29th.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

"By this good light, this is a very shallow monster—a very weak monster—the man in the moon? a most poor credulous monster—well drawn, monster, in good sooth."—*Shakspeare.*

PETER SWAGGS was head clerk and book-keeper in the mercantile house of Foggs, Boggs, and Co. He was a man of about middle age, with a clayey complexion, which, when agitated, assumed a dolphin-like appearance, and became flushed and streaked with a diversity of colors. His features were heavy and thick—he had a light gray eye—and his hair, which was about the color of a hog's back, was cropped close to his cranium, and presented a kind of bristly, spotted aspect, as odd as it was ugly. His dress was as remarkable as his countenance, and was made up of a short-tailed blue coat with metal buttons, with a close vest and pantaloons of the same material. The latter were made somewhat capacious, and below the knees were thrust into a pair of enormous boots, which again at the feet were deposited in a huge pair of over-shoes, giving to the whole pediment an amplitude assimilating to that of the elephant. A smoothly brushed black hat, the companion of some years, covered his head, and in the cold season his entire form was enveloped in a dark-colored wrapper or great coat, which hung loosely around him. When behind the desk the blue coat, with its brass buttons, was usually laid aside, and superseded by a large roundabout with standing collar, out of the pocket of which might be seen protruding a white muslin handkerchief, of material recommended partly by its apparent gentility, and partly by its cheapness. Engaged about the business of the counting house, his great boast was accuracy and attention—and he even claimed to examine his work thirteen times, in order to be sure of its correctness. "Mr. Foggs" he would sometimes say to the younger partner, "Mr. Foggs is a man of a very neat and comprehensive mind, and he entirely perceives the propriety of my plan—care, my dear, care is every thing in a counting house." "But, Mr. Swaggs," would the Co. in pure waggery object, "Mr. Boggs does not like your system—he thinks it wastes too much time about what is utterly useless—if you ar'n't sure you're right in two or three examinations, you can't be sure in twenty." "Understand me," would Peter reply—"understand me, my dear, I mean no disrespect to you, but you're a fool, and you know nothing at all about business—you've no more idea of it than a mere baby. I know my plan is the only proper one that was ever adopted, and if Mr. Boggs don't like it, he may go to the devil! Excuse me, my dear, I merely make the remark." Such was Peter Swaggs, head clerk to the house of Foggs, Boggs, and Co.

With the warm temper, odd appearance, and peculiar habits indicated above, it is not surprising that

Mr. Swaggs should have been the butt of all the young widdings who infest stores and offices, and play off their pranks upon every strange creature that comes in their way. Jack Williams was an apt member of this clan, and as he happened also to be an apprentice to the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned at the commencement of this article, he had ample opportunity of indulging his propensity for mischief, at the expense of the pale faced head clerk in the broad-tailed blue coat and metal buttons. Many a day witnessed Peter's desk thrown into "most admired disorder," being piled with odd bits of lumber from all parts of the counting house—or the dainty tricks of oil poured into his inkstand, or a dead mouse impaled on his paper file—at all these interferences with his established rights, our hero waxed exceeding wroth, denouncing Jack Williams in no gentle terms, and swearing vengeance against him in no delicate phraseology—but as Jack generally contrived to wear a smooth and sober face on these occasions, and as Peter had no means of proving the facts, he usually wound up his anathema with a positive threat to inform the whole firm of Messrs. Foggs, Boggs, and Co. of his conduct, and have him immediately discharged—a threat, however, which he universally failed to put in execution.

One morning on entering the counting house, considerably before Peter's arrival, Jack found on his (the head clerk's) desk, a letter, which, as it was freshly sealed with only a wafer, he could not resist the temptation to open. Its contents were as follows—

"Sir,

"Your ticket No. 389, in the Grand Conglomeration Lottery, has drawn a prize of \$100, which we shall be happy to advance you at our office, on the usual discount.

"Your obedient servants,

"JONES & JENKINS.

"Peter Swaggs, Esq."

The mischievous apprentice chuckled internally as he read the billet, at the beautiful prospect of amusement which it presented. It was but the work of a moment, and an easy matter withal, as the amount occurred at the end of a line, to add two ciphers, making it read \$10,000 instead of 100 dollars—after which he carefully resealed it, and placed it as before on the book-keeper's desk. After some time, Peter arrived, and while Jack appeared to be utterly inattentive to his motions, he was watching with a side-long glance, to see the effect his supposed good fortune would produce upon him. He began with rather a

urly growl at Jack Williams for scattering his pens, and on Jack's giving him a pert answer, was about commencing a furious tirade, when he perceived the letter. He immediately tore it open, and as he read, his face assumed that strangely variegated appearance I have endeavored to describe at the commencement of this sketch. He read it over several times, seemed scarcely able to believe his own senses, and utterly at a loss to know how to give vent to his delighted feelings. When at length he was able to speak, his manner towards Jack was completely changed. "My dear," said he, (when about to ask a favor he always became very affectionate) "I just want to step down into ——— street for a few moments on some important business, I wish you would make these two or three entries for me while I am gone—do, my dear, and I'll owe you a bottle of wine." "Yes, yes," thought Jack, "I dare say you'll owe, for you never pay promises"—but he only answered "oh, to be sure—to be sure"—and away went Peter in a great fluster, to receive his ten thousand dollar prize "at the usual discount" from the hands of Messrs. Jones and Jenkins.

Mr. Jenkins was a dapper little man, under the ordinary size, and was standing with a smiling face behind his counter, when Mr. Swaggs entered the office—"Good morning, Mr. Swaggs," said the lottery broker, "I hope you're well, sir." "Thank you," grunted Peter,—"I received a note from you this morning"—"About your prize? O yes, yes, I congratulate you, Mr. Swaggs, on your good fortune." "Much obliged to you," said Peter, "I hope it will not be inconvenient for you to advance the amount." "Not at all, not at all," answered Jenkins, "we had rather advance the money than not. Our usual rate is fifteen per cent." "Very well," replied Peter, who inwardly grudged so large a deduction from his supposed fortune, at the same time that he feared to leave it in

the broker's hands for a single day, lest it should prove a dream, and all "vanish into thin air."—"Here it is," said Mr. Jenkins, "less fifteen per cent.," and he proceeded to count out to our anxious expectant, bank notes to the amount of eighty-five dollars. When he had done, they both stood and looked at each other. "Well," said Peter, "where is the rest?" "That is all, sir," said Jenkins, in some surprise.—"All!" exclaimed the head clerk, in a tone of astonishment. "Yes, all," replied the broker, "count it for yourself." "All, sir!" reiterated our hero, "did you not send me word that my ticket had drawn ten thousand dollars, sir, and do you call this all?" "Why, Mr. Swaggs," said Jenkins, "here is certainly some mistake—some grand mistake." "No mistake about it," returned Peter, getting warm—"here it is in black and white. There, sir," handing him the letter—"didn't you write me that note?" "Certainly," said Mr. Jenkins, "but somebody has since added two naughts to the amount. Do you not see, sir, they are in different ink?" Peter took the note—it was too clearly as Jenkins had said—his face grew red and pale by turns—he stuffed the bank notes into his pocket, and tore the letter into a thousand pieces.—"That infernal rascal!" were all the words that escaped him, in a suppressed tone, as he walked himself out of the office.

Peter went in a hurried gait immediately back to the counting house, and the first thing he did was to double his fist in Jack Williams' face. "My dear," said he, "I mean nothing personal, but you are a d——d fool! Nobody that had an atom of sense would do such a thing. I know it was you, and I shall inform Messrs. Foggs, Boggs, and Co. of your behaviour, sir, and if they do not immediately discharge you, they are as big asses as yourself! Understand me, my dear, *I merely make the remark*!"

T.

SONNETS.

BY BENJAMIN GOUGH.

AUTUMN.

FIELD flowers and breathing minstrelsy, farewell!

The rose is colorless and withering fast,
The birds their melodies forget to swell,
And summer's rich variety is past!
The sear leaves wander, and the hoar of age
Gathers her trophy for the dying year,
And following in her noiseless pilgrimage,
Waters her couch with many a pearly tear.
Yet there is one unchanging friend who stays
To cheer the passage into winter's gloom—
The red breast chants his solitary lays,
A simple requiem over nature's tomb.
So when the spring of life shall end with me,
God of my Fathers! may I find a changeless friend
in thee!

WINTER.

THE trees are leafless, and the hollow blast
Sings a shrill anthem to the bitter gloom,
The lately smiling pastures are a waste,
While beauty generates in nature's womb;
The frowning clouds are charged with fleecy snow,
And storm and tempest bear a rival sway;
Soft gurgling rivulets have ceased to flow,
And beauty's garlands wither in decay;
Yet look but heavenward! beautiful and young,
In life and lustre see the stars of night,
Untouched by time, through ages roll along,
And clear as when at first they burst to sight.
And then look from the stars where heaven appears
Clad in the fertile spring of everlasting years.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

DIONYSIUS OF PHOCÆA.

HEROD. ERATO XVII.

I.

My own Ionia! since I may not see
 Thy freedom rescued and thy rights restored,
 I will not pine in fetters, though for thee,
 Nor crouch, the vassal of a Persian lord!—
 Once have I bared, and will not sheathe, the sword;—
 Eternal be the strife, as strife should be,
 Between the tyrant-race, accursed, abhorred,
 And those who, like their fathers, would be free.

Farewell! thou land of loveliness—farewell!
 Beloved Phocæa, city of my sires!
 Henceforth the spoiler in my halls must dwell,
 My childhood's home must feed the vengeful fires;
 And thy sweet maids, a weeping band, must swell
 A despot's train, and wait a despot's wild desires.

II.

But from this hour to me shall ocean prove
 A country, and the gallant bark my home;
 By Persia's bonds unshackled, will I rove
 Where the breeze freshens, and the free waves foam;
 And though full oft before me as I roam,
 Ionia's well-remembered shores will rise,
 Ne'er shall my native land delight mine eyes,
 Till Persian blood hath well avenged her doom.

And should the base marauder cross my path,
 Jove! on this head hurl down thy bolts divine,
 But I will meet and crush him in my wrath,
 For he is freedom's foe, and must be mine.
 Though darker taint the ruthless spoiler hath
 Than mine or freedom's foe—Ionia, he is thine!

III.

Yet, O my country, O Ionia! yet
 How shall I thus forsake thee? I have dwelt
 Enraptured on thy past triumphs, and have felt
 Thy wrongs, thy woes, until mine eyes are wet
 With tears of wrath and madness—not regret;
 And I have bared my sword, and sternly sworn,
 Dearly thy woman-lords should rue the scorn
 Which thou canst ne'er forgive, nor I forget—

And I must now forsake thee.—Hadst thou stood
 True to thyself, thou hadst been free;—but now
 Thy noblest sons are stiffening in their blood,
 And I must quit thy shores, or lie as low;
 Yet, like the storm that hovers o'er the flood,
 I only wait to strike a deeper, deadlier blow.

THEMISTOCLES IN EXILE.

I.

Now I have all that earth can give
 Of pageantry and pride;
 Yes, all for which the kingly live,
 For which the brave have died.
 A thousand slaves obsequious wait
 My nod, as 'twere the frown of fate;
 And what remains beside?
 The empty name is all I need,
 To seem, to be a king indeed!

II.

Yet—am I happy? When my brow
 The bright tiara bears,
 Is there no trace of withering woe,
 Of heart-corroding cares?
 Oh, what is sadder than the smile
 Assumed, and worn but to beguile?
 Yet pride the mask still wears;
 I would not Persian eyes should see
 O Athens! how I pine for thee.

III.

Thy towers are still before mine eye.
 Thy temples on my heart!
 Thence never but with memory
 And life shall they depart.
 By day they fill each waking thought,
 By night in dreams are backward brought—
 Until from sleep I start
 To feel he is no longer free,
 Who lived, and would have died for thee.

IV.

Who would have died!—Why died I not
 On thy triumphant day?

Then had my name, without a blot,
Thine annals graced for aye ;
While now—but earth at length shall know
I was not, could not be, thy foe ;
Though thrust in scorn away
From the loved land *mine* arm had saved,
To despot-lords, and lands enslaved.

V.

Yet, though my foes have been the free,
The Lord of slaves my friend,
Yet, Athens, is my heart with thee,
And shall be, to the end.
The Persian asks my aid in vain ;—
One way remains to burst his chain,
And thee in death defend :
How could I bear to work thine ill,
Despite my wrongs, who love thee still ?

VI.

I loved thee, when my sun of fame
In noontide glory shone ;
Now it hath set in scorn and shame,
Yet love I madly on.
'Twere vain to say I love thee more ;
I knew not how I loved before :
Now know I—but 'tis done—
And, when thine exile's head lies low,
Then, Athens, then, *thou* too shalt know.

SONG OF AN ATHENIAN EXILE

IN THE DAYS OF LYSANDER.

I.

O ATHENS, dear Athens ! the land that I love,
Thy form is before me wherever I rove ;
From the bleak hills of Thrace,—on the far-rolling
sea,—
The heart of thine exile turns fondly to thee.

II.

Still fancy reverts, as dejected I roam,
To the tombs of my sires, to my childhood's loved
home ;
The plains of the east in their beauty I see,
But the loveliest is that which reminds me of thee.

III.

I've gazed on the monarch of kings in his state,
Whose servants are princes, whose menace is fate ;
But the trappings of tyrants are chains to the free,
And my own rock-built Athens was dearer to me.

IV.

I've wandered where freedom is lingering still,
In the lone, barren isle,—on the snow-covered hill ;

Yet sad were my days, though I dwelt with the free,
For Athens was dearer than freedom to me.

V.

Though the sword, with the blood of thy foemen once
wet,
Now sleeps in its scabbard, I cannot forget ;
Yet, yet shall it wake for the land of the free,
And strike in the conflict, dear Athens ! for thee.

VI.

To-morrow once more shall thy banner wave high ;
We doubt not to conquer, or dread not to die ;
The queen of proud Hellas again shalt thou be,
Or thy children, O Athens, shall perish for thee.

VII.

Then, then may fell Sparta in anguish deplore
The blood-sprinkled trophies she vaunted before ;
And think, in her fall, of the wrongs of the free,
And pay, in her ruin, a ransom for thee.

THE LAST WORDS OF
"THE LAST OF THE ROMANS"

I.

Go—slaves and cowards as ye are,
Go—crouch before the conqueror's car ;
To Caesar breathe the suppliant prayer,
And sue the Lord of Rome to spare :
But never shall my knee be bowed,
Among the pale and prostrate crowd :
Ne'er will I quail with downcast eye,
Beneath the frown of tyranny ;—
In freedom I have lived ; in freedom will I die.

II.

How gladly could I die for thee,
Fair Rome, if still thy sons were free ;
Ah ! would that I had died before
Ere thou and they were free no more ;
Ere yet thy once unsullied name
Was linked with servitude and shame ;
Ere yet thy sun of fame had fled :
The crown had fallen from thy head :
Thy deeds were of the past :—thy warriors with the
dead.

III.

Why should I live ? Friends, fortunes, all,
Have perished in my country's fall ;
For they are friends no more, who bow
Before triumphant Caesar now :
I pass from earth unmourned, nor leave
One faithful heart o'er me to grieve :
Brutus ! my friend ! I wrong not thee—
Thou art, or wilt be soon, with me—
Thou canst not live in Rome, when Rome no more is
free !

THE MASSACRE OF THE JEWS AT LISBON, IN 1506.

A HISTORICAL TALE

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

It was on the 19th day of April, 1506, and about the evening hour of four, that the venerable Acuesta was seated in his counting-room, looking over the Dutch captain Juel Verporten's bill of lading, whose vessel, the *Magellone*, had just arrived in the Tagus, laden with goods for him. Gusman, one of his clerks, came staggering into the room, and hung up the keys of the warehouse at the side of the fire-place, exclaiming: "There, we have got all that trash housed at last! I thought we should never have done with it." He then took his seat and began to enter in the books a list of the warehoused packages, but scarcely was his pen dipped into the inkstand, ere it dropped from his hand, and, his head sinking upon the desk, he began to snore as heartily as if he had been in bed.

Acuesta looked sorrowfully at the profligate, and taking the keys from the wall, went out, accompanied by his head-clerk, Manuel di Lasmolada. After a short stay he returned, and shaking the sleeper till he awoke, said to him: "You have performed your duty in a very slovenly manner; the door of the ware-room was not shut, even the very bars were not pushed in, and the windows stood wide open, as if to invite the entrance of thieves."

"They opened of themselves, then," grumbled the clerk; "I shut them; it is impossible to please you—I wish the devil!"

"Nay, swear not," interrupted the merchant, with calm dignity, "you are drunk, and don't know what you are saying; go now to bed, to-morrow we will speak farther of this matter."

Drunkenness ever seeks to hide itself. The gentle reproof of his master threw Gusman into such an ungovernable passion, that he affirmed, with the most horrid oaths, he was quite sober, and even charged his master with wilfully misrepresenting him. "I warned you long ago," replied Acuesta, "that if you again offended me, you should instantly be dismissed my service. Your manner of life is every day becoming more dissolute; I can no longer trust you in any thing; you may go just now; to-morrow you shall receive your quarter's wages, and quit my employment."

The calmness with which Acuesta uttered these words subdued the conscious villain; he durst not re-but rushed out of the room, muttering between

his teeth to Manuel, who entered at the moment, something which sounded like, "Curse Jews! I will make you pay dearly for this."

Manuel took no notice of this threat, but, learning from Acuesta what had happened, ventured to intercede for his fellow-clerk, remarking that the ill will of the man was perhaps to be dreaded—"Those who are afraid of wicked people become their slaves without benefiting themselves," replied Acuesta; "your mercy does not reconcile them to you. I have long borne with this Gusman on account of Don Leon's recommendation; but either our friend was sadly deceived in the man, or the fellow has changed sadly for the worse. The sooner one gets rid of such a pest the better."

Manuel—who was indeed better aware of the man's character than his master—made no reply, but sat down to finish the work which Gusman had begun. Having executed this task, he was proceeding to some other business, but Acuesta stopped him: "Leave that," said he, "you have toiled since sunrise without intermission. The evening is fine; go and take a walk out of the town, and as you pass, step into my garden, and tell my daughter that I shall bring a friend to sup with me to-night. I may perhaps be a little later than usual in coming home. These Flemings give us a deal of work, and my business with our friend Verporten must be settled to-day."

With these words the merchant, having put some papers into his pocket, left the counting-room. Manuel looked after him through the window as upon a departing friend; then carefully locked up the apartments, and proceeded down the sunny street to the gate, Do Garamo, near which Acuesta's villa was situated.

The country-house of the wealthy merchant, which stood upon an eminence commanding a view of the port and city, was not calculated to attract the eye by its external appearance; the interior arrangements were likewise of the plainest kind; but a kiosk, reared in one of the shadiest spots of the garden, in a

grove of palm-trees and carubes, seemed glittering with all the riches of the east. Here from a viranda, raised on slender and palm-like columns, and flanked with highly polished purple walls, on which golden dragons were represented gliding through fantastic foliage, a glass door, supported by gilded pillars, led into a circular saloon formed like a bower. Soft carpets, interwoven with the richest colors of India, covered the floor; the windows were of the purest glass, and through a golden network of the most elegant device seemed to gleam a luxuriant foliage entwined with the red flowers of the Judas tree and magnificent magnolias, upon which gigantic Indian butterflies disported. All this had been painted by cunning hands, in colors of wonderful brilliance, up to the very cupola of the room; and the ever-blooming bower of art united itself finely through the windows, with the variously shaded foliage of the garden, where luxurious pyramids of flowers, disposed in the most tasteful arrangement, stood intermixed with slender palm-trees, dark cypresses, and superb pinks, all bending towards each other, and forming natural colonnades, long and lofty as those seen in a theatre; while flowering pomegranates, and thick hedges of aloe, bounded the spectator's view.

In this cool summer-room, upon an ottoman covered with rich silks, like the goddess of the shrine which inclosed her, sat Acuesta's daughter, the beautiful Deborah. A book which she had been reading lay upon her knee; at her right hand was placed the Donna Eleonora, a blooming widow, arrayed in half-mourning, who had of late cultivated the society of Deborah very assiduously. People were of opinion that the young widow cast a kind eye upon the amiable Manuel, and she seemed to encourage this belief by her conduct, for she always contrived to turn the conversation upon the youth, and would often remark how fortunate she thought Deborah's father in having so faithful and clever an assistant in the management of his extensive business. "Every body," she would say, "is delighted to have business to transact in your father's warehouse, on account of the cheerful and obliging Manuel. Every thing goes on so nimbly with him, for he knows the details of every matter, and the humor of every person. But, do you know," she now added in a whisper—and as she spoke, she cast a keen look upon Deborah—"do you know there are some very unpleasant rumors about him at present?" Here she paused, but her eye continued fixed upon Deborah, who, though not without some hesitation, smilingly replied: "What rumors are they which can affect the reputation of Manuel?"—"Oh, nobody doubts his honesty," rejoined Eleonora; "but can't thou guess? Did you never perceive any thing?—O then, surely it must be all a fabrication?"—A slight blush suffused itself over Deborah's countenance, for she felt that the eye of her neighbor was seeking to detect symptoms of confusion in her features: "Well, what is it?" she inquired.—"They suspect him of being secretly a Jew," continued Eleonora, in a lower voice, and eyeing still more narrowly her companion. "I know people who thoroughly believe it; at all events, you would do well to warn him,—there are

many rumors afloat,—the populace is discontented, and throws the blame of the epidemic and the scarcity upon the Jews, who are said to commit horrid enormities, especially near the time of Easter,—and does not the Hebrew Easter fall upon one of these days?" Deborah looked with astonishment at her companion. "Why ask me such a question? How should I know any thing about that?" said she.—"Oh, forgive me!" cried Eleonora, a little disconcerted; "I thought you might know that also, as you know so much, and as Don Acuesta transacts business with so many kinds of people. Pardon me, assuredly I meant no harm by what I said."—"What harm could you mean?" answered Deborah. "The misery of the poor people must touch the heart of every one; but why should any person suffer accusation on account of what has arisen from natural causes? The disease and famine are certainly great and terrible evils; but the malignity of those who would lay the blame of these calamities on a poor and oppressed tribe, is certainly an evil too, and, in my opinion, a much greater one."—Deborah did not utter these words without visible emotion, and when she looked up to her companion, she saw the traces of a retiring blush upon her forehead. After some insignificant talk, the Donna took her leave, but not without many assurances of friendship, which Deborah received with somewhat of reserve.

The mysterious remarks of Eleonora had disquieted the maiden; she resumed her book, but while her eyes traced the lines, her thoughts strayed far off, and were lost in gloomy forebodings. When the arrival of Manuel was announced, she dropped her veil over her face, and depositing the book at her side, listened to the message which he delivered; and then raising her eyes with a melancholy smile towards Manuel, said: "I also have a message for you. Donna Eleonora, who takes a deep interest in all that concerns you, has just left me; she tells me there is a strong suspicion of heresy abroad against you, and that it behoves you to be guarded in your behaviour."—"She yesterday told me nearly the same thing about you," said Manuel, the blood mounting to his cheeks; "she spoke to me however not with the tone of good will but with all the appearance of a spy; and when she could extract nothing from me, she next assured me that your venerable father was a Jew. I contradicted her—as was my duty; not that my respected master would lose any thing in my estimation from following the creed of his forefathers, but you know the ideas of the populace, who concern themselves no farther than with the name of one's profession. I just now observed this same Eleonora in conversation with father Anselmo, at no great distance from this spot; when I passed, they looked sharply at me, and ceased speaking. Allow me therefore to warn you also, and to beg of you to avoid all suspicious appearances. Perhaps you might likewise warn your father."—"And do you then believe my father is in danger?" cried Deborah, much agitated; "Has he an enemy,—he whose noble heart could not harbor one evil thought,—the friend of the poor, the father of the orphan, and the protector of the widow? Ah, perhaps it is not

becoming for me thus to praise my father; but the idea that any danger might be hovering over his head. Can it be possible? you look doubtfully,—O Manuel, do not abandon my father! Good Manuel, promise me you will instantly go in search of him and accompany him hither; you have frightened me so dreadfully, I shall not be composed, till I see him here."

Whilst uttering these words, Deborah had risen from her seat, the veil had fallen from her forehead, and she now stood in all the splendor of her loveliness before the deeply agitated youth, stretching out her arms in the attitude of entreaty, and imploring him in a tone of anxious sorrow. "You are too much alarmed," said Manuel—who himself was scarcely less so—"but your pleasure shall be obeyed. I will bring your father here as soon as his business with the shipmaster will permit."—"And will that business occupy him long?"—"They have a great many things to talk over, which will require some time to arrange."—"Oh, it must,—it must be broken through! Manuel, take this ring—it was my mother's, and my father never denies me any request when I send him it; it must be; he cannot be angry with me." So saying, she drew a gold ring from her finger, on which certain characters seemed to be formed by the artificial arrangement of the jewels: Manuel placed it upon his finger, and hastened by the shortest path, round the town, to the lodgings of the Dutch shipmaster, which were in the neighborhood of the port.

During this time an event had happened that too amply confirmed the anxious forebodings of Deborah. The stifled agitation of the populace, which had been secretly fanned into strength for some days before, had now broken out in consequence of an insignificant occurrence, and in one part of the city a tumultuous movement had taken place. Few knew the real cause of the commotion; but every one had his own account of it. Those who seemed to have the best information thus related the affair:—

It was in the church of Saint Dominicus, during vespers, that the storm first broke out. The church happened to be very crowded, especially one of the chapels called the Chapel of Jesus, in which there is a crucifix having the wound in the side of our Saviour's image, covered with a piece of crystal. One of the devotees in this chapel, whose eyes were fixed on the crucifix, fancied that he saw a supernatural light streaming from the wound; and calling the attention of those nearest him to the sight, the report quickly circulated from mouth to mouth through the church, and every one felt himself irresistibly drawn forward to behold the miracle. Those who were nearest the spot prostrated themselves on the floor,—the more distant crowded and pushed upon each other,—and while the whole church was resounding with the devout ejaculations of the penitents, and the blows which they inflicted upon their breasts and heads, a dreadful voice from one corner of the Chapel of Jesus, appalled the worshippers with the exclamation—"He has

blasphemed God!" Instantly a thousand voices shouted, "Down with the heretic!—away with the Jew—the atheist—the apostate!" Every one turned towards the spot whence arose this wild outcry, mingled as it now was with the faint sounds of suffering and entreaties for life and mercy. A poor merchant of Jewish extraction, it appeared, had pressed forward with eagerness to see the reported miracle, and had excited the ill will of the bystanders by the impetuosity with which he shouldered his way among the crowd. "What want he?" said one; "'Tis a dog of a Jew," cried another; and a third averred that he had heard him say, it was the delusion of a weak fancy to imagine that such a piece of dry wood should of itself become illuminated. Upon this accusation, whether true or false, one of the nearest bystanders seized the unfortunate man by the throat,—another threw him on the ground,—several struck him with their fists, and his cries and moanings seemed only to inflame the fanatical fury of his persecutors, who, without doubt, would have torn him to pieces on the spot, had they not scrupled to commit so sacrilegious an act in the sacred place. After having trailed him by the feet into the street, a cry was raised for fire and wood, and in a few minutes a pile was constructed of window-shutters and other furniture, into the flames of which the mangled corpse was thrown amid the shouts of a savage multitude, who thought to win the approbation of heaven by having thus punished an apostate and blasphemer. But the horrors of this single deed did not appease the infuriated mob. From various sides the cry was now heard: "Thus should all be served who dare to blaspheme Christ! Down with the false Christians on whose account God is chastising his people! Seize the Jews that they may make atonement for the horrors they have created, and that the wrath of God may be extinguished in these flames!" Shouts such as these increased to one wild, universal howl; and, at the moment while the most dreadful measures were agitated, an aged priest rushed out from the gate of a convent, bearing a large cross in both his hands, and shouting with a loud voice: "Vengeance! vengeance! for a blasphemed God. Woe to the idolaters and usurers! Strike them to the ground—the host of Amalek which is accused of the Lord! He will walk before us like a destructive fire; he will destroy and slay them, even as he smote the Canaanites, and the host of Korah!" The inflamed ecclesiastic was instantly followed by a confused mass of men and women with distorted features and naked arms, brandishing knives and faggots of burning wood which they had snatched from the pile, and uttering the most appalling screams and shouts of vengeance. The aged alone remained behind, collecting with horrid zeal various kinds of combustibles to nourish the fire, for which they waited the arrival of new victims and a richer booty.

During these proceedings the old Acuesta was seated in the Dutch coffee-house, with his friend Jua

Verporten, arranging some accounts and talking over new commissions. "You should again return to us," said the Fleming; "it would be better for us all; you yourself know what a different and cheerful life we lead yonder, and how a thousand things which seem to load the very air around one here, can be all overlooked and forgotten there. Here, I confess, I never do feel at my ease; and I sincerely thank God that, with your good help, my business is so far advanced that I can be again under weigh with the first fresh wind. This country is indeed beautiful, and might be made a perfect paradise; but every thing is ruined by the dark spirit which broods over the land, and my only wonder is that you, thinking as I know you do, have been able to continue in it so long."

"My thoughts," answered Acuesta, "are more frequently turned to your country than you are perhaps aware. It was there I spent my happiest years; and truly the reminiscences of youth touch me more vividly the older I grow. For a length of time, I have been gradually retiring from the Indian trade—though undoubtedly I am better able to carry it on here than any where else—and if I were not detained by the hope of yet discovering the children of my unfortunate friend Lugano, of whom I have often talked to you, I could to-morrow lock up my counting-room, and sail with you for the banks of the Scheld, leaving my business to the honest Janssen, in whose hands it would be as safe as in my own. But the hope which I have mentioned detains me here; and within these few days a new trace of them has been discovered, which may perhaps, after so many vain attempts, lead me to the object of my pursuit."

"Heaven bless your exertions!" said Verporten.—"But how is your daughter? She promised to become a fine girl."

"Nor has she disappointed that expectation," replied Acuesta; "and her mind, I dare say, is yet finer than her countenance. You may judge of this yourself if you will sup with me to-night. She is fond of the conversation of a well-informed man; and to the Dutch she bears the same heart as her father. You have a dear pledge of mine in your country—the grave of her mother, whom Deborah greatly resembles."

After this digression the two friends had resumed their business negotiations, when one of Verporten's servants rushed into the room, with ghastly looks and quivering lips. "What is the matter?" inquired his master.—"Murder and assassination!" exclaimed the Fleming. "A host of men—no! they are not men, they must have been spawned by hell itself—are rushing through the city, breaking into the houses, yelling and raging, murdering and plundering; I do not understand their gibberish, but I saw them dragging off poor women and children by the hair, beating them dreadfully, and shouting *Ao fogo, Ao fogo!*" Acuesta sprung up at this confused relation, and the landlord entering at the moment, gave a more distinct account of the affair. He had not learned the original cause of the riot, but he understood what was going forward, and had despatched trusty scouts to gather information, whose return he expected every moment. "Only wait," said Verporten to his anxious friend, "till we

learn in what quarter the tumult is raging; you will then hasten by the safest road to your daughter. Meanwhile the landlord will get a carriage ready to convey us with greater safety and expedition."

One of the messengers now returned with the news that the infuriated populace had spread out in every street in which they fancied concealed Jews were harbored; that the houses of these unfortunate people were instantly assailed,—the old men, women, and children—many of whom had already expired under their cruel treatment—dragged into the street, and the dead and the living carried to the area before the church, and thrown into the blazing pile; that monks were every where seen among the crowd, and that father Anselmo was stalking about with a crucifix, and exciting the popular fury by the most violent harangues.

The horses were now in the carriage, and Verporten had led his pale friend down stairs, when Acuesta's negro rushed in and throw himself breathless at the foot of his master, exclaiming, "Save yourself, dear master! For heaven's sake, save yourself! Your house in the city is assaulted,—the drunken Gusman heads the murderers,—he is foaming with rage at having missing you, and I just now heard him exclaim, 'We shall find him at his villa; there the Jewish dog is concealed, exercising his magical incantations with his witch of a daughter; there our prey shall not escape us.'"

At this relation, the old man trembled to his inmost soul! he no longer thought of his own danger, or the loss of his fortune,—the fate of his daughter alone absorbed his attention; to her aid he insisted upon hastening with all his feeble strength, and come what might, he tore himself from his friend's arms, with this purpose, but had not crossed the threshold before he sunk down in a faint. There was no time to lose; Verporten, assisted by two servants and the landlord, raised the unconscious old man and lifted him into the carriage, where he took his seat beside him, and the party drove off at full speed.

Rapine and murder raged through the streets of Lisbon,—the howlings of delirious blood-thirstiness mingled with the cries of its innocent victims,—and the flames ever renewed rose to heaven, and stained its pure beauty with volumes of dark smoke, while Manuel, with little presentiment of the horrors which were acting so near him, hastened along the tranquil paths which led through the blooming gardens of the suburbs, amid myrtles and orange-trees which seemed to offer the departing day the incense of their sweets. The message with which Deborah had charged him winged his steps, and his heart felt touched with such a sweet emotion that all around appeared to him like one great temple consecrated to the lovely maiden from whom he had just parted. A nightingale was warbling from afar its evening song: it sounded to him as the flute-like voice of Deborah, and he silently repeated every word which had fallen from her lips;

the pure vault of heaven extended above him, seemed to him like her blue expressive eye; and the glowing couch spread out in the sky for the declining sun, reminded him of the bloom of her cheeks and lips.—“She is the very master-piece of nature!” exclaimed he to himself; “and truly if that countenance is capable of deceiving,—if a soul pure as angel’s speaks not in her eyes and the music of her voice, every thing around us is illusion.” Musing thus he arrived at the Dutch coffee-house, situated at the west side of the city, adjacent to the long gardens that adorn the banks of the Tagus, and greeting the landlord, whom he found in the court-yard, surrounded by his family, he inquired for his master. The landlord, who knew Manuel, stood astonished at the tranquil air with which he appeared among them, and no sound escaped his parted lips. Receiving no answer, Manuel looked steadily upon him, and repeated his previous question, adding, “I hope nothing has befallen my beloved master!” To this interrogatory the host at last replied, “Indeed I know not, Don Manuel, what to think of you! Are you then the only man in the city who is ignorant of what is going on in it,—how they are plundering and murdering, and sparing none who is secretly a Jew, or is suspected of being such?”

Manuel’s astonishment now exceeded that of his host; his features became convulsed,—Eleonora’s insidious warnings,—Deborah’s anxiety,—Gusman’s threats,—all rushed at once upon his mind. “But where is my master?” inquired he once more. “Your master,” replied the landlord, “drove away a few minutes ago with Verporten; they were talking of his villa and his daughter; perhaps they have gone thither, but the good old gentleman was in such a state of alarm that he was lifted in a state of insensibility into the carriage.”

Manuel’s anxiety allowed no time for deliberation. Having in a few hasty words inquired of the host what he knew respecting the actual state of matters, he ran back at full speed by the road he had come, but not, as before, absorbed in delightful reverie; he was now borne forward by anxiety, and animated by the single hope of finding his beloved master at the villa, and being able to render him some assistance in the event of an attack upon the house. The sun was now set, and the profound darkness which covered the country was broken only in one quarter by the lurid flames, which, veiled in smoke and vapor, rose to the sky. Manuel beheld it and smote his breast; more than once he fancied he could hear a distant moaning, and his imagination tortured him with the idea that he knew the voices. “Oh, Christ!” he exclaimed, “are these thy servants? Is this the fulfilment of thy first and highest commandment? Oh, my poor master! Oh, Deborah! thou angel in human form, what may virtue, piety, kindness, beauty, avail thee against the barbarity of fanatical priests?”

These distracting thoughts spurred him onward with an irresistible impulse, when suddenly a confused noise of voices, resembling the roaring of the sea when the storm begins to unfold its wings, assailed his ears; every moment it waxed louder and more hurried. It was a band of the frantic assassins which

had penetrated into a side-road in search of fresh victims. Manuel threw himself into a corner, and protected by the shades of night, remained concealed from the passing rabble, but shuddered to hear the expressions of their outrageous fury,—the curses of one,—the yells of others,—the most blasphemous mixture of devout formulas with hellish projects and savage boastings. Sighing from the depth of his oppressed bosom, he raised his looks to the stars of heaven, which poured their mild and quiet light upon the earth, and it seemed to him as if all those eyes of love, instead of beams of light, ought to have shed tears upon the criminal deeds of mankind.

With feelings of still deeper depression he pushed more rapidly forward, till the gloomy murmuring of a multitude engaged in prayer reached his ear, and immediately afterwards he saw himself surrounded by a number of people bearing candles and torches, which in long array followed in the rear of a lofty crucifix. It was a part of the mob who, satiated with murder, had united in solemn procession to return their thanks to our Lady of Hope, and to implore her to render acceptable to her Son, their late exertions for the honor of his name, and to obtain from Him relief for the afflicted people. As there was no possibility of shunning them in the narrow pathway, Manuel was constrained to move along with the torrent, and was glad enough to escape the recognition of some of his acquaintances, whose hands yet reeked with the blood they had lately shed. Some washed their knives in the font of holy water which stood at the entrance of the church, others threw themselves down before the altars and held their reeking daggers aloft in testimony of their meritorious zeal; but Manuel, wrapped up in his cloak, escaped from the church under the cover of the night.

Having been thus drawn a little out of his original path, he found that the road through the city would now be his nearest path. Dark and deserted streets led him towards the centre of the town, where the mob was still more numerous and active around the plundered houses. Some were kneeling before the holy images, now more richly decked than ever, and surrounded with blazing tapers; some danced the *foffa* to the sound of the guitar, and were ever and anon joined by others who had finished their devotions; and in the midst of them all appeared several parties engaged in carrying off the plunder of the pillaged houses. A spectator might have fancied himself looking upon a lively fair. Without pausing, Manuel slipped through the motley crowd and reached the street of “The Brothers,” in which Acuesta’s warehouse was situated. Some packages lay scattered before the door which stood wide open, and the warehouse had been broken into, and rifled of its contents. A hasty glance sufficed to inform him of the devastation which had been committed here, and, after pulling close the inner door, Manuel returned by a little back gate, of which he had the key, upon his former route. All the rest of the road was deserted, and, at last, out of breath, but without farther accident or delay, he reached his master’s villa.

Exhausted by the rapid walk, but still more by the

anxiety of mind under which he labored, Manuel was compelled to pause a moment in order to take breath. Every tormenting conjecture now rushed upon his mind and paralysed his courage; the darkness which enshrouded the house, and the deep silence which reigned in it, left expectation doubtful. He stepped in; all was deserted in the rooms; no sound met his ear but the echo of his own footsteps; he rushed up stairs to the upper apartments where he found a candle half-melted, lying upon the floor, the wooden wall already scorched and blackened by its flame, and with its assistance, he found his way to a distant closet generally occupied by the inferior domestics of the house. From this apartment a low moaning proceeded; he pushed the door, but it was locked from within, and when he called the moaning ceased; redoubling his efforts, the lock at last yielded to his strength, and he perceived a man lying at his feet who clasped his knees and implored for mercy.

Bending back the head of the suppliant, Manuel recognised by the light which fell on the face of the figure, the negro servant of his master. "What has befallen you, good Gomez, and why are you afraid of me?" said he. At these words the negro slowly raised his eyes. "Is it you, Master Manuel?" ejaculated the wounded man, "Heaven be praised that there is yet some one spared to us! I thought it was the murderers coming to finish their work."

Manuel raised the poor creature, and, having led him to a pallet, inquired what had happened, and what he knew of Acuesta and his daughter. At this question the negro cast a mournful look upon him, and drawing short and heavy sobs, like one whom deep anguish will not suffer to breathe freely, at last said: "Sit down here, Master Manuel, for I cannot speak except in a low voice, and with great difficulty."

Manuel was now informed of all that had taken place in the coffee-house, up to the moment of Acuesta's having been carried away in a deep swoon. "What Verporten," continued the negro, "said in Dutch to his servants I could not understand; but I was sent hither to tell my mistress that her father's safety had been provided for; she herself was directed to shut up the house and to keep herself concealed, and I was told to inform her that farther intelligence would quickly reach her, I ran as fast as I could to deliver this message and to defend the house if necessary; but when I arrived I found every thing empty and deserted, and could only learn this much from an old deaf neighbor, that Donna Deborah had been carried away in a litter by six armed men, whom the old woman recognised to be in the service of the governor. Whilst I was extracting with much difficulty this information from the woman, a troop of assassins rushed into the house, who with bare arms and unsheathed daggers in their hands, called upon me to give up my master and his daughter; and when I assured them that I knew nothing of them, they knocked me down, and trailed me with them through every corner of the house; till at last, after satisfying themselves that I had spoken the truth, they threw me down the staircase, cursing me for a black dog, and a Hebrew slave—and that gave me more pain than all

their kicks and blows. I heard them as they rushed out of the house, threatening to return and renew their search; because, as they said, they could not suffer the old rogue and his daughter to escape them, and I then dragged my wounded body up to this closet where I thought they were not likely to come upon me. This is the whole truth; I could willingly resign myself to death if I only knew that my master had escaped the blood-hounds."

Manuel was in truth little able to comfort poor Gomez, but yet he had caught a gleam of hope. The negro was now quite exhausted by the exertion of speaking, and complained of a burning thirst; Manuel looked about for water, but, finding none, hastened down for it to the kitchen, which lay at the end of a long passage at the back of the house, and from which a door led into the garden. On entering this passage a confused noise of distant voices met his ear, and a ray of light falling through a seam of the door showed to him a number of people assembled in the kitchen. Gently and on tiptoe he approached, and heard several rough voices apparently raised in altercation; but while he stood hesitating how to act, some one rushed out of the apartment with a sword in his hand, hardly leaving him time to escape into the garden.

Whilst Manuel was seated upon the bed of the wounded Gomez, listening to his narration, a crowd of murderers, headed by Acuesta's vindictive clerk, had returned through the garden into the villa to refresh themselves with meat and drink for the renewal of their bloody work. The larder was sacked, the cellar broken open, and the dishes which had been preparing for that evening's supper, were pronounced an excellent capture. With loud shouts the party shared among themselves a dish of partridges, the flavor of which was heightened by choice Colares, and the still more costly wine of Carcavelos; after the birds, came a smoked ham of Monchique, boiled in wine and richly spiced, which, by its inviting flavor, might have stimulated the most satiated appetite.

"But how," cried a young man of a much finer countenance than any of the others, who was standing at the table with his arms crossed, quietly eyeing the distribution of the ham—"how is this? A ham in the kitchen of a Jew! Are you correct in supposing him to be a Hebrew? whatever else I have heard of the old man is more perhaps than can be said of many Christians."—"Tis all hypocrisy and knavish deceit!" cried Gusman, in a harsh voice. "I wish I may be as sure of paradise as the Israelitish dog is of hell! I tell you he is a Jew—a tenfold Jew! Does he not put on clean linen on Saturday? Does he not always get his furniture cleaned on Fridays? Have I not seen the cords of the *Arbon canfoth* peeping out beneath his waistcoat? Do you think I do not know how to distinguish a Jew from an old Christian?"*

* In Spain and Portugal, those only who can prove their family descent to be untainted with Moorish or Jewish blood, are entitled to the appellation *Old Christians*.

These bold assertions admitted of no contradiction, and the conversation again became of a general kind. The bottle now began to circulate faster, and every one boasted, with frightful fluency, of the bloody feats he had performed.—“But what are all these exploits,” commenced one, who, by his hat surmounted with a tuft of worn-out and dirty feathers, a pair of mustachios, and a slashed waistcoat, seemed to be a soldier—“What are all these feats? Had you been with us at Congo, you would have had better entertainment. There the old creed flourished pleasant to behold, and whoever of the black heathen would not allow himself to be converted was quickly put out of our way. We made short work with the king there. The powerful Maripagno, however, marched upon the town; he pressed us very hard with his mighty army, and were obliged to make daily sallies. Shall I tell you what a glorious idea occurred to me? Whenever I could get one of the black devils by himself I threw him upon the ground, placed my foot upon his throat, and brandishing my sword over his head, called out, ‘your life shall be spared if you confess the Saviour!’ Most of them did it, and repeated after me whatever I told them. Now you must understand I always carried some holy water in my flask: with that I baptised the wretches, and as soon as the ceremony was over, I pushed my sword into their throats. What better could I do?—Paradise was secured to them. Had I allowed them to run about at liberty—a thousand to one, they would have apostatised instantly, and gone straight to hell.”

The soldier's narrative was received with wild applause, the glasses sounded anew, and with the praises of the narrator, were mixed curses upon all heathens and heretics.—“Was it not also there,” said an arriero of Herculean dimensions, “that the Saints marched before us, and led our arms to victory?”—“Certainly,” replied the soldier, “many of us saw the Mother of God riding at our head; her long blue mantle floated down to the ground; in her arms she held the Divine Infant, and upon her fair hairs sparkled the Crown of Glory just as it is represented in our Lady of wounds. Saint John, the Evangelist, usually rode at her side, and wherever he was seen, no resistance could avail the black dogs.”—“The Evangelist, you say!” cried one. “I was there as well as you: it was the Baptist.”—“I say it was the Evangelist!” cried the soldier, striking his fist upon the table.—“You lie!” replied the other, “as you have been doing in your whole story; the Evangelist never was good for any thing in war.”—“How!” cried the soldier doubling his fists, “dare you calumniate my patron!”—“My patron,” interrupted the other, “is as good as yours, whose courage is not worth a maravedi, and who would have run off as you did with all your lies and boasts.”

These words were the signal for a general riot. The combatants seized each other by the hair, and instantly the whole company was arranged on one side or the other; one party contending for the honor of the Evangelist, the other for that of John the Baptist—a dispute which had already distracted many convents, and stained the altars themselves with blood. The

table was quickly overthrown, and the remainder of the costly wines spilled on the ground; and the kitchen proving too confined for the assault, the passage was quickly filled with the combatants, boxing, dragging, and at last stabbing each other with their knives. The conquerors departed screaming and quarrelling, leaving the wounded weltering in their blood. Among the dead lay the clerk of Acuesta.

Manuel had only witnessed the commencement of the affray; compassion for the poor languishing Gomez did not allow him to wait the issue. With a pitcher full of fresh water, which he had procured at the spring, he hastened up stairs; his candle having been blown out by the wind, he groped his way with difficulty to the couch of the negro, whom he called by name, but received no answer; he took him by the shoulder—it was cold; he sprinkled the cool water upon him in vain—the poor man had died while in the act of imploring heaven for the safety of his master.

Manuel felt himself again alone in the deserted house. With a heavy heart he walked through the silent rooms, uncertain whither to direct his steps in order to procure tidings of Acuesta and his daughter. He seated himself upon a stone before the door, in a kind of melancholy stupor, his whole strength exhausted, his head sunk on his breast, and his hands supported upon his knees, totally at a loss how to act. “Alas!” he exclaimed, “my kind, my generous, and unfortunate master! what lot may have now befallen thee? Has the arm of friendship been able to snatch thee from the assassins? And thou, angel of beauty and kindness! Have thy heavenly features—has the harmony of thy voice disarmed the blood-thirsty butchers? Have they indeed been able to lay their guilty hands on such a temple of every grace and virtue?” Mistrustful, and with increasing anxiety and desolation of heart, he raised his eyes towards heaven; the pale stars looked out as if they mourned, and a fresh breeze announced the approach of the dawn. “Oh, God!” sighed the afflicted youth; “Thou, whose throne is beyond the stars, Thou who knowest the hearts of men, and hast promised to protect the just, if Thou in thy omnipotence hast preserved them, oh continue to shield them; and let me be once more united to them!”

While Manuel prayed thus with clasped hands, he felt the touch of the ring which Deborah had given him, and with it a strange feeling darted across his whole frame, a slender ray of hope dawned in his breast, the oppression at his heart gave way, and his grief and anxiety flowed forth in relieving tears. The sun had now risen, and began to shed his tremulous rays upon the mighty river, which rolled forward its waves like a sea to join the ocean; new animation manifested itself among the numerous ships which covered the tide, the sunbeams gilded the summit of the masts, where various streamers waved in the wind, and several barks were already under weigh and floating down with full canvas amid the other vessels,

at first slowly and hesitatingly, and then with increasing speed, as if the blue surface of the immeasurable ocean to which they were hastening, attracted them as they advanced with still increasing power.

Manuel's quick eyes had discovered the ships with the earliest dawn of morning, and by their manner of sailing he recognised them to be Dutch vessels. With longing feelings he stretched out his arms towards the sea, and envied in his heart the happiness of the strangers who were permitted thus to turn away from a city stained with blood and horror. Had he only known that Acuesta was in one of these ships, and that his friend was keeping watch over him with the tenderest solicitude, he would have felt more tranquil. At times he had almost hoped so; but a hope built on wishes only, is ever weak against doubts. And what had been the fate of Deborah? Were the unknown men by whom she had been conveyed away really Don Leon's servants? Had he saved her to restore her to her father; or to share the lot of those slaves whom the companion of the intrepid Bartolomeo had brought home with his treasures from India?

Don Leon de Palmeja, a man of obscure origin, but enriched and exalted by military service in India, had become acquainted with Acuesta in the course of some commercial transactions. By chance he had seen Deborah, and as his heart was open to every new passion, he no sooner beheld her, than he began to lay his schemes for getting possession of her person.

"She must be mine," said he to Henriquez, his confident, "she must be mine, though she should cost me my salvation! I have seen the finest women of every color; but, before this star, a whole galaxy of beauty grows dim. Since I beheld her, I have become disgusted with our sun-browned beauties; the color of Deborah's cheek is like the blush of heaven in the morning-dawn, or the leaves of the new-budding rose; the young pomegranate bloom, when it is just breaking through its sheath, does not display a more beautiful red than her lips; the lilies are not whiter than her forehead; and like lianas and ivy, twined round the white bark of the plantain, do her fair locks encircle her brow and temples. Once only did I catch a sight of her heavenly countenance, but she turned suddenly away from me, and walked out of the room; she walked, said I: no, by Joseph and all the saints! she did not walk—she glided past me like an aerial form! He who obtains this phoenix, is no longer a mortal; the place in which she breathes is paradise."

The ardor of a passion which, as soon as kindled, burned with such intensity, left Don Leon no rest. Trained up in war, and accustomed to laugh at remorse and defy every danger which lay between him and the accomplishment of his wishes, he saw in every charming object, a prize of which he had a right to undertake the capture. His increasing riches had given him fresh means of gratifying his passions, and the hoariness of age with which his head was already covered, had not cooled the wild flames of his impetuous heart. Deborah was the object of his thoughts

by day and night. The death, too, of his wife Seraphina, afforded him greater liberty than ever; and he only now labored to find the means of obtaining possession of Acuesta's daughter by persuasion, cunning, or force. The Donna Eleonora had become his accomplice; she was already extensively indebted to Don Leon, and had even flattered herself, that after the death of his wife, she might gain his own hand. Don Leon on the other hand, concealed his new passion from her; and while she believed him to be excited solely by his zeal for the purity of the faith, in his frequent inquiries after the connexions of a suspicious family, under the disguise of friendship she sought admission to the company of Deborah, and faithfully reported to him whatever her vigilance discovered. All her communications were acceptable; for every thing which might serve at any future time to excite Deborah's alarms, was to him a step toward that end on which all his thoughts were directed.

When the bloody riot first broke out in the church, at the altar of the chapel of Jesus, instant intelligence was conveyed to Don Leon, to whom, as governor of the town, the preservation of the public tranquillity formed a peculiar duty. Messengers followed hard upon each other; but before any means of resistance had been adopted, the fury of the tumult had burst open every floodgate. Accustomed to scenes of massacre, Don Leon felt little concern at the blood shed by the populace; his whole thoughts were occupied with schemes for the gratification of his present passion, and he considered this event only as affording the long sought-for opportunity. Without delay, Henriquez was sent with a troop of soldiers to Acuesta's villa, and, whilst his men guarded the door, the rough soldier entered the kiosk where Deborah was sitting, with her head reclining on her arm, thinking of her father and Manuel. Absorbed in her reflections, she was thrown into no small consternation when Henriquez abruptly entered with his helmet in his hand, his short sword suspended from a broad belt, and a pair of pistols stuck in his girdle. He stood before her respectfully, but impatient to deliver his message: its amount was briefly to inform her of the danger in which she and her father were placed, and the generous offer of the governor to afford them both a safe asylum. "He is not able at this moment," added Henriquez, "with all the forces which he has at his command, to restrain the fury of the excited populace; but he will protect every individual as far as practicable, and you are yet safe if you do not delay."

Deborah grew pale at this intelligence, which so suddenly confirmed all her former fears, and inquired in trembling accents: "Is it certain that my father will be protected?" Henriquez placed his hand upon his breast, and with a low bow replied:—"You shall see it yourself; but I conjure you do not delay." While the cunning emissary thus spoke, and Deborah was struggling between fear and distrust, one of her maids rushed in with shrieks of alarm, and was immediately followed by another, who both confirmed the dreadful tale of the riot, the massacre, the firing of the houses, and the fury of the populace, whose shouts and tumult were now heard approaching.

Henriquez, at the same moment, seized the hand of the hesitating girl, and led her through a garden to a back gate, where a litter was waiting in which she was quickly placed; the curtains were then drawn, and a troop of horsemen, one of whom took Deborah's maid behind him, closed round it; the other servants fled in every direction to seek their safety in concealment.

At a small but elegant villa, not far from the Convent Do Garamo the troop halted; the litter was opened, and when Deborah, supported by her servants, stepped out, Don Leon stood ready to receive her. She cast an anxious look around her for her father, but her glance only met the glowing eyes of her betrayer, whose harsh features now appeared doubly distorted by the smile of successful villainy which played upon them. Alarmed at finding herself in the hands of such a man, she anxiously inquired: "Is my father not here? I hoped to have found my father here?"—"He is not yet arrived," answered Don Leon, "but have patience—walk in, you are in safety here, lovely Deborah; and I esteem myself happy in having been the instrument of your deliverance." With these words, he took the hand of the maiden and led her into the house. "If my father is not here," said she, with increasing alarm, "complete your kindness by sending me to the Convent Do Garamo, to remain there till the danger is past."—"You cannot proceed a step farther," replied Don Leon impatiently; "I never should be able to pardon myself were I to expose your precious life to new danger; for even though you should succeed in reaching the convent—which is not at all probable—do not imagine that the fury of the mob would respect even a sacred place if they believed it sheltered one of their selected victims. Here only—in this house only can you be safe; here where the power intrusted to me—and if that should not be sufficient, my life itself, and the lives of all belonging to me, are devoted to your protection."

While the governor thus spoke, new messengers arrived with fresh tidings, and every word went like a dagger to the heart of Deborah, for each announced new horrors, and she momentarily expected to hear the name of her father among those of the murdered; her knees trembled beneath her, and fear would have deprived her of sensation, had not the presence of Don Leon, and the dread with which it inspired her, kept alive the feeble remains of her strength. Carried rather than led, she was conveyed to a chamber in the back part of the house, and intrusted to the care of a female servant.

Don Leon, though with secret reluctance, now departed to take measures to restore the tranquillity of the city.



All that the heart of a maiden feels, who, in the midst of unheard of events, trembles for all that she holds dearest upon earth, and to whom the appearances of security with which she is herself surrounded are more alarming than the manifestations of open and impending peril, now distracted the breast of De-

borah. Assailed by tenfold anxiety, and tortured by the horrid picture of her fancy, she beheld her hopes gradually vanishing with every moment that her father's arrival was delayed; and the efforts with which she strove to maintain her remaining strength, brought alternate flushes of cold and heat over her delicate frame, without the relief of a single tear, for her inmost soul was bound up by terror and alarm.

Isabella, her attendant, saw with deep compassion the sufferings of the lady intrusted to her charge; she tried to comfort her, and spoke of the zeal with which Don Leon had exerted himself for her safety. "Alas!" exclaimed Deborah, "what signifies my own safety to me, if my father has been given up to the barbarians? How much better would it have been for me, had they murdered me also in his arms, that I might have dared to present myself led by his hand before my Heavenly Judge! Of what crime can they accuse him? What indeed have been the crimes of all those whose lives are now sacrificed by the frantic mob? Is it a crime not to be an ancient Christian?—What is more ancient than the faith of the Jewish nation; or who earlier worshipped the true God in their temples? Were they not on that account the selected people of God; and are not the patriarchs gone to God in their ancient venerable faith? Were Enoch and Elias old Christians? Yet did not God take them up alive into his kingdom?—If there is only one faith which gives a right to heaven, where is there one which may claim this prerogative with a higher tone, than that of the people whom God himself led through the desert—for whom he wrote commandments with his own finger—and who, even now, though so heavily oppressed, still worship the one living God of their fathers?"

Struck with astonishment, Isabella listened to sentiments, which, in the enthusiasm of an indignation excited to a feverish pitch, flowed almost unconsciously from the lips of Deborah: "Lovely lady," cried she, "what do I hear you say? If a stranger had heard you utter those words in these dreadful times, your fate would have been sealed. Even Don Leon himself would not be able to protect you, if you despised his creed."

Whilst Isabella thus spoke, Deborah for the first time cast her looks upon her attendant, and was surprised by the sight of her graceful form. The fire of her black eyes, over which delicately arched eyebrows were pencilled, was softened by an expression of benevolence and of silent melancholy which played upon her high forehead and around her exquisitely formed lips; her complexion, naturally dark, was now heightened by the rising blush with which interest and compassion had suffused her cheeks; her shape was slender and delicate; her motions quick but elegant; her whole features and manners bespoke an Eastern origin. As when, in the midst of a frightful dream, the sound of a friendly voice comes from afar upon our ear, and raises our courage to struggle with the illusion, which yet for a long while refuses to yield to our efforts, so Deborah felt a secret awakening of confidence in the presence of this interesting being, and that voice, in which she could distinguish a well-

known harmonious cadence, gave to her, she knew not why, a presentiment of comfort.

In reply to Isabella, Deborah spoke more calmly: "May Heaven preserve me from despising the faith of any one! But the abuse which these men make of their belief, in which what is most sacred serves as a pretext for cruelty and blood-thirstiness—to abhor this, no power on earth shall prevent me! Can it be the duty of Christians to crush entirely the broken reed—to trample with horses and chariots on a nation already prostrate in the dust? Or can a people be rejected by God and given up to the most inhuman treatment, merely because they have been unfortunate?"

Isabella raised her eyes and hands to heaven, then bending gently towards Deborah, she took her by the hand—her lips opened, but she seemed struggling to repress the words which rose to her utterance. "In this country, also," continued Deborah, with an animated voice, "a foreign creed once reared its victorious front—here, upon the banks of the Tagus, now adorned only with convents and Christian churches, once shone gorgeous mosques, while Islamism was proclaimed to the people from a thousand minarets. Christianity had then taken refuge among the mountains, where it hid itself before the sword of the conqueror; and was the oppressed faith then less true for that? Did Power and Faith then occupy the same throne? And if it were a blasphemy to say so, must not the heart revolt when man in any case presumes to constrain the conscience of his fellows, and to enforce his own faith by cruelty?"

Whilst Deborah was thus speaking, the fate of the persecuted race presented itself in vivid colors to her fancy, and with it the remembrance of the blood-stained history of an earlier time; a flood of tears streamed from her cheeks and over her heaving bosom; Isabella too wept, and, kneeling before Deborah, raised her tearful eyes towards heaven, hid her face again in her folded hands, and sobbed aloud, as if some painful remembrances were pressing upon her heart.

Thus passed the night, and the morning dawned. There had been perpetual hurrying to and fro in the house all night; with day-break all became silent; the servants had retired to rest, and only four eyes, moist with tears, at this hour greeted the return of light.

Whilst Manuel was seated before his master's villa, pondering on the steps he should next take, and unable to resolve, he suddenly felt the grasp of a man on his shoulder, who, on his looking up, thus accosted him: "Heaven be thanked you are still alive! I called just now at your master's counting-room, where every one is usually early astir, and, not finding you there, I ran hither at full speed to inquire for Donna Deborah." Manuel started up, and seizing his old Dutch friend, Peter Janssen, by both arms, eagerly asked him, "Do you know any thing about my master?—Is he still alive?—where shall I find him?—Oh speak, I pray you, my dear—good friend!"—"You will not

allow me to edge in a word," answered Jansen, wiping his forehead; "it is just to inform you about him that I have sought you out.—But what a night! I never thought I should live to witness such doings."

Manuel stood as upon burning coals, while the heavy Dutchman kept wiping and fanning himself:—"I conjure you," cried he, "to tell me in a single word, whether he still lives!"—"He was alive yesterday evening," replied Janssen, "and had been rescued from the hands of the murderers: Verporten—God bless him—managed that."

When Manuel heard that his master was yet in life, he threw himself upon the neck of honest Janssen, and exclaimed, "God be praised for his mercy! Having saved my dear master, he will also have protected Deborah."—"Saved your master indeed is," continued Janssen, and carried off in the Magellone: so far all is well; but he was ill—very ill." Janssen now told him that having gone the preceding evening on board the Magellone to transact some business, the tidings of the tumult reached the ship at that moment, and directly afterwards old Acuesta was carried on board in a deep swoon. Verporten had immediately sent some of his people to Acuesta's villa to inform his daughter of what had happened, and, if possible, to convey her on board the Magellone; but the uproar in the town, and the barricading of the streets, prevented these messengers from pursuing a direct path to the house, and it was not till a late hour that they reached it. On coming opposite the door, they perceived a drunken rabble issuing from it, and heard one of them say: "We shall get the old Jew yet, and his daughter he shall never find again, as sure as my name is Henriquez; I have conveyed her into a safe keeping."

"From these words," continued Janssen, "our men concluded that the young lady had been conveyed away, Heaven knows how and whither. We then returned with this intelligence. Verporten hesitated what next to do; at last, it appeared to him, that the course he had previously resolved on was the best, and that he ought not to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty, but try to save one friend at least. To me he gave it in charge to seek for you, Don Manuel, to look after the property of our friend. 'The fate of his daughter,' he added, 'lies in the hands of God; I hope she is in safety; perhaps Manuel has rescued her from her danger; at least you will, with his help, endeavor to discover her present abode, and then, be guided by your own prudence in the rest.' With these words, we shook hands, and I went ashore; and while yet upon my way hither I saw the ship, in company with two others, get under weigh. She is a beautiful vessel, the Magellone, and a capital sailer."

The latter part of this recital had plunged Manuel into deep thought: "Henriquez you say was the name of the man who spoke of Deborah having been carried off."—"So our messenger heard him name himself."—"Oh then, every thing is clear. I know this Henriquez, he is Don Leon's right hand, and ready for every daring enterprise; a neighbor told our Gomez—poor fellow he also perished last night—that Deborah had been carried off by some unknown peo-

ple, who appeared to be servants of the governor; and so it is all clear. Don Leon has had extensive dealings with us; we ever treated him with the greatest disinterestedness, and I do not doubt that he has in his gratitude contrived to save the most precious treasure my master possesses; let us go instantly, if you can, to learn the truth; or, what may be still better—return you to the counting-house where business demands your presence; I can look after the other matters myself; if I am fortunate, as I hope to be, I will come to you, and we shall concert our next steps together.'

Having parted with his friend, Manuel soon reached the house of Don Leon. He mounted the staircase without meeting a single creature, and was much alarmed at finding all deserted, before he perceived one of Deborah's maids asleep upon an ottoman in the anti chamber. At the sight of the well-known countenance, his heart beat so violently, that he was scarcely able to pronounce her name; and when she opened her eyes, and he had heard that Deborah was there, he conjured her, with an earnestness that betrayed more of the state of his heart than he was aware, to bring him into the presence of her mistress: "And that she may not doubt," added he, "that it is a friend who wishes to see her, give her this ring which she yesterday entrusted to me."

The damsel departed—a door opened—and Manuel perceived Deborah seated upon an ottoman; she was without her veil, and looked paler than he had seen her the day before. His first words intimated the safety of her father; Deborah hastily rose from her seat and walked forward with outstretched arms to meet him, but suddenly stopped short, and then, dropping upon her knees, raised her eyes and hands to heaven and gave to God the offering of her tears—for she could not yet find utterance for her soul in words, Manuel hesitated whether to communicate to her all the information he possessed; but as she pressed him with hasty interrogatives, he gave her the whole history, softening only his description of the situation in which Acuesta had reached the port.

During this recital, Isabella was attentively considering the ring on every side, and by placing it in full light, endeavoring to decypher the characters in the interior of the circlet. Suddenly she appeared lost in wonder and astonishment, and returning the ring to Deborah, said to her: "Can you tell me Donna Deborah, where you got this ring?"—"It was bequeathed to me by my mother, who wore it as a remembrance of a dear and unfortunate friend, and parted with it only upon her death bed."—"And was it here," inquired Isabella, a deep glow crimsoning her cheeks—"was it here your mother had this friend?"—"No," answered Deborah, astonished and almost impatient—it was in Antwerp, where I was born; but they were both natives of this country, and being strangers in the Netherlands, had become strongly attached to each other. When compelled to separate after years of intimate friendship, they exchanged

their rings as memorials of their mutual love: but what does this concern you?"

Isabella could no longer restrain herself; she fell upon her knees before Deborah, seized her hands, and bedewing them with tears, exclaimed: "Oh Allah! that friend was my mother; this ring was hers—her name is engraved in the inner part in Moorish characters—*Roana di Lugano*—that was the name of my poor mother—Isabella Lugano is mine; and here, upon the other side, this setting contains the old confession of faith of my noble ancestors: *La elaho alla Allaho*, 'There is no God but God.'"

Deborah, who now very well remembered having frequently heard the name of Roana from the lips of her beloved mother, raised the weeping Isabella from the ground, and pressed her to her heart with the tenderness of an ancient friend:—"Your mother was called Bertranda," said Isabella. "How often my poor unfortunate mother pronounced that name! How much she longed to return to her arms! Alas, had they never parted, that dreadful fate would never have overtaken her, and I should not have been left so lonely and forsaken in the world."

Manuel, who had not lost a word of this conversation, drew a step nearer, and said: "Excuse, Donna Isabella, a question which has not been prompted by unreasonable curiosity: what was the fate of your mother?"

Isabella, who in the emotion of her mind had entirely forgotten the presence of a third party, stared full upon Manuel, afraid perhaps of having incautiously revealed so dangerous a secret. But when she looked into his open countenance, which bore no trace of guile, she spoke without farther restraint:—

"You have perhaps heard of a persecution which took place about twenty years ago against the Moorish inhabitants of this country: free permission to leave the kingdom had been granted to them, nor were they prohibited from carrying their property along with them; but when the king saw a greater number than he had expected avail themselves of this liberty and much treasure about to be withdrawn from the country, he retracted his royal word, and commanded to spare neither violence nor flattery in winning these unfortunate people from their faith. Very few complied with his wishes; some fled secretly, leaving behind them all their wealth; others hid themselves in the mountains, where they wandered about forlorn and solitary. A cavern in the ravines of Estrella sheltered my parents and their four children, of whom I was the eldest. My father died there of grief and want, after having made incredible exertions to save us; and my mother was nearly sharing the same fate, when two monks entered our abode of misery and horror, each of them bearing in one hand a cross, and food in the other; they wished to save us they said, and alleged that compassion for our distress had brought them thither. We children greedily snatched at the bread; but before they gave it up to us, they presented us the crucifix to kiss; to my mother also it was offered, and when she through weakness, or perhaps in compassion to us, did not turn away from it—it was taken for an abjuration of her faith. We were

then placed in a wagon, and conducted in triumph to the city.—Every circumstance," continued Isabella, "of that fatal return is yet fresh before my eyes. In front of the church of the Dominicans, where we alighted, we found several of our companions in misfortune—who had been laid hold of in the same manner as we were—surrounded by a great crowd of spectators, of whom a few showed us compassion, but the greater part viewed our unfortunate condition with indifference, and to some our sorrows afforded amusement. My mother was seated upon the ground, holding her youngest children in her arms, and we stood with our hands clasped around her neck: the crowd of the people, the noise, the moanings of the other prisoners, and the preaching of the monks from the steps of the church—all this has left an ineffaceable impression upon my mind. At length the State alguazils, preceded by a monk, made their way through the crowd; at the command of the monk, we children were seized, and though we clung to our mother and screamed aloud, they tore us from her. As she hastened after us, the king came riding down the street accompanied by some of his grantees, and my mother threw herself into his way, and called aloud for mercy and the restitution of her children. He looked down upon her with darkened brows, and, just as his proud steed reared, said in angry tone: 'Lead this mad woman into a convent, and let her be instructed there till she regains her reason; as for her children, let them be taken to the appointed place.' After issuing these commands, he spurred his horse forward, but when I saw my mother in danger of being trampled down, I burst from my keeper, and threw myself upon her, and we lay upon the ground convulsively grasping each other, while the Alguazils beat us without mercy, and tried to tear us apart. Something like compassion now moved the heart of the king, for he commanded them to spare my mother, remarking: 'Even a dog will resist if you would take its young from it.' and with these words he rode off. We were now separated with somewhat less violence, and conveyed away each to a different place. My unhappy mother I never saw again—grief quickly finished her life—nor my poor brothers and sisters. Alas! I probably am left alone to weep for all."

Deborah during this recital had taken Isabella in her arms and given free course to her tears; but Manuel, in whose eyes also the drops trembled, now inquired if one of her brothers was not called Zamor. At this question Isabella started up in agitation; but before she could reply, the youth threw himself upon his knees beside her, and called out—"So you are my sister!"—"You are not Zamor," answered Isabella, pushing him gently from her; "Zamor is no longer among the living; he was the nearest to me in age, and you are younger than I; he had black hair, too, and yours is auburn."—"So it is," replied Manuel, with a soft voice, while his gushing tears bedewed her hands; "I am Osmyn, the youngest of your brothers; I received the name of Manuel di Lamolado from a poor, but noble-minded man, who saved me from the deepest misery, and who bequeathed to me his name. Yes! I am that Osmyn whom you have

lulled so often to sleep with tales and sweet songs] and who loved you almost more than his mother. How long has all this been effaced from my memory! But your voice has brought it back—names, sounds, features, every thing. Oh, Isabella, do not deny your brother!"

Isabella seemed to hesitate for a moment, and hung with a doubtful and inquiring gaze upon Manuel's features; but Deborah said: "Do not doubt his word; it must be true: Manuel is incapable of deceiving any one." Isabella then threw herself into the arms of her brother, and mingled her tears with his; and all the dangers of the present, and the terrors of the future, vanished in the happiness of this unlooked-for meeting.

Whilst both brother and sister gave themselves up to their feelings, and Deborah praised the ways of Providence in silent admiration, the tramp of horses sounded from the street, and words of altercation were heard. It was a division of the militia inquiring for the governor and desiring his orders. When they were told that he was not at home, and that nobody knew where he was, they rode off muttering to themselves. This incident at once awoke the party within to the consciousness of their present condition. Manuel was again recalled to the thought of the business on which he had originally come, and Deborah to the recollection that she was in the power of Don Leon. When that name resounded from the street, she cast a look full of anxiety upon Isabella and seized her hand: "I wonder," said Isabella, who guessed what was passing in her mind, "where he lingers; but whatever may detain him, you may believe that the extremest impatience will urge him hither, and that as soon as he is left to himself he will hasten home. I am not the confidant of his feelings, heaven be thanked! A mere chance has now brought me near you—but I know that he loves you with the whole strength of his impetuous soul, and I tremble at the thought that you are in his power. 'Twas for his own, not for your sake that he rescued you."

At these words Deborah grew pale, and cast her eyes timidly around her, as if seeking for shelter from some imminent danger. "Since it is so," said Manuel, "nothing remains for us but the most rapid flight. His absence is perhaps a sign from heaven; do not wait his return, for however great his power may be over all the town, still it is here that it is most to be dreaded. Perhaps we may succeed in finding our way out of the house; for the rest, I shall provide. Trust to me, Donna Deborah, and be assured, that except your venerable father, you have not a more faithful friend upon earth than me."

Manuel uttered these words in a firm voice, although a blush suffused his cheek while he spoke. It was impossible to deny him one's confidence. Deborah sunk beside the ottoman upon her knees, and bowing her head, prayed in silent devotion, then rose hastily, and said with great composure: "I follow you; God, who led his people through the desert, will not forsake

me."—"I also follow you!" exclaimed Isabella; "my fate is bound up in yours; it is not for no purpose that God has here re-united us."

Manuel having stepped out to reconnoitre what was going on in the house, was informed by Deborah's servant, who was keeping watch in the anti-chamber, that two or three messengers had arrived, one after the other, and had spoken in a low tone with Don Leon's servants; she had heard the king once named, but nothing farther; the servants, she added, seemed to be in great consternation, and were gone off one by one. Returning with these news, Manuel exclaimed, "Oh! joyful tidings! The way is free; let us not delay a moment." So taking the hands of the veiled and trembling maidens, he drew them after him. With quick steps they hurried on; and Don Leon's house already lay at a great distance behind them, before any of them dared to speak. Deborah's servant followed close behind her mistress.

Dread of Don Leon, whose patrols were now moving in every direction, determined the resolution of the fugitives. They could not doubt that he would employ every means for discovering them, and that he had ample opportunity of doing so; and, therefore, they instantly resolved to leave a country, the soil of which was soaked with the blood of their friends, and seemed to be thirsting for their own. Deborah's only wish was to be once more restored to her father, and Isabella had no other desire than to renew, with Deborah, at the side of her brother, and in the country of her youth, the tender friendship which had once united their mothers.

For the execution of this plan some preparations were necessary, which were likely to detain them till the fall of night; and to escape Don Leon's scouts, it was also desirable that they should have the shelter of darkness. "If you could but resolve," said Manuel, "to live one day in the midst of poverty, I know where you might be concealed from every eye; the place is nigh at hand, and—what at this moment is of equal value—it is beyond the town." The maidens gave themselves up to his guidance, and soon reached a retired hut, the exterior appearance of which bespoke the poverty of its inhabitants. By a low door they entered stooping into a dark court, upon the walls of which hung some fishing nets and cruives—the miserable implements of a fisherman who occupied the lower part of the little dwelling. Here Manuel, having ascertained that there was no one in the house, directed them to remain concealed till night-fall, before which he promised to return from the city. He then hastened back to make farther arrangements for their flight.

There was still a great stir in the city; but the scene had changed, and, in place of the wild rage of an inflamed mob, dread of the ruling authorities now prevailed. Every where were seen pickets, mounted

or on foot, patrolling the streets, or leading away to prison the rioters whom they had seized in the act of pillaging; a few solitary monks were also visible skulking away in their alarm by the sides of the houses, and making wide circuits to avoid the armed troops; the rest of the people seemed silently pursuing their accustomed business. It was now apparent that measures had been taken to prevent a new explosion of popular fury and a repetition of the horrors of the preceding day.

Manuel found every thing in the counting-house as he had left it the night before, and even somewhat better than he had anticipated. The warehouse indeed stood open—many articles had been damaged, and still more stolen—goods with which queens might well have adorned themselves lay scattered about and trodden in the mire of the court-yard—but the counting-room, which was protected by iron bars, had not been touched. He opened it hastily, and deposited the books, accounts, and papers, in a chest, into which he also put a valuable casket of pearls and jewels.

After arranging these matters, Manuel went to his friend, Peter Janssen, and committed to his fidelity whatever he was unable to carry away, with directions to preserve it till he received farther instructions. "I have only one piece of business more," added he—"the most important and sacred of all. Deborah has been found; she was in Don Leon's hands—but she has escaped him for the moment, yet how easily may his creatures succeed in seizing her again! This night is fixed upon for our flight; our way lies to Antwerp, where I hope to find my beloved master, and to gladden him with the restitution of his precious treasure in the person of his daughter."

"Heaven be thanked," said Janssen, "that the jewels and the daughter also are so far safe! Don Leon is a bad character—as I had intended to tell you before—and you have every thing to fear from him if he discovers your traces. The worst is that the priests are as much at his command as the soldiers, so that it is difficult to keep any thing hidden from him; you will do well therefore by all means to hasten your flight—but then, the misfortune is, that the port has been barricaded for some hours, and the ships are forbidden to sail till farther orders. They are also to undergo a search for the discovery of the goods which were carried off in the course of yesterday's riot."

"Then we must go by land," said Manuel.

"That would do very well," replied Janssen, "but think of the distance, and how many dangers threaten you, were you to undertake such a journey with women under your charge. I should hardly like to undertake it with them even by water; the mountains are full of desperate marauders, and bands of disarmed soldiers are roaming about on the Spanish territory, who are still worse—how it goes on in France we all know. I would therefore advise you to hire mules and set out this very night to the coast. When you have reached it you are safe. The embargo cannot last longer than two or three days; during that time I will secure berths for you in the *Mermaid*, captain Tromp, which is ready to sail. He will take you on board at the *Cabo da Rocca*—wait there for him. Now

go look after the business you have in hands, and leave me to manage the rest. My best greetings to Acuesta, if you find him still alive—as I hope you will, the dear old man—and tell him that at all times I am soul and body at his command.”

After taking leave of his honest friend, and recommending him to the guardianship of heaven, Manuel hastened down the street, endeavoring to recollect whatever might be useful to the ladeis now under his protection; but as he was turning the corner of a street, a female servant stopped his hurried steps: “I was just on the way to your house to seek you,” whispered she hastily; “Donna Eleonora desires you to come to her—she has important matters to reveal to you—but she begs you not to delay a moment, or you may have cause to repent it.”—“I have no time at present,” answered Manuel, who dreaded some stratagem on the part of that cunning woman; “pressing business demands my attention—excuse me, then.” With these words he was about to proceed on his way, but the girl placed herself before him, and taking him by the arm, said: “As you hope to be saved, Don Manuel, or ever to succeed in any thing upon which your happiness depends, despise not the request of my unfortunate mistress! Mark you—never will you know peace again if you disregard this request!”

When a reflecting man is engaged in any perilous enterprise, every casual event—every word, assumes a prophetic signification with him. Thus the words of the maid at this moment fell upon his heart with a deep import; he felt himself overcome by them, and followed her without farther resistance to the residence of Eleonora.

The door of her room being gently opened, Manuel could scarcely distinguish in the twilight the outline of a female form which lay extended upon a couch, with her countenance turned towards the wall. It was Eleonora; but how altered from what he had seen her yesterday! A deadly paleness covered her once blooming countenance, over which her raven hair lay in dishevelled locks—her fixed eye seemed to be staring upon vacuity—and it was not till she had shaded the locks from her forehead, which was covered with cold perspiration, that she said, as if awakening from a deep slumber: “Is it you, Manuel? give me your hand; but look not with such wildness and astonishment upon me, otherwise I cannot speak to you.”

Manuel gave her his hand—she seized it hastily—hers was cold and moist like the hand of a dying person. “What ails you, Donna Eleonora?” said he; “but be brief, for I am in great haste.”

“And I also,” interrupted Eleonora, convulsively grasping his hand; “my stay is but short—they have murdered your master,” she added after a short pause, “is it not so? and Deborah—”

“My master has not perished,” replied Manuel, “and his daughter also I hope is safe. Do not give yourself any uneasiness about them.”

“She is in Don Leon’s hands,” cried Eleonora, looking wildly upon him; “that is to say, she is ruined for ever! Detest me! Curse me! I have betrayed her to him; upon my head fall her ruin, and the blood

of her father! Oh the perjured man—the hypocrite! I loved him—loved him to madness, and he betrayed me! I thought it was in his zeal for religion that he sought information from me, and so I quieted my conscience while I betrayed my friend. Perhaps even now she is lost—that angel of beauty and kindness!—given up to the most abandoned villany! Alas! how could I trust the black-hearted traitor! How love him!”

Manuel now relieved from any suspicions of treachery, replied: “You are mistaken, Donna Eleonora, if you believe Deborah lost; she is no longer in Don Leon’s hands—she has been saved by her good angel.”

Eleonora stared incredulously upon him: “You have ever been an upright man,” said she in milder accents; “I could have loved you above all men, but that villain Leon held me in his snares. You now only wish to comfort me, seeing me so miserable.”

When Manuel repeated his assurances, the unfortunate woman seemed to be struck with still deeper despair. She wrung her hands, tore her hair, and struck her forehead with her clenched fist; her exclamations, and a few words which fell from her pale lips, convinced the horror-struck Manuel, that, hearing how Deborah had been carried off, she had, in the fury of her jealousy, despatched some resolute fellows to revenge her upon the perfidious Leon, and had then, overwhelmed by the horrors of repentance and despair poisoned herself.

He was about to hasten for a physician, but she held him back:—“All help comes too late; death burns within me, and I have still a confession to make.”—She covered her eyes with her hands as she spoke: “You also I have betrayed. Intimidated by dreadful threats, I watched and discovered you—you are marked in black—the sword is hanging over your head—flight alone can save you—make use of these hours of alarm, and delay not. Heaven be thanked I have discharged my conscience towards you and can now die more calmly! But tell me, before you go—tell me, if you can, that you do not abhor me; or, if you cannot, that you have at least compassion for me, and that you pardon me.”

She held his hand between both of hers and looked imploringly upon him: “You have fallen into bad hands, Eleonora,” he replied: “wicked men have seduced you by the abuse of the most sacred things; therefore, believe me, I feel a deep compassion for you, and do not lay to your charge the injuries which you had intended me for the sake of your betrayer. God, I trust, will overrule every thing for the best; and so I part with you, thanking you for the warning which you have given me; but while you desire my safety, think also of your own eternal welfare, and what is before you.”

With these words Manuel gave her his hand. She took a plain gold ring from her finger and put it upon his: “Heaven and all the saints be with you!” cried she sobbing, and then hid her countenance in the bed clothes and wept aloud. Manuel hastened with a heavy heart down the street; the pale features of the expiring woman continually haunted his recollection, and melted his inmost heart with a compassion before which even the memory of her crimes gave way.

The last rays of day had sunk into the ocean, and the night had already strewn the sky with stars as with flowers, when Manuel conducted an arriero with his four mules to the fisherman's hut. On his way he met the fisherman himself, an old and tried acquaintance, to whom he explained the situation of affairs and his designs, and who immediately requested permission to accompany him abroad. "Do you know," said he, "I also have several reasons for undertaking a journey; take me with you—I stand my man."

Manuel, who had three women to protect, and knew but too well how little dependence was to be placed upon the arriero in the case of an affray, accepted the fisherman's offer without hesitation, and hastened to announce his arrival and the preparations for flight. A few minutes sufficed to arrange the cavalcade which then set out silently but quickly. The arriero went first, followed by Manuel, Deborah and Isabella rode beside each other, and behind them came the maid-servant with the luggage; the fisherman was sent out in every direction to reconnoitre the way. After they had left the city behind them, Manuel gave his place to the servant, and walked sometimes before and sometimes at the side of the ladies, generally addressing himself to his newly found sister. While the three travellers were thus engaged in friendly conversation, Deborah felt that Isabella became all the dearer to her by the love which she manifested to her brother; for that she loved this brother, she knew not yet, or did not confess it to herself. But Manuel knew why his heart beat so wildly while near Deborah, and why he felt so happy when her eyes met his, or when she addressed herself to him. If she called him 'dear Manuel,' these words sounded like the tones of an Eolian harp within his breast, and it seemed as if the angels of heaven were opening the gates of paradise to him, and as if thence all light and all harmony streamed over him. Never before had Deborah appeared so beautiful as during this serene night; never had her figure seemed so slender and lofty, or her motions so easy and graceful; he thought that the very stars smiled through their eyes of love upon her, while the night cleared up around them, and the breeze blew softly and refreshingly upon their path. Happy youth, whose lot it was thus to save and protect his beloved! If you knew how she is listening to your every word—how her silent gratitude kindles her unconscious love—what delight she feels in gazing upon your open countenance and guileless eyes: but you know it not—you have no presentiment of it—and happy as you are in your present enjoyment, you would be overwhelmed with ecstasy could you believe that the lovely one would ever respond to your affection with all the strength of her devoted soul!

Whilst the travellers entertained themselves in this manner, and more with silent thoughts than audible words, the fisherman had fallen into close conversation with the arriero, regarding the events of the preceding night. The latter who had just returned from a journey, had obtained only some brief and imperfect accounts of it; the fisherman therefore painted in lively colors the scenes he had witnessed, and his description

of the injury and devastation which had fallen upon a great number of flourishing families would have torn the hearts of our travellers, if the narrator had not been too distant from them to be overheard.

"I too was obliged to assist in some of their proceedings," continued the fisherman; "but truly it was not with my good will. I was standing at the corner of a street looking on the mischief, when the gardener of the Dominicans seized me and dragged me into a warehouse—I believe it was that of the rich Acuesta—and bade me load myself with as much as I was able to bear, and deposit my burden in the convent. Ten times, perhaps, was I obliged to pass back and forward, till the warehouse was empty and the cellar of the convent full. I do not know whether they intend to carry all their merchandise to the market, or whether they mean to bestow it upon their own good friends. But this was not all: tired of my labor, I became anxious to get away to see my poor sister, but on asking my wages I was forbidden to depart. I now observed a singular uneasiness about them, arising I suppose, from a report which had been whispered, that the king was violently incensed at what had happened, and was desirous of tracing the plunderers; they probably dreaded that I would betray them, and wished to keep me a prisoner—nor perhaps would I have been the first that had been put out of the way by them when their credit was at stake—but I resolved rather to lose my money than run the risk; so I snatched the keys from the hands of the porter, and felled him to the ground with a blow. Thus I made my escape; but I am sure they have marked me, and therefore it is that I have undertaken this journey."

The fisherman here paused till the rest of the party came up when he added: "You have done well, Don Manuel, to get out of the way; the priests are violently incensed against you, and made frequent inquiries, in the course of the night, if you had not been caught; I know not what charge they have against you."

At these words the ladies entreated their guide to mount again, and pushed their mules faster forward, while those on foot running beside them, kept pace with the strong and spirited animals.

The troop now entered the valley which opens towards Cascais, from whence the distance was but short to Roça, the final point of their journey. A fresher breeze already announced the morning-dawn, and the tops of the cypresses and palm-trees began to rustle more audibly, when Isabella's spirited mule suddenly erected its ears, and wild and threatening words were heard issuing from a ravine on the right. Manuel leaped from his saddle, and hastened with a drawn sword in his hand to the scene of altercation, having charged the fisherman not to leave the ladies.

The cries for help ceased just as Manuel entered the ravine, in which he saw a man lying upon the ground, whom two others were engaged in plundering. A stunning blow with the flat of his sword announced his presence to the nearest of the robbers;

but the other, with ready resolution, seized Manuel by the throat, and being instantly seconded by his comrade who quickly recovered himself, would have overpowered him, if Deborah and her companions, with the vigilant fisherman at their side, had not made their appearance at the mouth of the ravine. Surprised at the unexpected sight, the robbers instantly fled, but in their flight, he whom Manuel had knocked down, hurled his dagger upon him, with so good an aim, that the blood was streaming from him when his friends came up to his aid.

The consternation of the females at the sight cannot be described; Isabella prevented herself from sinking to the ground by leaning upon the fisherman; but Deborah threw her arm around the wounded youth, and strove to stanch the blood which flowed over his breast and shoulders—the point of the dagger had grazed his neck on one side, and separated a vein without penetrating deep.

Isabella now lent her aid in binding up the wound of her brother; the fisherman meanwhile stepped up to the murdered man, but on turning him over and causing the light to fall upon his countenance, he shrunk back with an expression of terror, exclaiming: "Is it possible! He here! Who would have imagined it!—God have mercy upon his poor soul, he would need it much!" These and similar exclamations drew the attention of the rest to the stranger, whom they had almost forgotten in their concern for Manuel, and their astonishment was not small when they discovered in him Don Leon—the man at whose influence a few hours ago they had trembled as before an Omnipresent power. How he had come into this deserted mountain, and here found his death in so forlorn a situation, was difficult to imagine. It afterwards appeared that the king, enraged at the barbarities of the people and clergy, had directed his anger principally against Don Leon, who, instead of quelling the riot in time, as was his duty, had regarded it with indifference, and even made use of it for his own guilty purposes. In the course of the night he had been summoned before the king, who overwhelmed him with well-merited reproach, and ordered him to be imprisoned, after threatening him with a severe examination. But all this had been done with the greatest secrecy, for the excited mob, and the powerful party of the governor, were dreaded even in the palace of the monarch. On the road to prison he found means to escape; but while pursued by the anger of the king and the stings of his own conscience, he wandered over the mountains in search of an asylum, the hand of the Eternal Judge overtook him, and he fell under the daggers of the assassins whom the jealousy and revenge of Eleonora, as we hinted above, had armed against him.

Before the party resumed their journey, Manuel and the fisherman made it their care to bury the murdered man, by deepening an adjoining hollow in the soil, in which they placed the corpse, and covered it with earth as well as circumstances would permit. The fisherman formed a cross with two sticks, and planted it at the head of the body; after which, having said a short prayer, all returned to their mules, which

had meanwhile been comfortably browsing upon the luxuriant sward of the valley.

Our travellers having recovered from their alarm, and satisfied themselves that the wound of Manuel was not dangerous, accomplished the rest of their journey without farther accident, and with the greater tranquillity, as they were now relieved from the dread of Don Leon's pursuit.

At noon the cavalcade reached Cascais, and after having taken some refreshment, they arrived about sunset at the Rocca. Here the fisherman led them to the hut of a friend who carried on the same trade with himself, and who, with his kind wife and two blooming daughters, welcomed the strangers into his house as if they had been old acquaintances. They rested with much pleasure here, for all stood in need of refreshment, and Manuel's wound required repose; he experienced no want of attention, but the tender interest manifested by Deborah, her conversation, and the love which she showed to his sister, proved the most efficacious medicine. After the lapse of three days, the ship destined for their conveyance made its appearance; the arriero was sent back with letters to Janssen, and with him Deborah's servant, who was frightened at the prospect of a sea-voyage, and whose place was supplied by one of the daughters of their host at the Rocca, who was attached to the young fisherman, and willing to follow her lover courageously to a foreign land.

With prosperous omens they went on board. The sun rose in all his brightness and glory over the sea—a fresh breeze from the south-east filled the sails—the colors waved gaily in the blue sky—and rapidly, like a noble falcon the vessel flew over the calm expanse. Standing upon the deck, our travellers turned their looks once more upon the city spread out upon seven hills, with its palaces and towers gleaming through the mist, and when the promontory hid the magnificent theatre from their eyes, tears flowed down their cheeks, and their heaven-raised looks returned the homage of their gratitude to a protecting Providence. Such was the farewell they took of the beautiful but now blood-stained land of their fathers!

The sun had nearly set, and the vesper-bells were ringing, when the Mermaid, commanded by Hugo Tromp, entered the harbor of Antwerp. With beating hearts our travellers went ashore; and now, when the decisive moment was so near, hope yielded to fear, and indescribable anxiety awoke in the breast of Deborah.

"Is the Magellone got in?" was the first question of Manuel to a Flemish porter who was loitering about upon the quay. The lethargic Fleming turned his head listlessly round and pointed with his hand in the same direction: Manuel's eye followed in the line marked out, and perceived the fair Magellone glitter-

ing with her newly gilded hair in the evening sun; all was animation upon her deck, which was covered with casks and chests, and a loaded boat was just putting-off from her for the shore. Manuel flew to the spot of its landing, and the maidens hastened after him; but before they could overtake him, he had obtained the longed-for intelligence: "He lives!" cried he; "your father lives, and has no other wish but to behold you again. Oh, merciful heaven, I shall again see my dear master, and you your beloved father!"

Full of this joyful hope they hastened to the house which the sailors pointed out to them. Manuel preceded them. He found his master in company with Verporten; he was still pale and reclining upon a couch, but out of danger. Manuel's entrance, and the joyful message which he brought from his daughter, seemed at once to restore him to strength; he immediately raised himself up in his seat, his cheeks glowing with joy, and with beaming eyes he sat awaiting his daughter's arrival. In a few minutes Deborah was kneeling at his couch. He listened to the history of her anxious days—the dangers by which she had been threatened—Manuel's faithful services—and Isabella's unexpected discovery of a beloved brother; and when he had heard her story, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, thanked God for the great happiness which had fallen to his lot, and pressed alternately the beloved daughter and brother and sister to his heart: "How marvellous and dark are the ways of providence!" exclaimed Acuesta. "Long years have I been searching for these dear children of my unfortunate friend—pursuing with vain exertion every trace of their existence, while that which I so much desired to behold was before mine eyes! I might

have almost divined in the love which attracted me towards you, Manuel, that you belonged to me by other ties than I knew; and how often, Isabella, in the house of Donna Seraphina, have I fondly gazed on your loveliness without thinking that what seemed to me so friendly and well-known in your features was a remembrance of my beloved friend Roana. Now those who have been divided by misfortune, have been reunited by misfortune; evil has turned into good, and I see my old age surrounded by children who are all worthy to love each other as brothers and sisters."

The silent love of Deborah and Manuel could not remain long unobserved by Acuesta; after a few weeks they were a happy pair. On the wedding-day came a letter, with the news that the goods stolen from Acuesta's warehouse had been traced and recovered in consequence of the information furnished by the fisherman; and shortly afterwards the faithful Janssen himself arrived with the restored treasures and accounts. As he was now daily in the house of Acuesta, and witnessed the happiness of the young people, and the harmony which reigned among all the members of the family, he felt with some surprise the approaches of a feeling to which, engaged as he had been in active business from his earliest years, his bosom had been almost a stranger. He soon made himself under tood to Isabella, and one day both presented themselves before Acuesta and craved his blessing. The wedding was celebrated soon afterwards, and Janssen having in consequence transported his business to Antwerp, all the friends remained together undivided.

THE LONELY HEART.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN

Go forth among the merry throng
And mark the sunny eye,
Then listen, 'midst the swells of song,
For one low murmur'd sigh.

Look on the rose encircled brow,
Pierce thro' its masking art,
And learn of her who revels how
To bear a lonely heart.

Go take the wanderer's hand in thine,
Who stands apart from all,
Within whose eye pale waters shine,
And dry them ere they fall.

Mark the deep flush that stains his cheek,
The quick unconscious start,
Ask not the cause, pride is too weak
To veil a lonely heart.

Go where the couch of pain is spread,
Where the dark wings of death
Hover above the aching head,
To bear away the breath.

Mark that dull eye, how oft it turns,
How oft the pale lips part,
For one long hoarded hope, how yearns
That dying, lonely heart.

Yes—thou may'st see it thro' the gleam
That lights up beauty's eye,
And in the wanderer's home brought dream
Beneath a stranger's sky.

And by the couch of pain, when earth
Claims back its kindred part,
Few, few are these of mortal birth,
But know the lonely heart,

H O M E .

"The light of other days."

MEMORY!—how the spirit burneth
Lingering o'er those gladsome scenes,
Each light thought of earth it spurneth,
Still to Home it fondly leans;
To those bright tho' lonely places
Where in childhood's glee I roved,
To those dear and happy faces
That my childhood's bosom loved!

Home!—thy magic spell has bound me,
Dreams of happier days arise,
Long past joys start up around me—
Home, and friends, and kindred ties.
There the spot so sweet and lonely
Where, in evening's dark'ning veil,
To that loved, that bright one, only,
Spoke I love's first faltering tale.

Love's bright path—how sweet to trace it,
Wandering on life's rock-bound coast,
Time nor care cannot efface it,
Though the soul be tempest-tost:
Once the heart's pure love is plighted,
Can the spell be broken!—never!—
Change may come, and hopes be blighted,
But that love will live for ever!

When the skies with gems are studded—
Twinkling eyes from far off spheres—
And the dreamy ether flooded
With the songs the light breeze bears,—
Then the joys of Home awaken
To the sad and truant one,
Like the reed by rude winds shaken,
Like the lost, repentant son.

In the hour of grief and sadness,
Breathes the heart one thought of home?
Sorrow soon is turned to gladness—
Joy that's faded—joy to come,—
O'er the heart it rushes fleetly,
That dear thought of bliss long gone,—
Could the spell be wrought more sweetly!—
'Tis the "burden love lays on!"

When the gales of fortune, winging
Treasures rich on every gale,
Tells the soul of pleasures springing
Like a bright Arabian tale,—
Let the tempter not steal o'er me—
Let my thoughts no longer roam;
Parents, friends, are all before me,
And my love, my hope, is home!
VOL. III. L

There I see the loved ones kneeling
At the shrine to God upreared,
There I kneeled and prayed, ere feeling
By the bitter world was seared—
Ere the venom'd shaft of sorrow
Rent the life-spring of my soul,
Or the drear, the dark to-morrow
Taught my heart its dread control.

Can the sacred ties be riven
That to Home the free heart bind?
Is the gift to mortal given
Round that heart its spells to wind?—
No: that free heart's deep devotion
Deeper swells from day to day,
Like the angry waves of ocean
Heaving on their foamy way.

When thy "dream-like glory" o'er me
Comes like love from heavenly climes,
Peace and Joy dance on before me,
And the bliss of happier times:
Home still flings its mantle round me
When my heart is torn with care,
Those dear charms in youth which bound me
Still return and centre there.

Home and memory!—drinks the spirit
Bliss so sweet as that you give?
Can the soul the joy inherit—
Can it drink, and can it live?—
Yes, the fountain sparkles clearly;
And with love my bosom swells,
And the hope I cherished dearly
Still within that spirit dwells.

Memory!—how its magic lingers
O'er the heart; like sweet sounds bidden
From the harp by gentle fingers,
That had lain unheard, and hidden?
Not a tale of grief or glory
But thy magic stirs it up—
Thou dost still revive the story
Of life's sweet or bitter cup.

Home!—its charm is round me flinging
Back the joys of "other days,"
Flowers are out, and birds are singing
Sweet and gladsome songs of praise;
All its charms my rapt soul gladden,
There, still, fancy loves to roam—
Yet those charms but serve to madden,
Oh, my own—my long lost Home!
Columbia, Pa. ALP.

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. II.

DOCTOR D'ARSAC.

THERE was a circumstance which made some sensation at Paris at the time it took place, not only from the peculiar features of the case, but from the means by which the discovery of the real offender was made.

You know that long narrow street which runs close by where the Bastille used to stand. I cannot at present remember the name, but that is of little importance. It is now many years since, that the "rez de chaussée" of one of the houses in that street was inhabited by an elderly woman who had formerly been attendant on an infirm gentleman for a long period, and at his death, as a recompense for her assiduous attentions, had been left by him in comfortable circumstances. She was one of those old women who were ever fearing the instability of the institutions of her country, and could not be prevailed upon to put her money either in the funds or on mortgage, but kept dipping from time to time, as her necessities required, into her principal, which she always kept by her, quaintly remarking to those few of her friends who were in her secrets, that the *sieur's* chest, lock and key, were highly responsible bankers.

The old lady, whose name was Audran, had been for some time seriously indisposed, and was attended by a highly respectable surgeon, a Monsieur D'Arsac, and under his care was fast recovering, and wanted, as the surgeon said, only a few days' quiet to effect her perfect restoration—poor woman! she was soon quiet enough, but her quietude was that of eternity!—for M. D'Arsac came to me one morning, and with wild and horror-stricken looks informed me, that on going as usual to visit his patient, he had found her brutally murdered.

I accompanied him to her rooms, and found, as he had stated, the poor old woman lying in her bed, with her throat cut so as almost to sever the head from the body. The room had been rifled of every valuable it contained, and the poor old lady's favorite bankers had stopped payment. There was no appearance of force in entering the rooms. It had been Madame Audran's habit during her illness to open her door by a pulley attached to her bedside, which lifted a strong iron bar, and had any attempt been made to force it, the neighborhood must have been alarmed, as it was well known that she kept no servant, and was so excessively nervous on her bankers' account, that she

never opened the door unless she was fully convinced by the sound of the person's voice, that they were friends whom she might safely admit. There could, therefore, be no doubt that it was done by some persons on intimate terms with their victim—but who, was the question; her acquaintances were few, very few, but they were all persons of irreproachable characters, and it would have been cruel in the highest degree to have attached the suspicion of the crime to any of them, unless there were some strong grounds for so doing.

All, therefore, that could be done on the occasion, was to draw up a "process" of the circumstance, attested by the surgeon and some of the neighbors—and it was left to time to point out some clue to the murderer. But, in the course of a few months, the circumstance seemed almost forgotten, or, if remembered, it was merely as a gossip's story, related because there hung some strange mystery, which all being unable to solve, they might safely hazard a conjecture and appear marvellous wise.

"You are going, M. Vidocq, to the wedding to-night, are you not?" said Madame Farguet, the wine-merchant's wife, one day, when she came to me to make her pretty usual inquiry as to where her husband had slept out the night before, not giving implicit credence to the "little way out of town, my dear."

"Mons. D'Arsac was kind enough to send me an invitation, and, as the day seems fine, I shall look in to see the festivities of the evening. He keeps his marriage at the 'Jardin Beaulieu,' I think—I must go, for I have not seen him since that affair of poor Madame Audran's."

"Ah! poor Madame Audran!" replied the wine-merchant's wife, with a long sigh: "she was a good woman, and a most particular friend of mine. I used to be there almost every day, and it makes me shudder to think of it—it was a sad business!"

"Who is D'Arsac to be married to?"

"Oh, to a beautiful creature—only eighteen! such a shape—so 'distingue'—you remember Emile de Lucevalle; she and D'Arsac have loved each other from childhood; they will be a happy pair."

"They ought to be. But I thought that match was off on account of D'Arsac not being rich enough to

settle an equal sum with that brought by Emile. Do you know, Madame, how that has been arranged?"

"An uncle of his died in the provinces, and left him the money."

"I never knew he had one."

"Nor I, until the other day; I never heard him mention a word about an uncle until it had been all settled about the marriage, and the money on each side paid into the trustees' hands. But I must wish you a good day, Mons. Vidocq, and am much obliged to you for the information. I am an unhappy woman to have such a husband as Parguet—'going out of town,' indeed!—I'll out of town him with a vengeance," said Madame, and hastened out of the room to scold her husband—dress for the wedding—and afterwards appear with him so lovingly as to elicit the usual exclamation, "if we were as happy as Monsieur and Madame Parguet, we should indeed be happy."

The evening was delightful, and the illuminations at the "Jardin Beaulieu" every body pronounced to be superior to any thing that had been seen for a long time; so charming—so happy every body looks—how beautifully the bride is dressed—what a very pleasant evening we shall have! were the expressions passing from one to another. The dancing was kept up without cessation; first quadrilles—then waltzing—every body, in fact, seemed determined to be pleased.

"Oh, look," said some, "the bride is going to stand up in a quadrille; how elegantly she dances!"

"Happy man, D'Arsac!" sighed many an admiring swain. "Eh! why what is the matter!—the quadrille has stopped."

"Madame Parguet has fainted. Lead her away from the dancers into the open air of the garden," cried some one.

"It is nothing," said Madame Parguet; "merely a slight spasm. I shall be much better if you will let me walk a few minutes about the garden by myself. But here is Mons. Vidocq—he does not dance, and will allow me to lean on his arm." So saying, she took my arm, and the rest, at her request, resumed their dancing.

"Oh, Mons. Vidocq," said she, "I have had such a shock."

"What occasioned it, Madame?" said I.

"Are you sure nobody can overhear us?"

"They are all engaged dancing."

"You know I danced next the bride."

"Yes."

"And I was admiring the beautiful dress she had on, when my eyes fell upon a brooch she wears upon her bosom, and I thought I should have fainted."

"What, because you saw a brooch?"

"Yes," said she, drawing close to me, and whispering in my ear; "that brooch was Madame Audran's."

"Madame Audran's?"

"Hush—speak low!"

"How do you know it? you may—you must be mistaken."

"No, no, I have seen it a thousand times; besides, it was so uncommon a pattern that I often asked her

to sell it to me, but was always refused. She said she would part with it only at her death."

"This is very strange; I hardly know what to think! I do not wish to hurt her feelings, but can you learn from her how she became possessed of it?"

This Madame Parguet undertook to do under pretence of admiring it, and saying she wished to know where she might obtain a similar one. In a few minutes she returned, having gleaned from the gentle and ill-fated bride all that she knew concerning it: it had been given to her that morning by her dear D'Arsac, and she would ask him where he got it, and let her know in the morning.

This information in some degree confirmed the suspicions I had previously entertained, that none but D'Arsac could be the murderer; but then his character had hitherto been unblemished, and he stood high in every man's report. It was not a thing to hesitate about; the conviction in my own mind was so strong, that I considered it my duty to arrest him without delay. I accordingly procured some of my agents, who were in the neighborhood, and sent to him to say I wished a few moments' private conversation with him. As he entered the room, I heard the soft, sweet voice of his bride chiding him for leaving her, and exacting a promise he would not stay long—long! poor girl, she little thought how long the separation would be—that his promise of a quick return would be the last words to fall upon her ear.

As the door closed, I approached D'Arsac, and said, "Sir, you are my prisoner!" Looking at me, at the same time, as if to read in my face the answer to what he dared not ask, at last, with a gasp for breath, he faltered out, "For what?"

"You are accused of the murder of Madame Audran!"

His color fled in an instant, and he seemed as if he were about to fall, but covering his face with his hands, he remained a few moments in thought. His deep hard breathing betokened a suppressed sigh—one that tried for utterance, but was forced back; presently he sobbed out, "Oh, my poor Emile! this will be your death!" and dashing his hand across his forehead, and striving to recover the sudden shock he had sustained, said, "I am ready to follow you."

At the door he paused a moment, saying, "Could not something be said to Emile that I am ill? something to console her for my absence? any thing but the truth, though it must soon out. Oh, Heavens; but this is too much"—and he dashed into the coach at the door, and was at once conveyed to prison.

The Tribunals being always sitting at Paris, his trial soon took place, and many things came out against him which he could not rebut; the sudden possession of a large sum of money, which he had accounted for by the death of an uncle, was proved to be false, as he had never had one. The brooch, too, which was proved to have belonged to Madame Audran, he could not say where he had obtained: besides other minor circumstances, which left so little doubt in the minds of the majority of his jury, that he was found guilty. Murder, in all countries, is punished alike—by death—and such was his sentence.

That he did not die by the hands of the executioner, was not the fault of the law. He had procured some strong poison, which he took the morning previous to his intended death on a scaffold, and left in disgrace a world wherein, by his talents, he might have shone one of its brightest ornaments.

A short time previous to his death, he confessed the crime, and how it had taken place. He had been or some long time striving to amass a sufficient sum of money to meet the views of Emile's friends; he had got together more than half the requisite amount, when he thought he might by one *coup* obtain the whole; in an evil hour, he tried for the first time in his life the gaming-table, and found himself in a few minutes, a beggar, and the hopes of possessing Emile rather than ever removed from him. Returning home, he chanced to pass by Madame Audran's, and the force of habit led him to inquire after his patient's

health. He sat down in her room, musing on the waywardness of his fate for a few minutes, and on rising to go, perceived Madame Audran had fallen into a slumber; his eye, at that moment, fell upon her chest of valuables, and the devil instigated him to that murder as the fulfilment of all his hopes, which a few moments consideration would have shown the fallacy of.

With all the pains which were taken the truth could not be concealed from Emile; it cast a fixed gloom upon her mind that could not be removed; she sickened at the sight, and thought of all her former pleasures and pursuits, and lived in the world as one who bore no part in the events of life—a stranger to all around. It was not of long duration, for a few months saw her a prey to those morbid feelings of the mind which nought on earth could allay.

J. M. B.

SALLY BAKER.

A BALLAD.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILA.

WHAT makes poor Sally Baker cry?
She's dropt her money in the gutter.
Alas! the *drippings* from her eye
Will never do instead of butter.

Her careful mother sent her out
To buy a half a pound for tea,
But she went scudding all about
As if she had been sent to see.

A huckster's window caught her eye,
And there, by nature's impulse led,
She climbed the cellar door to spy
Some luscious cakes of gingerbread.

Sweet ginger cakes, their forms arise
Laden like breezes from the South—
They seemed so lovely in her eyes,
She longed to have them in her mouth.

But while she gazes—rapt—inspired,
She hears a drum adown the street—
And with a newer impulse fir'd,
She runs the soldier men to meet.

Forgetting gingerbread and butter—
(A thoughtless arrant wench was she,)
Her foolish heart was all a flutter,
The military band to see.

With open mouth and eyes she stood
And stared in wonderment profound,
Watching the drum as if she could
Have sacrificed all come to sound.

Their coats of *red* were *read* all o'er,
She seemed in *spell* of wizard wight,
Nor did she fairly breathe once more
Until the band was out of sight.

By slow degrees her memory came,
Like one asleep she 'gan to mutter—
She thought at first of her own name,
And then the half a pound of butter.

The money—where's the money, eh?
How rueful looks poor Sally's phiz—
She's sure none took the cash away,
And yet she don't know where it is.

She held it tight within her fingers—
(Her fingers o'er her palm were crossed)
Yet not a vestage of it lingers—
She *finds* her money—to be *lost*!!

What will become of Sally Baker?
Alas! her father's wrath will wake,
And he will bid the deuce to take her,
That she so little care should take.

For now, alas! her well *bred* mother
Must eat her middlings all unspread—
And every little munching brother
Must go quite butterless to bed.

Let maidens her misfortune ponder,
And, lest such plight befall again,
Ne'er let their wayward fancy wander
To gingerbread or soldier men.

THE POETRY OF POLAND.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

THE history of poetry in Poland, anterior to the sixteenth century is rather imperfect. There are several poems now published, which it is said were written at that time; but so antiquated is the phraseology, that it is impossible to render them in English. One of them, which is perhaps the oldest poem in the Polish language, is supposed to have emanated from the pen of St. Albert, the same who converted the Poles to Christianity. It is a hymn, to be sung before battle.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, Kochanowski attained considerable notoriety. His poems are very beautiful, but lack originality; depending more on the melodious flow of their verse, than the novelty of their ideas. His elegies, many of which are unfortunately lost, are of all his works, the most deserving of attention. He is the translator of Virgil's *Æneid*, and Tasso's *Jerusalem Liberata* into Polish. One of his contemporaries was Sarbiwski, the Jesuit. This latter bard, who received the laurel crown at Rome, wrote altogether in Latin. His *forte* was lyrical poetry.

The wars which agitated Poland during the whole of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth century, prevented the extensive cultivation of literature; and for this reason we find that time to be barren in poetry. Towards the close of the latter period, there flourished at the court of Stanislaus Augustus, the celebrated Bishop Krasicki. He produced the well-known poem, called, "*Monomachia, or the Wars of the Monks*," a severe satire on the mode of education then pursued in the religious colleges. So pungent is its language, that to it is ascribed the honor of changing the then existing system of instruction. He also wrote "The Fashionable Wife," "The Drunkard," "The Gamester," "The war of Chocini," an epic poem, with several others of less merit; and translated the Ossian of Macpherson. His great work, "*Monomachia*," has been rendered into several European languages.

Cotemporary with Krasicki, and residing at the same court, were Naruczwicz, a celebrated historian and lyric poet, Wiegierski, Korsak, and Trembetaki. The latter of these was the author of "*Sophiowka*," a poem, descriptive of the celebrated garden, then in the possession of the Potocki family. This garden was built by Count Potocki, and by him presented to his wife, a Grecian lady, upon the day he married her. Her name was Sophia, hence the name "*Sophiowka*." This garden was the wonder of all Europe; and we may form some idea of its magnificence, when we know, that it cost several millions of dollars, and was maintained at an annual expense

of forty thousand florins. It remained in the Potock family until 1830, when its owner, Alexander Potocki, being engaged in the insurrection, it was confiscated by Nicolas, and by him presented to his Empress.

Few specimens of the poetry of Wiegierski and Korsak have come into my possession. The following is a translation of one of Korsak's pieces.

Her lips are ever streaming
Sweet kisses unto me,
Her eyes which light are beaming
Are light as eyes can be :—
How beautiful is she !

Oh! when to me she's speaking
My soul her accents hears,
And though my heart were breaking,
She'd soothe my grief and tears :—
How tender then is she !

When e'er her true love greeting
She moves in airy grace,
Their lips in kisses meeting,
And clasped in close embrace ;—
How passionate is she !

When change's wing soars over
Joys green and springing heath,
Misfortune finds her lover,
And blasts him with its breath :—
How constant then is she ?

Before a week be flying,
Another love she'll take,
And scorn her first love's sighing,
Although his heart should break :—
How fickle then is she !

She bids her lover smother
His feelings and depart,
Her hand she gives another,
But no one owns her heart :—
How curst, how curst is she !

At the commencement of the nineteenth century, Dmochowski, author of several tragedies of merit, and translator into Polish of the "*Cid*" of Corneille, and Pope's "*Rape of the Lock*," stepped forward as a candidate for public favor. Cotemporary with him was Malczewski, the author of "*Maria*," Zabłowski, a writer of lyrics, and Felinski, author of *Barbara Radziwil*.

Malczewski, was born in Podolia, the southern district of Poland, but in what year, I am unable to say. He died in 1828. The following is the plot, of his "Maria."

A proud old Palatine betroths his son to the daughter of a friend; and as is usual in such cases, forgets to ascertain previously the mind of the young Count. The son falls in love with the daughter of a noble of inferior rank, between whom and his own father a hereditary hatred exists. The father of Maria, seeing that his daughter's happiness is at stake, reluctantly overcomes his ancient enmity, and allows a marriage to take place between the young couple; which, though concealed for a length of time, is finally discovered by the old Palatine. He hides his burning anger under the mask of approbation, and invites Maria to his castle. His son is then despatched on an errand, to a place at some distance from the castle, and on his return finds that his wife is murdered. He deserts his home and is never heard of more.

In one passage of the poem, when describing Hungarian manners, he says:—

The right red wine at the festal board,
Flowed free as the blood in the veins of the lord.

And in describing Maria, he says:—

Though young, the winds of earthly pain,
Have cast their breath upon her soul;
And like the heavy autumn blasts,
That o'er the earth in anger roll,
And wither flowers within the grove;
Have robbed her early hopes of love.

Within her beaming eye no more
Conflicting war of thought we see;—
The flame that burned from lamp of love,
And shone so happily on me,
Now beams not, shows not e'en one spark,
Though with its smoke her brow is dark.

Among the Poles who emigrated to this country, after the termination of their disastrous struggle for liberty, was one by the name of Jakubowski. He obtained a situation as teacher in a highly respectable family, where he was much esteemed for the goodness of his heart, and the brightness of his mind. He soon heard that a relative of his, a brother of the great Malczewski, was a general of artillery in the Mexican army. He went in pursuit, and found him; but the haughty manners of his proud relative, hurt the high spirit of the boy, for he was little else, and he returned in sadness to the United States. Before he reached the place from whence he set out, he died of a broken heart. Besides his fugitive pieces, he wrote a small work in English, called "The Remembrances of a Polish Exile." The following ode to Napoleon, for which I am indebted to an eminent Polish pianist of this city, was written by him, on ship-board, off Gibraltar. It has never before appeared in print, either in Polish or English.

Great as thou wert, Napoleon! thou lost but little blood
In the mighty cause of liberty, the holy and the good
Thou thought alone, on how another gem,
Thoud'at place upon thy empire diadem,
Or how another pearl thou'dst find
To add unto the wreath,
That placed in Fame's high towering dome,
Shall never yield to death.

Like some volcano on the plain,
Thou poured on earth thy burning rain,
Made monarchs tremble at thy word,
And balanced Europe on thy sword.
Gay was't thou with honor,
Sad with glory too was't thou,
For the darkness of Ambition,
Sat enthron'd upon thy brow.
Not only kings didst thou hurl down,
But for a while,
E'en fate did wait upon thy smile
And tremble at thy frown.

E'en as the ocean wave on wave,
Fights 'gainst the rocks its waters lave,
And vainly makes its surges roll,
So did those base and paltry things,
Europe's hereditary kings,
Fight 'gainst thy adamant soul.

And e'en when exiled o'er the sea
They trembled at the thoughts of thee;
And though the iron bolt of fate
Had crushed and left thee desolate,
There was a magic in thy name,
No spell on earth could e'er resemble,
To make the wildest monarch tame,
The boldest conqueror tremble.

The following beautiful ode, is from the pen of Goezyczynski, who is at present residing in Paris.

Had I the royal eagle's wing,
How soon Podolia's air I'd breathe,
And rest beneath that sunny sky
Where all my thoughts and wishes wreath.

'Tis there I first beheld the light,
There passed my happiest, earliest years;
'Tis there my fathers ashes lay,
Sunned with my smiles, dewed with my tears.

Oh! were I but the regal bird,
I'd fly to where my steps once trod,
And where my hopes are buried up:—
Then change me to an eagle, God!

Oh! would I were a brilliant star,
Whose light illumines Podolia's groves,
That I might gaze throughout the night,
On her, the girl my spirit loves.

Then from the silvery clouds, I'd send
Unto her eye-lids visions bright,

As those soft rays Diana beams
Upon the lakes in summer's night.

To watch with eyes unseen, her steps,
To gaze upon her from afar,
My soul's transported with the thought,
Change me, oh! heaven, to a star.

Why dream the thought, my bursting soul?
Thy aspirations are in vain,
Exiled to far and foreign land,
Ne'er shall I see my home again.

Accursed am I! yon eagle soars,
The star of night rolls glittering on,
My home is far, my soul is chained,
Tears flow around me—Hope is gone!

Perhaps the greatest poets are at present living—
Niemcewicz, Leonard Chodźko, Gołczyński, Korzeniowski, and last, although the greatest—Mickiewicz.

Niemcewicz, the oldest Polish poet, now living, resides at present in Paris. He is the author of "Śpiewy Historyczne," a life of Sigismund III., two or three novels, one of which, "John of Tenczyn," has attained some celebrity, and several fugitive pieces. Besides these, he has translated much of Pope's works into Polish, and is at present engaged upon a life of Kosciuszko. This old, but indomitable patriot was exiled for the third time, in 1831; having been engaged in three insurrections.

Korzeniowski, author of "Dramatic Essays," was the first who introduced blank verse into the Polish language.

Gołczyński is the author of "The Castle of Kaniów," and several fugitive pieces.

But, leaving these minor poets, let us turn to "The Bard of Sarmatia," the great Mickiewicz. He was born about the commencement of the present century, in Lithuania, a north-eastern district of Poland, and formerly a powerful kingdom. It is to his writings that the Russians attribute, in a great measure, the insurrection of 1830, and, accordingly, we find his name among the list of proscribed exiles. Though he wielded his pen, he did not his sword, in the great cause of Polish nationality, as he was in Italy during the continuance of the struggle. His poems are, beside "Wallenrode," his masterpiece, "Ancestors," "Grażyna," "Faria," an oriental poem; and a book of sonnets. The following song is from "Ancestors."

She is fair as a spirit of light,
That floats in the ether on high,
And her eye beams as kindly and bright,
As the sun in the azure-tinged sky.
The lips of her lover join her's,
Like the meeting of flame with flame,
And as sweet as the voice of two lutes,
Which one harmony weds the same.

The "Faria" of this author is replete with fanciful and striking images. His hero reclines in the barren waste—

No palms with their green and flowing hair,
Nor white-crested desert tents are there;
But his brow is shaded by the sky,
That flingeth aloft its canopy,
The mighty rocks lay calm at rest,
And the stars move slowly on heaven's breast.

The following, from the same poem, is beautiful

My Arab steed is black—
Black as the tempest-cloud that flies
Across the dark and muttering skies,
And leaves a gloomy track.
His hoofs are shod with lightning's glare,
I give the winds his flowing mane,
And spur him smoking o'er the plain,
And none from earth or heaven dare
My path to chase in vain.
And as my barb like lightning flies,
I gaze upon the moonlit skies,
And see the stars with golden eyes,
Look down upon the plain.

The following claims no author; I have, therefore, taken the liberty to alter it essentially, and adapt it to the English idiom.

The goddess of darkness, and silence, and dreams,
Hath spread her black wings o'er a slumbering world,
Care holdeth no longer his empire o'er man,
But deep in oblivion's abyss hath been hurled.
Majestic, the moon riseth up in the sky,
With her maidens of honor, the stars, in her train,
The earth is in solitude gloomy arrayed,
And silence profound reigns o'er hamlet and plain.

Such a season as this, once could light up my soul,
And forgetting the troubles and cares of the earth,
My mind on the wings of conception would fly,
And give to a thousand imaginings birth.
I hovered in joy, o'er the gay land of dreams,
Gave to gladness a smile, and to sadness a tear,
And buoyed in safety on silver-winged hope,
Ne'er let thoughts of the future with bliss interfere.

There, fiery and bold as the eagle of Jove,
My young spirit roved through the paths of the sky,
I gave to the wind all devices of love,
Smiled at languishing simpers, and laughed at a sigh.

But love stole within my cold heart, and there placed
An image of her whose cold hardness I mourn,
I loved her—I thought that the world was but her—
I loved—but, alas! was not loved in return.

To-day, e'en the ghost of my once blessed bliss,
Has sank in the earth, and departed from view,
And the flowers of love, to which wishes gave birth,
Have my sighs for their air, and my tears for their dew.

For another hath plucked the red rose from the stem,
And the beautiful flower in his bosom will bloom,

Whilst I, like a spirit from heaven cast out,
Am sentenced to Erebus, sorrow, and gloom.

The poetry of Sarmatia is like the feelings of her own children, wild and chivalrous. It is found in the breasts of all of her sons, it animates their souls, and diffuses rays of hope over the dark cloud of their sorrow. May the day come when the unhappy country shall be raised again to the rank of a nation; whilst

"Her harp-striking bards sing aloud in devotion,"

POLAND IS REDEEMED!!

NOTE.—There are in the preceding paper, many proper names, the pronunciation of which may be difficult to those unacquainted with the Polish language; and I hope it will not be thought intrusive if I append their proper sounds.

Kochanowski, is pronounced	Koch-a-noov-ske.
Sarbiwski,	Sar-biv-ske.
Krasiicki,	Kra-sit-ske.
Naruczewicz,	Nar-ru-taba-vitsh.
Potocki,	Po-tot-ske.
Trembetaki,	Trem-bet-ske.
"Sophiowka,"	Soph-e-oo-v-ka.
Wiegierski,	Vane-ger-ske.
Dmochowski,	Dum-mook-oo-v-ske.
Zablewski,	Za-blev-ske.
"Radziwil,"	Rad-ze-vil.
Malczewski,	Mal-tshév-ske.
Iakaboski,	Yak-a-bau-ske.
Goszczynski,	Gosh-tshin-ske.
Niemciewicz,	Neam-sa-vitsh.
Chodzko,	Hots-ko.
Korzeniowski,	Kor-zen-ooov-ske.
Mickiewicz,	Mit-ska-vitsh.

Blockley, Pa. Sept. 1838.

A LITTLE WHILE AGO.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

A LITTLE while ago, and thy sunny smile was bright,
And the glances of thy deep blue eye pour'd forth a
flood of light,
And thy voice like swells of music that we love to
linger near,
Fell in rich cadences of joy upon our listening ear.

A little while ago, and we stood beneath the stars,
To watch upon the summer sky, those ever burning
cars;
The breezes from the balmy south played gambols
with our hair,
And buds of every sunny hue flung odors on the
air.

A little while ago, and our life was gay and young,
And our hearts were like the rivulet that sings the
woods among,
And we drew a hope from every thing, as bees draws
sweets from flowers,
And many a happy home we made, amid springs ear-
liest bowers.

A little while ago, yet how alter'd dost thou seem,
I scarce can trace within thine eye, one glance of
sunny beam;
Thy voice, thine ever welcome voice, hath lost its
gayest tone,
And yet methinks its gentle sound hath even sweeter
grown.

A little while ago, and thy dark locks loved to cling
Around thy brow like clouds of night, above the buds
of spring,
But now among thy clustering curls, some silver threads
appear,
Those tall tale couriers of time, why do they linger
here.

A little while ago, and our thoughts were freely given
To each, as to the summer flowers, the blessed dews
of heaven.
And still, altho' no longer young, our bosoms warmest
glow,
Flows on the same as erst it did, a little while ago.

THE MAN OF MANY HOPES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

It is recorded in the family archives of the Trumps, that at a very early age, our hero Titus gave striking promise of that faculty which, in his mature days, made him a proverb to all who knew him. A sheep-stealer of considerable celebrity—a luckless Jason—was about to pay the penalty of his unlawful love for other people's mutton; in hard, worldly phrase, was sentenced to be hanged. Many sheep had of late been missed, and the judge of the assize had, with considerable distress of mind, expressed his determination to make an example for the benefit of society. Gubbins was to be strangled, not for his proper crime alone, but for "an example" to society. Dame Trumps, the grandmother of little Titus, took the most laudable pains to impress upon the child a religious horror of the wickedness of Gubbins, dwelling very minutely on the awful ceremony to take place the next morning; and marshalling to the fancy of the bewildered infant, the sheriff, the parson, the javelin men, the hangman, the constables, all the actors in the social tragedy; Titus looking sadder and sadder as the procession lengthened. There was silence, and the dame had renewed her darning, when little Titus jumped from his stool at his grandam's feet, and clapping his hands, leapt and laughed to the astonishment of the old lady.

"You wicked child! what will become of you? don't I tell you that to-morrow morning, the people at the prison are ordered to take Gubbins out and hang him—eh?" cried grandmother.

"Yes, I know—I know," said Titus, "only, perhaps, grandmother," and the boy smiled and rubbed his little hands, "perhaps"—

"Perhaps!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumps, "perhaps what?"

"Perhaps they may forget it," said the boy, and the hope had no sooner flashed upon him, than it grew into a certainty. This little story of the nursery we had omitted, did it not, in an especial manner, mark the development of that peculiarity which clung to Titus to his last hour. With Titus there was neither past nor present; he lived in the future. Nothing about him was real; he dwelt in a world of shadows: the tangible good was always that to come. His life had no yesterday, no to-day—it was a life made entirely of to-morrows.

Whether the temperament of Titus be happy or

unfortunate—whether it was to him a fatal weakness, or a prosperous strength, the reader, if he will attend the adventures of our "Man of Many Hopes," may, for himself, determine.

Titus Trumps, inheriting a small patrimony from his deceased father, and having endowed himself with great hopes of an improved income from a maternal maiden aunt, had never addressed himself to any calling. A mere trade was vulgar, and the more to be eschewed as he had assured himself of the property of his sire's sister: she was a prudent, thrifty woman, and every day must add to her wealth. That the amount of her property was not known, was, in the mind of Trumps, an assurance of its immensity. She dwelt in a small comfortable cottage, where Titus was wont to be a frequent visitor. Indeed, his unchecked flow of spirits made him a general favorite and Miss Virginia Trumps did not deserve the reproach, too frequently and too hastily bestowed upon ungathered maidens. She was a happy, equable soul, with a face for a smile, nay, with lungs for laughter. Titus sat one day at tea with his aunt, when, to her surprise, he advanced the following insinuation.

"Now, I dare say, aunt, you—you have somewhere, another tea-pot besides that?"

"To be sure, Tithy," said Miss Trumps, "why, what put that in your head?"

"I mean, aunt—ha! ha!—perhaps, a rich, curious tea-pot, eh?" and Trumps rubbed his hands, and looked laughingly at the spinster.

"Well, I declare! was there ever such a boy?"—and the old maid laughed in concert.

"I was sure you had, aunt—ha! ha!—certain of it—a rich tea-pot, eh? too rich for every day, eh?"—and Titus twinkled his eyes, and rubbed his hands with glee.

"To be sure: every day, indeed!—your dear uncle Robert, that was carried up the country by the black princess, and never heard of again!"

"Who knows!" interrupted Trumps, touched by his deceiver, hope—"who knows? Perhaps, I've a cousin king somewhere—eh, who knows?"

"Didn't he bring me a tea-pot from Canton?" said Miss Trumps, unmindful of the possible honor accruing to her from a regal nephew.

"And you have hoarded it up—you wouldn't take any money for it!" cried Titus.

"Not its weight in gold," exclaimed Miss Trumps.

with considerable emphasis; and the heart of Titus leapt at the avowal.

The reader may, with the maiden aunt, feel some surprise at the interest taken by Titus in tea-pots. Let us explain. Titus had only that morning read an account of the death of an old solitary woman, who, though passing as very poor among her neighbors, had left, with other hoarded wealth, a large tea-pot filled with guineas. Miss Trumps was about the age of the deceased woman—like her she lived alone—was very saving,—seldom stirred out, and was, indeed, in the opinion of Titus,—an opinion confirmed after a scrutinising view of his beloved aunt—the very woman to hoard guineas in a tea-pot. The significant manner with which his aunt declared the utensil to be worth its weight in gold, convinced Titus beyond all chilling doubt, that it was brim-full of that precious metal. In fact, the thing spoke for itself—indeed, she had owned it: the tea-pot was worth "its weight in gold!" Long before Titus had taken his leave, his hopes had conjured up the largest tea-pot ever manufactured in China, and had calculated the greatest number of guineas that could, by possibility, be laid in it.

Titus Trumps was in his two-and-twentieth year, when, full of hope, he sat in a London coach on his way to the metropolis. He had no friends, no acquaintance dwelling there, but he never doubted that he should immediately obtain those desirable advantages. He already saw himself in a circle of the most amiable, the most obliging people. How many men had walked to London with only a staff—had slept on the road by hay-stacks—had eaten cresses and dry bread, and had entered the capital of the world with blisters at their soles, and not a farthing in their pockets, and had afterwards become golden merchants; yea, had, in their day, been aldermen and mayors, knights and baronets, to boot,—and dying, had left alms-houses for the helpless and the aged! Leaning back in the coach, Titus, with half-closed eyes, already saw himself at court—already felt the royal sword upon his shoulder—already beheld, as in a vision, his female pensioners in white caps and aprons—his old, old men, in decent gray! Such were the hopes of Titus Trumps, when the coach suddenly stopt to change horses. A man ran from a neighboring house to the dismounted coachman.

"Inside place, coachman!" said the man.

"Full," said the laconic coachman. "One out."

"Oh! she can't go out in this rain," said the man. It poured a deluge.

"Stay behind, then," said the accommodating driver.

"But you don't know who she is"—here the stranger half-whispered confidentially to the coachman, Trumps distinctly hearing the important communication. "She's daughter of General Wolfe."

The coachman scratched his head at the intelligence, glanced inside the coach to assure himself that it was full, then cast his eye up at the box, and observed—"Wrap her up—plenty of coats."

At this instant the lady appeared, a damsel following her with a couple of fragile hand-boxes. "Out-

side! in such weather—impossible," cried the lady, on learning the proposal of the coachman.

"Sorry for it—time's up," said the driver, and he mounted the box.

"Stop—stop," cried Trumps, thrusting himself half out of the coach-window—and now smiling on the lady, and now looking from side to side for the coachman and guard, both of whom he requested, in a most peremptory manner, to attend to him.—"Stop—stop—here, guard—I'll get out—I'll"—and Trumps, opening the door, jumped out from the coach. "Miss Wolfe can have my place," said Titus, bowing to the lady, greatly confused by the unexpected gallantry of the young and handsome passenger,—for Titus was a smart-looking fellow—the coachman and the guard exchanging looks of wonder, rather than admiration, at the generosity of the inside gentleman.

"Really—couldn't think of depriving the gentleman—in such dreadful weather, too,"—objected the young lady.

"Only a few drops—a passing shower," said the hopeful Trumps, the rain pouring as from twenty thousand spouts.

"Better get in, Miss," said the guard, assisting the young lady, who, with the meekness of the sex, suffered herself to be overcome.

"A lovely girl, that," said Titus Trumps, when mounted beside the coachman, who was wet and dripping as an otter.

"Very fairish, sir," replied the driver. "A little wet, isn't it?" he then observed, with a malicious smile at the situation of Titus.

"I—I don't think it will last," answered the sanguine Trumps.

"No, sir; I shouldn't think it would go beyond the month," was the satirical comment. Then, after a pause—"Few gentlemen, sir, as would turn themselves inside out, this weather. Shouldn't wonder, sir, if the ladies give you a medal. It is wet, isn't it?" asked the coachman, a stream pouring from the rim of his hat between the neck and neckcloth of Titus.

"It can't last," said Trumps, suppressing a shiver. "A very beautiful girl—I may say, an angel."

"Everybody to their taste, sir. To be sure, if she isn't quite an angel at present, why, you know, it's her own fault if she isn't by-and-by. Very wet, sir?" "It's going off," cried Trumps.

"Yes, sir; you may say the tide's running very fast down,—better put that coat about your legs, sir," said the benevolent coachman.

"Thank you—thank you. No, it can't last long," said Titus, the rain falling in sheets.

"No, sir, at this rate I don't see where it's to come from.—I hope the lady's comfortable."

"She lives in London?" asked Trumps.

"I believe you, sir,—one of the best houses in it. After your civility, sir, I'm sure they'd like to see you there; poor thing! she might have caught her death, for it is wet, sir—ain't it?"

Trumps made no answer; his thoughts were far away from the querist—and his feelings were weather-proof. The daughter of General Wolfe! He

had resigned his place to the child of a hero—to the offspring of an immortal soldier! He had always felt a mysterious respect for the profession of arms; and how strange that, as it might be said, in his first entry into life, accident should have cast him near the daughter of the great Wolfe! There was, doubtless, patronage in the family. The lady had looked smilingly upon him! If now, he should be presented with a commission; and, if ordered abroad on some delicate and dangerous service, he should be able to distinguish himself in the eyes of the world; and if, returning, his brows bound with laurels, and his breast bearing a dozen orders, he should ask and win the lady for his wife! Or, if—for it was as well to consider the calamitous part of war—if he should be killed? Well, he would die upon the bed of glory. No, there was gloom upon that picture, and he would not look on it. He might be slightly wounded, and would survive to receive the thanks of the army—of the parliament!—They made baronets, earls, marquises, dukes, of prosperous heroes! He might be the father of a family, and his eldest son (the pledge of himself and the unsuspecting lady inside) might bear the royal train at the next coronation! How wise in him to have always spurned a trade! He might have been a grocer! He who would sit among the peers of England, and mend and make laws, might have vended barley-sugar—dealt in figs! That he should have been enabled to oblige Miss Wolfe! On what trivial things—such was the trite reflection of our traveller—hung the fate of man! And for twenty minutes, or more, Titus Trumps was a military duke, a conqueror, with at least one estate in six different countries, and with, perhaps, the office of commander-in-chief at home. Happy Titus Trumps! Quick and bountiful are the gifts of hope; and now, in her brightest blue, and with her sunniest looks, she leaned upon her anchor, and smiled graciously on Titus, who, though wet as a soaked sponge, was glowing in imaginary place.

The coach arrived late in London; Trumps hastened to descend, that he might hand the lady out. Quick as he was, he had been anticipated in that pleasing attention by a tall, sallow young man, sparkishly habited, who looked rather frowningly upon the advances of our hero.

"The gentleman had been so kind as to give up his place;" the tall young man bowed stiffly. "Dear heart!" added the lady, he was "very wet."

"Not at all—not in the least—perhaps, a little damp," replied the saturated Trumps. "He trusted, however, that Miss Wolfe"—

The tall young man bent his brows, the lady colored, and Titus paused: ere he could again essay a speech, the fair damsel was lifted into a hackney-coach by the strange young gentleman, who followed and seated himself authoritatively beside her. If the reader has ever seen a tipstaff in a coach with his victim, he has seen, in the deportment of the functionary, the same cold consequence displayed by the companion of "Miss Wolfe." He sat very like a bailiff, or a brute of a husband. "Her brother, no doubt," thought Trumps, as the coach drove away:

that the lady should be already a wife, never suggested itself: though, had a fear of that calamity possessed Titus, he would have found comfort in the unhealthy complexion of her yoke-fellow;—a man with such looks could not live many months. Trumps, foiled in his hopes of the lady's single blessedness, would have sought comfort in her speedy widowhood.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, Trumps awoke haggard and feverish. He had, in his dreams, been at Quebec—had achieved the most heroic feats—had received Miss Wolfe from the hands of her father—and ~~had~~ been married by the chaplain of the garrison, the troops forming in hollow square during the ceremony. The marriage was no sooner solemnized, than the dreamer heard the wild yell of the Indians—the bride was torn from his arms—he had followed her through woods and swamps—and had at last fallen into the hands of the savages. Already, the chief had flung him upon the earth—already, the knife glittered in his eyes—already, the wild man was about to add another scalp to his hundred, when Trumps, even dreaming, found hope in the crisis; for he thought he wore a wig! With this exulting feeling, he awoke. It was with some satisfaction that he discovered his head upon a goose-feather pillow—and on that head, the pride of his heart, natural locks in luxuriant growth. He ran his fingers through his curls, and felt himself a man again.

"Your name, sir, is"—

"Trumps—Titus Trumps," said our hero, holding forth his hand to receive a letter brought by the waiter, as Trumps seated himself for breakfast.

"Not for you, then, sir," said the man. "Beg your pardon—gentleman in thirty-two," and the servant quitted the room, to the disappointment of Trumps, who, without any reasonable expectation of the favor, saw in the missive a letter from his aunt, and, looking inside it with the eyes of hope, beheld there a bank-bill to a handsome amount. "She certainly did not promise to write," thought Trumps, buttering his roll; "but then there was no knowing—she might." Trumps put the first morsel in his mouth, then instantly jumped up, and violently rang the bell. The waiter immediately appeared.

"What might want, sir?" asked the man, looking seriously at Titus, in whose face were strong marks of disgust.

"Want! why, my man—this is—really—this is very bad butter," said Trumps.

The waiter smiled, closed his hands, and with a slight, graceful bow, replied,—“Very bad, indeed, sir.”

"And—and," Trumps stammered, confused by the acquiescence of the man—"and you don't call this tea? It's chopped birch—isn't it?"

Again the waiter smiled, closed his hands, bowed, and audibly answered,—“Chopped birch.”

"Well! if ever I—and the milk—you don't call it milk—I—I call it water," said the astonished Trumps.

"Water, sir," observed Robert Straight, to the astonishment of the discontented guest.

"And this chop—phewgh!—you don't pretend to say it's eatable!" cried Trumps.

Robert Straight raised the accused article to his nose, then "took't away again," slightly lifted his shoulders, and said with some emphasis,—"Not eatable, sir."

Trumps felt himself defeated. He had condemned every thing upon the table, and the waiter, having cheerfully acquiesced in his conviction, left him without words. It was useless to complain, where there was such unanimity of opinion. Titus looked about him for new matter of discontent, but found that he had exhausted every subject. Had Robert declared the butter to be sweet as new-blown hawthorn—the tea, from the private chest of the Emperor of China himself—the milk, the purest cream, and the chop but that morning from the living lamb, Trumps would have been pleased—gratified with the opposition of sentiment. It would have been some exercise for him to have contested the points; but they were at once given up, quietly yielded by the enemy, and farther words were but vain and useless flourishes. As nothing was disputed, nothing was to be said. Hence, Trumps ate the condemned breakfast in silent resignation, Robert Straight leaving him the full enjoyment of his undisputed opinion. (It would have been well, however, had Robert not always thus accommodated himself to the opinions of others—had he now and then ventured to demur, we think much remorse might have been spared him. Robert appeared a mild, peaceable man, and yet he had been accused by many of her conniving gossips, of the death of the wife of his bosom. "Ar'n't you a villain and a vagabond?" Mrs. Straight would ask of her husband twenty times a day; and as often as she asked the question, so often would her impartial husband make answer and say,—"Both, my love; both." No woman could endure such treatment long: the poor creature died of a broken heart; and it was roundly asserted, and seemingly with great truth, that she expired of the slow cruelty of her tyrannical help-mate.)

"You saw that lady who came last night by the coach?" asked Trumps of Robert, summoned in due season to clear the table.

"Saw the lady, sir," said Robert.

"I mean Miss Wolfe."

"Oh! Ha!—yes, Miss Wolfe," said the smiling Robert, whose creed it was to contradict nobody.

"She's very handsome; perhaps very rich!" remarked Trumps carelessly.

"Very handsome—very rich," cried Robert, to the satisfaction of Titus.

"People in your situation hear a great deal about high folks, eh?" asked Trumps.

"Great deal," answered Robert.

"You know where that lady lives?" inquired Titus.

"Know where she lives," replied Robert.

"She is not engaged—I mean, there is no talk of it!"——

"Not engaged,—no talk," was the answer of Robert.

"And that young man, who—by the way, it was odd, that she should travel alone," said Titus.

"Odd, sir," responded Robert.

"And in a public coach, eh?"

"Public coach, sir."

"Though your people of real dignity have no affectation," said Trumps.

"No affectation," answered Robert.

"It's only your mushrooms, who?"——

"Only mushrooms, sir," replied Straight.

"Her father—ha!—a great man?"

"Very large, sir."

"But that young gentleman who was waiting for her? I suppose, her brother?" questioned Trumps, somewhat earnestly.

"Her brother," echoed Robert Straight; and if Trumps had supposed him to have been her father,— "her father" would have been the response of the accommodating Robert.

"You couldn't tell me where she lives?" asked Titus.

"Couldn't tell you where she lives, sir," chimed Straight.

"That's strange, eh?"

"Strange, sir;" and all this time, Robert was busily employed clearing the table, and when Trumps was about to put another question to that human echo, Straight had vanished.

"Not engaged! No—I was sure of that, quite sure," said the sanguine young gentleman, and he fell into a deep study, contemplating the necessary ways and means for the lawful possession of Miss Wolfe. "Waiter," cried Trumps, having at length decided upon the first step,— "waiter," and Robert, who was gliding across the floor, again stood before Titus. "You perfectly recollect that lady?"

"Perfectly: red ribands—beaver hat—silk gown," said Straight.

"Now, attend to me. I'll give you seven shillings,—you hear?"

"Seven shillings," replied the waiter very correctly.

"If you will procure for me the address of that lady—and mind, not a word to anybody."

"Address, and not a word," answered Robert, and departed to obtain the information; not that it was at all necessary for him to quit the room for the intelligence, as he was already in full possession of it: but the pains he took seemed to enhance the value of the knowledge to be conveyed, making it better worth the offered price. "There, sir—the address," said Robert, presenting the delighted Trumps with a written card.

"I'll go this very morning," exclaimed Trumps. "My bill."

"Don't you stay to-night, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No—no: for my luggage, you can send it to this address;" for, of course, thought Trumps, they'll entertain me as their guest. "Humph—ha!" said Titus,

viewing himself in a glass, "must brush up a little. A new loop in my hat—pahaw! a new hat altogether—some new lace ruffles,—and, egad! this silver ring of grandfather's looks like a lump of pewter on my finger—a little diamond there won't be thrown away; no, no, it doesn't rain generals' daughters every day—I can afford to lay out for an heiress;" for in the flutter of his hopes, Trumps had quite forgotten the "brother" of the lady. "Must dress to-day, if I'm a sloven all my life," cried Trumps, still self-communing, and he sallied into the street, determined to purchase the necessary decorations. Titus had in his purse little more than fifty guineas; never before had fifty guineas seemed such a trifle. Elated with the certainty of speedy fortune—for with Titus the golden gift was no longer doubtful—he felt all the carelessness, the indifference of a sultan towards the petty cash about him. Arithmetic seemed a science suddenly unworthy of him—he might, in the fulness of his wealth, snap his fingers at figures. Such were his exulting thoughts as he entered a shop, smitten with the show of lace, with its cobweb meshes displayed to catch the flies without. The bargain was soon struck—the most expensive cravats and ruffles ordered to the inn; a hat, furnished with a glittering loop, and a cane, surmounted by a gold head, with chasing worthy of a Cellini, speedily followed, and Trumps thought himself equipped not for conquest—for the victory was gained—but for a triumphal entry. Thirty guineas yet remained to him, when he suddenly paused at the window of a jeweller. At all events, he would ask the price of a ring.

"The finest of fine waters," said Mr. Glitter, the tradesman, as he presented a diamond ring to Trumps, who looked down upon it, whilst a smile played about his lips, and his eyes melted at the bauble. The jeweller in a moment knew his man. "If the stone were only as big again, upon my honor, sir, I can't tell you what it would be worth—I may say, money couldn't buy it." Still Trumps gazed at the diamond. "There, sir; look at the delicacy of the chasing. Ha! I don't know what I'd give for a workman who could do the like; the artist who did that, he's dead, poor man: any money is given for his work. Look at the stone any way, sir. Let a man travel through the centre of the earth, sir, and with that diamond on his finger, he'd want no light."

Trumps stood, his eyes fixed upon the stone. "I think 'tis too small for me," he ventured to observe.

"Try it, sir—try it—bless me!—well, you have a curiosity there,"—and Glitter raised his eyebrows and puckered his mouth, as he took up the silver seal-ring, laid down by Trumps.

"It was in our family," said Titus, a little abashed at the native vulgarity of the relic, brought out in forcible contrast by the surrounding splendor. "Fits, I declare," said Trumps, placing the diamond ring on the finger, too long disgraced by the family treasure.

"Sir, I should be proud to sell you that ring, if I could afford it, at half price. As it is, I'll strike off five guineas."

Trumps looked at the ring, and with some anxiety, asked—"How much."

"As I said, sir," replied Glitter, "I'll let you have the ring cheaper than any gentleman I have ever clapped my eyes upon. And I'll tell you why, sir—you'll do especial credit to the ring. Now, there are some hands, that, upon my honor, sir, it goes to my heart to let my goods go upon; hands! did I say, sir,—lumps of flesh, with skin like sole-skin. It does I say go to my heart, to think of the pain and labor used to get the jewel from the mine—of the skill in cutting it—the taste and delicacy of setting a diamond as that is set—and after all, to be condemned to a hand, as red and as coarse as beef, sir! Upon my honor, sir, I do feel—but what can we do in business!—still I do feel that I am sometimes committing a sin in letting my goods go upon such fingers. May I never sell another stone, sir, if except his grace, the Duke of Marlborough—perhaps, for hands do run in families—perhaps, sir"—and Glitter placed his palms flatly against each other, and almost brought his forehead to the counter—"perhaps, I have the honor of addressing a branch of that distinguished house!"

"No," said Trumps, in a soft, low voice.

"I declare, sir, by your hand—and I am accounted a tolerable judge in such matters—I should have thought you a younger brother—or"—

"How much?" said Trumps, looking wistfully at the ring.

"Well, sir, as this is our first transaction—and I hope, sir, for the honor of your countenance for many years to come—I'll try and say five-and-thirty guineas," said the obliging Glitter.

The face of Trumps darkened at the sum, and with a melancholy look, he was about to draw the desired gem from his finger. Glitter observed the act, and suddenly raised his hands.

"But as I said—to you, sir—and in favor of your hand, for I should feel my goods recommended by such fingers—I will venture to say, thirty guineas."

"It's very cheap, no doubt—very cheap," said the prudent Trumps, "but I fear at present—I—I fear I can't afford it."

"Ha! ha! excuse my freedom, sir—I can't help laughing—not afford? Ha, sir! had I your wealth—well, well—I mean, the prospects that a gentleman like you must have in a town like this—pardon my freedom, sir,—the fortunes that many lovely women would be proud to lay at your feet—excuse my freedom, sir—but where merit is so apparent—excuse my freedom"—

"Thirty guineas," repeated Trumps, and still the ring remained upon his finger.

"As I'm an honest man, and a liveryman, sir, I sold the fellow of it to the Marquis of—-but I'll not mention his name—for forty guineas. To be sure, the Marquis has a hand like Magog; though, for all its size, it dips pretty deeply, sir—pretty deeply, we know where"—and Glitter winked.

"I can't afford it," said Trumps, and he put his thumb and finger to the ring and paused, as he caught the supplicating looks of the jeweller.

"Don't sir, don't—I cannot bear to see you take it off in this shop. There—I'll say eight-and-twenty; and after that, as I'm a Christian, sir, I cannot speak again."

Trumps felt it would have been ungrateful in him to have rejected such complacency. He had, it was true, but thirty guineas. What of it? Could he not raise money upon his ten cottages? Besides, there were prospects, as the tradesman sagaciously declared, beaming brightly on him! The ring was moreover a necessary—nay, an indispensable ornament to a gentleman; especially so, in the felicitous circumstances in which Trumps found himself. It was a naut, yet delicate and brilliant avowal of gentility. A diamond like that was at once an introduction and a certificate. He had, it was true, only thirty guineas—only thirty from the fifty, his small income for the year—for the three hundred and sixty-five dinners required by the human animal in twelve months; with all the other small essentials demanded by a sense of comfort and propriety. For a moment, he paused; and then Miss Wolfe, leaning on a silver anchor, rose before him; and he plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew therefrom all his coined treasure. He paid for the diamond ring, placed the silver seal-ring of the family in the lightened purse, and was about to quit the shop, when a sense of new wants fell upon him. "Could Mr. Glitter recommend a pair of knee-buckles?"

"The prettiest things ever made; not fifty pair been sold yet—and those to the nobility only; they were as yet scarcely out of the House of Lords." Such was the character, such the history, of a pair of blue steel buckles, set with tolerable paste.

"The stones are not real?" asked Trumps.

"No, sir; although they have the advantage of appearance. They look real, but between ourselves—I deceive no customer, sir—between ourselves, they are not. But then, sir, with that diamond on your finger, who would suspect your knees?"

"That's very true," said Titus.

"If a gentleman's hand is the real thing, his knees may very safely be sham," declared the jeweller.

"Then these are very cheap?" for Trumps thought, with a passing pang, of his reduced store.

"Dirt," said Glitter, "a little two guineas."

"For false stones?" asked Trumps.

"They look real, sir, and we must always pay for appearance. Well, say thirty-five shillings. I tell you what—'tis only worth so much old silver; I'll take thirty, and the old seal-ring for the lot."

Trumps paid the money, surrendered the bit of family silver, and returned to his inn to dress. The cravat, ruffles, hat, and stick had been sent before, and awaited him in his bed-room; while he himself was the happy and important bearer of the diamond ring, and the paste knee-buckles.

Gentle reader, Trumps is at his toilette dressing for the lady of his hopes—the daughter of General Wolfe.

the passage, the chambermaids hung over the bannisters to catch a view of his departing skirts. His hair bore testimony to the skill of the barber—his cravat flowed gracefully and voluminously—his ruffles drooped in bunches over his hands—he carried his gold-headed cane as it were potent as the caduceus—his little finger glowed with the diamond ring—and his knees throbbed with a sense of new buckles. His hat, with broad gold loop, sat like a diadem upon his brow.

"Your bill, sir," said Robert, at the same time presenting that social annoyance.

"Oh! ha! I have changed my mind," that is, Titus had changed his guineas—"I—I shall come back."

"Then, we're not to send your luggage, sir?" asked the servant.

"Not to-day," replied Trumps, and stepping into the street, he turned to seek the abode of the daughter of General Wolfe. He had proceeded a very little way, when the eyes of the passengers convinced him that he was really too finely appointed to appear uncovered in the street—that an article so daintily set forth ought to be conveyed to its destination in a case. He therefore called a coach, and in sonorous tones, ordered the man to drive to — square.

Many and hard were the blows of the knocker, moved by the sinewy hand of the coachman. The door of the desired house flew open, and a porter, with severe looks, questioned the manners of the disturber; "a hackney-coachman had no right to make such a noise;" thus looked the porter, whose stern face relaxed somewhat on the appearance of Trumps, who quietly suffered himself to be charged treble the fare, the coachman jocosely declaring that "the knock was worth half the money."

"My Lord, shall I take your card in to Sir Jeremy?" asked a footman.

"Certainly," and Titus put his hand into his pocket; though for what we are ignorant; for sure we are he had no card about him. Perhaps, he "hoped." Withdrawing his hand with nothing in it, he said, "Trumps, Mr. Titus Trumps." And the footman departed with the name of our hero to Sir Jeremy Sloth, whose custom it was to give audience to everybody who sought him; possibly, in the belief that nobody having suffered one interview, would, have courage left for a second.

Sir Jeremy Sloth was a baronet, and had moreover slept and voted in three parliaments. He knew very little of the constitution, but a great deal of heraldry. In his character of senator, he never gave his vote, but we believe after long and painful consideration; and as he was wont to complain that no time was allowed between the last speech on a question, and the division that decided it, he had always made up his mind to his vote long before the question came on. This was what he called getting in advance of the public business. And yet if Sir Jeremy had any fault, it was that he was a little dilatory—that he complained of customs and usages long established, as little other than novel innovations. "Men, it was plain, were in a hurry to bring about the end of the world, or they wouldn't go on so fast;" such was the

CHAPTER III.

In about two hours, Titus, arrayed as for a court, ded from his room. The waiters stared from

cry of Sir Jeremy, when the broad-wheeled wagon gave place to the stage-coach. One incident will illustrate the constitution of Sir Jeremy. He was one day in company with a royal duke, when a sudden storm came on: our baronet stood at the window—the duke sat far in the room. "Quite a storm, Sir Jeremy," said the duke. "It is, indeed," said the baronet. "Bless my heart!" exclaimed Sir Jeremy, "may it please your Royal Highness, if not too great a trouble, to come a little this way to the window to look at this—flash of lightning!"

Titus Trumps stood before Sir Jeremy Sloth, a short, slim, dry little man, constantly at work upon his dignity, in order as he vainly thought to make the most of it. With many slow flourishes of the hand, Sir Jeremy waved Titus into a seat. There was a silence of two minutes, and for any movement of the baronet, the pause might have continued. Titus hoped Sir Jeremy would speak first: at length, our hero opened the sitting by modestly observing—"Sir Jeremy, my name is Trumps." The baronet acknowledged the intelligence by a grave inclination of the head. "My name is Trumps," repeated Titus.

"Trumps?" asked the baronet, in a voice that almost chilled even the blood of our sanguine friend,—"Trumps?"

"—umps," said Titus, emphatically correcting the termination.

"Pardon me," said Sir Jeremy, with a sickly smile, "I thought, possibly, a descendant of the famous Dutch Admiral."

Titus was evidently struck by the words of the baronet; it had never occurred to him before: he might be a descendant, and still be ignorant of the honorable fact.

"Not a descendant?" asked the baronet, looking grimly at the perplexed Titus.

"Really, Sir Jeremy, I—I cannot take it upon me to say—such liberties are taken with names, that!"

"Right, sir; very right,"—for Sir Jeremy was upon his favorite theme—"for my part, I know not if I would not as severely punish offences against names as against the person."

"A name, Sir Jeremy, is often the best part of a man," said Titus.

"Very often," replied the baronet, with emphasis. He then returned to the introductory declaration of his visiter. "Your name is Trumps? Well, sir, so far we understand each other."

"I—I arrived in London last night," proceeded Trumps, the baronet, strangely enough, unmoved by the intelligence. Trumps added with significance, bowing, and exhibiting his teeth with a smile,—"by the coach, Sir Jeremy."

"A romantic occurrence," said the sarcastic baronet. "Inside or out?"

"Really, Sir Jeremy, I am proud to say—very proud to say,—out." And again Trumps smiled.

"Your name is Trumps—you came to town by the coach—and you are proud to say outside,"—slowly summed up Sir Jeremy.

"And I—I felt it my duty to pay my respects at this

house, without loss of time. I hope the young lady is quite well?" and Trumps smiled again.

"Do I understand, Mr. Trumps, that your visit here is for the sole object of inquiring into the condition of the health of?"—

"Exactly, Sir Jeremy—exactly," cried Titus, impatient of the slow verbosity of the baronet. "I feared she might have caught cold."

"You are not an apothecary, Mr. Trumps?" asked Sir Jeremy, and every second he grew more dignified.

"No, sir," replied Titus, with a gasp.

"Then, sir, may a strange and humble individual like myself, venture to ask what you are?" drawled Sir Jeremy.

Trumps was frozen by the unlooked-for chilliness of the baronet, and, after some hesitation, replied, essaying another smile,—"Nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed Sir Jeremy.

"That is," quickly rejoined Trumps—"a gentleman." Saying which, Trumps felt himself exhausted. He had expected to be welcomed, embraced by a delighted circle, and he sat in the drawing-room of Sir Jeremy Sloth, as in a snow house.

"And you are intimate with the young lady in whose health you have shown so kind an interest; is it not so, Mr. Trumps?" inquired the baronet.

"I—I may say, that I was happy in being able to show some attention, which"—

"Which she accepted?" asked Sir Jeremy with unusual celerity.

"Which she did me the honor most graciously to accept," replied Trumps.

"Out of town, perhaps?" inquired the baronet.

"Precisely, Sir Jeremy—precisely," and Trumps tried to laugh.

Sir Jeremy stretched his hand towards the bell—drew it back—then rose, and addressing his visiter as if addressing "the House," the honorable baronet was understood by our hero to say,—"Mr. Titus Trumps, gentleman, may I solicit of you the courtesy of remaining in this apartment until my return?"

Trumps felt abashed at the ceremonious request of the baronet, and slightly coloring, replied—"Certainly."

Sir Jeremy Sloth walked leisurely as a ghost in armor from the room, and Titus, with all his constitutional sprightliness, felt somewhat melancholy. He heard footsteps, and he almost hoped that it was the footman come to twirl him into the street. And then, his eye fell upon his diamond ring, and he became assured of respectful consideration. The baronet had been cold, certainly; perhaps, however, it was the custom of the baronetage to be a little frigid.

The door opened, and showed Sir Jeremy Sloth leading in a lady with as much grace as if about to commence a minuet. Trumps rose from his chair, and wished to smile.

"Emily," thus spoke Sir Jeremy Sloth to the lady, who betrayed some confusion as her eyes met the handsome face, and glanced at the goodly figure of our hero—"Emily, I presume I introduce you to an old acquaintance!"

"Papa!" The lady was neither very young nor very handsome: she was trembling on the verge of thirty—(bosom friends declared she had long since gone over,)—and was thin as a mortified nun: indeed, she was one of those useful persons in this world of temptation, whose very looks preach abstinence. Still, it was either the surprise of the introduction to Titus, or his features, or form, or both, or all these together, that sent a passing look of interest to the face of Miss Sloth: for a moment, she looked like an old picture revived. "Papa!" said Miss Emily Sloth, and fluttered and blushed.

"Mr. Trephonius Trumps"—began Sir Jeremy—"Titus," was the brief correction of our hero.

"Mr. Titus Trumps," and Sir Jeremy bowed an acknowledgment of his error. Then, turning to the lady,—"Mr. Titus Trumps is, as he assures me, not an apothecary; yet has he bestowed upon us the favor of this visit for the express purpose of inquiring into the condition of your health."

"I trust, Sir Jeremy—I"—poor Titus was confounded by the mistake—"I hope, that the young lady is well,—but, I—the truth is, Sir Jeremy, that is not the young lady, I—no, Sir Jeremy,—not the young lady."

"I understood, sir, that you spoke of my daughter, and being anxious to"—

"No, Sir Jeremy, no;" Trumps endeavored to smile very blandly, "I meant, the daughter of the late general."

"Late general!" and Sir Jeremy slowly chewed the words.

"Of the hero—the"—and then Trumps made a last effort, and drawing himself up, said very distinctly—"the daughter of General Wolfe."

"General Wolfe, sir? In my house?—Were you informed that such a lady lived here?"

"Yes, sir; I understood at the inn, where we put up"—

"Inn, sir? What inn?" asked the baronet haughtily.

"The Flower-Pot," replied Titus with great humility.

"And I am to understand, sir, that you came from the—the Flower-Pot?" and to the dismay of Trumps, he thought he saw a contemptuous smile on the face of Emily as her father spoke. "From"—the baronet paused to leer at the smart clothes of his visitor—"From the Flower-Pot?" You look like it."

Titus was about to answer, when the baronet authoritatively held up his hand, and then proceeded to put poor Trumps to the question. "There is something in your air, your demeanor, Mr. Trumps, that demands from me immediate attention."

Trumps, astonished at the sudden civility of the baronet, pressed his hat between his hands, and bowed.

"Will you tell me from what place you come?"

"Cirencester," said Trumps, "last night."

"Cirencester," said Emily to herself, and, a second afterwards, rang the bell.

"And the lady, who"—the baronet was interrupted by the appearance of the footman, who crossed to

Miss Emily, and took her commands—"and the lady"—repeated Sir Jeremy, as the servant left the room.

"The lady, sir, whom I thought your relative, was in the stage-coach."

"My relative—in—in a stage coach!" cried Sir Jeremy: had Trumps said the pillory, the assertion had not been more offensive.

"Inside;" replied Trumps, "for it was very wet, Sir Jeremy, and it was my good fortune to see Miss Wolfe"—

"Miss Wolfe!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Yes, papa," said Miss Sloth, tittering, "I assure you, the daughter of"—

"That is the lady," cried Titus, as the door opened and he caught the face of his fair fellow-passenger, who colored when she saw him, then curtsied respectfully to Miss Sloth, and then played with her apron-strings. The curtsy and the dress of the girl smote the heart of our hero.

"Young woman," said Sir Jeremy sternly, "do you know this person?" and the baronet pointed one finger at Titus as he would have pointed at a cur suspected of insanity.

"The gentleman came in the coach with me, Sir Jeremy, and it was very wet, and he was very kind," said the girl.

"Kind! young woman, I am afraid you have given yourself a false character," cried the baronet.

"I, Sir Jeremy! La! Sir Jeremy;" and the girl burst into tears.

"Pray, young woman, what do you know of General Wolfe?" asked her master with a terrible frown.

"My father keeps it, that's all," sobbed the maiden.

"Keeps it!" cried Trumps and the baronet, Miss Sloth biting her lips to suppress her laughter.

"It was the Jackdaw and Pitcher, but—but"—

"But,—what? Speak!" called out Sir Jeremy.

"But Sergeant Flam said he'd recruit at the house, if father would alter the sign, so he had 'em painted out, and the General painted in. False character! I'm sure, Sir Jeremy, if that gentleman has said anything that a gentleman should be ashamed of saying."—

"Permit me, Sir Jeremy—I—there is no blame to be attached to the young woman, I assure you," and Titus, utterly confounded, played with his hat, and breathed hard, and stared in the face of Sir Jeremy Sloth, and hoped that the floor would open. Sir Jeremy made no answer, when, at length, Trumps exclaimed, with energy—"It's my stupidity—I see it all,—my stupidity. Good morning, Sir Jeremy—altogether, my stupidity."

With this full and candid avowal, Titus Trumps vanished from the apartment, and made his way into the street.

"A pickpocket, no doubt," said Sir Jeremy Sloth.

"The fellow has the look of a pickpocket—the—what! eh! gone? God bless me! Why didn't I send for a constable?"

COLUMBUS.

BY P. H. GOSSE, ALABAMA.

Sailing among the Bahamas lately, in a voyage from Philadelphia to Mobile, I was much impressed with thoughts of that gallant hero who first loved these waters, and laid open this smiling world to the adventure of Europeans. To give vent to my feelings, I penned the following lines in the scene of his triumph.

He sat upon the lofty poop—a man
Haggard with years, and poverty, and toil :
Yet on that noble brow was seen the mark
Of thought sublime, and contemplation grand.
He sat upon the lofty poop ; and still,
Though far from country, kindred, friends, and home,
Onward, still onward, was his eagle gaze :
There lay his hopes, and expectations vast,
Bounded by yon horizon, dark and dim,
Which yet no nearer seemed, than when he left
The flowery meads and orange groves of Spain.
For many weeks had he his way pursued,
A lonely, trackless, and unwonted way,
Across the vast, illimitable sea,
Following the sun into the glowing west ;
Yet did the gorgeous land he longed for, seem
Still to recede before his eager grasp.

The tropic sea displayed its wonders round :
Fish of strange hues, and of fantastic shapes ;
There swam the dolphin, whose bright rainbow dyes,
Changing and flashing in the zenith sun,
Rivalled the opal, while, with lightning speed,
He followed hard upon the flying-fish,
That fairy creature of two elements :
While ever and anon, floated and tossed
Upon the smooth, but broadly-rolling wave,
That gallant little mimic ship, with hull
Of Tyrian purple, and bright roseate sail,
Fit emblem of the chivalry of him
Who launched his bark upon that unknown sea.
And oft the deadly and malignant shark,
Darkly and silently would steal along,
With look satanic and sinister eye,
Watching with subtle vigilance to dye
His keen and serried teeth in human blood.
The jocund porpoise, too, would leap across
Their track, and that marine Leviathan,
The wallowing whale, would roll his giant bulk
Lazily by, making the deep to boil
Like seething caldron. Nor were wanting there,
The feathered tenants of the sunny air ;
The albatross, of broad and powerful wing,
Pursued her finny prey ; down, like a stone,
Into the waters plunging : there the pelican
Collected too her store for callow young,
Thoughtful and provident : while close behind,
Pating the waves with untired feet, was seen
The faithful petrel, that for many a league

Had followed in their wake. Rocked on the wave,
The giant turtle slept ; and far and near
The sea was thickly strewn with yellow weed ,
The haunt of many a strange and shapeless thing.
Yet none of these, unwonted as they were,
Had power to seize his thought, or take his eye,
Even for a moment, from his great emprise :
Onward, still onward, was his eagle gaze.

The hireling band, whom hope of sordid gain
At first induced to cast their lot with his,
O'ercome by craven fear, at length broke out
In murmurs, and conspiracies, and threats
Of open violence : still he quailed not,
But stood before them with a dauntless front,
And bold, unshrinking courage : tho' alone,
Single, and unsupported, his own strength,
His own brave heart upheld him, and awed down
His foes to silence. He sought aid from none,
But from that God who first inspired his mind.

Another burning day has passed : at length
The fervent sun drops to his ocean bed.
His disk is half extinct : the visible half
A hemisphere of crimson fire : and now
The last, thin, flashing line of bright green light—
The golden light seen through the azure wave,
Has left their eyes, and sudden darkness comes,
With giant steps, enveloping the scene.

Now, surely, will the hero seek his rest ;
Tired nature needs repose and sleep—not so :
He will not leave his seat, his watch-post high.
Sleep has no charms for him ; the vigilant mind
Conquers and triumphs o'er the body's need.
He will not leave his post, but there he sits,
Though hidden by the veil of night ; his thoughts
Fixed on the future with unwavering hope.
Piercing the moonless darkness with his eye,
Onward, still onward, is his eagle gaze.
Swift moves the gallant bark, making her way
Bright, midst surrounding darkness ; shedding round
A light of her own making : at each plunge,
Sparkles and gleams of bright phosphoric light
Flash from her prow ; and in her wake she leaves
A long, long line of splendor : like the path
Of him illustrious, whose gigantic mind
Planned that emprise, and left to future years
A flood of glory time can never quench.

The slowly-moving night is half gone by :
 The hero's keen glance still is on the sea ;
 Sudden he starts, with thrill of rapturous joy—
 " Ho ! Pedro Gutierrez ! look ahead,
 " And tell me what thou seest ! " " Signor, I see
 " A light as of a lamp or torch ; and now
 " 'Tis borne from place to place. It must be land !"
 But yet so oft has fancy cheated them,
 That yet they cannot grant belief ; and he,
 Oppressed with hopes too big for utterance,
 Yet cannot quell a boding fear, that all
 Will vanish with the light of opening day.
 Hark ! hark ! what hollow sound booms o'er the wave ?
 It is the Pinta's gun, the sign of land !
 Now doubts are at an end : the ships lie by,
 And wait in breathless hope the approaching morn.
 Meanwhile, what tongue can tell the thoughts that
 crowd,
 The high, tumultuous thoughts that proudly throng,
 Careering o'er the hero's lofty mind !
 His close-clasped hands are pressed upon his breast,
 As if by manual force to overpower
 The rapturous emotions that would else
 Burst the corporeal tenement, and set free
 The soul in this its more than mortal joy !

Day dawns, and gloriously the rising sun
 Looks on a fairy land, clothed to the wave
 With thick umbrageous foliage ; trees unknown,
 Of rich and mazy green, with pendant fruits,
 Whose hues outvie the morning's golden ray,
 Or crimson skies of eve : the feathery palm

Waves lightly from its towering height, green slopes
 Open amidst the woods—clear, cooling streams
 Run sparkling from the hills, and wind their way
 Through verdant vales ; where birds of radiant plume,
 And melody divine, combine to form
 A paradise on earth.

Columbus, clothed
 In gorgeous apparel, rows to land,
 In kingly state ; prostrate adores his God,
 Then plants the royal banner, Spain's proud flag,
 Unfolds its blazon'd surface to the breeze,
 And takes possession of a world.

That was thy hour, world-finder ! that thy time
 Of glory and of triumph : joy unmixed
 Then swelled thy heart, a rapture all thy own !
 Thou thoughtst that kings were just, that honors due,
 Well, nobly earned, awaited thee. Thou knew'st not
 That even then thy tide was at the flood.
 Alas ! couldst thou have then foreseen the hour
 Too swiftly coming, when, a captive chained,
 The fetters on thy hands, thy aged form
 Was dragged disgraced, insulted, to that king
 To whom thou gav'st unasked, uncounted wealth,
 Thou wouldst have gladly chosen instant death,
 Rather than that dishonor.

Long have passed
 Those years of suffering : thou art in thy rest ;
 Yet never may the sons of men forget
 The glorious meed that was awarded thee—
 Thou gav'st to Spain a world, she gave thee back A
 CHAIN !

RHYMES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILA.

THE voice of nature whispers round
 In every breeze that fans the sky,
 And rustling leaves, with gentle sound,
 Send up their grateful hymn on high.
 What solemn beauty fills the place
 Where hills on hills sublimely soar,
 And covered with majestic grace,
 Their foaming forest streamlets pour.

The eagle's self could ask no scene
 More grand, more wild than meets him here—
 Where, dressed in robes of richest green,
 The everlasting mountains rear
 Their peaks—and fairy-colored clouds,
 Like spirits sporting in the sun,
 Come trooping on in gathering crowds,
 As if some heavenly course to run.

And oh ! how beautiful, how grand
 The mountain torrent flings its spray,
 As in the gorge profound I stand,
 And watch it on its foaming way—
 The verdant ground receives the shower,
 The bird flits by on rapid wing,
 And thoughts of peace and thoughts of power
 Within my raptured bosom spring.

O, mountain tops are brimming o'er
 With poesy heartfelt and deep—
 And nature's true and gentle lore,
 Her magic lore is theirs to keep.
 In every wind that fans the sky,
 In every cloud that rides the gale,
 In all that meets the ear or eye
 We read the glories of her tale.
 Kaatskill Mountain, July 29, 1838.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

No. II.

BUENOS AYRES.

THE navigation of the river Plate from Montevideo to Buenos Ayres, is very intricate, from the number of banks and shoals which prevail, and the distance is thereby very much lengthened between the two ports.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine republic, (though why it is called so, except "*quasi lucus a non lucendo*," no one could give any reason, for it is most particularly a *skin-plaster* country,) presents a remarkably imposing appearance to the water, and as men of war are unable to approach within six miles of the town and "distance lends enchantment to the view," it is really a very beautiful town, and the steeples and domes of its cathedrals and public buildings show to great advantage from the outer roads.

The river here is about thirty miles in width, but remarkably shallow, and a bar makes across the harbor which prevents all but merchant vessels, drawing not over thirteen or fourteen feet water, from approaching very close.

The first peculiarity that strikes a stranger, is the manner in which he is conveyed on shore from the boats, as even they cannot go within thirty or forty yards of the beach—innumerable very rough built carts, with two horses, are constantly waiting in the water, to carry passengers on shore, and if it were not for the shoalness of the water, you would be rather alarmed at the pranks of these aquatic Jehus—they race about as if they were on land, and try every means to weather each other out of a fare, and the disappointed applicant thinks nothing of driving up against and endeavoring to upset you—they are very good natured, however, and all these tricks are performed for sport—on paying your fare, you are struck with the apparent exorbitance of their charge, as you are called upon to pay a dollar for your short ride—you soon find, however, that their dollar is but fourteen cents of our currency, and find as many *shin-plasters* as in our "happy land."

Immediately in front of the landing is the custom-house, a very plain building—and here commences the system of bribery and corruption, which flourishes no where more abundantly than here—a dollar or two will pass your baggage, if you have nothing in it of a contraband character, and merely wish to save yourself the trouble of detention; should it be otherwise, and if your baggage "could a tale unfold," which might not be gratifying to all parties, a doubloon or two, in proportion to the value of its contents, will overcome all difficulties.

The fort is a short distance to the left of the landing, and is very solid, and appears to be very well calculated for defence.

In few places will you meet a better hotel than here, and no where a more gentlemanly and polite proprietor. Beech's Hotel, the head quarters of the English and Americans, can never be forgotten by any who have ever entered it—Beech, is an Englishman, and possesses *all* the best traits of their character, (among which hospitality is predominant,) and none of the worst—if you go to Buenos Ayres, go to Beech's.

On one side of the Plaza de Victoria is the *cabildo*, in which are all the public offices and the jail—it has been in its time a very fine building, but like all others here, falling into decay—on the opposite of the square is an arcade, which opens on to the parade ground at the back of the fort, and which has also been very neat in its time. The cathedral occupies a third side; it is an immense building, still unfinished, and probably never will be entirely so. It is in a very handsome style of architecture, and, in front, resembles the Bank of the United States—it is of brick, to be plastered—the interior is nearly completed, and is magnificent; the grand altar, in particular, is gorgeous in the extreme; there are a great number of very fine paintings by the old masters, which alone well repay a visitor for his trouble.

The other churches are also very handsome—in the same street are two, those of San Domingo and San Francisco, both memorable from being the principal scenes of action during the unfortunate, and (to him) disgraceful expedition of General Whitlock, in 1807. When obliged to retreat from the overwhelming mass of natives, that were pouring upon him and shooting down like cattle his brave soldiers, who sustained the well-earned character of the British soldier for bravery, although they were unable to offer any thing but a passive resistance, and died like men where they stood, the victims of their general's order to march into a town without flints in their muskets, and carry it with the bayonet, where every house, from the style in which it was built, was a fortress, and the parapets of the flat roofs afforded a secure position to the defenders, from which they could fire on the assailants. When retreating, his first bold stand was made at the church of San Domingo, from which, however, he was forced to retire, and took up his position in that of San Francisco, where he surrendered—the flags of the

English on that occasion, are still kept in this church and hang over the altar.

General Whitlock was broken on his return to England, for his conduct on this occasion, although the fate accorded to Admiral Byng would have been more appropriate, and as just as it was merited.

The market of Buenos Ayres is very good, but without any systematic arrangement, and is held in the open street under sheds, there being no market-house. It is well stocked with every thing, game is particularly abundant, and piles of partridges lie upon the ground in every direction.

The great vegetable of the country is the cauliflower, which, in its native state here, would put to shame any of the best productions of our hot houses—the size is really enormous.

Beef here is very inferior and very lean, owing to the necessity of killing so many to supply all the inhabitants as well as the desire to avail themselves as soon as possible of their hides and horns, the great export of the country. It is very cheap; the best being seldom if ever more than two cents a pound. The natives have a way of cooking it, called *carne con cuero*, or beef with the skin on, which is most delicious, and which style of cooking, used with one of our cattle, would be a dish for Apicius. They cut a large piece off the rump, retaining the skin, and sew it up, so that none of the natural juices can escape; they then cook it in hot coals, covering it entirely with ashes, and, when finished, nothing can exceed its richness.

The Spaniards are naturally a very temperate people; they have a horror of a drunkard, and an intoxicated native is seldom if ever seen. They are a very quiet set, and all disturbances in the streets are attributable to the foreigners. Their dress, or rather that of the *gauchos* or country people, is very picturesque. The tasseled cap, fancy colored pantaloons, with the bottoms fringed, and gay *poncho*, give them a very wild and romantic appearance. They use the most enormous iron spurs, the rowels of which are usually nearly an inch long, and have the reputation of being among the best riders in the world.

Some of our good countrymen, impelled by the spirit of speculation, opened a circus out here, with La Forest at its head—it was quite a well got up affair, and, for a short time, took the fancy of the natives much. As they could not take the jokes of the clown, however, which were in English, their whole attention was riveted upon the riders, and, at last, the idea struck them, that they could do the same thing as well, if not better. Accordingly, nothing was to be seen on the roads about the city, but these *gauchos* riding on their heads, and going through all the manoeuvres of the ring—leaping whip, hoop, etc., (as they say on the bills,)—and the milk boys would ride into town, in the morning, on one leg, with the other gracefully elevated, either before or behind, or executing a *pas de zephyr* which they had seen at the circus—after that they deserted the circus entirely, and it was consequently closed.

The great number and cheapness of the horses here strikes a stranger with surprise—for about two hun-

dred of their dollars, or *twenty-eight* of our currency, a horse can be bought equal to any that could be bought here for two hundred Spanish dollars—in fact they are so cheap that they can be had as low as five dollars, and you see here constantly the *beggar on horseback*, so commonly mentioned in the old proverb. I have been asked for alms by a man, mounted on an animal, which, in our country he would have found no difficulty in disposing of for a hundred dollars, but which here was of no value to him.

The president of the republic, Juan Manuel de Rosas, came into office as all presidents do out here—by a revolution. He was one of the *gauchos* who constitute the majority here, and was selected by them from his acknowledged superiority in their exercises of riding, throwing the lance, etc.

He is a very brutal man, with a very strong head, and very decided in his operations. He has managed to have himself appointed dictator, with unlimited powers, and uses them without hesitation—he is the government. His favorite color is red, which he has introduced into every thing that he could; red badges are worn, with his head upon them—public buildings are painted red, and I one day met his daughter on horseback, and her riding-dress, veil, gloves, shoes, reins, and saddle-cloth, were all of a bright red, and the horse as nearly so as possible.

He has succeeded in putting a stop, in a great measure, to the assassinations which were formerly so numerous, and has established a very effective police. He takes no measures to enlighten his subjects, who are rapidly sinking into a state of the grossest ignorance—the natural result of a despotism as absolute as that of the Czar.

The prisons, hospitals, and other institutions, are in a miserable condition, and justice is entirely in proportion to the means of the parties concerned.

“Though last, not least,” the ladies are beautiful—black eyes, raven-like locks, sylph-like figures and feet and ankles that would not disgrace a Chinese, they present as striking an appearance as any daughters of Eve I know of—they wear no bonnets, but an enormous comb, as large as half the head of a flour-barrel, or larger, beautifully carved, of the finest tortoise-shell, over which they wear veils or shawls, according to the weather.

The morals of the place, like those of most of these countries, are at a very low ebb, and the old saying, “it is a wise child that knows its own father,” is remarkably applicable here.

The land is very low, and upon the *pampas*, for miles, the eye wanders over an immense sea of level plain, unenlivened by a tree, hill, or even a bush.

Buenos Ayres contains about 70,000 inhabitants. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the country is the *aire*—a cold current of air which exerts a strange influence as well on animate as inanimate objects. No explanation has ever been given of this phenomenon, for such it is; still, some account of its effects may be amusing. The thickest glass, decanters, tumblers, etc., is cut by it, so perfectly that no separation of the pieces takes place, until the article cut be handled. Frequently, a decanter will be cut while

you have it in your hand, and the bottom be severed from the top with as clean a cut as if it were done with a diamond—on men it acts by distorting their features in every possible variety of shapes—should a person be struck by the *aïre* while his head is turned to one side, in that position it remains till time and

the application of poultices have relaxed the constraint of the muscles. Many ridiculous objects are met with suffering under its effects—men with their mouths screwed round behind their ears, and similar comfortable positions for the features.

Philadelphia.

F. C.

PLAY-HOUSE PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ACTOR'S ALLOQUY."

The stage and actors are not so contemptible,
As every innovating Puritan,
And ignorant swearer, out of jealous envy,
Would have the world imagine.

G. Chapman's "Revenge"—1613.

No. III.

MANAGERIAL ECCENTRICITIES.

THE directors of the destinies of the provincial temples of Theopis in England have long been notorious for a broad eccentricity of conduct, which, if exercised in other lands and other professions, would be sufficient to entitle them to admission into the respective lunatic asylums of the country. A theatrical manager is generally a despot; but, in England, he is enabled, from the high state of discipline observed in the theatres, to exercise a tyrannical control unchecked by the influence of opinion, and punishable only when pushed beyond the authority of the law. An actor's education is too generally a mere worldly knowledge, picked up by the roadside during his peripatetic journey through life—a journey which sharpens his intellect and brightens his perceptions—but frequent tumbles and unlucky jostles rub off the squareness of his actions, and the nature of his travelling companions forbids indulgence in the usual sympathies of human kind. It is no uncommon thing to note, in every class of life, that the most aristocratic of his kind originally rose from the lowest beginnings; in theatrical habits, it is a general fact. Smith, now the manager of the Norwich circuit, one of the best theatrical concerns in the old country, arrived there a ragged beggar, with a tribe of shoeless brats, and a sickly, half-clad wife. He was hissed from the stage on every occasion, and the patentees of the theatre desired their manager, Bellamy, to discharge him; Bellamy's kindness, however, induced him to retain the Smiths in various menial capacities until the father Smith was removed from his situation of stage-sweeper to the superintendence of the books in the treasury. Mrs. Smith washed for such of the actors as indulged in the luxury of another shirt, and Bellamy placed the squalid children at a charity school in the neighborhood. Smith repaid his benefactor, after enjoying his kindness for several years, by traducing him to his principals, and offering to do the various duties of his station at something less than half the allotted salary.

To the eternal shame of Wilkins, the celebrated architect and patentee of the theatre, Smith's offer was accepted, and Bellamy was discharged at a day's notice. Smith, curtailing the actor's salaries of a third in value, saved in a few years sufficient to occupy the theatres on his own account; and now, aided by the lieutenantancy of his beetle-browed son, tyrannizes over the unhappy players condemned to writhe beneath his managerial lash. He seldom condescends to notice the salutation of an actor within the walls of the theatre, and pertinaciously refuses to recognise any member of the establishment who dares salute him in the street. The walk of this inflated manager is a rich specimen of bombastic locomotion; his dress consists of an invariable black body coat, with deep double lappets and very broad skirts; black cloth short *never-mention-'ems*, buttoned at the knee, and fastened with diamond buckles. Black cloth continuations buttoned from the knee to the foot, with square-toed shoes, and broad-brimmed hat, complete the attire of this soul-grinding manager, to whose theatre an actor was never known to return.

Smith used to act occasionally, and his automaton manoeuvres and monotonous delivery, as he stumped about with stiff knees, head erect, elbows squared, and hands conjoined—rubbing his palms solemnly together, as if, like Lady Macbeth, he was trying to rid himself of some "damned spot,"—rendered his histrionic exertions a series of laughable endeavors. Smith, who had a horror of drunkenness in an actor, and despised their filthy libations of ale and beer, gin, or brandy and water, punch, and flip, was notorious for his devotion to the bottle when invited to a spread, and like Joe Miller's old friend, could drink any given quantity. The lieges of Norwich expressed a wish to witness the feats of the monstrous fidler Paganini, and Smith, smelling a good speculation, announced his determination to visit London for the purpose of securing the services of the knight of the single string.

He had, on the day of his departure, accepted a dinner invitation, (I beg his pardon—he never refused one,) and took his seat inside the mail, with a couple of bottles of London particular comfortably stowed beneath his waistcoat. The rumbling of the coach obfuscated his faculties, and despite the invigorating effects of some dozen “caulkers” of hot negus at the various stopping places, he arrived at Ipswich in the middle of the night, with a very confused notion of his neighborhood. Mr. Pettit, a distinguished musician at Norwich, had also contemplated the engagement of Paganini's assistance in a series of concerts, and had despatched a young man for the purpose of negotiating with *il gran maestro* by the same coach that held the somniferous Smith. The mail from London to Norwich, and the mail from Norwich to London, meet in the early morning at Ipswich, before the door of the great White Horse Tavern, celebrated in the Pickwick Papers. Smith had crawled from his seat for the purpose of swallowing a corrector of cogniac, and when the guard's horn summoned him from his seat by the parlor fire, the boozy manager stood looking at the duplicate mails, unable to distinguish the London bound from its fac-simile, the Norwich. Pettit's clerk, to whom he had behaved with his usual grandeur, handed him into the mail that had just arrived from the metropolis, and pursued his own way in the other. Poor Smith was asleep in five minutes, and after travelling all night, and swallowing endless allowances of grog and fog, arrived *back again* at his own house, just as his family had finished breakfast. Pettit's young man arrived soberly in London, engaged Paganini for some half dozen appearances, and Smith lost several hundred pounds in consequence of his selfish inebriation.

This man's heartless eccentricity has seriously affected his pocket. A theatre cannot thrive when the manager is universally despised by the public; and Smith's exhausted treasury betrays the extent of his unpopularity.

Manly, the aged proprietor of various theatres in the northern part of England, is a rich specimen of “managerial eccentricity,” in an opposite and more agreeable extreme. He is an independent but impudent Irishman, with a spice of jollity and wit that frequently relieves his extravagancies from a charge of vulgarity. He has been noted for a long series of years for his successful opposition to the arrogance and cupidity of the dramatic “stars,” who, in the old country as in this, endeavor to secure the largest share of the receipts, and brow-beat the unfortunate managers and actors into a due sense of their wretched inferiority. Macready, who, taught by a succession of painful lessons, now adds the bearing of a gentleman to the acquirements of the scholar, rendered himself peculiarly disagreeable to Manly by his excessive hauteur and an unwarrantable assumption of superiority. Manly had long been intimate with Macready's father, a brother Patlander; he seized the son of his old friend by the hand, and bestowed upon him the endearing diminutive of “Mac,” wherewith he had been accustomed to salute his countryman and fellow actor, the senior Macready; but the tragedian soon gave him to understand that he abhorred the

vulgar appellation, that he despised such an undue excess of familiarity, and that he had no claim to the appellation of Mac, his name being Macready, and not Mac-ready. Manly's friendliness of feeling was instantly crushed, and he sought every means of annoying the proud dignitary who had repelled his honest but rough evidences of good will. The next day's bill announced the performance of Shakspeare's tragedy of

M'C BETH!

M'C BETH BY MR. M'C READY.

This rudeness, which caused the tragedian much annoyance, was attributed to the printer's ignorance. The next morning, the star was a quarter of an hour behind the time appointed for rehearsal, and, upon arriving at the theatre, had the mortification to find the whole of the company dismissed. “Sure, I can't keep my boys and girls dancing attendance, Mr. Mac, upon the vagaries of a great man. They were here to their time—you were not. If the performance lags at night, I'll let the audience know whose fault it is, though, God bless me, we shan't have twenty people here, for you draw worse than a second-hand blister, and J—s knows ye're as proud as if ye brought a mint of money.” When the hour of settlement arrived, Manly had procured every possible variety of uncurrent money, tradesmen's tokens, local notes, and many pounds' worth of spurious copper coin. Macready paced up and down the stage, fuming most terrifically as Manly busied himself in counting up the sum due to the tragedian. “Here's your money, Mac; take it at once, for ye've no time to spare—the London coach starts in half an hour, and ye're announced to play at the Garden to-morrow night, and if ye miss this chance, by Jabers ye'll not be there till a day after.” “What is the meaning of this trash?” said Macready. “Not a farthing of this money is available in London; why not give me a check on your banker, or pay me in current county notes?” “Pay ye? is it pay ye? why, then, Misther Mac, sure we've taken so little cash at the doors during your precious engagement, that I've had to borrow where I could to make up the sum I lose by ye. Take it or leave it, I care not, but by Jabers, ye get no other. Ye're reckoned a great actor—ye've behaved mighty *small* to me. Ye pride yerself on being a chaste actor! *chased*, is it? *the public did'nt run after ye here, any way!*”

Manly followed closely in the steps of the celebrated Tate Wilkinson, of York, whose eccentricities have been recorded by every theatrical reminiscencer of the last century. “Send me a fidler,” he (Manly) wrote to an agent in London; “a sober one is not to be had, I know, but you must warrant him free from vermin. It don't look well to see them *scratching*, when they ought to be *scrapping*.” “I have many *promising* young men in my company,” he used to say, “and all of them are bad performers, but good actors. They promise to pay, and never perform their promise.” This was a standing joke with him.

The end of a season always brought on a *billious* fever, he said, for at that time tradesmen presented their accounts. A new actress arrived from London, highly recommended; she looked well; and he expected great things from her performance. Lady Macbeth was selected for her trial part. To his surprise, she uttered every syllable in a loud and pompous tone of voice, with a sort of sledge hammer sound, knocking her words out with the distinctness of the puff of a steam pipe—without variation of emphasis or tone. Manly, who enacted the hero, writhed under his disappointment, but quietly endured it, till, in one of the busy scenes of the play, she addressed him, in her usual puff-puff style of delivery with the words—“*How—now—my—lord!*” Looking at her with much contempt, he replied, in the same tone and manner, “*Bow—wow—my—lady!* By Jabers, my lady Macbeth, all the money ye’ll ever get out o’ me will be the cost of your coach fare back to London, with my compliments to the vagabond that sent ye here; and so, the sooner ye pull off your tragedy stilt and quit our stage for the London stage coach, the better for us poor people of Darby.” The audience were rude enough to relish this strange interpolation of Shakespeare’s text, and applauded vehemently. The tragedy was finished without the lady, who received her *congé*, and retired in disgust. Another time, when a tyro failed in his representation of Hamlet, and elicited continuous shouts of laughter, Manly stepped forward in his every day attire, and thus addressed the audience.

“It’s a mighty pretty thing for ye to sit grinning there like a pack of Cheshire cats, and your mouths wide open like a nest full of young thrushes. I don’t mind your laughing at Mither —, (the Hamlet,) for he deserves it, but I won’t have Billy Shakespeare ridiculed in my theatre to please any body—so I’m just going to stop this d—d nonsense altogether, and let Billy Lascelles sing you one of his funny chaunts, and then ye may laugh till ye burst—and who cares?”

These strange freaks never displeased the frequenters of the theatre; they knew that he meant well, and therefore encouraged rather than checked the ebullitions of his eccentricity. He was and is a popular manager, for with all his vagaries, he is an honest, warm-hearted man, and deserves the good opinion of the public.

There was a drunken pantomimist of the name of Wood, who was once attached to Manly’s company. This fellow wished to appear in a speaking part, and at a very short notice found himself entrusted with the character of Orano, in the play of Pizarro. This gentleman has to deliver an account of Alonzo’s deportment in the battle field, and of his final capture by the Spaniards—Sheridan’s words bothered poor Wood, who, at the appointed time, marvellously discomposed with drink and fright, delivered himself, in choice cockney vernacular, of the following condensed report.

“I seed him up—and then—I—I—saw’d him down,
And then—I—I—saw’d him taken prisoner!”

“Did ye, by Jabers!” roared Manly, from the back of the boxes, “then, I’ll *save* you off, Mither Wood, as a useless log, Mither Wood. Come round here for your week’s salary, Mither Wood, and then, *cut your stick*, Mither Wood!”

Davy Simpson, a manager of an inferior grade to the forementioned gentlemen who rule in spacious buildings over the dramatic amusements afforded to populous and wealthy cities, was a worthy of some note to the lover of character and fun. He controlled a small but select association of four male and three female performers, and, reverting to the simplicity of the early days of the drama, pitched his tent in a barn, stable, or shed, in the vicinity of any village or small town that did not boast of a Theopian edifice. Davy had a thick lip and a positive inability to sound the letter R; yet he would act all the best characters in comedy or tragedy. He was generally to be found within a few miles of the metropolis; and as his whereabouts was always known, parties from London were frequently made for the purpose of deriving amusement from his peculiarities. Davy played the fiddle tolerably, and constituted within himself the whole of the orchestra department. He has been seen standing at the door of his cow-house play-shop, scraping some undefinable tune upon his cracked crenoma, and looking down the path to the village, watching for the advent of his audience as earnestly as Dennis Brulgruddery watched for customers to the Red Cow. If a likely party appeared in sight, he would say—“Gwathious me, quite a qwoud! I’ll give ‘em another twane; let thumbody wun for the candles—two pound o’ eighths—pwomise to pay to-mowwow.” Davy made it a rule never to “light up” till there was a certainty of an audience, because his actors had a lien upon the candle ends.

Davy was a perfect barn-door fowl, and contrived to scratch up a little money in the most beggarly style of strolling theatricals. A youngster, ambitious to learn his profession, joined Davy’s company, and was allowed, as a great favor, to open in Richard the Third. When he asked for the requisite dress, Davy threw him a faded red coat which had once graced the back of a corporal in the foot guards. “This is not the right dress, sir,” said the novice; “this is a soldier’s coat.” “A tholdier’s coat—well, thir, wathn’t King Witchad a tholdier? gwathious me, you sthwiplings are wewwy pwowoking, knowing too much. A tholdier’s coat? to be thwure! I play Witchad in that wewwy coat. You don’t thuppothe to find Dwuwv Lane wawdwobe in a pwowithional couthern!” Poor Davy always used *provisional* for provincial, and perhaps he was right, for his troop looked as if they belonged to *Grub* street.

To return to a respectable theatre—Watson, many years manager of Cheltenham and Worcester theatres, was an eccentric of the first water. He contrived to make money by playing upon the vanity of the leaders of fashion at Cheltenham, and inducing them to take various nights at the theatre under their patronage, thereby playing them off against each other as to their relative popularity and influence, exhibited in the fulness of the respective houses. If the duchess of

D—— collected a tolerable house, her rival, the countess of L——, exerted every effort to outdo the duchess; who, if beaten, was compelled to rally, and endeavor in turn to outdo the countess. This scheme answered very well for some years; but one season the lady patronesses of the pump-room declared themselves against all dramatic exhibitions, and, in due course, the theatre was pronounced vulgar and unfashionable. Watson exerted himself in vain—his doom appeared inevitable, and the theatre was nightly deserted.

The manager had a curious collection of domestic pets, consisting of lap dogs of rare and valuable breeds, an aviary of splendid song birds, some foreign cats of curious coats, and a small but choice collection of plants in a little hot house of singular construction.

These attractions sufficed to make the manager's house an agreeable place for a morning's lounge; and Watson, with ready civility, attended his visitors, and not unfrequently obtained considerable patronage for his dramatic establishment by his hospitality at home. In the course of the season in question, when the prospect of success was almost over, the dowager duchess of Rutland drove to the door of the manager's domicile. She was all smiles and benignity, and the manager, while exhibiting his pets, broached the question of theatrical patronage to this grand autocrat of fashion—but she “cut short all intermission” by declaring it impossible for her to be seen at a theatre, as she had resolved to publicly discourage every thing like an appearance of immorality. “What a love of a dog, I declare,” said the duchess, as Watson introduced another of his pets; “a real Blenheim, I protest. Ears dropping on the ground, feet like silk—feathered and furred—oh, Mr. Watson, this little angel is the twin likeness of one possessed by the duke, which he positively refuses to suffer me to carry about, although the dear little creature would lie comfortably in my muff. What shall I give you for the treasure?” “I do not deal in dogs, your grace.” “I must have him to spite the duke—name your price, Watson, and send him home.” “Money cannot purchase him, your grace,” “Oh, I have set my heart upon him—well, lend him to me—our *bijou* at home is a lady; let your gentleman dog remain with her for a few weeks—if they should have a family, I will pay you well for your trouble.” “I am a married man, your grace, and opposed to all illicit amours; and as the manager of a theatre it is my duty to publicly discourage every appearance of immorality.” The duchess colored, and after a painful hesitation, said, with one of her most gracious smiles,

“Mr. Watson, if my name at the head of your bill as a patroness for next Wednesday, is of any service, pray command me.” “My dear duchess, if my little dog which has now the honor of reposing in your lap, is worth your acceptance, pray command me.”

The point was carried with the duchess, but unless a rivalry was instituted, the proceeds would be of little avail. The lady of a certain bishop called upon Watson to inquire about a celebrated exotic shrub which he was known to possess; her right reverend father-in-God had desired possession of this shrub, but the manager refused to part with a leaf unless the lady sanctioned the theatre with her presence. She declined appearing in such a hot-bed of vice. Watson bowed, and ushered her into the conservatory; while the lady was busy amongst the plants, he closed the windows, raised the dampers, and opened all the flues; which done, he quietly slipped out of the house, and very impudently locked the lady in. Desiring his servants not to attend to any cries from the garden, he strolled down to the theatre, and forgot to return till the day was far advanced. The lady's carriage and servants were still at the door; pretending suddenly to recollect his mistake, he ran to the hot-house, and drew out the bishop's better half in a state of sudorous deliquescency. With a face of brass, he asked her if the hot-house of the manager was not worse than his hot-bed of vice, the theatre; and whether she was prepared to endure the taunts and revilings of the gay sprigs of fashion when the *joke* was known. A promise of secrecy, and the possession of the coveted exotic, procured the required patronage, and the season terminated even more successfully than usual.

Watson possessed the common fault of managers. He was not only, like tuft-hunters in general, supple and servile to his superiors in society, but he was rude and overbearing to the unfortunates who were compelled to enlist under his banner. A licentious lordling, struck with the appearance of some of the actresses, desired admission behind the scenes; his request was instantly complied with by the fawning manager, who ushered the whisker-faced sprig of nobility into the green room, then full of theatrical ladies, with the following debasing remark, *sotto voce*, “This my lord, is my flesh market.” A quaint lump of humanity, one of the performers, who rejoiced in the possession of a very thin but very honest wife, overheard the foul observation, and said aloud, in a tone of dry sarcasm, “Your *flesh market*, is it? then, I shall take my *scrag of mutton off the hooks*,” and handing his wife to the door, he quitted the theatre for ever.

W. E. B.

THE FALSE CHAMPION.

TRANSLATED FROM AN ITALIAN NOVELLO.

THERE was in Provence, not many years ago, a certain Signor Carnivallo, a nobleman who possessed several manors; a man of great merit and judgment, much beloved and respected by the barons and nobles of the place, the more so on account of the antiquity of his family, who were the descendants of the Balzons, in Provence. This gentleman had a daughter, named Lisetta, who was one of the greatest beauties in Provence. Many barons and lords, who were young, and of elegant appearance, had solicited her hand. But the said Carnivallo refused them all, nor would he marry her to any of them.

There was at that time a Count Aldobrandini, who was lord of all Venisi, containing many cities and castles, and who was above seventy years old, and had neither wife or children. He was possessed of so much riches that they exceeded all belief. This Count Aldobrandini hearing of this beautiful daughter of Carnivallo, fell in love with her, and would willingly have married her but was ashamed to solicit her hand on account of his age, knowing that so many young and noble knights had sought to obtain her, and had been refused. However, he felt his love increasing, and could find no way to obtain her. It happened that giving a grand treat, Carnivallo, as his friend and humble servant, called to see him; the count received him with open arms, and honored him much, gave him hunters, hawks, hounds, and various other presents; after which the count bethought himself he would in a friendly manner ask him for his daughter.

Being one day by themselves the count began, half in jest and half in earnest, "My good friend Carnivallo, I will open my mind to thee without any further preface, as I know I may venture to speak freely to thee, although, perhaps, I may be a little ashamed on account of one thing, and that alone—that I am not quite so stout as I was; but be that as it may, I would willingly, if it met thy pleasure, marry thy daughter." Carnivallo answered, "My good lord, I would most willingly give her unto you, but that I should feel very awkward in so doing, considering that those who have solicited her hand are all young men, from eighteen to twenty, who would become my enemies; besides, her mother, brothers, and relations, would not be pleased, nor do I know the girl would be at all gratified, when others so young and blooming might have had her." The count replied, "Thou sayest right, but thou mightest tell her, she shall be mistress of all I possess in the world; meanwhile we will contrive to find some way of succeeding, therefore, let us think upon this to-night." "Yes," said Carnivallo, "I am most willing, and to-morrow morning we will communicate the result to each other." The count could not close his eyes all night, but planned an excellent scheme, and the next morning he called Carnivallo, and said, "I have found an ex-

cellent plan that will afford you a good excuse, and do you great honor." "How is that, my lord?" said Carnivallo. "Do thou," said the count, "order a tournament to be publicly cried, and let it be known that he who wishes to marry your daughter must come on such a day, and whoever shall be the conqueror, shall have the lady, and leave the rest to me. I will find means to become the victor, and by this contrivance thou wilt be excused by all." Carnivallo said, "Well, I am agreeable to it." He left the count, thus saying, and went home, and, when he thought it was time, he called his wife, and other relations and friends, and said to them—"Methinks it is high time to marry Lisetta; what mean you to do, considering how many there are who offer themselves; if we bestow her on one, the others will be affronted, and become enemies, saying, 'Am I not as good as he?' and so will they all, and we shall only create foes where we try to gain friends; what think you of proclaiming a tournament in the spring, and of bestowing her to him who shall win her?" The mother, and the rest of the friends, said they were of the same opinion, and approved of the plan. Carnivallo ordered the tournament to be proclaimed, stating, that whoever wished to marry his daughter, should come on the first of May, in the city of Marseilles, to the tournament, and that he who should prove the victor, should have the lady. In consequence of which, Aldobrandini sent to France, praying the king that he might be pleased to send one of his best squires, who was most valiant and expert at the tournaments. The king, considering the count had always been a faithful servant to the crown, and, over and above, a relation, sent him one of his knights, whom he had himself brought up from his infancy; his name was Ricardo, a descendant of the ancient and famous family of Mont Albano, and ordered him to obey the count in every thing he should desire. This youth came to the count, who received him with great kindness, then told him the reason why he had sent for him. "Milord," said Ricardo, "I am commanded by his majesty strictly to obey you, therefore, command me, and I will boldly undertake it." "We have ordered a tournament at Marseilles, where I mean you to be the conqueror; then will I come into the field of battle to fight with thee; thou must manage so that I be the victor in the contest." Ricardo answered, he would do so. The count concealed him within the palace till it was time, then said, "Take such arms as thou listest, and go to Marseilles, and give thyself out for a traveller; provide thyself with money, horses, etc., and take care to be true." "Let me alone, Milord," said Ricardo, and away he went to the stable; there he saw a fine horse, that had not been rode for some months; he had it saddled, mounted it, and, taking such retinue as he thought proper, set off for Marseilles, where great pre-

parations had been made for the intended tournament. Many gentlemen had already arrived on the occasion, all mounted as superbly as they could possibly be, with numbers of trumpets, fifes, etc., that stunned the hearers. A great spot of ground was palisaded for the tournament, adorned with numbers of elegant booths for the ladies and gentlemen spectators. On the first of May, the noble lady Lisetta, made her appearance, and, like another sun, eclipsed all the other ladies, as much by her noble manners as her superior beauty. All those that were anxious to obtain her, came forth with different devices, and began to thump at one another most gloriously. Ricardo advanced in the ring, mounted on the above mentioned horse, forcing his way through all the combatants. The tournament lasted the best part of the day, and Ricardo was always victor, being more expert and used to the sport; he boldly attacked, defended himself, and wheeled round with the agility of one well trained to the sport. Every one inquiring who he was, they were told he was a foreign nobleman, just arrived. He, however, remained victor, and all the others were defeated; one went one way, the other another, but all much dispirited; and, shortly after, Count Aldobrandini entered the list, covered with armor, and ran up to Ricardo and challenged him, and Ricardo counter-challenged; and, after a seeming hard contest, as had been first agreed, the said Ricardo suffered himself to be dismounted, but never had he done any thing with more regret, for he had fallen in love himself with the lady; but he was bound to obey the king, and, of course, the commands of Aldobrandini. The count, remaining the conqueror, rode round the ring, sword in hand, his suit and barons coming into the ring to attend him, and greeting him. When he pulled off his vizor, every one was struck with amazement, and more particularly the lady. Thus did the count gain the lovely Lisetta, and took her home, where great rejoicings were continued for some time. Ricardo, returning to the king, was asked what had occurred; "Please your majesty," said Ricardo, "I am just come from a tournament, in which the count mischievously introduced me." "How!" said

the king? "I have been pimp to the count;" and Ricardo related the story, which very much surprised the king. "Be not astonished, my liege, at what has happened, but rather be surprised that I should have done such a thing, for I never in my life did any thing I regret so much, and felt so much grief, for so extremely beautiful is she whom the count has so slyly gained. The king thought awhile, then said, "Ricardo, do not be down-hearted, this will prove a fortunate event to thee."

It happened a little while after that the said Count Aldobrandini died without heir; the lady Lisetta, being left a widow, was taken home to her father; but he scarcely ever spoke or looked at her; the lady began to wonder very much at this, and being unable to bear it any longer, she said to her father—"Father, I wonder much at your behavior to me, recollecting that I was your darling child, that you loved me better than all your other children, and leaped with joy whenever you beheld me—that is, while I was a maiden; now, I know not what can be the cause, you scarcely seem able to look at me." Her father answered, "Thou canst not wonder so much at me as I wonder at thee, for I thought thee more wise, considering why, and by what contrivances, I married thee to the count, merely that thou mightest have children, and remain possessed of his riches."

It so happened that all Aldobrandini's possessions fell to the king of France, who, remembering the generous conduct of Ricardo, sent to Provence to signify unto Caravillo, that he wished to give his daughter to a squire of his, who, by right, ought to be her husband. Caravillo, who understood the matter, answered the king, that he was master to do as his majesty pleased. The king mounted his horse, and with a large retinue went to Provence, and conducted Ricardo with him, and formed this match, that is, that Lisetta should be his wife, after which he created him count, and bestowed on him the county which Aldobrandini had been lord of. This match gave great satisfaction to all, but especially to the lady, and so they lived together in happiness and comfort.

Boston, 1838.

P. C.

TO N O U R M A H A L .

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILA.

LADY! the day of brief enjoyment o'er,
We bid adieu, perhaps to meet no more—
And like the summer's soft and dewy sky,
Weep that our night of darkness is so nigh.
Oh! it was sweet to wander here with thee,
Bound in the spell thy presence could decree,
Which made each passing moment, hour and day,
Like silver streams, glide silently away—
Till swiftly over, as a summer shower,
Time brings us to the last, the parting hour.
Farewell—and tho' we never meet below,
Still shall the lucid stream of memory flow,

And show us bright within its chrysal bed
Things numbered with the distant and the dead—
Where, fancy aiding, I shall sweetly see
Thy image, as it looks this day to me,
Yet lovely, tho' arrayed in glistening tears
Thro' the long vista of departed years.
And tho' ambition in my bosom glow
To leave an honorable name below,
I will not ask from fame a prouder meed
Than what by thy remembrance is decreed—
Let glory pass—let honor's breath depart,
So that my name survive within thy heart.

SCISSIBLES,

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books makest me to gone.—*Chaucer.*

THE following excellent article appeared some few years ago in the columns of one of the daily papers. It is too good to be lost.

There is a part of the state of Mississippi so much like what the Egyptian Lake Moeris was, and so rapidly becoming what it now is, and will be, that I know of no better mode of designating it, than by the appellation of Moerian Mississippi.

Moerian Mississippi extends from north latitude 35 degrees, and 13 degrees 9 minutes west of Washington, over a territory entirely alluvial, as far south as the mouth of the Yazoo, in latitude 32 degrees 24 minutes, longitude 13 degrees 52 minutes; below which the high lands are washed by the river.

The Moerian Territory has a length of 180 miles from north to south, estimated between its extreme parallels of latitude, but, following the windings of the Mississippi, it is 310 miles. On the north its breadth is 12 miles from east to west; but the high lands touch the river at Memphis, 11 miles due north of the line. Its greatest breadth is, between Carroll county and Island 75, about 65 miles. The entire area embraces at least 7000 square miles, or 4,480,000 acres, of which a very considerable part lies in the county of Washington.

Throughout the whole extent of the country just mentioned, but more particularly in those parts which suffer, at this time, only partially, from overflows, mounds of various magnitudes are to be seen. Whether they owed their origin to the causes that produced the pyramids of Egypt, or not, I leave for the speculation of others, preferring, for the present, to make a detail of facts.

Some of the principal mounds of Moerian Mississippi, are situated as follows: the geographical positions being referred to that of Natchez, in latitude 31 degrees 33 minutes 45 seconds, and longitude 14 degrees 21 minutes west of Washington, or 91 degrees 23 minutes west of Greenwich, and believed to be within two miles of the truth:

	Deg. Min.	Deg. Min.
lat. 33 36 lon. 13 58		
1. On William's Bayou,		
2. East of Island 83, in the Mississippi,	33 39	13 54
3. Deer Creek, both sides,	33 32	13 53
4. Large Mound,	33 25	13 49
5. Rattlesnake Bayou,	33 18	13 57
6. In township 16, Range 5, west,	33 33	13 38
7. Sunflower river, 5 miles above the mouth,	33 13	13 37
8. Bartia Fortification,	32 40	13 29

Mound No. 1 is near the Mississippi. It is from 60 to 70 feet high. It has been surrounded by a brick wall, of which remains are yet to be seen, and also a ditch. The wall must have been from 6 to 8 feet high. The bricks are quite rotten, and crumble in the hand. The works are on the southern side of the Bayou, which is for several miles remarkably straight, and thought to be the work of art.

Mound No 2 is 6 feet high, and contains about an acre.

Mound No. 3 contains about an acre on the top, and there are near it several large and small ones: the whole presenting, at a distance, something like the appearance of a town. The mounds are on both sides of Deer Creek, which passes near the large one.

Mound No 4 is at least 30 feet high, and contains about 4 acres of ground.

Mound No. 5. To Mr. E. Hyde of Washington county, I am indebted for information relative to the mounds at this place, where he lived several years, and also for other matters of fact. He states that pieces of ware have been found in them which resemble pots, mugs, and tea-kettles. They were stamped with flowers. One which was almost entire might have held two gallons. Stone tomahawks or hatchets, of curious workmanship, have also been found here. Instead of eyes, they have grooves, around which vines were probably fastened, and served for handles or helvies. Here there are seven mounds within a hundred yards of each other. Within a few miles north of this place, at least 50,000 acres of land are from 6 to 8 feet above the highest overflow. It is, nevertheless, all alluvial.

Mound No 6 is 100 feet across the top, and 14 to 15 feet high. There are many smaller ones round it, in which fire coals and burnt brick have been found.

Mound No. 7 is 12 or 14 feet high, and contains about 4 acres. It is built upon a bank of oyster shells, which forms about two-thirds of its height. The depth of the oyster shells is unknown, but they extend to the bank of the Sunflower river.

No. 8, which is rather a fortification than a mound, is near the bank of Yazoo, left hand side. I have walked at least a mile around it, and think it may enclose 40 acres. I have no doubt that it was made by the ancients of the country. The Choctaws have no tradition of its origin, except that the English made it, which is not at all probable.

As in Mississippi, so in Moerian Louisiana, mounds are large and numerous. I can hardly entertain a

doubt that they owed their origin rather to useful purposes than anything else. The large ones were places of refuge for the living, during the floods, and the small ones burial places for the dead. Owing to the nature of the country, several hundred of the people were obliged to dwell together, part of the time, within a small space. No wonder that they made some progress in the arts, and succeeded in making durable walls of brick, and the ware that is generally found in the south-west.

If, as I am inclined to think, mounds were first made on alluvial ground, it is easy to admit that time would consecrate the custom of building them for the dead, and that it would be preserved by the descendants of the ancients of the country—even when dwelling in high lands, far above all inundation. They would, however, probably care less about building their mounds high; and accordingly we find them generally very low in non-alluvial lands. This fact I can vouch for with respect to almost every part of Mississippi, and affirm, but with less means of knowing, with regard to all Louisiana. In relation to small pyramidal mounds, I might remark that, according to Choctaw tradition, they served as signs to denote the residences of the principal chiefs of villages. They are not numerous in Mississippi.

I may now state that the parts of Mississippi and Louisiana which are, and have been, subject to inundation, embrace about 25,000 square miles. For how many ages have the turbid waters of the Mississippi been encroaching upon the ocean to form so much alluvion! If we suppose the whole area of the Mississippi basin to be 1,560,000 square miles, and the annual excess of rain above the evaporation to be 8 inches,—then, if the 10,000th part of the water of the Mississippi be sediment, it would require 5,000 years to produce alluvion 20 feet deep on a surface of 25,000 square miles. If it be said that more than a ten thousandth part of the Mississippi be alluvion, the depths of its deposits sufficiently exceed 20 feet deep to make up for the disproportion.

CROMWELL'S COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL!

There is a tract, published and sold by W. Boreham, at the Angel, in Paternoster Row, price 6d., entitled "True and Faithful Narrative of Oliver Cromwell's Compact with the Devil for Seven Years, on the Day of which he gained the Battle of Worcester."

The tract opens with the following extract from Mr. Archdeacon Eachard's *History of the Kings of England*, which he quotes from the *History of Independence*, part iv. p. 13.

"It was believed, and not without some good cause, that Cromwell, the same morning he had defeated the king's army at Worcester fight, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else after, for seven years from that time, (being the 3rd of September, 1651,) he should at the expiration of

the said years have him at his command, both his soul and his body. Now, if any one will please to reckon from the 3rd of September, 1651, till the 3rd of September, 1658, he shall find it to a day, just seven years, and no more, at the end of which he died, but with extremity of tempestuous weather, that was by all men judged to be prodigious; neither indeed was his end more miserable (for he died mad and despairing) than he had left his name infamous."

Archdeacon Eachard then gives "a relation or narrative of a valiant officer called *Lindsey*, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, the first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel *Lindsey*," which is to this effect.

"On the 3rd of September, in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood side, not far from the army, and bid him *alight and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard*. After they had both alighted and secured their horses, and walked some way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause, upon which Cromwell asked him how he did, or how he felt himself? He answered, that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had engaged in; but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperament of his body he knew not. How now, said Cromwell, what troubled with vapors? Come forward, man. They had not gone above twenty yards before Lindsey, on a sudden, stood still, and cried out, by all that's good, he was seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step farther. Upon which Cromwell called him faint-hearted fool, and bid him stand there and observe, or be a witness, and then advancing to some distance from him, he met with a *grave elderly man*, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, who eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them; particularly, Cromwell said, this is but for seven years, I was to have had it for one-and-twenty, and it must and shall be so. The other told him positively, it could not be for above seven years. Upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, it should be for fourteen years. But the other peremptorily declared, it could not possibly be for any longer time, and if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept it. Upon which Cromwell, at last, took the parchment, and returned to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, and *cried*, now Lindsey the battle is our own! I long to be engaged. Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as it was possible, and the other with the design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thorogood, minister of the parish.

Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any one who should bring him, alive or dead. Thus far,

the narrative of Lindsey himself, but something farther is to be remembered to complete and confirm the story.

When Mr. Thorogood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself just tired, in a sort of amaze, said, "How now, colonel, we hear there is likely to be a battle shortly." "Yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten; but if ever I strike a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally, for I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time." Then desiring protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in and related to him the whole story, and all circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words: "that Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years the battle was fought!" The strangeness of the relation caused Mr. Thorogood to order his son, John, to write it at full length in his common-place book, which I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorogoods.

We have also "Minutes taken out of Mr. Secretary Thurloe's pocket-book, by the late Mr. John Milton, and given by him to his nephew, Mr. John Philips. The following is an extract:—August 17, 1658, my master, the Protector, caused me to take a bond out of a little ebony casket, and to burn it, saying, "the completion of it was well nigh come to pass!" He died the 3rd of September following! We have also a long letter from his daughter to her sister, the Lady Viscountess Falcounbridge; this is part, "when he and I are only sitting in his bed-chamber together, he seems very often talking to a third person, and cries, you have cheated me, the purchase was intended by me for seven years longer, I will not be so served. And again, sometimes as the fit takes him, to divert the melancholy, he dines with the officers of the army at Hampton Court, and shows an hundred antic tricks, as throwing of cushions at them, and putting burning hot coals into their pockets and boots! Immediately after this, fear and astonishment sits in his countenance, and not a nobleman approaches him, but he sells him! Now, he calls for his guards, with whom he rides out encompassed behind and before, for the preservation of his highness, and at his return at night, shifts from bed to bed for fear of surprise."

OLD CUSTOMS AND MANNERS.

BY JOHN AUBREY, 1678.

COURT RUDENESS.—Till this time, the court itself was unmannered and unpolished. King James's court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay, the queen herself, could hardly pass by the king's apartment without receiving some affront.

INNS.—Public inns were rare. Travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion required.

SALUTATIONS.—The use of "Your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of

Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *votre tres humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you," "God be with you;" and among the vulgar, "How doest do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

NEW MOON.—In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtesy to the new moon; and our Englishwomen in this country have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride on a gate or stile the first evening the new moon appears, and saying, "A fine moon—God bless her." The like I observed in Hertfordshire.

EDUCATION.—There were very few fine schools in England before the reformation. Youth were generally taught Latin in the monasteries; and young women had their education, not at Hackney as now, *selicet* anno 1678, but at nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionery, surgery, physic, (apothecaries and surgeons being at that time very rare,) writing, drawing, etc. Old Jacquar, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilt, coming forth in the Nymph Hay, with their rocks and wheels, to spin, sometimes to the number of three score and ten, all whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for their education.

PAINTED CLOTHS.—In the halls and parlors of great houses were wrote texts of Scriptures on the painted cloths.

GLASS WINDOWS.—Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none.

MEN'S COATS.—About ninety years ago, noblemen and gentlemen's coats were of the *bedals* and *yeomen* of the guards; i. e. gathered at the middle. The benchers in the inns of court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns.

UNIVERSITY FLOESING.—At Oxford (and, I believe, at Cambridge) the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity College, I knew right well, whipped his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.

YOUNGER BROTHERS.—No younger brothers were to betake themselves to trades, but were churchmen or retainers to great men.

ARCHITECTURE.—The Normans brought with them into England civility and building, which, though it was Gothic, was yet magnificent.

Mr. Dugdale told me, that about the time of King Henry III, the pope gave a bull, or patent, to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe, to build churches.

JUSTICES' HALLS.—The halls of the justices of the peace was dreadful to behold; the screen was garnished with corselets, and helmets gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberds brown bills, batterdashers, and buckles.

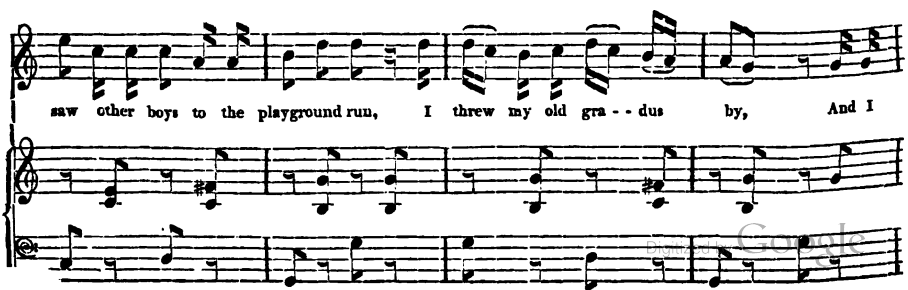
GENTRY MEETINGS.—The meetings of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with hawks and hounds, and their bugle-horn, in silken hawdries.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A FAVORITE COMIC SONG.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Andantino un poco vivace.



left the task I had scarce be- gun, "There'll be time enough for that," said I, "There'll be

time enough for that." said I.

II.

When I was at college my pride was dress,
 And my groom and my bit of blood;
 But as for my study, I must confess,
 That I was content with my stud:
 I was deep in my tradesmen's books, I'm afraid,
 Though not in my own, by the bye;
 And when rascally tailors came to paid,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I=
 "There'll be," &c.

III.

I was just nineteen when I first fell in love,
 And I scribbled a deal of rhyme;
 And I talk'd to myself in a shady grove,
 And I thought I was quite sublime:
 I was torn from my love—'twas a dreadful blow!
 And the lady she wiped her eye;
 But I didn't die of grief—Oh! dear me, no,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I=
 "There'll be," &c.

IV.

The next was a lady of rank, a dame,
 With blood in her veins, you see;
 With the leaves of the peerage she fann'd the flame
 That now was consuming me:
 But though of her great descent she spoke,
 I found she was still very high;
 And I thought looking up to a wife no joke,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I=
 "There'll be," &c.

V.

My next penchant was for one, whose face
 Was her fortune, she was so fair!
 She sung with an air of enchanting grace,
 But a man cannot live upon air!
 And when poverty enters the door, young love,
 Will out of the casement fly;
 The truth of the proverb I'd no wish to prove,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I=
 "There'll be," &c.

VI.

My next was a lady who lov'd romance,
 And wrote very splendid things;
 And she said with a sneer, when I ask'd her to dance,
 "Sir, I ride upon a horse with wings:
 There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand,
 And she whisper'd, "If you should die,
 I will write you an epitaph, gloomy and grand,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I—
 "There'll be," &c.

VII.

I left her, and sported my figure and face,
 At opera, party, and ball;
 I met pretty girls at ev'ry place,
 But I found a defect in all!
 The first did not suit me, I cannot tell how,
 The second, I cannot say why;
 And the third—bless me, I will not marry now,
 "There'll be time enough for that," said I—
 "There'll be," &c.

VIII.

I look'd in the glass, and I thought I could trace
 A sort of a wrinkle or two;
 So I made up my mind that I'd make up my face,
 And come out as good as new.
 To my hair I imparted a little more jet,
 And I scarce could suppress a sigh,
 But I cannot be quite an old Bachelor yet—
 "No—there's time enough for that," said I,
 "No—there's time," &c.

IX.

I was now fifty-one, yet I still did adopt
 All the airs of a juvenile beau;
 But, somehow, whenever the question I popp'd,
 The girls, with a laugh, said—"No."
 I am sixty to-day—not a very young man,
 And a bachelor doom'd to die;
 So youths be advised, and marry while you can,
 "There's no time to be lost," say I,
 "There's no time to be lost," say I.

 INVITATION TO JOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HOLTY.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,
 While youth and spring bedeck the scene;
 And scorn the proffer'd gay delight,
 With thankless heart and frowning mien?

See joy with becks and smiles appear,
 While roses strew the devious way;
 The feast of life she bids us share,
 Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
 And clear the bubbling fountain flows;
 Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
 As erst in Paradise she rose!

The grapes their purple nectar pour,
 To 'saue the heart that griefs oppress,
 And still the lonely evening-bow'r,
 Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

OCTOBER.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1664	New Amstel, on the Delaware, now Newcastle, surrendered by the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant to the Duke of York's troops under Sir Robert Carr.
—	1730	Born, at Princeton, N. J., Richard Stockton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1768	British troops landed at Boston without opposition.
—	1778	Americans, under Colonel William Butler, marched against the Indian towns belonging to the Five Nations.
—	1790	The Book of Common Prayer, having been ratified by the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal churches of ten States, went into use this day.
—	1807	Steamboats first passed between Albany and New York.
—	—	Died, in Montgomery county, Pa., aged 62, Peter Muhlenberg, a Revolutionary Officer.
—	1831	Free Trade Convention, composed of Delegates from nearly the whole of the Union, met at Philadelphia.
—	1832	Died, in Ohio, aged 114, Blackfoot, a celebrated Shawanese Chief. He was at Braddock's, St. Clair's, Harmer's, and Crawford's defeats.
—	1834	Died, near Columbus, Ohio, aged 48, Thomas Smith Grimke, of Charleston, S. C., an eminent Lawyer and Philanthropist.
—	1835	Died, at Groton, Mass., aged 57, Timothy Fuller, M. C. for Mass. from 1817 to 1825.
—	—	Destructive Fire in Boston, Mass.
2	1652	Roger Williams, the Founder of Rhode Island, obtained on his visit to England, a confirmation of his former charter, annulling Coddington's commission for governing the lands.
—	1780	Major Andre hanged at Tappan, N. Y. as a Spy.
—	1782	Died, in Philadelphia, of a fever, Major General Charles Lee, a Revolutionary Officer. Born in England.
—	1803	Died, at Boston, aged 81, Samuel Adams, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1812	Ogdensburg, N. Y. cannonaded by the British.
—	1813	Commodore Chauncey captured part of the British Squadron on Lake Ontario, destroying 5 Schooners and a Gun Boat, and taking above 300 prisoners.
3	1779	Savannah, Georgia, in the occupation of the British, bombarded by the French and the Americans, who were repulsed.
—	1816	Public Offices removed to Columbus, Ohio.
—	1836	Died, at Weathersfield, Vt., William C. Jarvis, of Charlestown, Mass., formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts.
—	—	Violent Gales on Lake Michigan—this and following day.
4	1627	De Razier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Dutch Settlement at New Amsterdam, now New York city, visited the Pilgrims at Cape Cod—the first interchange of civilities among the settlers.
—	1777	Battle of Germantown. Americans repulsed by the British, losing 400 prisoners, and 152 killed, and 521 wounded.
—	1812	British repulsed in an attack upon Ogdensburg, N. Y.
—	1812	Americans under General Harrison repulsed the Indians at Chatham, U. C., taking a large quantity of stores, including 2000 stand of arms.

Day of Month.	Year.	
4	1814	U. S. Revenue Cutter belonging to Newport, R. I. captured British Privateer Sloop Dart.
—	1816	Treaty between United States and Cherokee Indians.
5	1690	British forces, under Sir W. Phipps, arrived before Quebec, then in possession by the French.
—	1703	Born, at East Windsor, Connecticut, Jonathan Edwards, a celebrated Metaphysician and Theologian.
—	1787	Died, aged 45, Thomas Stone, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1805	Died, at Ghazepore, East Indies, aged 67, Charles Marquis Cornwallis, the English General in the American Revolutionary War.
—	1813	Battle of Moravian Town, on the Thames River, U. C. The British and Indians under General Proctor defeated by Americans under General Harrison. Tecumseh slain.
—	1830	The Sea Ports of the United States opened to English vessels from the West Indies.
—	1836	Died, near Easton, Md., Robert H. Goldsborough, U. S. Senator from Md.
—	—	Severe Snow Storm in various parts of U. S. In New York it was 24 or 26 inches deep on the ground, and in Pennsylvania 20 inches.
6	1777	Fort Montgomey and Clinton, on the Hudson, captured by the British.
—	1780	General Greene appointed to the command vacated by the defection of Benedict Arnold.
—	1781	Yorktown, Va., invested by the combined American and French forces.
—	1783	Peace with the U. S. of America proclaimed in England.
—	1829	Died, in Louisiana, Peter Dornigny, Governor of that State.
7	1777	Battle of Stillwater, or second Battle of Saratoga, N. Y. Americans defeated the British, killing their General Frazer, and taking 200 prisoners.
—	—	The British, under General Howe, entered Philadelphia.
—	1780	Battle of King's Mountain. 1000 British Tories and Refugees defeated by 3000 Americans. British Major Ferguson killed.
—	1835	Died, in Alabama, aged 68, Charles Tait, Judge of Superior Court of Georgia, and Senator in Congress for 10 years.
—	1836	Died, at Yorktown, Va. aged 64, Thomas Griffin, celebrated U. S. Officer and M. C.
8	1777	British Camp, near Saratoga, N. Y., cannonaded by the Americans.
—	1781	Treaty between Holland and the United States.
—	1793	Died, aged 55, John Hancock, Governor of Massachusetts, and President of Congress at the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1810	Great Fire at Charleston, S. C.
—	1812	Detroit and Caledonia, British armed Brigs, cut out from under the walls of Fort Erie, by a party of American volunteers under Lieut. Elliot.
—	1813	Two British Schooners of War wrecked on Lake Ontario, and nearly all their crews drowned.
9	1747	Died, at Northampton, Mass., aged 29, David Brainard, an eminent Missionary among the Indians.
—	1779	Americans and French repulsed in an attack upon Savannah, Georgia, possessed by the British. Pulaski received his mortal wound, and died two days afterwards.
—	1782	Born, at Exeter, N. H., Lewis Cass, a distinguished Statesman and Officer.
—	1804	Great storm on Massachusetts Coast. Hallowell Packet wrecked on Cape Porpoise; 20 passengers lost.
—	1837	Steamboat Home, from Charleston to New York, wrecked off Hatteras Bay—95 lives lost.
10	1650	First general Court of Massachusetts Colony held at Boston.
—	1738	Born, at Springfield, Penn., Benjamin West, the Painter.
—	1774	Battle of Kenhawa, Va. between American troops and Indians under Cornstock.
—	1797	Died, in Va., aged 61, Carter Braxton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1834	Died, at New Harmony, Indiana, aged 47, Thomas Say, an eminent Naturalist.
11	1492	St. Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands, discovered by Columbus—his first discovery.
—	1808	Died, at Richmond, Virginia, aged 65, John Page, Governor of Virginia.
—	1810	Wreck of Ship Charles, of New York, on Coast of Africa; all the crew lost of killed by the Moors, except Richard Adams, who wrote an account of his adventures.
—	1813	Battle of Williamsburg. The British defeated by the Americans.
—	1817	Died, aged 78, Andrew Pickens, a distinguished Revolutionary General.
12	1800	United States Frigate Boston captured French Corvette Le Borceau.
—	1814	Mutiny and disaffection amongst the volunteers and militia men at Marcus Hook, Penn., on account of the consolidation act.
—	1837	Died, aged 75, Colonel John Eager Howard, Revolutionary Officer and Governor of Maryland.
—	1831	Died, at New Brunswick, N. J., aged 42, John De Witt, D. B.
—	1833	Destructive tempest in North Carolina.
13	1775	British Fort Chambley, L. Canada, taken by the Americans, who, for the first time, captured the British colors.
—	1776	Americans under Arnold defeated by the British on Lake Champlain.
—	1777	Esopus, on the Hudson, N. Y. totally burned by the British.
—	1812	Battle of Queenstown, N. C. The Americans defeated the British, who lost their Gen. Brock.
—	1814	United States Revenue Schooner Eagle captured by the Boats of the British Ships of War Narcissus and Despatch.
—	1834	The Hermitage, the Seat of Andrew Jackson, near Nashville, Tennessee, destroyed by fire.
14	1644	Born, on Tower Hill, London, England, William Penn.
—	1656	Law passed in Massachusetts sentencing Quakers to 20 lashes, imprisonment and hard labor, until transported—with death if they returned.
—	1660	Hugh Peters, formerly of Massachusetts, executed in England as a Regicide. He was a friend of Roger Williams, father-in-law of the younger Winthrop, and was once a Minister at Salem.

Day of Month.	Year.	
14	1734	Born, in Virginia, Lightfoot Lee, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1781	Two British redoubts taken at Yorktown, Va. by the Americans and French.
—	1830	Died, at Shawneetown, Ill. John M'Lean, Senator of the United States for that State.
—	1832	Treaty concluded between Naples and the United States.
15	1777	Kingston, Ulster county, N. Y. burnt by the British.
—	1778	Pulaski's Infantry surprised by the British, and a number slain.
—	1779	The Siege of Savannah raised by the Americans and French.
—	1812	United States Frigates President and Congress captured British Packet Swallow, with nearly 200,000 dollars on board.
16	1725	The first Newspaper in New York (the New York Gazette) published weekly by William Bradford.
—	1754	Born, in City of New York, Morgan Lewis, Major General in United States Army.
—	1758	Born, at West Hartford, Conn. Noah Webster, Philologist.
—	1773	A Committee elected in Philadelphia to demand the resignation of the Commissioners appointed to sell the tea imported from England into America.
—	1781	The British forces made a successful sortie from Yorktown, Va., and in the night attempted to evacuate the place, but were prevented by a violent storm.
—	1817	Died, aged 71, Thaddeus Kosciuszko. Born in Lithuania.
17	1683	The representatives of the people of New York met in Assembly, and published their first charter of liberties.
—	1691	A new charter granted to New England by William and Mary. Sir William Phipps appointed Governor.
—	1777	Surrender of British army under Burgoyne, at Saratoga, to General Gates, of the United States army. 6752 men, 5000 muskets, and 35 brass field pieces.
—	1788	Gallaspey's Fort, Holston, Tenn., captured by the Indians, who killed 28 persons.
—	1829	Chesapeake and Delaware Canal opened.
—	1831	Died, at Pittsburg, Pa., James S. Stevenson, formerly M. C.
—	1836	Died, at Washington, D. C., Joseph Lovell, M. D. Surgeon General of the U. S. Army.
18	1775	The town of Falmouth (now Portland, Maine,) destroyed by the British.
—	1783	The American army disbanded by proclamation.
—	1812	British Sloop of War Frolic captured by U. S. Sloop of War Wasp, which, with its prize, was taken by the British 74, Poictiers.
—	1814	Wreck of British transport Sovereign on St. Paul's Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. 232 persons lost.
19	1735	Born, at Braintree, now Quincy, Mass., John Adams, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and second President of the United States.
—	1791	Surrender of the British army under Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va. to the Americans and French under Washington and Rochambeau. About 7000 troops were taken, nearly half of whom were sick or wounded.
—	1814	Battle of Black or Lyons Creek, U. C. The British attacked the Americans, but were defeated.
—	1824	Jubilee at Yorktown to celebrate the presence of Lafayette.
—	1834	Died, at Baltimore, aged 64, James Whitfield, D. D. Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore.
21	1692	William and Mary granted a commission to Benjamin Fletcher, Governor of New York, appointing him to the Government of Pennsylvania, in lieu of William Penn. The latter was restored August 20, 1694.
—	1754	Born, at Montville, Conn., James Hillhouse, Patriot and Statesman.
—	1775	Died, in Philadelphia, aged 53, Peyton Randolph, first Attorney General of Virginia, and President of first Congress, John Hancock being elected in his absence.
—	1800	Died, on Rhode Island, aged 63, Simeon Thayer, the brave defender of Mud Fort, Mifflin, on the Delaware.
—	1812	40 British prisoners taken at St. Regis, by Major Young, of New York Militia.
—	1836	Died, in Northampton County, Va., General Severn E. Parker, an eminent Lawyer, member of State Legislature and M. C.
—	—	New Theatre at Cincinnati burnt.
22	1777	Battle of Red Bank, N. J., which was attacked by the Hessians under Count Dunop, who received his death wound. Fort Mifflin, then Fort Mud, was attacked by the British Ships at the same time, but without success.
—	1806	Died, at Newburyport, Mass., aged 60, Timothy Dexter, nick-named Lord Dexter—an eccentric character.
—	1827	Died, at Portland, Maine, aged 44, Edward Payson, an eminent Divine.
—	1831	Died, at Providence, R. I., General William Barton, the captor of the British Gen. Prescott.
23	1750	Born, at Charleston, S. C., Thomas Pinckney, Major General in Revolutionary Army.
—	1805	Wreck of British transport Enesa off Newfoundland. 340 persons lost.
—	1814	American Privateer Harlequin taken by British Man of War Bulwark.
24	1682	William Penn landed for the first time in America—at Newcastle, Delaware.
—	1781	Battle of Mohawk River.
—	1813	Skirmish between the outposts of American and British armies at Chateaugay, N. Y.
—	1816	Treaty between United States and Choctaws.
—	1820	The King of Spain signed the cession of Florida to the United States.
—	1821	Died, in New Jersey, aged 82, Elias Boudinot, Statesman and Literateur.
—	1832	The 150th Anniversary of William Penn's landing celebrated in Philadelphia.
25	1701	The first Civic Charter granted to Philadelphia by William Penn.
—	1779	British evacuated Rhode Island.

Day of Month.	Year.	
25	1780	The Constitution of Massachusetts went into operation, John Hancock being elected Governor.
—	1781	Americans successful in a skirmish with British under Major Ross.
—	1806	Died, in Maine, aged 56, Henry Knox, a Revolutionary Officer in the Artillery of U. S., and Secretary of War. He was choked by a small bone of a partridge.
—	1812	United States Frigate United States, Commodore Decatur, captured the British Frigate Macedonian.
—	1813	United States Frigate Congress captured and destroyed British Merchant Ship Rose.
—	1813	Northern Army of United States under General Wilkinson, failed in the outset of an expedition to attack Montreal. The troops embarked at Grenadier Island, but were compelled to return.
—	1833	Died, at Thomastown, Maine, aged 62, Daniel Rose, M. D. and State Senator.
—	1836	Steamboat Royal Tar, of St. Johns, N. B. burned in Penobscot Bay, and 32 lives lost.
26	1774	Adjournment of the first Congress of North America.
—	1803	Died, at Richmond, Va., aged 83, Richard Pendleton, a distinguished Statesman, and Member of the first Congress.
—	1831	Tariff Convention, composed of upwards of 500 delegates from 13 States, met at New York, continuing in session till November 1st, when a memorial to Congress was adopted.
—	1833	Died, at Fayetteville, Vermont, General Martin Field, an experimental Philosopher.
27	1659	William Robinson and Marmaduke Stephenson, executed in New England, for being Quakers. A companion named Mary Dyer, was reprieved, but returning from banishment, was executed on the 1st of June, 1660.
—	1775	Hampton, Va. cannonaded unsuccessfully by the British.
—	—	Old South Meeting House, Boston, turned into a stable hog pen by the British.
—	1795	The right of navigating the Mississippi conceded by Spain to the United States.
—	1834	Died, at Salisbury, N. C., aged 54, Joseph Pearson, M. C. from N. C.
28	1492	Cuba discovered by Columbus.
—	1776	Battle of White Plains, N. Y. between Americans and British. No advantage gained on either side.
—	1790	Definite Treaty with Spain relative to Nootka Sound.
—	1800	Died, at Shrewsbury, Mass., aged 73, Artemus Ward, the senior Major General in the Revolutionary Army.
—	1818	Died, aged 74, Mrs. Abigail Adams, the relict of John Adams, the second President of the United States.
—	1836	Destructive Fire at Newark, N. J. Loss \$350,000.
29	1618	Sir Walter Raleigh, aged 66, beheaded in the Old Palace Yard, London.
—	1787	Earthquake in New England.
—	1778	British Schooner of War Pigot captured by American Privateer Major Talbot, of Rhode Island.
—	1808	British Man of War Banterer wrecked near Point Mille Vache in the St. Lawrence. Crew saved.
—	1814	United States Steam Frigate Fulton launched at New York.
—	—	Died, aged 66, Charles Pinckney, Governor of S. C., and distinguished Statesman.
30	1778	Congress of United States issued a Manifesto threatening retaliation upon the British for their unnecessary cruelties during war.
—	1781	Colonel John Butler killed, and his Indians defeated by the Oneidas.
31	1674	The New Netherlands, (New York, Delaware, and Jersey,) finally transferred to the English, after a military occupation of 15 months by the Dutch.
—	1687	Connecticut surrendered its liberties to the domination of Andros, the Governor appointed by King James.
—	1715	Died, in Mass., Dr. Elisha Cooke, Senior, Physician and Statesman.
—	1740	Born, in Hartford, Md., William Paca, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1776	The Town of White Plains burned by command of Colonel Austin, of Massachusetts, contrary to Washington's wishes.
—	1783	A new form of Government adopted by New Hampshire.
—	1803	United States Frigate Philadelphia, while in chase of a strange sail, run on a reef off rocks, and after a four hour's action, became a prize to the Tripolitans.
—	1813	American Army under General Wade Hampton, retreated to the Four Corners, at Chateaugay, N. Y.
—	1834	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 63, Eleuthere Irane Du Pont de Nemours, a celebrated gunpowder maker, of Wilmington, Del.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE GIFT; A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR 1839. Edited by Miss Leslie. Carey and Hart.

In our last number, we promised to speak more fully respecting the literary portion of this beautiful annual—which promise we cheerfully redeem, after an attentive perusal of the subject matter. Thirty-eight articles, in prose and poetry, filling upwards of three hundred pages, present a concentration of talent seldom displayed in one volume, and never more successfully than in the present publication. Some of the prose tales are of considerable length; the opening article, *The Prisoner's Last Dream*, by John Inman, is a historical sketch, exceedingly well written, and possessing considerable interest. *The Old Valentine* is a domestic incident pleasantly narrated by Mrs. M. Griffith. *Uncle Abel and Little Edward*, an affecting scene in a New England Cottage, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. *Poll Preble, or the Law of the Deer Hunt, a Sketch on the Ohio*, by Morgan Neville, is one of the best descriptions of border life and western adventure ever penned. We regret that its length forbids the possibility of its appearance in our pages. *Mrs. Nicholas Muggs, or, The Hoax*, is a most exquisite piece of drollery, and exhibits our friend, Professor Ingraham, in a new and acceptable light. We pray him to give us more of these humorous sketches—he has nothing to fear from any competitor. *The Lakes of Lyna*, by Alonzo Lewis, is an Indian tale, very beautifully told. *A Chapter from the Adventures of a Lame Gentleman*, by the author of Clinton Bradshaw, is a lively, merry pencilling of travel, reflecting considerable credit on the writer. *The Two Pirates*, by Miss Emma Embury, is a tale of powerful effects. The relation of the younger pirate, who, innocent of blood, stood amongst the murderers during a scene of dreadful massacre, and is afterwards informed against by the chief villain of the pirate's gang, we present to our readers, as a specimen of the style of this remarkable story.

"In order to give you a correct view of the singular circumstances in which I have been placed, I must begin with the history of my mother. When but three years of age she was placed at one of the first boarding-schools in New York by a rough-looking sailor, who stated that he had been commissioned by her father to leave her in the charge of the preceptress, with strict injunctions to give her the best education possible. A bag containing five hundred dollars in silver, was left as an earnest that all expenses would be duly paid, but the sailor refused to give any explanation respecting her family, merely stating her name to be Mary O'Neill. Every year a sum of money sufficient to defray all expenditures was sent to the governess, but no message, no letter from her father ever accompanied it, and she remained at school until she had attained her eighteenth year, without having known any other connexions than her teachers and schoolmates. At length, the same sailor who had placed her at school, came to take her to her father. She could not disguise the reluctance with which she left the friends of her youth, to seek a relative of whom she retained no recollection, and whose name even she had never heard. Judge then of her horror when, after they had set out upon their journey, her companion informed her that in him she beheld her father. It was even so: a coarse Irish sailor, of vulgar speech and worse than vulgar habits, was the parent of the beautiful, the refined, the highly-educated girl. Who her mother was she never learned; a feeling of tenderness, such as no other object had ever awakened, induced her father to secure to her the benefits of education, and, once provided for, he allowed her to remain in the enjoyment of these advantages, until it suited his conscience to demand her return.

"Had this been all, she might have learned to bear with patience the brutality of a parent, but when he took her to his home—a miserable tavern in Havana, the common resort of smugglers and sailors of the lowest order,—her situation became intolerable. She learned too soon her father's motive in bringing her to such a home. Among the ruffians who frequented the house, was one whose horrible countenance she well remembered to have seen two years before, when he came as the messenger from her father, to deposite in her hands the usual bag of silver. Brutal in manners and disgusting in person, he was now rendered doubly hateful to her by the coarse attentions which he constantly paid her. What then were her feelings, when she accidentally overheard a conversation between him and her father, from which she learned that the admiration with which she had inspired him when at school had prompted her father to recall her, and that she was actually about to be sold to the wretch in payment of a large debt which her father had not the means of discharging! In vain she wept and implored his compassion; the love of gold was stronger than parental affection. A priest in the pay of the gang of villains performed the ceremony, and the unhappy girl awoke from a deep swoon to find herself the wife of a smuggler and pirate. Dearly did her father pay for his cruelty. A very few months after this ill-omened marriage, he was stabbed by his son-in-law in a fit of passion, and his wretched daughter was immediately hurried on board a vessel, which seemed only waiting the orders of her husband. The scenes of horror which she witnessed there she never could describe:—the very recollection seemed to agonize her. It was there, sir,—amid those sights of terror—on board a ship whose hold was stored with the wealth of murdered men—whose deck was stained with the life-blood of innocent victims—it was there that I was born. You start—is it so very strange that a pirate-ship should be the birth-place of a pirate?

"For two years after my birth my mother was kept a close prisoner in this floating hell. The wretch knew her aversion for him, and he feared to trust her an instant from his sight. There was one human feeling still left within his bosom, and that was parental affection. His love for me was a deep, intense passion,

and my poor mother was as much terrified by the almost ferocious earnestness of his affection for us, as by his ruthlessness to others. My health at length appeared to suffer from confinement in a close and crowded vessel, and he was compelled to allow my mother to take lodgings on shore for a short period. Not daring to remain with her, he left us in the charge of one of his most trusty officers. But my mother had determined to escape, and to a determined mind all things are practicable. When he next ventured to approach the coast, his wife and son had fled from him for ever.

"All these circumstances I have frequently heard my mother relate, but she carefully concealed from me the name of my father. Even to this day I am as ignorant of his name as of his person."

An exciting detail of adventure follows—the younger pirate is doomed to death on the evidence of the senior ruffian, who is afterwards discovered to be his father. *Cousin William*, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe would do credit to our favorite Mary Howitt or the much and deservedly praised Miss Mitford. We do not like the *Autobiography of an Unlucky Wü*; there is no evidence of possession of that mental scintillation in the common place sarcasms and practical jokes of the complainant. The idea is also wretchedly stale. *Billy the Bowl* is one of the best of Irish narratives; the author's name is not stated, but it will match with the best productions of Lover, Croker, Banim, or Mrs. Hall—a collection of worthies equally famous in this class of literature. *Reminiscences of the Sea*, by Robert Walsh, Junior, is, perhaps, the best written prose article in the book. How true to life are the following "bits."

One who is not sick at sea, and whose heart is as difficult to be moved as his stomach, must enjoy no little amusement the first day of a voyage, when the uninitiated begin to discover what effects are produced by the motion of the vessel. Seated at table, how he must laugh in his sleeve, at witnessing the desperate efforts of the nauseated wretches to combat their sensations, each one determined not to encounter the jokes of the rest, by being the first to acknowledge the victory of the waves over his inward man. With what strenuous resolve does that sour-looking gentleman, into whose countenance all the vinegar of the castors seems to have been infused, thrust a bit of beefsteak down his throat, after gazing at it for a while, as if he would rather be at another sort of *stake* than that! How many times does that afflicted dame, whose face doth cream and mantle like a standing-pool at every plunge of the ship, lift a spoonful of somewhat greasy soup to her mouth, the odour of which, as it salutes her olfactories, causes it to return to the bowl far more rapidly than it was taken up! How each one casts an occasional sly, penetrating glance around to see whether there is not some fellow-sufferer so far gone as to be on the very point of giving up! At length one pusillanimous individual sneaks quietly away, deeming discretion the better part of valor, and seeks consolation in his berth; incontinently another jumps from his seat, rushes up the cabin-stairs, and is leaning over the bulwarks almost before his companions are aware of his departure, and then in quick succession the residue decamp, leaving the board to solitude and him—him, the monster, the only one not discomposed, who had been revelling the while in the miseries of his neighbors and friends.

* * * * *

On my last return, I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing fear in some of its most extravagant shapes. The great majority of the passengers were a troupe of Italian opera-singers, who were going to try their fortunes in the land of liberty, but alas! not of song, as the poor devils found out to their cost. None of them had ever previously been out of sight of terra firma, and most of them swore, after they had been a few days at sea, that they never would be such fools again as to trust their valuable carcasses to the tender mercies of old Ocean, not even to get back to *la bella Italia*.

"Corpo di Bacco!" ejaculated one of them, in the intervals of his first sickness, "a pretty considerable" squall making music the while; "Corpo di Bacco! che bestia sono di lasciare la mia cara patria per questo diavolo di bastimento; vivro sempre fra le selve ed i salvaggi pria di revenire per mare."

They were all abominably tortured by the motion of the vessel, and when the winds would get up a grand *crescendo* movement for their edification, and the waves would make a magnificent *cadenza*, they were as much horrified as if they had not had a jot of music in their souls. Such a sublime chorus as they would then chant forth, of exclamations, vituperations, and all other *ations* of the sort! But fortunately, though we were favored with a quantum of storm during the passage, we had also a goodly portion of fair weather, in which the *artisti* were excellent company. Concerts were abundant and admirable, and every calm afternoon we turned the deck into a ball-room, and danced most energetically to the sounds of a first-rate orchestra. There was one instrument, an iphyclide, which emits a tremendous roar, that became quite an object of superstitious dread among the sailors. They vowed that regularly the day after a hop or a concert in which its blasts were sent forth, there was a gale, and they naturally inferred that this was the effect of the way in which it "raised the wind." If it could only have performed that feat upon land, in the same remarkable manner, its owner would doubtless have been very much obliged to it.

Mrs. Chaloner's Visit and *Flushing Oaks* are the remaining prose articles. The former is from the pen of the editor, Miss Leslie, and exhibits in ludicrous colors, one of those feminine foibles which are better dealt with in ridicule than anger. There is a life-like reality in Miss Leslie's sketches which at once attracts attention and endears them to the remembrance of the reader. *Flushing Oaks*, by Milo Mahan, is a well-written account of a smuggling adventure in Long Island.

The poetry in the present volume of the *Gift* is much above the usual run of annual prettinesses and album jingle. We are proud to see that our popular contributors, Miss Waterman, N. C. Brooks, and Charles West Thomson appear to considerable advantage. The "*Morning among the Alps*," by the latter writer, deserves quotation.

MORNING AMONG THE ALPS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

Is this an hour for worldly care's intrusion,
When morning wakes in beauty all around?
Is this a time for busy toil's confusion,
When nature sleeps almost without a sound?
How the glad sunrise breaks along the ground!
The regal advent of a mountain day!
From crag to crag the royal coursers bound,
On peak and cliff the golden harpstrings play—
Tell me, is this an hour for passion's sway,
Thou, who along the hills' high top hast trod?
Let none but pure thoughts through thy bosom stray,
Wand'rer of lonely wilds, lift up thy heart to God.—

Is this a season for unquiet dreams,
When glorious summer glows through all the sky?
When every mountain pass and ravine seems
Clothed in a verdure of the deepest die?
Thick round your way the gorgeous wild flowers lie,

Rich in their robes of beauty—and the trees
Wave all their brightest foliage, when the sky
Sends through its viewless paths the mountain breeze.
When nature thus her brow from sorrow frees,
Is it a time to fret o'er life's dark ways?
O no! the birds sing thankful harmonies—
Lone rover of the wild, now tune thy soul to praise.

Is this a place to speak of human pride,
Where the proud Alps around in glory stand?
Seem these high peaks to earthly things allied,
Which eagles' wings, and they alone, have fann'd?
Their are the forms that soar supremely grand,
Wrapp'd in the snowy robes of lingering years—
Like monuments of glory midst the land,
Too great for wonder, too sublime for tears!—
Is this a place for human hopes and fears
Their boasting words, their lofty thoughts to bring
No—humbly in the temple nature rears,
Roamer of nature's scenes, how down to nature's
King!—
Philadelphia.

The Capuchin's Death, by Park Benjamin, appeared some time since in various of the minor periodicals; an unfair proceeding towards the proprietors of the Gift, for whom it was originally written—but persons trading upon small capitals, either of wit or wealth, are compelled to make the most of their means. Mrs. Sigourney has a touching poem called *The Request of the Dying Child*, and Mrs. Caroline Gilman, of Charleston, shines forth with a thrice-told brilliancy. The ladies, indeed, claim the largest portion of the writings, both in poetry and prose; Miss A. D. Woodbridge, of Stockbridge, presents formidable pretensions to the good opinions of all literary lieges—her account of “*The New York Fire*” is a most excellent production. Mrs. Hale's “*Rose at the Birth-Place of Washington*” is worthy of her name, and Mrs. M. A. Browne, of Liverpool England, affords some *Sea-Side Musings* of pleasant morality. Mrs. H. F. Gould, of Newburyport, contributes *The Mariner's Orphan*, and *The Flower upon the Green Hill Side*—a pair of delightful *morceaux*.

We are aware that our notice of *The Gift* is little more than a commendatory catalogue of the contents—we cannot help it; we are willing to find fault, if we can discover it, but the editor, the artists, the printers, and the publishers have so effectually achieved a triumph, that we have no particle of failure to record. A more agreeable volume, either pictorial or literary, we have never had occasion to notice; and we are satisfied that our friends, on acquaintance with the subject of our remarks, will acknowledge the correctness of our laudatories, excessive though they be.

We conclude our somewhat lengthy notice, with the insertion, from *The Gift*, of the following excellent poem, the production of N. C. Brooks, Esq. of Baltimore, who is about to preside over the destinies of a new Magazine, to be issued from the monumental city. We respect the talents of Mr. Brooks, and cordially welcome his junction with the editorial corps.

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

Beneath the axle of departing day,
The weary waters, on th' horizon's verge,
Blush'd like the cheek of children tired in play;
As bore the surge
The wasted poet's form with slow and mournful dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand,
The late-renting sea, with hollow moan,
Gave back the storm-toss'd body to the land;
As if in tone
Of sorrow it bewail'd the deed itself had done.

There, laid upon his bier of shells—around
The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept,
While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound,
And night bewept
The bard of nature, as in death's cold arms he slept.

The tuneful morn arose with locks of light—
The ear that drank her music's call was chill:
The eye that shone was seal'd in endless night;
And cold and still
The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont
to thrill.

With trunks e'en like the sleeper's honors sere'd,
And prows of galleys like his bosom riven,
The melancholy pile of death was rear'd
Aloft to heaven;
And on its pillar'd height the corse to torches given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day
Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,
Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay,
Upon his pyre,
The poet of the broken heart and lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came,
And fann'd the blaze, until the smoke that rush'd
In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame,
All redly blush'd.
Like melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping flush'd.

And brother-bards* upon that lonely shore,
Were standing by, and wept, as brightly burn'd
The pyre, till all the form they loved before,
To ashes turn'd,
With incense, wine and tears, was sprinkled and
inurn'd.

Baltimore, Md.

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* Byron and Leigh Hunt.

JORROCK'S JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES; OR, THE HUNTING, SHOOTING, RACING, DRIVING, SAILING, EATING, ECCENTRIC, AND EXTRAVAGANT EXPLOITS OF THAT RENOWNED SPORTING CITIZEN, MR. JOHN JORROCKS, OF ST. BOTOLPH'S LANE AND GREAT CORAM STREET. *Two volumes.* Carey and Hart.

Notwithstanding the *ad captandum* title of the above work, it is a miserable and vulgar attempt at delineation of wit and character, wherein the author exhibits a lamentable deficiency of common sense, and ineo-tinently "writes himself down an ass." A more pitiable specimen of inanity and twaddle has never been offered to an insulted public. Scale jokes of unbounded publicity are incorporated in the sayings and doings of the beast Jorrocks, with the coolest pretensions to originality—violent preparations for fun end in foolery; adventures, promising something like sport, begin lamely and end most tediously; the characters are nonentities, and the situations improbabilities. We are angry at the loss of time devoted to the necessary perusal of such unmitigated stuff.

THE YELLOW-PLUSH CORRESPONDENCE. *One volume.* Carey and Hart.

Lengthy quotations from these excellent papers have been so extensively made and so widely circulated, that a description of their peculiarities, or an expression of their merits, is little better than an act of superegration. For our own poor part, we profess to have laughed "till our lungs did crow like chanticleer," and the beads of delight rolled down our distended cheeks—"for joy hath tears as well as grief." We know not the author's name, but we will wager our next year's subscription list that he is a man of mark and fame. No fledgling of Parnassus could have scribbled so excellent a book. Hood, who has hitherto stood alone in the quaint vilenesses of cacography, must yield his place to "Chawles," whose mis-prision of mis-spelling is supereminently original, natural, and witty. But the writer, whoever he may be, is a keen noticer of life's vagaries; the adventures of the aristocratic gambler and his swindling parent are exquisitely conceived, and detailed with a force of execution that stands apparent through the strange looks of the old familiar faces of the every-day language of every day life.

We regret to find that the narrator of the above eventful scenes has purchased a dictionary and a spelling book, and has devoted himself to the study of the English language, wherein, at last, he "nose is fish-in-sea." We shall be proud to welcome Yellow-plush in any shape, but we could afford to laugh at another volume of Chawles's delineations, prior to his intimacy with Lindley Murray.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY. *An Explanation of the Laws of Growth and Exercise; through which a pleasing Contour, Symmetry of Form, and Graceful Carriage of the Body are acquired, and the Common Deformities of the Spine and Chest prevented.* By John Bell, M. D., Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, etc. etc. *One volume.* Carey and Hart.

The title of this valuable little *tome* describes its nature in full, and we can assure our readers that its celebrated author has done justice to the title. The contents are universally interesting; every person ought to peruse the book, and frequently revert to its pages; useful information as to the tendency of our every-day pursuits, the nature of our food, the quantity and quality of exercise required, with hundreds of other attractive topics, are fully discussed, with a plainness of language and earnestness of manner that stamps conviction on the mind. The learned doctor is forcibly eloquent upon the evils of the vile practice of tight lacing, and exposes its attendant enormities in a painful but requisite degree. Will mothers never learn to value a daughter's health in preference to the fashionable waist, with its train of horrors enumerated in a frightful list of spinal distortions, glandular tumors, leanness, difficult respiration, feeble digestion, consequent dyspepsia, discoloration of the skin, diseased liver, tuberculated lungs, hectic cough, and finally, consumption.

There are several curious facts stated in this work, worthy of remark. We have never believed it possible to reduce the human frame with such celerity as instanced in the annexed table, without positive injury to the constitution. Horse jockeys will frequently waste half a dozen, or even a dozen pounds, for the purpose of reducing themselves to the weight fixed for certain races, but here we find recorded a diminution of flesh that is almost incredible.

If a person suffer from obesity, either by its impeding the requisite pleasurable freedom of movements or its unseemly appearance, the cure is to be sought for by a perseverance in the following course: 1. The use of food in moderate quantities, at long intervals, and with a restriction in the amount of fluid as well as of solid; 2. Full exercise, to the extent of producing fatigue; 3. Engrossing mental occupation, so that the brain shall also be somewhat fatigued by its peculiar exercises as were the muscles of the trunk and limbs by theirs; 4. Sleep, short of its customary period, which implies of course very early rising. An active thinker and a short sleeper, a long walker and a spare feeder will seldom be burthened with flesh, or require compassion for obesity.

That corpulency, to even an unwieldy extent, may be brought down within comfortable limits we have many well attested proofs. Dr. Chayne, who weighed thirty-two stone, 14 lbs. to the stone, (448 lbs.) reduced

himself one third, and enjoyed good health till the age of seventy-two. Numerous instances of the kind are mentioned, where journals of gradual reduction were kept. The following is an abstract of one of them, in the case of a person, who, on the 17th of June, 1820, weighed twenty-three stone, two pounds.

June 17th,	23	stone	2	pounds	324	pounds.
July 27th,	21	"	10	"	304	"
September 10th,	20	"	7	"	287	"
October 10th,	19	"	3	"	269	"
November 10th,	18	"	11	"	263	"
December 10th,	18	"	4	"	256	"
December 25th,	18	"	1	"	253	"

In another case, attended by Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, the patient weighed twenty-three stone, (322 lbs.) and by a regular system of diet was brought down to fifteen stone, being a reduction of a hundred and twelve pounds. In this instance brown bread with a certain quantity of bran in it was employed. A baker in Pye Corner, (London,) weighed thirty-four stone, (476 lbs.) and would frequently eat a small shoulder of mutton, baked in his oven, and weighing five pounds: he, however, persisted for one year to live upon water gruel and brown bread, by which he lost two hundred pounds of his bulk.

Various expedients, in addition to an improved diet, have been resorted to, for the restoration of lean persons to a better case; but amongst the most singular which we have on record is that of flagellation. Galen says, that horse dealers having been observed to fatten horses for sale, by flogging them, an analogous method might be useful with spare persons who wish to become stouter. He, also, mentions slave dealers who employed similar means. Suetonius informs us that Musa, the favorite physician of Augustus, used to fustigate him, not only to cure him of sciatica, but to keep him plump. Meibomius pretends that nurses whip little children to fatten them, that they may appear healthy and chubby to their mothers. No doubt but flagellation determines a greater afflux of blood to the surface, and may thus tend to increase the circulation, and give tone to parts which would otherwise be languid.

THE BIT O'WRITIN', AND OTHER TALES, by the O'Hara Family. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

"The O'Hara Family" is centred in the person of Banim, a deservedly successful novelist, a writer of wonderful power. His "Crochore na Bil Hoge" is one of the most touching things ever penned; and we have read several of the tales in the collection now before us that do not disgrace the fame connected with the writer's name. Banim cannot tell an Irish story with the fun and gig of Lover, nor can he depict the strange superstitious feelings of the Irish peasantry with the grace of Crofton Croker—but on the other hand, he stands unequalled in his display of the more serious passions agitating the bosoms of the ill-used kernes who people Ireland's bogs and lord-deserted plains. He is not so egotistical as Mrs. Hall, who, by the way has a thousand beauties to cover this single fault—but he possesses her power of description, with an added depth of feeling and discrimination of character. He never disappoints his reader—and we cannot desire more.

The tales in this collection are all good—many of them are of surpassing excellence. Although twenty in number, there are none of them of sufficient brevity to admit of transposition into our pages. Indeed, the majority of them have already appeared in various of the English Magazines, and we have so many contemporaries who are actively engaged in copying the contents of the British periodicals into their columns that we decline interfering with their established habits. The following quotation is well written, and is selected from a story which we believe appears for the first time in the pages of the work before us.

THE CHURCH-YARD WATCH.

[The story, which is too long for entire quotation, turns upon the brutality of an old sexton, who, employed as watchman in a country church-yard, determines to initiate his step son, a weak-minded lad, into his business, that he might uninterruptedly enjoy his nightly potations. The boy, who suffers more than usual from the rustic dread of ghosts, appeals pathetically to his mother's feelings, when informed of his step-father's determination.]

"Mother, mother, it would destroy the little life I have! I could not bear it for an hour! The dread I am in of it was born with me! When I was a child of four years, I had dreams of it, and I remember them to this day; they used to come in such crowds round my cradle! As I grew up, you saw and you know my weakness. I could never sit still in the dark, nor even in the daylight out of doors in lonesome places. Now in my youth—a lad—almost a man—I am ashamed to speak of my inward troubles. Mother you do not know me—I do not know myself! I walk out sometimes down by the river, and, listening to the noise of the water over the rocks, where it is shallow, and to the rustling of the trees as they nod in the twilight, voices and shrieks come round me—sometimes they break in my ears—and I have turned to see what thing it was that spoke, and thought some gray tree at my side had only just changed and become motionless, and seemed as if, a moment before, it had been something else, and had a tongue, and said the words that frightened me!—Oh, it was but yester evening I ran home from the banks of the river, and felt no heart within me till I had come in here to the fireside, and seen you moving near me!

"You know the lone house all in ruins upon the hill—I fear it mother more than my tongue can tell you! I have been taken through it, in my dreams, in terrible company, and here I could describe to you its bleak apartments, one by one—its vaults, pitch dark, and half filled with stones and rubbish, and choked up with

weeds—its winding, creeping staircases, and its flapping windows—I know them all, though my feet never yet crossed its threshold!—Never, mother—though I have gone near it, to enter it, and see if what I had dreamt of it was true—and I went in the first light of the morning; but when close by the old door-way, the rustle of the shrubs and weeds startled me, and I thought—but sure that was fancy—that some one called me in by my name—and then I turned and raced down the hill, never looking back till I came to the meadow ground where cows and sheep are always grazing, and heard the dogs barking in the town, and voices of the children at play!”

“Will, my king,” said his mother, soothingly, “this is all mere childishness at your years. God is above us and around us; and even if evil and strange things are allowed to be on earth, he will shield us from all harm. Arouse up like a man! for, indeed, your time of boyhood is passing—nay it has passed with other lads not much older; only you have been poorly and weakly from your cradle, Will. Come, go to sleep; and before you lie down, pray for better health and strength to-morrow.”

“To-morrow!” he repeated—“and did my step-father say any thing of to-morrow?”

His mother answered him evasively, and he resumed,—“Oh, how I fear to-morrow!—oh, mother you have loved me, and you do love me—for my weakness, my ill-health and my dutifulness—and you loved my father—oh, for his sake as well as mine, mother, keep me from what I am threatened with!—keep me from it, if you would keep me alive another day!”

He went into his little sleeping-apartment, stricken to the very soul with supernatural fears.

After spending a miserable night, he stole out of the house next morning, and wandered about the private walks adjacent to the town, until he thought his step-father might have arisen and taken his usual walk to the Tap. But as the lad was about to re-enter the house, Hunks met him at the threshold. Will shrunk back; to his surprise and comfort, however, his fears now seemed ill-founded. The man bid him good-morrow in as cheerful and kind a tone as he could command, shook his hand, tapped him on the head and left the house. Delighted, though still agitated, Will sought his mother within doors told her his good omens, and spent a happy day. At dinner, too, notwithstanding Hunks' presence, the mother and son enjoyed themselves, so amiable had the despot become, at least in appearance.

When their meal was over, Hunks, as if to attain the utmost civility, invited Will to go out with him for a walk by the river—“and let's have Barker (Will's dog) for company,” continued Hunks; “he may show us sport with a rat, or such like, Will.”

Accordingly, the three strolled out together, Will leading the way by many a well-known sedge or tuft of bushes, or undermined bank, the resorts of the water rat, and sometimes of the outlaw otter; and Barker upheld his character, by starting, hunting down, and killing one of the first-mentioned animals. As twilight came on, they turned their faces towards the tittle town. They entered it. Its little hum of life was now hushed; its streets silent, and almost deserted; its doors and windows barred and bolted, and the sounds of the rushing river and the thumping mill were the only ones which filled the air. The clock pealed ten as they continued their way. Hunks had grown suddenly silent and reserved. They passed the old Gothic church, and now were passing the gate which led into its burial-ground. Hunks stopped short. His gray, bad eye fell on the lad—“Will,” he said, “I be thinking we've walked enough for this time.”

“Enough, indeed,—and thank you for your company—and good night, father,” answered Will, trying to smile, though he began to tremble.

“Good night then, my man—and here be your watch-light”—and Hunks drew a dark lantern from his huge pocket.

“Nay, I want no light home,” said Will; “I know the way so well; and 'tis not very dark; and you knew you can't do without it on your post.”

“My post!” Hunks laughed villanously—“your post you mean, Will; take it; I be thinking I shall sleep sound to-night without a dead-light—as if I were a corpse to need it. Come along.”

“You cannot have the heart to ask me!” cried Will, stepping back.

“Pho, my man!”—Hunks clutched him by the shoulder with one hand, with the other unlocked the gate and flung it open—“In with you; you'll like it so in a few nights, you'll wish no better post; the dead chape be civil enough; only treat them well, and let them walk awhile, and they make very good company.” He dragged Will closer to the gate.

“Have mercy!” shrieked the wretched lad, trying to kneel, “or kill me first, father, to make me company for them, if that will please you.”

“Get in!” roared the savage—“get in!—ay, hollo out, and twist about, so, and I'll pitch your shivering carcass half way across the church-yard!”—he forced him in from the gate—“stop a bit, now—there be your lantern”—he set it down on a tomb stone—“so, good night—yonder's your box—just another word, don't you be caught strolling too near the murderer's corner, over there, or you may trip and fall among the things that turn and twine on the ground, like roots of trees, to guard him.”

With a new and piercing shriek, Will clung close to his fell tormentor. Hunks, partially carrying into effect a threat he had uttered, tore the lad's hands away, tossed him to some distance, strode out at the gate, cocked it, and Will was alone with horror.

At first an anguish of fear kept him stupefied and stationary. He had fallen on a freshly-piled grave, to which mechanically his fingers clung and his face joined, in avoidance of the scene around. But he soon recollected what clay it was he clung to, and at the thought, he started up, and, hushed, as the sleepers around him, made some observations. High walls quite surrounded the churchyard, as if to part him from the habitable world. His lamp was burning upon the tombstone where Hunks had placed it—one dim red spot amid the thick darkness. The church clock now tolled eleven. It ceased; his ears ached in the resumed silence, and he listened and stared about him for what he feared. Whispers seemed to arise near him; he ran for his lamp, snatched it up, and instinctively hurried to the watch-box. Oh, he wished it made of solid rock!—it was chiefly framed of glass, useless as the common air to his terrors! He shut his eyes, and pressed his palms upon them—vain subterfuge! The fevered spirit within him brought before his mind's vision worse things than the church-yard could yawn up, were all that superstition has fancied of it true. He looked out from his watch-box in refuge from himself.

That evening a half-moon had risen early, and, at this moment, was sinking in gathering clouds behind distant hills. As he vaguely noticed the circumstance, he felt more and more desolate. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the planet, the near clock began again to strike—he knew what hour! Each stroke

smote his ear as if it would crack the nerve; at the last sound, he shrieked out delirious! 'He had a pause from agony, then a struggle for departing reason, and then he was at rest.

At day-break his step-father found him asleep. He led him home. Will sat down to breakfast, smiling, but did not speak a word. Often, during the day, his now brilliant eye turned to the west; but why, his mother could not tell; until, as the evening made up her couch of clouds there, drawing around her the twilight for drapery, he left the house with an unusually vigorous step, and stood at the gate of the churchyard. Again he took up his post. Again the hour of twelve pealed from the old church, but now he did not fear it. When it had fully sounded, he clapped his hands, laughed and shouted.

The imaginary whispers he had heard the previous night—small, cautious, whispers—came round him again; first, from a distance, then, nearer and nearer. At last he shaped them into words—"Let us walk," they said—"though he watches us, he fears us." *He!*—'twas strange to hear the dim dead speak to a living man, of himself! the maniac laughed again at the fancy, and replied to them:—

"Ay, come! appear! I give leave for it. Ye are about in crowds, I know, not yet daring to take up your old bodies till I please; but up with them!—Graves, split on, and yield me my subjects! for am I not king of the church-yard? Obey me! ay, now your mouths gape—and what a yawning!—are ye musical, too?—a jubilee of groans! out with it, in the name of Death!—blast it about like giants carousing!

"Well blown!—and now a thousand heads popped up at once—their eyes fixed on mine, as if to ask my farther leave for a resurrection; and they know I am good-humoured now, and grow upward, accordingly, like a grove of bare trees that have no sap in them. And now they move; passing along in rows, like trees, too, that glide by one on a bank, while one sails merrily down the river—and all is stark staring still; and others stand bolt upright against their own headstones to contemplate. I wonder what they think of! Move! move! young, old, boys, men, pale girls, and palsied grandmothers—my church-yard can never hold 'em! And yet how they pass each other from corner to corner! I think they make way through one another's bodies, as they do in the grave. They'll dance anon. Minuets, at least. Why they begin already!—and what partners!—a tall, genteel young officer takes out our village witch-of-the-wield—she that died at Christmas—and our last rector smirks to a girl of fifteen—ha, ha! yon tattered little fellow is a radical, making a leg to the old duchess!—music! music!—Go, some of you that look on there, and toll the dead bell! Well done! they tie the murderer to the bell-ropes by the neck, (although he was hanged before,) and the bell swings out merrily! but what face is here!"

It was the vision of a child's face, which he believed he caught staring at him through the glass of his watch-box—the face of an only brother who had died young. The wretch's laughter changed into tears and low wailings. By the time that his mother came to seek him, just at day-break, he was, however, again laughing; but in such a state as to frighten mirth from her heart and lips till the day she died. As has been said, symptoms of positive insanity did not long continue to appear in his words or actions; yet, when he recovered, there was still a change in him—a dark and disagreeable change, under the inveterate confirmation of which, the curious student of human nature may, at this moment, observe him in his native village.

NAPOLEON AND HIS TIMES; BY CAULINCOURT, DUKE OF VICENZA. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

These reminiscences form the very best book about Napoleon, of the one hundred and one that have been published. Caulincourt's chit-chat is lively, racy, and characteristic. Every page teems with anecdote and interest; and the admirers of the Corsican conqueror may glean fresh traits of temper and development of his manners and habits in every chapter. Some interested persons, in Europe, spread reports of the want of authenticity in the details furnished by the writer, who is supposed to record her conversations with the duke of Vicenza; these allegations have never been supported by personal contradiction or approved falsification; we have, therefore, as much right to suppose them matter of fact as any other specimen of book making upon the value of Napoleon's name. They only pretend to be the remembrance of various conversations with an old comrade of the Emperor's, wherein he gives his recollections of matters and people as they revert to his memory. The thing is remarkably well done, and *appears* as true as any of the other affairs of the same description.

We append a few extracted items, which afford an honest specimen of the value of the work.

"Our rencontre with this maniac," said the Duke de Vicenza, "reminds me of a circumstance which occurred at our entrance into Pyrna in 1813. On that occasion we were obliged to remove the patients from the lunatic hospital to make room for our wounded troops. Indispensable as this measure was, yet the Emperor reluctantly saw it adopted. He sent to inquire how the unfortunate lunatics had been disposed of. The town was completely filled with our troops, and they were temporarily lodged in one of the churches. Among the lunatics, there was a woman who fancied herself the mother of God. On entering the church, she installed herself in the chapel of the Virgin, and did the honors as a lady would in her own drawing-room. 'How happy I am,' said she, 'at finding myself removed to the house of my son. Offer my thanks to Bonaparte, sir,' said she, addressing herself to a French officer. 'Tell him he will be welcome here. My son and I expect a visit from him.'

"Another patient, a very beautiful young lady, connected with a family of rank, had fallen in love with Napoleon, during the wars of 1807. She would not answer to any other name than *Napoleonida*. During her removal from the hospital to the church, the sight of the French uniform appeared to make a forcible impression on her, and she expressed an earnest wish to see *her Napoleon*. With her long fair hair dishevelled, her eyes suffused with tears, and her hands joined, she ran about imploring every one she met to conduct her to Napoleon. She repeated this request with indefatigable perseverance to every officer who visited the church in which the lunatics were lodged. Turenne, the Emperor's equerry, related the story of the unfortunate young lady to his Majesty, and asked whether he would be pleased to see her. 'By no means, Turenne,' replied the Emperor, smiling. 'I have lunatics enough in France, without troubling my head about those of Bohemia.'

"I accompanied the Emperor (I think in 1807) on a visit to the *Maison Royale* at Charenton. He inspected the establishment in its most minute details, made inquiries into all the remedies that had been tried, and all the cases which presented a probable chance of recovery. He was much interested by this visit, and when he left the *Maison Royale* he gave particular orders that 'the poor lunatics should be treated kindly.'

"On his return from Charenton, the Emperor seemed thoughtful. 'This visit,' said he to me, 'has made me melancholy. Insanity is a frightful degradation of human nature. I shall never go mad, that is certain. My head is of iron (this is an expression which he often employed.) Despair, indeed, is another thing! I have fixed ideas upon that subject. Some time or other, Caulincourt, it is possible you may hear that I have deprived myself of life, but never that I have lost my senses.'

Frogère, a French actor, gives himself wondrous airs at the court of Alexander, emperor of all the Russias.

"There was a company of French actors at St. Petersburg; Mesdemoiselles Georges and Bourgoïn, and Duport, of the Opera, were among them, and excited great admiration. The comedian, Frogère, a pupil of Dugazon, was a young man, of agreeable manners, and possessed considerable talent. He had a good stock of that ready wit which is estimated highly in all countries. Frogère amused the Emperor, who treated him with wonderful condescension. This encouraged him to draw largely on his Majesty's favor. Frogère was freely admitted into the highest society. There was no *fiute* at the palace, at the Embassy, or at the residences of the nobility, to which Frogère was not invited. In short, he was quite the rage.

"One evening, at a party given by the Emperor, Frogère stepped up to the Emperor, and, drawing from his pocket an enormous snuff-box filled with ducats, he presented it to his Majesty, saying, 'Sire, will you take a pinch?'

"What is the meaning of this joke?' inquired Alexander, with a good-humored smile.

"It means, sire, that if your Majesty would take a pinch I shall feel much honored. M. Demidoff, who sent me this snuff-box to-day, informs me, that if your Majesty would be pleased to confer upon him the dignity of Knight Commander of Malta, which you promised him, he would often send me a supply of this snuff.'

"Well, well, my dear Frogère, I will take care that you shall often have a pinch of Demidoff's snuff.' Soon after this, the wished-for cross was seen on M. Demidoff's breast.

"The Emperor Alexander was one day conversing with Frogère on the dramatic art, and the pleasure of an actor's life. In the course of the conversation, Frogère observed—'You have no need to envy any one, sire. The truth is, that if I were not the actor Frogère, I should wish to be the Emperor of Russia.'

"The first presentation of Frogère to the Grand Duke Constantine took place one morning at the hour when the duke received his familiar visitors, whilst he was at his toilette. His Imperial Highness drew on a pair of yellow leather pantaloons, such as were worn at that time. Having found some fault with them, he drew them off again, and desired his valet to bring him another pair. Constantine, though his countenance was far from handsome, possessed a very fine figure, and he bestowed great attention on his dress. The Grand Duke, wholly intent on the business of his toilette, had not addressed a word to Frogère, when the latter said—

"Monseigneur! I am not your dupe."

"The Grand Duke turned round sharply, and, advancing towards Frogère, with an angry look, said—'What do you mean by that?'

"I mean, your Highness, that I am not your dupe. You wish to show me that you have a handsome leg, and that you have two pairs of pantaloons at your service."

"Every one present burst into a fit of laughter, and from that time Frogère became a favorite with the Grand Duke.

"In France," added the Duke de Vicenza, "we have no taste for extravagances of this sort. Napoleon would have thrown Frogère out of the window."

The devotedness of the French soldiers to their warrior king, is evidenced in the following anecdotes:—

"I could relate many traits of those brave old guards, who were treated with so much indignity after the fall of Napoleon. I, who had the opportunity of being a close observer of the gallant conduct of this corps, must ever be its panegyrist. The humble uniform of every private soldier enveloped a hero, who, though rude in aspect, was endowed with chivalrous loyalty and courage. The glory of the Roman phalanxes is eclipsed by that of the Imperial Guard. History will inscribe that glory in letters of gold when she records the events of Fontainebleau and Waterloo. It is one of the most extraordinary traditions of the empire.

"It was curious to observe the attachment, confidence, and familiarity, which existed between the humblest of the soldiers and the most absolute sovereign that ever existed. There was not one of Napoleon's intimate friends, however high in rank, who would have ventured to indulge in the sort of *camaraderie* which was kept up between the Emperor and his old *moustaches*. And these same men would not have ventured to speak to one of their lieutenants in the familiar tone in which they addressed the redoubted chief of the army. They regarded Napoleon as a being different from all others, and combining within himself the attributes of sovereign, country, and family. He inspired them with a language which they addressed only to him, and words which they uttered only in his presence. Nothing used to amuse Napoleon so much as this familiarity of the soldiery, and he always replied to them with truly paternal kindness.

"About the middle of the day the rain began to descend with redoubled violence. The Emperor, who had been on horseback since daybreak, was literally soaked to the skin, and an appearance of extreme lamitude was observable in all his movements.

"On the left, in the direction of the Gross Garten, a battalion of grenadiers of the old guard grouped round a battery, had sustained, since the commencement of the action, the violent assaults of the cavalry of Beningsen. The conservation of that battery was exceedingly important. At one moment the enemy's firing appeared to relax, and the Emperor observing this circumstance, spurred his horse, and galloped, amidst the heat of the engagement, between the enemy's cavalry and our artillery. The ground was thickly strewn with the bodies of the slain. 'This position costs us dear,' said he, petulantly; then a moment afterwards, he added with a look of satisfaction, 'I knew that my guard would not surrender it to the Russians.'

"Let them come back again at their peril," exclaimed, with a menacing gesture, an old artilleryman, whose head had just received a sabre wound, and was bandaged up with a handkerchief saturated with blood. Then turning to the Emperor, he said, 'This is not a fit place for you. Go away. You are more ill than any of us; go and take some rest.'

"I will, when we have won the battle," said the Emperor.

"My comrade is right, sire, said a veteran grenadier. 'Your Majesty is wet to the skin. Pray go and get your clothes changed.' The brave fellow uttered these words in the tone of supplication, which a son might be expected to employ towards a beloved father.

"I will rest when you can all rest, my lads; that is to say, when the battle is ended."

"I know that your Majesty has that battery at heart," said the grenadier, 'but we will take care that the Russians don't get it. Will we not, comrades?' He was answered by a shout of acquiescence. 'Now, sire, since we answer for the safety of the battery, surely you may go and take a little rest.'

"Very well, my good fellows, very well. I trust to you," and he galloped off, smiling.

"We went down to the court-yard of the palace. Day was just beginning to dawn. When the Emperor saw the squadron on duty drawn up in the court-yard, he could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The squadron was composed of some grenadiers of the old guard, who, on the preceding day, had served as the Emperor's escort, and who had returned with us to Dresden, soaked through with rain. To see them again at five in the morning, in smart uniforms, presenting arms, and looking as trim as if they had been on parade at the Tuileries, seemed like the work of magic.

"Why, my lads, you must have spent the night in equipping yourselves, instead of taking your rest," said the Emperor, in a tone of kind reproach.

"Rest—we have not had much of that," replied one of the men. 'But no matter! We have had as much as your Majesty!'

"I am accustomed to go without rest." He cast his eye on a gruff-looking quarter-master, and recognising his countenance, he said—

"You served in Egypt, I think?"

"I am proud to say I did. I was at Aboukir; and I remember it was hot enough there."

"You have no decoration, I perceive."

"It will come some time or other," said the quarter-master, somewhat sullenly.

"It has come," said the Emperor. 'I give you the cross.'

"The poor fellow was quite overcome by joy and gratitude. He fixed on the Emperor a look which it is impossible to describe, and the tears overflowed his eyes. 'I shall lay down my life for your Majesty to-day, that is certain,' said he. In his transport he seized the skirt of the Emperor's famous gray great-coat, and putting it into his mouth, bit off a fragment, which he placed in his button-hole.

"This will do till I get the red riband, please your Majesty."

"The Emperor was deeply moved by this incident. He spurred his horse and galloped off, his escort following and raising shouts of joy. The King of Saxony, who was a witness of this scene, sent that same evening twenty gold Napoleons to the quarter-master, with a message, informing him that the money was 'to purchase a red riband.'

"About noon, we were attacked on all points by the whole combined forces of the allies. Our army, reduced to less than a hundred thousand men, had now to oppose a force of three hundred and fifty thousand, concentrated *en masse* in a semi-circle of from three to four leagues in extent, and with twelve hundred pieces of cannon. Thus the enemy had constantly fresh troops in reserve, to fill up the gaps caused by our artillery.

"Throughout that fatal day every hour was marked by a new misfortune—a new loss. The deaths of Generals Vials and Rochambeau were successively announced. The fog, the smoke, and the tumult of the *mêlée*, scarcely permitted us to recognise each other. We found it very difficult to follow the Emperor. We repeatedly lost sight of him. He was continually moving from place to place, braving the greatest dangers, and disdainful life without victory.

"Hitherto the conflict had been maintained with various chances on both sides. An aide-de-camp of General Regnier arrived. He brought intelligence that the Saxon army and the Wurtemberg cavalry, under General Normann—that is to say, twelve thousand men and forty pieces of artillery, had gone over to Bernadotte. The latter had ordered the commander of the Saxon artillery to turn his guns and fire on the French. For some moments the Emperor sat on his horse as motionless as a statue. He raised his eyes as if appealing to the justice of Heaven. 'Infamous!' he exclaimed. The word was repeated by a thousand voices. Imprecations and expressions of rage resounded on all sides. Several Saxon officers, who remained faithful to us, broke their swords, and overcame by shame for the baseness of their countrymen, retired to the rear of the army. 'No matter,' said a dragon of the escort; 'we can do without the cowardly dogs. Your Majesty has still your French army to count upon! He darted with the rapidity of lightning into the midst of the *mêlée*. Shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* *Mort aux Saxons!* were echoed from mouth to mouth. All the escort followed the dragon. The officers alone remained at their post near the Emperor.

"A few minutes afterwards a young officer of hussars, whose name I forget, rushed headlong into the enemy's ranks. In a charge some of the miserable renegades had carried off one of our eagles. The gallant young officer rescued it, but it was at the cost of his life. He threw it at the Emperor's feet, and then he himself fell, mortally wounded, and bathed in his blood. The Emperor was deeply moved by this incident: 'With such men,' said he, 'what resources does France possess!'"

THE WORKS OF L. E. LANDON. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

We hail these volumes with the glad shout of welcome. "Letty Lixxy Landon," as Horace Smith, with delectable alliteration, calls the charming L. E. L., is one of the purest writers of the age; her novels are choice specimens of composition, without the accustomed drawbacks of vulgar humor or fashionable twaddle. She has never penned a line, "which, dying, she would wish to blot," and yet her pictures of life are real

and forcible, and finished with a poet's care. She has been styled the priestess of the *Della Cruscan* school, and her friends have used this negative compliment as a term of praise. Her poetry is, in fact, as smooth as the most flowing verse produced by any dandified scribbler of the academy, but there is an earnestness in her style that carries her productions beyond the pale of their ornamented pretinences. Miss Landon is frequently as harmonious as Moore, and makes an equally abundant use of metaphor and poetic flowers, we confess—but we prefer the lady's powers of expression in matters of deep feeling and intensity of thought. She addresses herself to the passions of the reader, we are willing to grant; but she never offends his reason: and while the heart surrenders up its citadel to her attacks, the head nods approval, and joins in the league.

The volumes before us are printed conformably to the other standard works published by the same book-sellers, and devoted to the complete productions of the most distinguished writers of the day. Romance and Reality, Francesca Carrara, and Ethell Churchill, three of the best written novels of our time—*Traits and Trials of Early Life*, a series of tales, admirably adapted to young people—*The Book of Beauty*, and the whole of L. E. L.'s poetical works are given, with the requisite accuracy and perfection.

We are afraid that the generality of every-day readers know but little of the uncommon beauty of Miss Landon's writings, although her name has been popular for a number of years, and her productions appear in the catalogue of every circulating library. Her poems are not sufficiently meretricious in their tone to please the vitiated taste of the worldly, nor are they "horribly stuffed with epithets of" cant and conventicleism, to insure a currency amongst the chosen. That her novels have been more frequently perused in this country than her poems, proceeded, we are willing to allow, from the difficulty of obtaining copies of the most distinguished of her poetical lucubrations—but now, when a handful of shillings can purchase her entire works, we hope to learn a different result. To that portion of our readers unacquainted with the perfection of beauty to be found in Miss Landon's works, we especially recommend the purchase of these volumes, and risk the reputation of our critical acumen on the certainty of delight to be thereby attained.

Miss Landon is now no more. She has married a gentleman of political celebrity, and proceeds with her Benedict to the Cape of Good Hope. We trust that her good sense will prevent her from following in the steps of a large majority of her sex, who, when the prize is secured, cease to practise the accomplishments which formed their principal attractions. Women in general, think it unnecessary to please their husbands by the exertion of any of their former delights; but our poet must remember that the public has claims upon her, which cannot readily be expunged. There are not many writers like the author of the *Improvvisatrice*.

THE VIOLET—for 1839. EDITED BY MISS LESLIE. Carey and Hart.

We have been more pleased in the perusal of this annual for juveniles than by the investigation of half a dozen of the popular works of the day. "The Violet" is exactly the sort of book to place in the hands of our children who are growing out of the period of bibe and bread and butter, and demand information upon the common places of life, and require stronger food than we are in the habit of stuffing into "the mouths of babes and sucklings." We say boldly to any parent, uncle, brother, grand or godfather, and to the fair opposites of the gentler sex, if you are about to spend a dollar in the purchase of a toy, for any little miniature specimen of humanity, pause ere you select the wheeled horse, or the painted carriage, or the dandified doll, or the noisy drum, or other useless present—and expend your determination in the attainment of a book like "The Violet," which imparts a moral lesson in every pleasant page, and leaves the seeds of instruction in the prolific soil of early impressions, with a certainty of good fruit.

Miss Leslie has written the major part of this very useful book, and deserves the united thanks of the senior parts of the community for the wholesome amusement afforded to the junior classes, whose suffrages she is certain to obtain. Other contributors of acknowledged value have given their share to the interest of the pages, and the excellence of seven plates ornamenting its pages, demands the patronage of the lover of the arts. We are unable to fancy the completion of a work more applicable to its destined purposes than "The Violet" for 1839.

RICHARD HURDIS, THE AVENGER OF BLOOD. A TALE OF ALABAMA. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

Whilst recording the huge catalogue of cheap London reprints, which the want of an international copyright law foists upon our cis-Atlantic public, we are proud to welcome an American novelist of undoubted worth, and regret that we are unable to give our readers the particulars of his name and station. "Richard Hurdis" is a work of the authorship of which the most experienced writer may justly boast; there are no flourishes of unnecessary display in the detailment of the plot; no exordiums of dull morality in opposition to the general character of the hero or heroine, or otherwise out-of-place disquisitions with which the most successful novelists too frequently overload their pages, as necessary ingredients in the modern art of book-making. The plot is simple in its outline, but well detailed; and with a pleasant familiarity that wins the attention of the reader, and exhibits the power of the author in a favorable degree.

Stewart's "Adventures of Murrell, the Land Pirate," has undoubtedly furnished the basis of this novel: the wondrous doings of the "Mystic Confederacy," are given with much accuracy and spirit. We commend the work to our reader's notice.

A TRIP TO BOSTON: IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE, (Philadelphia) By the Author of *Two Years and a Half in the Navy*. *One Volume.* Little and Brown. Boston.

These admirable "Letters" attracted the public attention, while in the course of publication in the *United States Gazette*; to the worthy editor of which paper the little book before us is most appropriately dedicated. We are not inclined to "gild refined gold, or add a perfume to the violet," by offering one line of commendation in behalf of a publication so deservedly popular as these letters from Boston. The author, E. C. Wines, Esq., is well known in the literary world by his productions on various popular and useful subjects. Independent of his "*Two Years and a Half in the Navy*," a comment on which is superfluous, he is the author of "*Hints on a Popular System of Education*," and a work of more than usual merit, "*How shall I Govern my School?*" We trust that he will persevere in giving the public "*Home Tours*," on the model of his "*Trip to Boston*." We have never read any thing more agreeably written, and congratulate him on his style of description and felicity of temperament which enables him to furnish a pleasant book from the commonplace details of an every day trip.

HANINGTON'S DIORAMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY."

MR. EDITOR:—I crave a corner in your Magazine wherein to address a word or two to the public ear. During a recent trip "down east," while at Boston, I was attracted, by the magniloquence of Mr. Hanington's advertisements, to "Concert Hall," the place of exhibition of his so called "Grand Moving Dioramas." New York is Mr. H.'s head quarters, but he has been drawing crowded houses in Boston for the last two or three months. The newspaper press of both cities has teemed with eulogy on the beauties of his exhibitions. Echoing the music which has thus, for months, been chanted in full chorus, I should now proceed to say:—

My expectations, high as they were, were more than fulfilled. Glowing as were the descriptions I had seen, they had scarcely given me any idea of the splendor, gorgeousness, and unrivalled magnificence of these superb representations. In short, my admiration and my pleasure were equal; and both were full, crammed, overflowing.

The evening's entertainment commenced with a "View of the General Deluge." It was a bold conception—and shows the daring of true genius, to attempt to imitate, by machinery, the progress and completion of that fearful catastrophe. But with what mastery has the conception been executed! No language can do justice to the awful grandeur and sublimity with which the artist has invested this peerless spectacle. The rolling thunder, the rattling tempest, the ceaseless rising of the sullen flood, the gradual disappearing of men and women, till the whole earth becomes one dreary waste of waters, and the subsequent appearance of the inimitably beautiful rainbow—all conspire to add to the spectator's pleasure, and to draw forth the loudest plaudits. I must confess that this spectacle gave me a better idea of the terrible event, commonly called "The Deluge," than I had obtained from the bible, from poetry, or even from the most eloquent sermons.

The "Italian Landscape," is so perfect that one can almost obtain a better idea of Italy from it, than from an actual visit. At all events, fifty cents will here give a sufficiently accurate idea of the scenery, pastoral life, beautiful skies, and rural amusements of that land of pictures, statues, and song.

The "Scene in India" is loaded with eastern magnificence. How splendid, how gorgeous, how enchanting that view is! Here you see camels, and elephants, and horses most richly caparisoned; and officers, soldiers, and citizens attired in the queerest manner, and walking in solemn procession. Why go to India to see oriental life and nature? I do not hesitate to pronounce it arrant folly to incur the enormous expense and the thousand hazards of such a voyage, when the trifling sum of four shillings York, paid into the hands of Mr. Harrington, will answer every purpose almost as well.

The beautiful "Fairy Grotto" is a perfect *bijou*. I never knew what gorgeous colors were before, nor how many of them could be brought together. 'Tis amazing. To see the "fairies," too, (rather stout fellows, it is true, but no matter) drawn by swans, and the richly plumaged birds, and the dear little fishes of Fairyland whirling about in the globe! 'Tis too delightful!

The "Moonlight Sea View," embracing a storm and a shipwreck, is well reserved to the last. It is a master-piece, a sort of Corinthian capital to the whole scenic representation. How can I praise it better than by saying that you can here get a perfect idea of a tempest upon the ocean, and of the manner in which a shipwrecked vessel sinks beneath the waves, without any of those disagreeable feelings, which a real shipwreck, or even a good painting or poetical description of such an event, would occasion. This is a capital advantage, and shows the triumph of the artist's skill, and his mastery in the art of pleasing.

After these beautiful, splendid, and inimitable Dioramas, which I wish I had the ability to praise as they deserve, the evening's entertainment is concluded with the "Italian Fantoccini, or the Puppet Dancers." Here the genius of frolic reigns supreme. True, you admire the mechanism somewhat; but the chief pleasure is in seeing the odd capers and hearing the witty talk of the puppets. One of them swallows his own head; another dances on that member; a third is frightened from his propriety by an imaginary ghost; and so on and so forth. They are really charming fellows.

I consider that the great merit of this exhibition lies in its tendency to promote good morals, to foster a pure taste, and to give some ideas of nature.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the tone I should assume, such the strain in which I should give utterance to my feelings, if I swam with the current, or mingled in the crowd. But I cannot do it; and I am about to utter certain of the foulest heresies that have fallen upon the public ear for a twelvemonth. It is not pleasant to oppose one's individual judgment to the general taste. There is an air of assumption about it, from which the mind instructively recoils. To this cause, which is deep and pervading, must surely be attributed the silence of criticism with regard to these much vaunted spectacles. It cannot be that all who have seen them can have been pleased with such caricatures of nature. Caricature has its domain, and, in one sense, its "field is the world;" for the follies of mankind, which are scattered broadcast wherever men exist, are its proper subjects. But nature, in those scenes where she awes by her sublimity or enchants by her beauty, and in those operations which, as they are stupendous or gentle, are alternately the source of terror and of pleasure, does not rightfully belong to the domain of this laughter-loving goddess. These are scenes for the poet and the painter, and the eloquent orator, but not for the pencil of the caricaturist. His touch here untunes the harmonies of nature, and disfigures her fairest features. And no less a barbarism than this does it seem to me that Mr. Hanington has perpetrated in these his dioramas. His "General Deluge" struck me as nothing short of absolute burlesque, no more to be compared in dignity and effect to the simple majesty of Moses's description, than a pebble to the rock of Gibraltar, than a pile of burning shavings to the fires of *Ætna*, or than his own petty machinery to the terrible catastrophe which it professes to portray. The "most beautiful rainbow," which appears "after the thunder's awful sound dies in the distance, and the dark clouds clear away," is a *chef d'œuvre* of absurdity and deformity, altogether beneath criticism. In short, the entire representation seemed to me destitute of every particle of verisimilitude. It shocked the sense of propriety, not to say the sentiment of piety; it did violence to the imagination; and it produced, at least in my mind, no emotion but disgust.

The Fairy Grotto, "gotten up at an expense of over five hundred dollars in the mere decorations," is indeed perfectly beautiful, if beauty consists in bringing as many gorgeous colors together as five hundred dollars will buy, and in first painting and then pulling backward and forward certain stiff and brawny figures on what are called swans, under the cognomen of "Fairies." But why stop at five hundred dollars? A thousand dollars would have made the gewgaw twice as beautiful, and two thousand would have given it four times its present beauties. To be serious—if all our youth were allowed often to contemplate such dazzling spectacles as this so called grotto, and taught to lavish their admiration upon them, the last vestiges of a pure and simple taste, a taste in harmony with our institutions, and fitted to exalt and purify while it refines our nature, would in a few years be obliterated from the American mind.

But why multiply words? Wherefore criticise specifically every piece in the exhibition? The same general characteristics run through them all. I could not but be struck with the difference, nay, the perfect contrast, between Mr. Catlin's truly valuable and magnificent "Indian Gallery," and Mr. Hanington's "Grand Moving Dioramas." In the former, there is real food for the intellect, a true and deep fountain of instruction, a field for the play of the higher powers and better sympathies of the soul; in the latter, there is empty show, there is vapid taste, there is pointless humor, there are grotesque caperings, there is, in a word, a ruthless caricaturing of the sublime and the beautiful in the features and operations of nature. The sympathies of the spectator are not called forth in a single instance. Even the shipwreck causes less emotion than the drowning of an insect, terrific as such an event would be in the reality, and much as the mind would be touched by a good representation of it in painting, or a graphic description in language. This, it appears to me, is a decisive test. Any serious representation, no matter of what, which fails to tally here, must either rest upon a false basis in principle, or be radically deficient in execution. A failure, on either hypothesis, would be equally fatal to the true and proper excellence of Mr. Hanington's dioramas as imitations of nature, but not to his reputation as an ingenious and skillful machinist. This merit no one will deny him. His pieces, especially the Fantoccini, display extraordinary ingenuity and mastery over the principles of mechanism; and in this regard, may well excite the admiration not less than the wonder of every beholder.

In conclusion, I must offer a twofold protest. First, I protest against the charge of setting up my taste as infallible. I have given my opinions freely, with the reasons on which they are founded, as I hope always to have the courage to do; but I do not assert that they are infallibly right, and all others wrong. Many persons feel and think differently from me; and they are as little liable to error as I am.

I do not think the less of them for their difference of opinions. In the second place, I protest against this hasty critique being called or considered an *attack* upon Mr. Hanington. It is too much the practice in this country, when a man's opinions are controverted, to ascribe the opposing arguments to personal motives; as if there could be no difference of opinion not based upon a personal grudge, and no expression of variant views not designed to wound the feelings and hurt the standing of your antagonist. I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. H., and do not even know him by sight. I know nothing to the contrary, and therefore presume him to be a well-principled, worthy man; but I do not admire his dioramas, nor believe in their great utility; nay, I think that their tendency is to vitiate the taste, and give false views of nature; and I hope there is no harm in saying so.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

No. 5.

THE JESTER AND HIS CHILD.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO'S "LE ROI S'AMUSE."

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

[*Le Roi S'Amuse*, an historical tragedy, was prohibited by the French government after its first performance in Paris. Various reasons were assigned for the interdiction, but the author's real offence was in publishing revolutionary and anti-monarchical tenets upon the stage. Victor Hugo printed his tragedy, with an explanatory and critical preface: but the drama was not allowed to be again performed. The following tale embodies the principal incidents of the tragedy, and is divested of the objectionable parts that occasionally dim the brilliancy of this supposed chef d'œuvre of the romanticist school.]

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE CURSE OF THE BROKEN HEART.

They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
To wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wit in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service all to my behests.
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'erway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.
Shakespeare.

THE heavy bell of Notre Dame was striking the hour of noon, when the folding doors of the spacious presence chamber in the palace of the Louvre were thrown open, and the courtiers flocked to bend their knees before the footstool of Valois. Francis the First was in the zenith of his pride and power; the queen mother had gathered round her the loveliest flowers of fair France, and belted knights and gallant chevaliers did homage to their beauty. The prodigate sovereign was the gayest butterfly in the imperial gardens; he flitted from bower to bower unchecked, and rifled the bud of its sweets, or revelled in the beauties of the full blown rose.

Diana of Poitiers, a name infamous in the history of France, was the reigning favorite—the last victim of royal turpitude, and the star of the licentious court. Diana's father, the aged Count de Saint Vallier, was justly enraged at the baseness of his monarch, and entered into a conspiracy against his life. Detection followed, and St. Vallier was sentenced to the block. The execution, which was to have taken place on the morning of the fête, was stopped at the very last moment, and the broken hearted parent was conducted from the scaffold to the cell wherein he was doomed to end his days.

These events furnished important topics of conversation for the triflers of the court. A group of noblemen had collected in one of the anti-chambers, and Clement Marôt, the poet of the day, hastened to join the circle.

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"A fair greeting, Master Clement," said the Marquis de la Tour Landry; "hath thy muse labored lately, or hath the excessive supremacy of folly driven the gentle exercise of poetry from our courtly domain?"

"In good faith, Sir Maquais, under the auspices of our good king Francis, whom heaven long preserve, folly is the paramount good, and almost sways the destinies of France. Our court fool, the hunchbacked Triboulet, is highest in royal favor: and nobles, commons, poets, priests, and privy councillors must bow to the bauble and the bells."

"The bow-legged jester ruffs it bravely, I confess," said the Viscount de Piennes, "and the fair haired beauties of the court seem pleased to bask in the sunshine of his smiles."

A lordling, whose unfledged face told of his tender years, and looked strangely naked amidst the bearded countenances of the other cavaliers, joined the group.

"A fair day to your lordships. Master poet, hast seen any thing yet of that dear little blue eyed angel who accompanied de Montmorenci in his last visit to the Louvre? I have not slept these two nights for thinking of her lovely ringlets, the twinkle of her delicious eyes, and the wicked little dimple in her chin."

"Well said, de Brion! you improve daily."

"I am proud of your commendations, viscount, and flatter myself that I have not lost time. I have scarcely been six months from my father's castle, and have I been eleven times in love, and run about twice. But where is Triboulet? his majesty required for him more than once, and the fête is propriety without the presence of folly's chief. I hear his bells. Here comes the scoff and scourge of nobility."

Triboulet, the king's jester, was below the middle height, and hideously deformed. The hump of his broken back peeped over his shoulders, thrusting forward his huge and mis-shapen head. His bony arms were of most unusual length; and his thin snake-like fingers played with the bells that hung at his shoulders.

knees, as he crept stealthily along the corridor. A tight party-colored dress of rich material rendered his deformity fully apparent. His bauble-folly and painted dagger of lath were suspended from an embroidered girdle. The crown and back of his head were closely shaved, but a rim of fiery red hair surrounded his face. His bushy eyebrows projected over his small but sparkling eyes, which were too deeply set to illuminate the deadly yellow of his countenance. His nose was long and peculiarly thin; and his enormous mouth, moving in constant restlessness, told alternately of suffering, scorn, and joy.

"Triboulet," said de Brion, "you have come to my very wish. I mentioned your name, and you crossed the corridor. The dog heard his master's whistle, and knew that he was wanted."

The fool turned a haughty glance upon the stripling courtier. "T were well if every puppy knew his place," said he. "Why are you out of the nursery? is it to seek my cap and bells for play-things?"

"Come, come, sir fool, reserve your wit for a higher quarry. The king awaits you."

"Oh, gracious king—to wait the coming of a fool!"

"Chabannes, de Cosé—nay, the whole court require your advice as to the prosecution of the fête."

"What!" said Triboulet, "the assembled nobility of France require the counsel of a fool! Oh, happy nation, where folly leads ~~affairs~~ ^{affairs} by the nose!"

"Perhaps," said de Brion, "the wondrous loveliness of our court ladies has sated the monarch's sight. He is tired of much beauty; your monstrous ugliness will relieve his eyes."

"Relieve mine, young sir, and quit the anti-chamber. I hate to see the young serpent ~~essaying~~ ^{essaying} to spurt his venom ere he hath well cast his skin."

"Your impertinence, master fool," said the undismayed youngster, "is something like your hump—a nuisance thrust conspicuously forward where it is not required."

The young lord tripped into the presence chamber, and was soon lost amidst the crowd. The jester scowled hideously around him, and the courtiers sneered at his emotion.

"Harkee, my knight of mimes," said the viscount, "had you not better attend his majesty? Your popularity has already received one blow to-day. Francis has pardoned your old enemy, the Count de St. Vallier."

"But not till I had fattened my revenge! The count honored me with a blow before the assembled court. I swore retaliation, and I achieved it. The king had favorably noticed the beauty of the fair Diana. I knew my eye; and soon convinced the lady of the folly of remaining in the dull castle at Poictou, while a youthful monarch was pining for her charms. I gratified my sovereign, and my revenge! The old count struck me upon my hump, but I smote him upon the heart."

"It was your penetration, Triboulet," said the Marquis de Pienne, "that discovered the conspiracy of St. Vallier against our royal master's life, was it not?"

"It was. And this very morning, I beheld the hand that smote me, bound with disgraceful cords by

the common executioner. The head that tomed in scorn of the poor buffoon was bared and ready for the block."

"But his life was saved!" said the viscount.

"Feticcoat interest, messieurs. The fair Diana interfered, and the king thought it would be scarcely civil to cut off the head of his natural father-in-law."

The courtiers indulged in a heartless laugh; and, adjusting their ringlets to the best advantage, favored the jester with a patronising smile, and glided into the presence chamber of their sovereign. The poet stalked past the fool with a haughty glare, and followed the lordlings, hat in hand.

"Groveling wretches!" said Triboulet, "hence to your kingly adoration! slaves, debased in mind and body, lower than the fool you spurn. The fool! aye, the hired jester! the means of laughter to an idiot court! the deformed buffoon, employed to make the vicious laugh, even though his heart were bursting. If I would seek retirement, or soothe the agony of my soul, which, shut up in a distorted body, preys upon its own bitterness, my master suddenly appears! my gay, my happy, handsome master! He kicks his poor mis-shapen jester, and says, as he spurns me, 'Fool, make me laugh.' Why, why is this? I was poor, but honest. My heart was stored with every germ of virtue. I asked for work—they sneered, and pointed at my hump. I begged for bread, and I received the scourge, with the more stinging application of my fellow men's contempt. The rich thrust me from their doors as a hateful lump of deformed mortality; the poor refused to commune with the mis-shapen vagrant; and woman, God help me! woman, the only good on earth, refused to look on me. The old dames scorned me as a hideous monster! the children mowed and gibbered in disgust! and the teeming bride fled my sight with a shriek of horror, lest her unborn babe should partake of my deformity. And yet this heart, crushed by my fellow creatures, because it is contained in an unsightly shape, the gift of my Creator—this heart was formed for love—for doting, maddening love. Blanche! my child! the living image of my lost Adele! enclosed within the blossom of a father's fond affection, may thy lot in life reverse the sadness of my gloomy fate."

The court jester was again summoned by an attendant page to the presence of his sovereign.

King Francis was lazily reposing upon a sofa throne, in lightsome chat with the Duchess of Florine, who was leaning in a fascinating attitude against one of the arms of the couch. Several of the ladies of the court were envious of their prolonged discourse, and tried the effect of various artifices to attract the attention of the monarch. The bright eyes of the young Duchess riveted the royal flirt to his seat, till the Countess de Cosé, one of the especial beauties of the day, in promenading by the side of the throne, dropped her feather fan, with a glance of tenderness at the king. The young monarch accepted the challenge—he sprang lightly from his lounging place—the fan was presented with a gracious bow, and an animated conversation ensued.

Triboulet found the king thus pleasantly employed;

the Countess de Cosé had lately been married to a disagreeable fat old man, who was busily engaged at the wine table, and knew not the situation of his countess, of whom he was very jealous. The jester whispered something into the old man's ear, and, the lovely countess was instantly removed from the side of the king.

"Well, fool, whither hast thou been?" said the king, watching the motions of the indignant fair. "I have something to say to thee. I am in love."

"For the hundredth time."

"For the first."

"And beloved!" said the jester, with a sneer.

"Why—certainly."

"The lady, then, must be some citizen's wife or daughter, who knows you not."

"She does not know me by my kingly name."

"Beware!" said the jester. "A citizen's honor is a dangerous thing to play with; kings cannot injure it with impunity. Take a fool's advice—be content with the wives, sisters, and daughters of your obedient courtiers, but touch not the property of the *bourgeois*."

"The Countess de Cosé is a lovely creature."

"Ay! take her with pleasure," said Triboulet.

The stout nobleman was at no great distance from the royal seat, and hearing his name mentioned, ventured still nearer.

"But what are we to do with the poor fat fool, her husband? he may object," replied his majesty.

"Send him to the Bastille for life," said the fool, "or give him a dukedom."

"I am afraid it will not silence him."

"Then accuse him of plotting with Spain or Rome, and cut off his head—that will assuredly stop his mouth."

"Sir fool, you go beyond all bounds. I dare not stain my lily with the blood of a friend."

The monarch strolled up the chamber in pursuit of fresh excitement; and the jester, as he turned upon his heel, encountered the indignant Cosé.

"Devil! I have overheard you. Seduce my wife?"

"If the king wishes it. Are you treasonous enough to put restraint upon your sovereign?"

"Cut off my head too!" said the count.

"Why not? it will prevent its sprouting."

The poor fat Cosé shook with indignation. "Fool! cut off thy hump, and shorten thy licentious tongue."

"Do, count," said the jester. "Cut off my hump, lest it should sink, as thine has, into my belly—then, indeed, I should be disfigured."

"Villanous buffoon!" said the count, as, impotent with rage, he endeavored to draw his sword.

Francis stepped forward. "Count, you forget where you are. Triboulet, come with me."

The king and the fool retired together, and the indignant count returned to his seat.

The young de Brion suddenly exclaimed, "Nobles and gallants, I have news for you—here, between these pillars, circle round me, while I relate this piece of choice intelligence, which I had well nigh forgotten. I have something wonderful to tell of Triboulet."

"What of him?" said the courtiers, who, with one

accord, had left the ladies, and crowded round de Brion.

"Triboulet, the deformed buffoon, is in love!"

"The youth is joking," said de Pienne. "It is impossible." And a chorus of voices echoed "Impossible."

"Gentlemen," said de Brion, "I can show you the door of his mistress's house. He visits there at night fall. I found the matter out while rambling in the gardens of the hotel Cosé, which overlooks the cul-de-sac that contains the jester's treasure."

"We have been languishing for an opportunity to revenge our many affronts," said Landry; "let us meet to-night, and steal away the object of the jester's love."

"I join the plan with my heart and soul," exclaimed de Cosé.

"And I." "And I." "And all."

"Agreed. Hush! not a word. The king returns, with Triboulet, the Cupid."

"How, now, my gentle gallants, why is this?" said Francis; "have you left the lovely portion of my court to its own amusement? nay, then, we must expect plotting and cabals. If you will desert the heaven of these beaming smiles, and shun the happiness of looking into these delightful eyes, why, on your own heads fall the retribution ye deserve."

"A sensible speech!" said Triboulet. "It strikes me that your most sacred majesty is drunk."

"Silence, sir fool. Gallants, your monarch drinks to you. More wine, there, ye varlets."

Francis raised himself upon his throne steps, and, in a brimming goblet, pledged the guests around. The nobles bowed to the king, and were about to reciprocate the compliment, when the measured step of the guard and the clank of chains struck upon their ears. A door opposite the throne was suddenly opened, and the Count de St. Vallier appeared, heavily ironed, and in the custody of the jailer.

Triboulet had overheard the officer in command of the guard, mention the circumstance of having to remove the aged count to his dungeon. A message, timely delivered by a page, informed the officer that the king wished to see St. Vallier before he was consigned to his prison; and by the arrangement of the jester, this untimely interview was brought about.

"Francis of Valois," said the old man, "why am I subjected to this unnecessary insult? do not expect me to thank thee for my life—was it not granted to me as the price of my child's dishonor? granted to me, when, upon the public scaffold, I had already faced the death I would have devoted thee to, had my old limbs been firm of purpose as my heart. Francis of Valois, I go to my everlasting jail—to waste, in the damp air of some unwholesome dungeon, the few days spared to me of my life—the life you have stained with misery and shame."

"Restrain thy audacity in the presence of your king," said the young de Brion.

"Boy! the fleur-de-lis of gold is on his brow, but my temples are encircled by a nobler crown—the hoary locks of honest age,"

"Has not your majesty a vacant bishopric to bestow

upon the venerable count?" said the fool, with his bitterest sneer. "So excellent a preacher should not be unappointed."

The aged count groaned aloud, as he caught sight of the author of his wrongs. It was but a momentary pang, for he confronted the jester with a glaring eye, and with a rising voice, exclaimed, "Miserant! crooked alike in mind and body, who with a viper's tongue can mock a father's grief, be thou accursed! May heaven grant that thy blighted heart may one day feel the sufferings inflicted now on me! And if thou ever should'st rejoice in the name of parent, may thy child, like mine, come to open and public shame. And when despair shall burst thy heart, and thou lookest around thee, as I do now, in vain, for one consoling glance, the old man's curse will sink into thy soul. Hark! 'tis the bell of Notre Dame! whane'er that sound reverberates upon thine ear—remember that a father's curse—the curse of a broken heart is hovering o'er thee."

The old man fell a corse upon the palace floor. The king retired from the scene of horror; and Triboulet, with the peal of death still ringing in his ear, fled along the corridor, and sought the solitude of his apartment.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE CUL-DE-SAC.

Shylock.—I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.
Salanio.—There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish.

Shakespeare.

TRIBOULET, unable to quist the emotions roused by St. Vallier's malediction, donned a cloak of ample fold, and broad brimmed hat, and sallied forth from the Louvre. Quitting Paris by the gate of the Tour de Nesle, he walked rapidly through the marshes bordering the Seine, and paused not in his gait, until his wandering footsteps had placed him in the midst of a scene, rich with the beauties of rustic life. The quiet loveliness of the view, with its alternations of light and shade afforded by the declining glories of the setting sun, aroused the jester from his deep abstraction; and as he turned to retrace his steps, the evening breeze played gratefully across his fevered brow.

Darkness had closed upon the earth ere the jester again stood within the city gates. As he passed beneath the gloomy walls of Notre Dame, the sound of the Abbey's ponderous bell struck heavily upon his heart. "The curse!" he cried, "St. Vallier's curse hangs over my devoted head! I mocked a parent's sorrows, but fear was creeping through my soul, even while I laughed. The old man's imprecation touched upon my child—my Blanche! Merciful Omnipotence! let her escape the threatened woe—on my head expend the phials of thy wrath! it must not touch my child! Where now is my revenge—my boasted triumph! Oh, misery! to wander like an evil genius

through the world, blasting the seeds of good, and mingling gall in my fellow creatures' cups of life—to find no joy save in another's woe! The world hath slighted me—scorned, trod upon me; but am I happy in my revenge? Under the cloak of my buffoonery, I carry a depth of hatred painful even to my own heart—but if the world despises me, why—why should I hate myself? I will leave this cursed king and his voluptuous court; and in some far distant land, in honest life, endeavor to avert the fury of St. Vallier's curse."

The heart-stricken fool turned suddenly up one of the narrow lanes in the obscure quarter of the city beyond the Abbey walls. A small lantern, suspended from the middle of a cord hung across the opening of a *cul de sac*, threw its uncertain light on the figure of the disguised jester, as he paused to reconnoitre, casting hasty glances down the streets. Triboulet darted up the alley, and, with a small key, opened a narrow door in the middle of a low wall. Passing rapidly through a small court yard, he lifted the latch of the house door, and threw himself upon a rude low couch.

"Once more have I reached the haven of my happiness, unnoticed by the hateful meddling world, whose cares I leave behind me, and defy. In passing through that door, I become another man; and, casting off the attributes of my detested function, devote myself to the calm pleasures of parental love. Blanche, my child! Blanche!"

A delicately shaped young girl ran joyously down the small flight of stairs, and threw her fair arms about the jester's neck.

"My father—my dear, dear father."

"My child—my only one—my all! art thou well? art thou happy? rest here, upon thy father's bosom. Do not remove thy arms from about my neck. My pretty Blanche! every day more beautiful! every hour more like thy sainted mother."

"How kind thou art to me, my father."

"I have but thee, my Blanche, in this wide world. Thou art my only good. Other men covet riches—I want not the yellow dross; I have my child. The pride of ancestry, power, fame, are nought to me; I have my child! Let us sit on the bench in the yard—this room is hot and close. I have but little time to spare with thee, my child. Oh, thou art all thy mother! often dost thou pass thy hand over thy round white brow as she was wont to do; and these beautiful ringlets seem to me the same golden tresses that adorned my bride, when, mad with ecstasy, I led her to the celebration of the marriage rite."

"Father, dear father, I never knew parent but thee tell me of my mother."

"She died ere thou wert old enough to pronounce her name. My happiness was short, but vividly intense—a flash of the lightning's fire momentarily illuminating the hellish darkness of my existence. Did I not see thee here beside me, I should say it was all a dream. Thy mother loved me, Blanche; yet I was poor, miserable, and deformed. She saw that the world despised the hunch-backed outcast, and she commiserated him. Love, twin sister to the cherub, Pity, wound round her heart, and she consented to be

mine. Death snatched her quickly from me, and, save thee, my child, my heart is desolate."

"Father! dear father! I have been two months here in Paris, and know not even my family."

"Thou hast no relative but thy father."

"I know not even my father's name," said the girl.

"Blanche! 'twere worse than folly to nurse a curiosity, which, if gratified, must lead to endless misery and shame! I am thy father, and in that title I am happy."

"Our neighbors at Clinon—the little village where I was brought up—looked upon me as an orphan before you came."

"I could no longer live without thee, Blanche—without the sunshine of thy love."

The young girl leaned affectionately over the shoulders of the hunch-back, and playfully tapped his yellow and sunken cheek. "Dear father—do not be angry with your child—but I am very dull here. This house is like a tomb. May I not go out, some evening, and see the wonders of Paris?"

Triboulet jumped up so suddenly that the poor girl was nearly thrown to the ground. He seized her roughly by the arm, and dragged her into the house, carefully shutting the door after him, and looking anxiously around. In a voice broken with agitation, he addressed his wondering child.

"Tell me, Blanche, have you ever dared to venture forth."

"Never, dear father, except to—to—church—to St. Germaine in the Fields—and Dame Berarde was ever with me."

"Didst wear thy veil, girl?"

"Sometimes," said the maiden in a faltering tone.

"Blanche! you must remain within doors—you know not the pestilential air of Paris. Dame Berarde!"

An old woman of mean appearance descended the stairs.

"Dame Berarde, my daughter has been out without her veil—how was that? nay, nay, never invent an excuse for thy carelessness, but have all things in readiness for our early removal to-morrow morning. I know another house more retired than even this. The door, there, opening to the lane—is it fastened up?"

"Aye, aye," growled the beldame.

"Blanche, did any one ever watch you from the church? Dame, should she be followed, summon assistance."

"I should scream out murder."

"Blanche, I must away. Farewell, my child."

Triboulet opened the door leading into the cul-de-sac. As he turned to embrace his daughter, a man, who had been listening in the alley, darted into the court yard, and concealed himself behind the open door.

"Remember, dame, no lights at the window—no chattering—no visitors."

"You need not be so afraid," said the housekeeper. "How do you think a man could get in here?"

"True. Knock at the door who may, you are not to open it."

"No, not even to the king."

"The king! above all, not to the king! let not that vicious monster contaminate this abode of innocence with his pestilential breath. Farewell, my Blanche, farewell."

The hunch-back kissed his child, and, wrapping his cloak about his deformed person, hastened out of the alley.

The pretty Blanche had deceived her parent. She had frequently been followed from church by a remarkably handsome young man, and the interchange of glances had assured him of an interest in her heart. This young man, who called himself Theodore Legon, an artist, had bribed Dame Berarde; and Triboulet had scarcely gained the street, ere his daughter was in the midst of a love-chat with the handsome painter.

Theodore had declared his passion, and the confiding Blanche had consented to receive his vows, when their tête-à-tête was interrupted by Dame Berarde, who declared that the cul-de-sac was full of men, and insisted upon the lover's immediate departure. The door leading into the lane was unfastened, and the young man quitted the lone house.

The Viscount de Pienne, the Marquis de le Tour Landry, the Count de Cosé, and the poet Marôt, had attended the summons of the young de Brion, and, under his direction, had mustered in the little square of the cul-de-sac. An attendant page carried a short ladder, and the marquis concealed a lantern under his cloak. The whole of the party were masked.

"Are you sure of your ground, de Brion? are you certain that you have made no mistake? these blind alleys are all alike," said de Pienne.

"I am right," replied de Brion. "That is the wall of your garden, de Cosé, and here on the right hand, is Triboulet's house. I have seen the girl—she is beautiful."

"Say no more; we will carry off the jester's mistress, and present her to our sovereign. It will be a standing jest against the fool."

"Place the ladder against the wall, sir page, and then retire. Now, Master Clement Marôt, mount up, and reconnoitre. Stay—some one enters the cul-de-sac."

The conversation, which had been carried on in whispers, suddenly ceased. Triboulet, suffering under a presentiment of evil, had returned to the dwelling of his child, to assure himself once more that all was well.

"Gentlemen," whispered Landry, "'tis Triboulet; shall we kill him, and achieve a double victory? What say you, de Brion?"

"Leave him to me. Cosé, do not speak."

"Who is there?" said Triboulet. "De Brion, is that you? what do you here?"

"Hush! we are all friends—and are here to carry off the Countess de Cosé for the king."

"Ha! ha!" said the jester, "I will assist you. The fat paunch insulted me this morning—I will now take my revenge, and rid the lovely lady of her spousal curse."

"I should like to break one of his ugly legs," said de Cosé, in a whisper to the poet.

"You will be known, Triboulet, unless you mask your face, as we have done. Here, I will tie this visor on you." The viscount placed his own mask on the jester, and twisted a folded handkerchief over his eyes.

"Your mask, viscount, does not fit my face, and the night is so dark that I cannot discern one of you. No matter—it will not be for long."

"Now, Triboulet," said de Brion, conducting him to the foot of the ladder, "hold on here, while Marôt climbs over the wall to unfasten the door."

"Cossé's hotel is on the other side," replied the jester.

"Nonsense! you have turned about so much in the dark, that you know not where you are. See, here is the ladder."

"True, true! now, Marôt, quick."

The obedient poet ascended the ladder, and surmounting the wall, let himself down upon the other side by means of a rain spout, and quickly unlocked the gate. The profligate courtiers rushed in a body through the court yard—the inner door was on the latch, and, in a few seconds, the screams of the astonished Blanche resounded through the house.

"Poor countess!" said Triboulet who was stationed at the ladder's foot—the thick folds of the kerchief deadening the nicety of his hearing, as well as obscuring his vision—"poor countess! she screams, and yet is too willing to quit her venerable lord. No matter! she must keep up appearances. By heaven! I enjoy her cries, for they remind me of the tortures we are now inflicting upon her bereaved mate."

The courtiers bore the shrieking Blanche through the small yard, and under the nose of the misguided father, who jeered at her supposed resistance, and applauded de Brion for his management in the affair. The party hastened down the alley; and as they turned the corner into the lane, the young de Brion called to the astonished jester, "Triboulet, shut your door, and bring the ladder to the Louvre." The jester tore the mask and its bandage from his face, and at that moment a piercing shriek burst on his ears, "Father, father, save your child."

"What is the meaning of this mockery?" cried Triboulet. "Dame Berarde! Blanche! it is thy father calls!" He rushed into the yard of his house, and by the light of Landry's lantern saw, on the garden seat, the torn white veil of his daughter, which had fallen from her as she was dragged away. "Heavenly powers! it is my daughter whom they have stolen."

With faltering steps, the wretched fool hastened down the alley in pursuit of de Brion and his friends. The faint echo of a smothered cry, and sound of retreating wheels, broke on his ears from an adjoining quay, and convinced him of the futility of pursuit. The agonised parent leaned against the buttress of an adjoining house, and sobbed aloud in mortal agony. The clang of the great bell of Notre Dame vibrated through the air; when the hunch-back fell upon his knees, and hid his face beneath his gaunt and bony hands.

"The curse! the old man's curse begins to work!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE PALACE OF THE LOUVRE.

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

Shakespeare.

TRIBOULET made every possible inquiry at the Louvre, but was unable to obtain the slightest clue as to the abiding-place of his abducted child. The officers of the guard denied all knowledge of her arrival, while the king's personal servants, who envied the fool his favoritism, refused to answer his eager questionings. Day-break saw him pacing the gloomy halls and corridors; and watching, with lynx-eyed vigilance the various passages to the royal apartment.

One of the menials of the palace delivered an epistle to him that had been left at the outer gate by a strange porter; the contents informed him that the object of his love was concealed at the Hotel d'Haute-ford. Triboulet hastened to the directed place, but after an hour's investigation, was convinced of the falsity of the information.

When he returned to the Louvre, the noblemen concerned in the outrage of the preceding evening, were collected in the anti-chamber of the king's apartment, and greeted the jester's appearance with a derisive shout. Triboulet knew that he had to compete with the practised wits of men of intrigue, who were his avowed enemies—men of iron hearts, to whom the anguish of a bereaved parent would be a subject matter for mirth. He therefore smoothed his brow, and in a light jocose manner, inquired the cause of their laughter.

"We are making nonsense verses," said de Pienne, "but our muses are coquettish, I fear—even Marôt has been compelled to halt. De Brion has just finished his improvisation."

"What is your subject?" inquired Triboulet.

"The siege of Marseilles. Listen, Triboulet, and follow me, if you can."

When up the ladders to storm the town,
Bourbon's brave troops did go;
Triumphant jeers were shouted down
On the fools who watched below.

Young de Brion pointed sneeringly at the jester, and the courtiers again indulged in a hearty laugh. Triboulet painfully felt the allusion, but he quietly proceeded with his verse as desired.

But if the fools beneath the walls
In quiet watch the railers,
They shared not in the heavy falls,
Or death-wounds of th' assailers.

The last line was given with a peculiar expression of the eye, and the haughty courtiers quailed beneath the malignancy of its glance.

"Gentlemen, from your attendance here, I presume that the king has not yet appeared—may I venture to awaken his majesty!" said the jester.

"Not yet, he has given orders not to be disturbed. What is the matter with you, Triboulet? you appear uneasy."

"The poor fool is melancholy, certainly. What are you cogitating about?"

"*The death wounds of th' assailers.*" My lords, I am unable longer to dissemble. The female, whom, last night, you abstracted from my house, is dearer to me than life itself. Restore her to my arms, and command me as your slave."

"Poor fool! hast lost the lady of thy love?" said de Pienne, "a serious loss, my friends, for the ugly beast may never win another."

"Do not mock my anguish! but give me back my child!"

A general exclamation of surprise followed this announcement. "Triboulet's child? his daughter? impossible!"

"Why, why impossible? is it strange that the fool should be a father? do you imagine that the hump upon my back has destroyed the heart within my bosom? can I not feel? give me back my child—my life—my all. Clement Marôt, you are a poet—devotedly attached to the charms of nature; listen to its voice—a broken-hearted father asks you for his child! Tell me where she is concealed? if you know not, join with me in requesting mercy from these savage ministers of despair. Inhuman monster! you are smiling at a father's sorrow!"

"Master Triboulet, I owe you no good will. Your venomous remarks have oft inflicted torture on my heart; 'tis now my turn to laugh."

"The hunch-back forgets," said de Cossé, "how oft, by his infernal agency, this scene has been performed; surely he cannot blame us for following his example."

"Does he forget our long arrears of hate?" said de Pienne. "Let him think of the insults we have been compelled to endure, and banish hope from his belief."

The jester cast around an imploring look, and threw himself upon his knees. "Lords, do not destroy your plaything thus, your slave, your fool Triboulet, who so often has made you laugh. Pity—pity the poor deformed buffoon who crawls at your feet, and begs you to restore his child. Still deaf! still dumb! I know not what I can say more. For God's sake, give me back my child!"

Finding remonstrance useless, Triboulet started to his feet, and in a tone of defiance, shouted forth:—"Lords, brutes, devils! return her instantly, or dread the frantic vengeance of a parent! Cowardly wretches! spawn of hell! villainous banditti! give me back my child! I care not for your swords! Strike, noblemen of France! complete this act of infamy by murder, and sheath your weapons in the bosom of an unarmed man. My child! my Blanche! where is she?"

The poor fool sunk upon the ground in a paroxysm of rage and despair. The courtiers sheathed their swords, which the violence of Triboulet's vituperation had caused them to draw, and were circling round the prostrate body of their enemy, when the door of the king's apartment softly opened, and the form of a young female glided forth. Her long dishevelled hair hung

over her face and concealed her features; although little doubt remained of her identity, when she crept through the group of courtiers with noiseless tread, and raised the head of the jester into her lap. Her tears fell profusely upon his contorted lineaments, and burning kisses were implanted on his wrinkled brow.

"Father! dear father! 'tis your Blanche!"

The magic of the name aroused the languid life-blood of his heart. The kisses were returned, and the parent and the child joined in a close embrace. The courtiers were unable to withstand the excitement of the scene; and, unwilling to betray any sympathy with their victims, speedily quitted the apartment.

"My own Blanche! let me look at thee, my child! thine eyes are red and swollen—thy forehead burns—and thy cheeks are ashy pale. You avert your face! why, why is this?"

"Are we alone? I dare not, save in thy presence—"

"We are alone, my child. Tell me all."

"Father, I am unworthy of thy love! I have deceived thee, and now must pay the penalty of my disobedience. I have known him for some time—"

"Him?"

"Theodore Leçon. For several weeks, he has followed me home from church. I knew not that he was the king."

"Aye—the king! go on my child."

"Last night, immediately after your departure, he crept into the house, and we exchanged an oath of mutual love. He was driven from me by the arrival of the profligate lords who carried me off. Theodore—the king—knew not of their intention—but he has deceived me—and you see me now—disgraced!"

A convulsive shuddering agitated the jester's frame; he gasped for breath, and staggered towards the door of the royal chamber. Blanche clung to his knees, and would have stayed his purpose, begging him, with piteous speech, not to expose the infamy of his child. Triboulet growled "Revenge" between his close set teeth, and rushed furiously into the king's apartment, leaving his daughter senseless on the ground.

"He has escaped!" said the fool, returning, "but deadly vengeance shall o'ertake him, and satisfy this aching heart. Tremble, thou regal monster, my cup of suffering is full. Monarch of pestilence and crime, I devote thee to revenge."

Blanche, sufficiently recovered to hear the jester's pledge of retribution, softly murmured—"Guard him, ye heavenly powers—for I love him still."

"Mistaken girl! dare not avow it. Has he not wronged thee—deeply, irreparably, wronged thee?"

"I love him—oh, how dearly I love him."

"Has he deserved thy love?"

"He loves me."

"Foolish child, no!"

"He has sworn it, father; so gracefully, so fervently, that I cannot doubt him. Had you seen the tenderness of his glance, or heard the ardor of his vows."

"Simpleton! you drive me wild! Blanche, we must instantly leave Paris—this night; or at least, before the morning's sun shall gild the steeples of this city of despair. Come, then, dreamer; we have much

to do. Nay, nay, I am not angry with thee. Kiss me, thou lovely, bruised flower."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE HOVEL ON THE SEINE.

Lear. But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Shakespeare.

On the banks of the Seine, within two miles of the city of Paris, was an extensive and dreary marsh, interspersed with redgy pools, and overgrown with rushes and long grass. About a hundred yards from the river's bank, stood a dark-looking solitary hut; its low mud walls evinced the dilapidations of time; and, but for the thin curl of smoke that escaped from the humble chimney, the passers-by would scarcely dream of the possibility of such a hovel being a dwelling-place for human creatures. Yet, in this miserable edifice, a Bohemian, named Saltabadil, had fixed his residence; and the exertions of his sister Magdelonne, had contrived to give something like a cheerful appearance to the interior of this wretched abode. Magdelonne was a beautiful dark eyed Zingaro—her black hair hung in curling tendrils adown her russet cheeks; a showy dress developed the beauties of her form, and the graceful playfulness of her actions added point to the attraction of her charms. Magdelonne earned a precarious living, by singing and dancing in the cafés and gardens, for the amusement of the Parisian idlers; and although but poorly requited for her exertions, such was her popularity, that few tavern-keepers refused admission to *la petite Bohémienne*.

Her brother, Saltabadil, dealt in stabs. His sword was ready at the sound of gold: he took upon himself the quarrels of those pusillanimous cavaliers who preferred the assassination of their enemies to the chances of honorable conflict.

The Bohemian had watched Triboulet in his mysterious transits between the Louvre and the house in the cul-de-sac, and, suspecting that no man would wander disguised in such an obscure portion of the city unless influenced by love and revenge, had offered his services to the jester, either to watch his lady love, or despatch his foe. Triboulet noted down the dwelling-place of the Bohemian, wisely observing that in this world of uncertainty, it was impossible to say how long a man might wish to retain his friends.

The fool, in his anguish, thought of the gypsy bravo, and determined to avail himself of his assistance in the procuration of his revenge. He removed his daughter from the vicinity of the palace, and placed her under the care of the wives of some fishermen, who resided lower down the river. The sun was low in the heavens, and the barks of the fishermen were returning from their daily trips, when the jester shrouded himself in his mantle, and followed the windings of the Seine to the residence of the

bravo. He found Saltabadil busily engaged in removing some stains from the blade of an ancient and well-worn toledo.

"Ha, ha! monsieur!" said the gypsy, "at last, then, you have some work for the Bohemian. Who is the man? I have an idle evening on hand, and am willing to earn a few golden crowns."

"Right!" said the jester, in a low, smothered tone; "it must be done this very night. Name your reward."

"That, monsieur, depends upon the rank of the person I am to deal with."

"How!" said Triboulet, "have you a scale of charges?"

"Certainly. You would not have me remove an honorable virtuous gentleman as cheaply as I would get rid of a mischief-making pettifogging lawyer? Nobility is also an expensive affair; for your lordlings carry swords, and one stands a chance of getting a thrust in return. A nobleman is worth the price of two citizens at least."

"Do citizens play at this same game of stabbing?"

"Oh, yes; in the way of luxury," said the Bohemian. "Your small tradesman has the same passions as your great courtier; and pride, cowardice, and revenge, the vices by which I live, flourish beneath the city serge as deliciously as if covered with the new fangled costliness of silk."

"Do you not dread the torture and the gibbet?" inquired the fool.

"Not I. I pay a trifle to the police, and they—never see me."

"And how, master Bohemian, do you arrange your business?"

"According to the nature of my customers. I can accommodate them either at home, or in the street. For the latter, I have a long sharp sword, with which I can feel my way in a dark night; and for the home department, my sister—a sprightly girl, with a bright eye, and a pretty foot—she sings a little, and dances at the cafés: she entices the gallant home—a little opiate in his drink, and all is well. That is my quiet way of doing business. I keep no shop, and make no stir—nor am I one of those dirty scoundrels, who go skulking about with a dagger in their sleeves—banditti, whose courage is as short as their weapons. This is my toledo, at your service;" and the ruffian exhibited the sword from the surface of which he had been removing the stains left by the life-blood of his victims.

"By your inquiries," continued the Bohemian, "I should say that the deed of to-night were perilous."

"It is. When finished, it were well if you left Paris for a short time. I have a pass ready for you," said the jester.

"Well! travelling is a gentlemanly recreation. Fifty golden crowns will insure your wish, and pay all my expenses."

"They are here," said Triboulet, as he placed a heavy purse in the gypsy's hand.

"This alacrity pleases me, monsieur," said the Bohemian; his eyes glistening with delight at the sound of the coin. "Few gallants have the courage to trust Saltabadil with the cash beforehand; and you shall

lose nothing by your generosity. I will execute your will, even if it were upon the king himself."

"Hush!" said the jester. "I have sent a letter to my victim, as from a female, making a rendezvous at your house this evening. He will not fail in his attendance. He must not return."

"An easy job, i' faith," said Saltabadil. "At midnight, I will hurl his lifeless carcass over yonder bank, and the current of the Seine will bear it from our shores."

"I will meet you here, and help you in the work. The body must be given into my possession. Remember this, and an extra fifty crowns of gold shall be thine when all is done. You will know your man by his auburn beard and officer's attire."

"And his name?" inquired the bravo.

"His name is Crime, and mine—Revenge!" responded the jester, as he strode over the rank herbage of the marsh.

The hunch-back returned to his daughter, and remained with her, in her humble shelter, till the night had sufficiently advanced to shroud them in its darkness; when he directed Blanche to accompany him to the old house in the cul-de-sac, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for their final flight. As they progressed along the river's bank, in gloomy silence, the twinkle of the Zingaro's lamp was visible through the rude window of his hut, and rivetted Triboulet's attention. He could not pass without ascertaining if the prey had been lured to the toils—he therefore, desired the timid Blanche to wait concealed in some high grass near the river's edge, while he stole across the field to reconnoitre. Advancing with cautious step, the jester peeped through a crevice in the wall of mud, and beheld his royal master, disguised as one of the king's guard, engaged in a flirtation with the dancing girl, while her brother was placing a stoup of wine upon the table.

The jester tripped lightly over the marsh, rejoicing in the certainty of his revenge. "He is in my power, Blanche; and your injuries will, ere morning, exact a terrible atonement. Why are these tears? ah, silly girl, you love him yet."

"Oh, my father, I have been bred 'midst strangers, far from the voice of nature or the endearments of affection. I have passed my youth in calm content, rich in the esteem of youthful friends, nor knew the meaning of a stronger tie. You came, you told me I was your child, and asked my love. I gave you all I could command, but it was not the fierce ungovernable flame which Theodore—I cannot call him king—illumed within my heart. He has done me nought but injury, yet I love him! He has wronged me—you have ever served me—yet such is my love, such my folly, that were it needful, I could die for him as readily as I could for you."

"Girl, girl, you madden me! you think he loves you? would you continue to dote thus upon this worthless king, if convinced that he loved you not?"

"He loves but me, my father; he has sworn that he loves but me."

"Come this way, then; and satisfy yourself of the folly of such infatuation."

Triboulet conducted his daughter to the hovel's side, and bade her gaze upon the scene within.

"I see him, father; how handsome he appears!—gracing the warrior's dress—and, like the glorious sun, gilding even this wretched hut by the splendor of his beams."

The king, who had been conversing with the gypsy Saltabadil, now placed his arm round the waist of Magdelonne, and kissed the unresisting wench. Blanche shuddered, and clung to the damp wall for support.

"I thank you for your courtesy, sir knight," said the gypsy girl. "Disappointed in your rendezvous with your unknown fair, you would transfer your love to me. I prize not such wandering gallantry."

"I love but thee, charmer," said the king; "I swear it on these lips; the sweetest oath in nature."

"The very words he used to me!" said Blanche. "Father, dear father, take me home."

"Art satisfied?"

"Treacherous, ungrateful man! how he has deceived me! to repeat to this bold wanton, the words he has already sworn to me." The distracted girl retired from the vicinity of the house, and gave vent to unrestrained grief.

"No tears, girl," said her father, as with rapid strides, he urged her towards the ferry. "No tears! he is not worth one soft regret. Hasten home; and in the chest which stands beneath your mother's portrait, you will find the garments of a man. Put them on; take some money from my escritoire—here are the keys—obtain a horse, and gallop instantly towards Evreux. I will join you there in the morning; but above all, do not think of returning here—here, to this scene of death and just revenge."

The jester conducted his child to the ferry boat, and saw her across the river in safety. He then visited the Louvre, and packed up every article of value, and despatched them to Evreux, intending to make progress to the northern coast, and seek obscurity within the British isles.

Blanche attired herself in man's apparel, as directed by her father; the clothes had been provided by Triboulet himself, against any emergency requiring such disguise; and were made in imitation of a page's suit. Blanche prepared for her journey; but the danger of her beloved Theodore pressed upon her mind, and she determined to see him once more, and caution him against his gypsy host. She knew that she had been wronged, but she desired not her wronger's death. She could not drive him from her heart, and was unwilling that the soft remembrance should be stained with blood. She resolved to cross the ferry, and, trusting to her disguise, endeavor to entice the king from the Bohemian's hut.

The thunder reverberated through the heavens, and flashes of fire played along the waters of the Seine, as this devoted girl hurried on her path of love. Long ere she reached the hovel, the heavy rain had penetrated her disguise, and drenched her to the skin. She peeped through the chink in the wall—the royal Francis was not to be seen; and her heart beat fiercely with delight, as she contemplated the probability of

his escape. An agony of fear succeeded the thought of hope—perhaps the assassin's knife had already done its work.

Magdelonne was seated at the table, bearing her face upon her hands, and gazing at the lamp as its flame flickered in the gusts of the wind that penetrated the crazy walls; while her ferocious brother was folding some golden coin within the doublings of a soldier's belt.

"He sleeps soundly," said Saltabadil, with a grin of triumph. "That opiate never fails in its effect."

"Ha!" thought Blanche, "then there yet is time."

"I have been thinking, brother," said Magdelonne, "that you shall not kill this young officer—you have no personal grudge to satisfy."

"Were I to listen to your ridiculous stuff, I should kill nobody. I have received a magnificent sum for his death—and on the delivery of his body, that sum is to be doubled. The thing is clear enough—the man must die."

"He shall not," said Magdelonne, with an air of determination. "I will wake him, and let him go."

"Good girl! good girl!" said the attentive Blanche.

"Get thee to bed, wench, and leave me to my work; 'tis almost midnight, and I shall barely have sufficient time."

"I will shriek for help," thought Blanche. "Oh, no, no—if exposed, the ruffian would denounce my father—my suffering, heart-broken parent! I must not injure him."

Saltabadil raised his enormous sword, and moved towards a small recess, shaded by a tattered curtain, and containing a truckle bed. On this low couch, the sovereign of France was lying, under the effects of a powerful opiate. Magdelonne flung herself before the entrance of the recess, and, seizing her brother by the arm, said, in a low and resolute tone; "You pass not here! I have been compelled, by dire necessity and meagre want, to sanction countless deeds of sin; but this man's life must not be added to the damning list."

"Silence, fool! or share his fate," said the gypsy, lifting his sword.

"I care not—fear not. That young man shall live."

Her determined manner disconcerted the Bohemian, and, lowering his sword, he gazed irresolutely in his sister's face.

Blanche clasped her hands in fervent thankfulness. "How can I calmly listen to the impending fate of him who owns my heart," thought she, "whilst this poor girl, who loves him not, willingly perils life in his behalf?"

Saltabadil's eyes lighted upon the golden earnest he had received from Triboulet, and his courage rose. "Hark'ee, wench," said he, "I have a good mind to cuff thee; but we have seen too many curious sights in company, to dare defy each other. I would humor thy foolish whim, but gold is scarce—'twill soon toll twelve, and the hunch-back will then demand his prey."

"Grant but an hour," said Magdelonne.

"Impossible. Move from the curtain, and turn thy

face to the door, if you would not see his blood. He dies this instant."

The ruffian hurled his sister to the other side of the hovel, and advanced to the bedside with uplifted weapon.

"Oh, God!" said Blanche, "I cannot see him perish thus. Stay thy sacrilegious hand! Help! Murder! in the name of mercy, help!"

With almost supernatural force, the distracted girl beat against the door; the rotten fastenings yielded to her blows, and she sunk senseless across the hovel's threshold. The Bohemian had dropped his sword upon the first alarm, but hearing the puny voice, and witnessing the stripling form of the intruder, he lifted her body into the interior of the hut, and barricaded the door against all comers who might be attracted by the shrieks for help.

Meanwhile, the jester, with rapid strides, was hastening to the scene of vengeance. There was an unearthly flash of triumph in his eye, and the mad gnawing of the nether lip told of a mind but ill at ease. There was a reckless daring in his gait, as if he defied the fury of the storm. "A monarch bleeds to gratify a fool! Roll on, thou heavenly messengers of fate, and with thy sulphurous flash, startle the foul delinquents of the earth! to me, thou bring'st delight, fit music for the grandeur of my great revenge! thy elemental war seems harmless mockery to the raging tumult that now tears my heart. Methinks I could bestride the thunderbolt, and traverse the astonished world, the demon of vengeance and despair."

Triboulet, with noiseless tread, approached the hut of the Bohemian, and knocked cautiously at the door. Saltabadil appeared, and, seizing the hunch-back by the arm, whispered, "The deed is done. The money and the pass—"

"Are here! but the body—"

"'Tis close at hand. Do not come in—I will bring it to you."

The Bohemian returned into the hovel, and the hunch-back, with a maniac gesture, exclaimed; "Now, Francis the First, you will meet your fool for once without a jeer—without a biting jest."

Saltabadil reappeared with the body, well wrapped up in a large black mantle. "Lend me some assistance for a moment, monsieur. Had we not better fling him into the river at once?"

"No, no! place the corpse on this bank, and leave me."

"I intend it. Magdelonne can answer all inquiries here. Farewell, monsieur. Do not throw him in here, the river is too shallow, and the splash might awaken the attention of the patrol. Lower down, near the bridge across the ditch, you will find deeper water." In a few seconds, the ruffian's form was lost amidst the distant gloom.

Triboulet had placed the body on the ground, and kneeling beside it, thus addressed his senseless victim.

"The mightiest of the kings of the earth is at my feet—at the feet of his slave—his jester! Hail, Francis the First! the witty, and the brave! thy poor deformed buffoon bids thee hail! What, not a word! has the despised Triboulet dumb-founded thee? still silent!

then hear me, if thou canst—Dog! where is my child? more valuable, in her innocence, than thy jewelled crown. Thou didst steal her from me, and returned her disgraced—dishonored! Dost thou hear me, king? 'tis I, thy slave! the clod whom thou hast daily kicked and buffeted—'tis I who have caused thy lowly state! I wished thy life—a little gold, and, lo! I have it. I, who did lick thy feet, have strack thee to thy heart as thou hast done to mine! Now, Francis the First, sovereign of France! Duke of Milan! to thy watery grave, and see whether the fishes of the Seine will venerate thy kingly corse."

The storm burst forth with renewed violence, as Triboulet lifted the body from the earth. A gleam of light from the opened door of the hovel attracted his attention, and a footfall sounded on the green sward. The jester replaced his frightful burden on the bank, and crouched low in the marsh grass beside it, for voices were heard in the direction of the ferry path, and the form of the comer from the hovel was distinctly visible.

"Who goes there?" was the challenge of the advancing party.

"France and Valois," exclaimed the jester, giving the pass word of the night.

"Ah, Triboulet, my fool, is that you?" said the king.

"Heaven and earth! have I been deceived? or is it the spirit of the slain rejoicing in its freedom from the worthless clay. Dread spectre, hence; nor mock the lonely rapture of this hour."

"Art thou mad, fool? explain this folly if thou canst. What hast thou there before thee?"

"'Tis he! I hear him breathe! Am I then foiled

in my great revenge? who have we here? darkness, black, impenetrable darkness! no stars! no light to show the face of the worthless corse before me."

As Triboulet snatched off the huge black mantle that inwrapped the body, a blaze of electric fire burst from the clouds, and played along the river and the surface of the damp marsh. The king shaded his eyes from the force of the lightning's flash; but Triboulet, who had been gazing earnestly upon the form before him, suddenly recognised the features of his *Blanche*, and fell senseless on the ground.

The king hailed the patrol who were advancing by the river's side, and their torches were lighted at *Magdelonne's* lamp. The intercession of the gypsy girl, in behalf of Francis, had been unavailing, till *Blanche's* abrupt entrance; her incoherent speeches proved her acquaintance with the Bohemian's murderous intent. To insure his safety, it was requisite that the listener should be slain; and *Saltabadil*, to conciliate his sister, agreed to spare the sleeping monarch, and pass off the body of the supposed page upon the hunch-back as the corse of his expected victim.

Triboulet slowly recovered from his swoon, and glared, with bloodshot eyes, upon the scene around him. The pallid face of his murdered child, looking more deadly in the dim torch light, attracted his wandering gaze, and sobs of deadly agony burst from his swollen and livid throat.

The hour of midnight sounded from the towers of *Notre Dame*. The hunch-back pressed his hands upon his burning forehead. "The old man's curse!" said he. "I feel it now—his malediction is fulfilled!" and the heart-broken jester fell lifeless on the body of his child.

T O M A R I O N .

Oh, let the sweet-leaved geranium be
Entwined among thy clustering hair,
While thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy blushing brow.

Oh, twine young rose leaves around thy head,
And I shall deem the flowers are there;
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair.
'Tis but a whim—but oh! entwine
My wreath around that brow of thine.

Not love thee!—from that blessed night,
That first sweet hour our young eyes met,
There where my heart acknowledged light,
With which its hopes should rise or set.

The world in her domain hath nought
Which could requite thy loss to me;
Whole years have been one long, long thought,
One deep expressive dream of thee.
No, thou hast never been forgot,
And say'st thou that I love thee not?

I never drew a radiant scene,
But thou mad'st all its happiness;
And dark and cold my life had been
Had'st thou not promised it to bless.
Thine image, from the first, hath dwelt
Within my breast, as in a shrine,
Before which my young heart hath knelt,
With faith that never knew decline.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

BY J. JONES, BALTIMORE.

Lone, drooping willow! 'neath thy pendant boughs
 I lay me down, and gaze on the smooth bay,
 Whose shining surface pictures the huge clouds
 Convolving to and fro, in play sublime.
 Now all is still: or if, perchance, a sound
 Comes on the whisp'ring breeze to the quick ear,
 It is the linnet's chirp, or waterfall,
 And is harmonious to this solitude.
 My temples feel a coolness in this shade,
 And the wrung heart enjoys a calm repose,
 Unwonted in the city's grating hum.
 O, could I here abide—nor mix again
 With callous men, whose money is their God!
 The deaf'ning bell, and hammer's jarring stroke—
 The smile deceptive, and the strife for gain,
 Are horrid to a noble spirit's aim.
 Thus many a lofty mind is seared and crushed!
 Pent up, like swine, in adamant walls,
 Men wear their lives away in quest of dross,
 And in the din, indulge no flight of thought!
 Here, like a bird enfranchised from the cage,
 The fancy darts from greensward to the sky,
 And, with a glance, surveys creation's joys.
 The hills afar, or hawk on quiv'ring wing—
 The harvest field, or sail upon the bay—
 The leap of fish, or flying thistle down—
 All are caught up by the delighted eye,
 And life, which yesterday was hell, is gone,
 And years roll back to guileless youthful time!
 O now, methinks, I see my childhood's home—
 And near the lilac tree, my sister dear:
 My father rises from his book and smiles:
 My mother calls me to her fond embrace,
 Lays bare my forehead, and imprints a kiss!
 Sweet, dew-steeped flowers are blooming all around,
 The strutting peacock spreads his gorgeous tail,
 The martin's notes are ringing in my ears,
 And all is buoyancy and bliss!

That bell!

A sound comes through the air from tyrant Time,
 And I am *here*! Yet, memory, I thank thee—
 I thank thee for the glimpse, though quick it fled.
 Thou art the drop that moistens the parched lip,
 And though full soon it burns again, I thank thee.
 Though thou dost come in guise of mockery,
 Sweeping, like angel, o'er a blasted grove,

Scorning the tree which ne'er again may bud—
 Still I do thank thee! 'Tis a refreshing sight
 To eyes that gaze on worse—nor pains a heart
 Grown pangsless with the stings of a fierce world.
 My heart hath wept its last tear-drop away,
 Else it would now bedew this lonely spot,
 To think it here lies prostrate and alone,
 And was so joyous once!

Yet there is a thrill

In solitary woods doth fill the breast:
 A holy essence that doth swell the soul,
 And soothes the one doomed to unhappy lot.

The sun doth sink behind yon mountain cloud,
 The plover shrieks, and rises from the heath;
 And now yon vessel furls its snowy sail,
 And on my brow a cool wind lifts the curls;
 Far off, the water rises in huge waves,
 The distant forest writhes its giant limbs,
 And a low growl is heard to roar afar.
 It comes! a tempest prancing through the sky,
 Led on by braying winds and shouting thunder!
 On its broad brow, in crisping curls, fantastic
 Plays the live lightning—and the big round drops
 Are diamonds showered from the Almighty's hand!
 Ye hosts of heaven, ocean, earth, or air!
 Ye spirits that inhabit awful space:
 That bask on dizzy crags, or flit through groves
 Whose shady labyrinths are not profaned
 By those who stint for gold, and bleed for smiles:
 Now—whilst the storm is raging all around,
 And men sit trembling in their granite dens—
 I would, with thee, shout 'midst th' electric clouds,
 Grasp at the gleaming flashes as they leap;
 Or, laughing, dive into the ocean's depths!
 O, I would cast this load of flesh and bone;
 Be blotted from the list of mortals frail,
 And dwell invisible, for e'er with thee!
 There is no tie to bind me to my kind—
 No kin, nor wealth, nor sympathising smile.
 Alone, I seek for comfort in the woods,
 And friendly spirits whisper in my ears.
 Again the sun bursts forth in gorgeousness,
 And in the east is a prismatic arch,
 And I—am wet to the skin, and hungry as the devil. Good bye, Muse.

EXTRACTS FROM
THE JOURNAL OF A PASSENGER

FROM

PHILADELPHIA TO NEW ORLEANS.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

Author of *Lafitte, Burton, or The Sieges, &c.*

(Concluded from Page 223.)

LEAF No. IV.

THE MISSISSIPPI—THE WHALE—DESCRIPTION OF TOW-BOATS—A PACKAGE—A THREATENED STORM—THE CAPTAIN—A BOAT ROW—A BEAUTIFUL BRIGANTINE—PHYSIOGNOMY OF SHIPS—RICHLY FURNISHED CABINS—AN OBLIGING CAPTAIN—DESERT THE SHIP—A "WHIP" FOR LADIES—GETTING UNDER-WEIGH—A CHAIN OF CAPTIVES—TOWING—NEW ORLEANS—A MYSTERY TO BE UNRAVELLED.

UPON the mighty bosom of the "Father of Waters," our gallant ship now proudly floats, as motionless as the balanced falcon, ere he lights down upon his prey, resting after her boisterous struggle through the ocean, apparently in calm and peaceful enjoyment of her haven of rest. The Mississippi! That noble river, whose magnificent windings I have traced with my finger upon the map in my school-boy days, wishing, with all the adventurous longing of a boy, that I might, like the good fathers Marguette and Hennepin, leap into an Indian's birch-canoe, and launching from its source, among the snows and untrodden wilds of the far north, float pleasantly away under every climate, down to the cis-Atlantic Mediterranean; where, bursting from its confined limits, it proudly shoots into that *tideless* sea, through numerous passages, like radii from one common centre. My wishes are now, in a measure, about to be realized. The low, flat, and interminable marshes, through the heart of which we are rapidly advancing—the ocean-like horizon, unrelieved by the slightest prominence—the sullen, turbid waves around us, which yield but slowly and heavily to the irresistible power of steam—all familiar characteristics of this river, would alone assure me that I am on the Mississippi. My last letter left us in immediate expectation of being taken in tow by the "W hale," then coming rapidly down the south-west passage, in obedience to the hundred signals flying at the "fore," of as many vessels on every side of us. As we lay at anchor directly in the track of the tow-boat, we were joyfully anticipating our ship the first to be towed over the bar. In a few minutes, snorting and dashing over the long

ground-swell, and flinging a cloud of foam from her bows, she ran along-side of us, and sent her boat on board. While the little skiff was leaping from wave to wave, to our ship, we had time to observe more attentively than when in motion, the singular appearance of this *unique* class of steamboats.

Her engine is of uncommon power, placed nearer the centre of the hull than in boats of the usual construction; her cabin is small, elevated and placed near the engine, in the centre of the boat. With the exception of the protuberance of the engine and cabin, she is "flush" from stem to stern; one quarter of her length abaft the cabin, and the same portion forward of the boilers, being a broad platform, which extends quite around the boat, forming a very spacious guard on either side.

The after part of the bulwarks around the flush stern is latticed for the purpose of carrying off the water, with facility, when thrown back from the wheels. They seldom or never take passengers up to the city. The usual price for towing is, I think, about one dollar *per* ton. Hence the expense is very great for vessels of large burthen; and rather than incur it, many ships, after being towed over the bar, which, at this season, cannot be crossed otherwise, work their own way up to town, which, with a fair wind, may be effected in twenty-four hours; the distance being but one hundred and five miles; but it not unfrequently takes them ten or fifteen days. Our Captain informs me that he once lay thirty-six days in the river, before he could reach New Orleans—but fortunately, owing to the state of the market, on his arrival, he realized two hundred per cent. more on his cargo than he would have done, had he arrived a month earlier.

The jolly-boat from the steamer was now along-side, and the officer in the stern-sheets tossed a small package on our quarter-deck; and then singing out in that sharp, quick tone peculiar to seamen—"Give way, my men!" with the velocity of an uncaged bird, his little green cockle-shell darted away from us like a dolphin. The next moment he stood upon the low deck of the steamer.

"Go ahead!" To our consternation, this familiar order was loudly borne over the water, and with a plunge and a struggle, away she dashed from us with her loud, regular boom—boom—boom! throwing the spray around her head like the huge gambolling monster from which she derives her name. With her went our hopes of speedy deliverance from our present endurance. An anchor was firmly fixed into the ground, as "sure and steadfast as that of hope"—but *ours* was the anchor of *despair*. With faces whose complicated, whimsically-woeful expressions, Lavater himself could not have analyzed, and as though moved by one spirit, we turned simultaneously toward the Captain, who leaned against the capstan, reading one of the letters from the package just received. There was a cloud upon his brow which portended no good to our hopes, and which, by a sympathetic feeling, was attracted to, and heavily settled upon our own. We turned simultaneously to the tow-boat—she was rapidly receding in the distance. We turned again to watch our probable fate in the Captain's face. It spoke as plainly as face could speak: "Gentlemen—no tow-boat." We gazed upon each other like school-boys hatching a conspiracy. Mutual glances of chagrin and dissatisfaction were bandied about the decks. After so long a passage, with our port almost in sight, and our voyage nearly ended, to be compelled to remain longer in our close prison, and creep like a

"Wounded snake, dragging its slow length along,"

winding day after day through the sinuosities of this sluggish Mississippi, was enough to make us ship-wearied wretches, verily,

"To weep our spirits from our eyes."

It was a consummation we had never wished. There was instantly a rebellion in embryo. The storm was rapidly gathering, and the thunders had already begun "to utter their voices." The whole scene was infinitely amusing. There could not have been more *feeling* exhibited, had an order come down for the ship to ride a Gibraltar quarantine.

The Captain, having quietly finished the perusal of his letters, now changed at once the complexion of affairs.

"I have just received advices, gentlemen, from my consignees, in the city, that the market will be more favorable for my cargo fifteen days hence, than now; therefore, as I have so much leisure before me, I shall decline taking the tow-boat, and sail up to New Orleans. I will, however, send my boat aboard the brig off our starboard quarter, which will take steam, and try to engage passage for those who wish to leave the ship."

"Mr. F——," to the first officer, "you may haul down that signal."

There was no alternative, and we cheerfully sacrificed our individual wishes to the interests of Captain Callighan, whose urbanity, kindness, and gentlemanly deportment, during the whole passage out, had not only contributed to our comfort and happiness,

but won for him our cordial esteem and good feelings *

In a few minutes one of our quarter-boats was alongside, bobbing up and down on the short seas, with the buoyancy of a cork-boat. The first officer, myself and another passenger, leaped into her; and a few dozen long and nervous strokes from the muscular arms of our men, soon ran us aboard the brig, whose anchor was already "apeak," in readiness for the Whale. As we approached her, I was struck with her admirable symmetry and fine proportions. She was a perfect model of naval architecture. Though rather long for her breadth of beam, the sharp construction of her bows, and the easy, elliptical curve of her sides, gave her a peculiarly light and graceful appearance, which united with her taunt, slightly-raking taper masts, and the precision of her rigging, presented to our view a nautical *ensemble* surpassing in elegance any thing of the kind I had ever before beheld.

We were politely received at the gang-way by the Captain, a gentlemanly, sailor-like looking young man, with whom, after introducing ourselves, we descended into the cabin. I had time, however, to notice that the interior of this very handsome vessel corresponded with the exterior. The capstan, the quarter-rail-stanchions, the edge of the companion-way, and the taffrail, were all ornamented and strengthened with massive brass plates, polished like a mirror. The binnacle case was of ebony, enriched with inlaying and carved work. A dazzling array of steel-headed boarding-pikes formed a glittering crescent half around the main-mast. A splendid telescope, apparently of great power, mounted on a brass pedestal, stood over the companion-way, and near it lay a spy-glass and trumpet, both of exquisite workmanship. Her decks evinced the free use of the "holy-stone," and in snowy whiteness, would have put to the blush the unsoiled floors of the most fastidious Yankee housewife. Her rigging was not hung upon pine, but run and coiled "man-o'-war fashion," upon her decks. Her long-boat, a midships, was rather an ornament than an excrescence, as in most merchantmen. Forward, the "men" were gathered around the windlass, which was abaft the foremast, all neatly dressed in white trowsers and shirts, even to the sable "Doctor" and his "Sub," whose double bank of ivories were wonderously illuminative, as they grinned at the strangers, who had so unceremoniously boarded the brig.

As I descended the mahogany stair-case, supported by a highly polished balustrade, cast in brass, my curiosity began to be roused, and I found myself wondering into what pleasure yacht I had intruded. She was evidently American; for the "stars and stripes" were floating over our heads. Independent of this evidence of her nation, her bright, golden sides, and peculiar American *expression* (for I contend that there is a national and an individual expression to every vessel, as strongly marked and as easily defined as the expression of every human countenance,) indicated unhesitatingly her country.

* Our ship was not a line-packet. They never delay.

My curiosity was increased on entering the roomy, richly-wrought, and tastefully-furnished cabins. The fairest lady in England's halls might have coveted it for her *brudoir*. Here were every luxury and comfort that wealth and taste combined could procure. A piano, on which lay music books, a flute, clarinet, and a guitar of curious workmanship, occupied one side of the cabin; on the other stood a sofa, most temptingly inviting a loll, and a centre table was strewn with pamphlets, novels, periodicals, poetry, and a hundred little unwritten elegancies. The transom was ingeniously constructed, so as to form a superb sideboard, richly covered with plate, but more richly *lined*, as we subsequently had an opportunity of knowing, to our hearts' content. Three doors, with mirrored panneling, gave ingress from the cabin, forward to two state-rooms and a dining-room, furnished in the same style of magnificence.

My companions shared equally in my surprise, at the novelty of every thing around us. I felt a disposition to return to our ship, feeling that our proposition to take passage in the brig, might be unacceptable. But before I had come to a decision, Mr. F. our first officer, with true sailor-like bluntness, had communicated our situation and wishes. "Certainly," replied the Captain, "but I regret that my state-rooms will not accommodate more than five or six, the others will have to swing hammocks between decks, if they will do this, they are welcome." Although this compliance with our request was given with the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity, I felt that our taking passage with him would be inconvenient and a gross intrusion; and would have declined, saying that as some other vessel would answer our purpose equally well. He would not listen to me; but in so urgent a manner, requested us to take passage with him, that we reluctantly consented, and immediately returned to our ship to relate our success, and transfer our baggage to the brig. Fortunately, but five of our party, including two ladies, were anxious to leave the ship; the remainder choosing rather to remain on board, and go up to town in her, as the Captain flattered them with an early arrival should the wind hold fair.

In less than ten minutes, we had bidden farewell, and wished a speedy passage to our fellow passengers, who had so rashly refused to "give up the ship," and were on our way, with "bag and baggage," to the brig,

which now and then rose proudly upon a long sea, and then slowly and gracefully settled into its yielding bosom.

The instant we arrived along-side, the "whip"* was lowered into the boat, and the young ladies, angel-like, took wing, and after hovering in the air a moment, safely alighted upon the deck of the brig, not a little frightened by their sudden and rapid aerial evolution.

We had been on board but a short time, when the Whale, which had already towed four ships and a brig, one at a time, over the bar, leaving each half a league up the passage, came bearing down upon us. In an incredibly short time she brought to ahead of us, and in less than five minutes had our brig firmly secured to her by two hawsers, with about fifty fathoms play.

"Heave away men!" shouted the first officer; and the capstan, already manned, flew merrily round to the jovial song of the seamen, seconded by the rapid, heavy, and simultaneous tread of a dozen men. In less than a half-minute the anchor was suspended from the bows; and at the brief command—

"Loose the head sails," away sprung the seamen into the rigging, with the rapidity of thought.

"Lay out there—lay out," and the yards were alive with men; who glided along the spars with the activity of monkeys—and the next moment, as by the aid of magic, the tall mast was covered with a snow-white canvas; and, amid the clattering of cordage and blocks, in "letting fall" and "sheeting home," and the mingling of brief command and briefer reply, and all the regular disorder necessarily attendant upon this evolution, the beautiful vessel slowly and gracefully yielded to the impulse of the strengthening breeze, and moved up abreast of the tow-boat, which was now put in motion. Our brig now again dropped astern, and, apparently disdainfully, gave herself up to the leading strings of the black, fierce, little monster, who so noisily preceded his captive.

* The "whip" is a large comfortable chair, shut up all around, with a door in front. It is lowered into a boat along-side, by suitable tackle, reeved through a block at the extremity of the main-yard. Half-a-dozen men are stationed at the fall, and when the lady is safely shut into the chair, at the word "away men," she is triced in an instant to the yard-arm, and then gently lowered upon deck.

HYMN TO LOVE.

FROM VERRALL

SWEETEST source of earthly joy,
Solace kind of human care,
Love, thou smiling, wanton boy,
Hear, oh, hear, a votary's prayer!
To cheer a poet's humble cot,
Oh, quit thy blissful seats above;
Haste to bless my lowly lot,
For what is life, without thee, LOVE?

Cheeks that mock the morning rose,
Smiling lips and eyes of fire,
Bosoms white as mountain snows,
Hearts that burn with pure desire—
Bless with these my longing arms,
I'll envy not the powers above;
'Tis these that give to life its charms,
For what is life, without thee, LOVE?

THE MAN OF MANY HOPES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ENGLAND.

(Continued from Page 360.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Very odd—strange mistake," said Titus to himself, as he trod his way back to the Flower Pot. "Very odd: but Miss Sloth, though not a very, very lovely girl, looks amiable; and she smiled and—General Wolfe! Ha! ha! After all, if it even had been so, soldiers' daughters are generally no great prizes. Now, Sir Jeremy is very rich; has the air of it—seems stiff and hard with gold. His daughter is, no doubt, an only child. Ha! ha! it was devilish odd—but good must come of it; yes, something must be sure to turn up."

With these hopeful thoughts, Titus Trumps returned to the Flower Pot. "We didn't send your luggage, sir," said the waiter.

"Certainly not—I told you not to send," replied Titus, shocked for the moment at the recollection of his morning hopes. Trumps retired to his room: he had no sooner closed the door upon himself, than he felt his utter loneliness. He was about to assume his ordinary dress—to take off the suit donned for Miss Wolfe. How his heart sank as his fingers touched his knee-buckles! He rose, and walked too and fro; then went to his window—found himself unconsciously counting opposite rows of tiles—coughed—whistled, and—sat down again. Intently brooding on the features and fortune of Miss Sloth, Titus heard not, for some time, the waiter's knuckles smiting the chamber-door. At length, startled from the baronet's daughter, Trumps cried, "come in."

"De you dine at home to-day, sir?" asked the waiter, with a simper.

"Dine—eh?—why, let me see," and Trumps unconsciously paused to consider if by so doing he should break an appointment—"yes—I think—to-day." Whether duke, marquis, or earl might feast him on the morrow, Trumps knew not; but he had some small hopes.

"Alone?" asked the waiter.

"Eh? why?"—the word came upon Titus like a snow-ball. Alone—dine alone in—London! He had looked to be welcomed to twenty boards. He had, it was true, no acquaintance in the metropolis, yet, with an amiable readiness to make friends in any number, and at the shortest notice, it was hard upon him that he should chew in solitude. "Yes—I think—alone," said Titus; quickly adding—"that is,—to-day." New friends, like new flies, might swarm to-morrow.

Again, Titus thought to disrobe, when, on new

consideration, he thought it best to remain in his state dress. He might, after dinner, go to the play, and then and there something might happen. He quitted his room, and as he descended the stairs, observed, with some complacency, the attention he awakened in the household. The maids, with new eagerness, peeped out to look at him—the waiters whispered one another as he passed—the landlady and the landlady's daughter smiled very significantly, yet, as he thought, very graciously. A masculine face—as Trumps imagined, not altogether strange to him—looked suddenly from a corner, and was as suddenly withdrawn.

"When do you dine, sir?" asked Straight, the civillest of waiters, as Trumps seated himself.

"Can't I dine now?" questioned Titus.

"Now, sir," echoed Straight, and stood still and stared at Trumps.

"Have you nothing for dinner?" asked our hero.

"Nothing, sir," mechanically answered Robert; who then bethought himself—"beg pardon—any thing," and went to an opposite corner of the room, where three persons sat with that peculiar seriousness in their faces, that betokens expectation of dinner. Robert bent to one of them—muttered a few syllables—jerked his head in the direction of Trumps, accompanying the motion with the words, "perfect gentleman—look at buckles." There was a short pause whilst the parties communed with one another, when Robert, with a backsliding bow, quitted the party, and returned to Trumps. "Can dine with party," said Robert, pointing to the triumvirate.

"Are they gentlemen?" asked Trumps.

"Gentlemen," cried the immovable Robert.

"They don't look much of the gentlemen," said Titus.

"Don't look," said the laconic Straight.

"Merchants, probably?" was the supposition of Trumps.

"Merchants," replied Robert.

"Ha! and they are generally very simple in their dress," observed Trumps.

"Very simple," said Straight, and then, with an extraordinary prodigality of words, added—"goose for dinner."

"Either of them in the Turkey trade?" asked Trumps, the question, as we think, suggested to him by Robert's brief notice of goose.

"Turkey trade," pronounced the unconscious Robert, "with apple sauce."

Trumps would, we think, have continued the colloquy, had he not scented the odor of the coming bird. He rose as he snuffed the aroma, and advanced to the party. Making a most pains-taking bow, Titus Trumps observed that, "being a perfect stranger to the gentlemen, he felt particularly honored at having been so readily admitted to their circle. It was an honor that even a prince need not hesitate to accept at the hands of English merchants."

The individuals thus courteously addressed, stared suspiciously at the visitor, and then, as he prepared himself to take a seat, looked at one another. Had Titus observed the faces and gestures of his new company, he would have doubtless thought it very strange that one English merchant should wink and thrust his tongue in his cheek—that the second merchant should purse up his mouth and twitch the elbow of the third commercial man of the British Isles—who should strangely enough acknowledge the action, by bending with the tip of his finger the tip of his nose.

"Bob, you've more goose?" asked one of the merchants, with gaping mouth, and looks of great anxiety.

"More goose," answered Robert, who for once replied to a question with a perfect comprehension of its import; for there was more goose.

"I do think, Mr. Chattels," said a second merchant, in a snuff-brown coat, with huge pockets, and a mustard-colored shag waistcoat, "I do think a goose is the best thing as flies."

"A goose is the bird of paradise incog," answered Chattels, with authority, and considerable emphasis on the last word.

"What's incog, Chattels?" asked the third merchant.

"Why, it was his lordship who called—you know Lord Maudle, him as I sold that 'Mother and Child' to?"—said Chattels to the second trader.

"I beg your pardon—but did the transaction take place in England—was his lordship in?"—Trumps was proceeding in his query.

"At that time his lordship was in Indy," answered merchant Chattels.

"I apprehend," observed Trumps with great politeness; "yes—yes," he thought in silence—"blacks—slaves—but a strange bargain to speak of."

"I think I do know him," cried Mr. Hammer, the second merchant—"and I think, Mr. Chattels, considering all that passed in that affair, you might, before me at least, have held your tongue about that 'Mother and Child.'"

"Come, come," said Goings, the third and last merchant—"no old sores. In the way of business like ours, what's one 'Mother and Child' to squabble about?"

"I perceive," communed Trumps with himself—"all great slave-holders: a strange business, but," and he looked at his associates, with new charity—"but, doubtless, very profitable."

"Was it his lordship as called the goose with sage and onions, paradise incog?" asked Goings, seeing his friend Hammer become moody at certain recollections. "Was it his lordship who?"—

"D—n his lordship, yer, and the goose too," cried Chattels, and with at least half the skeleton of the bird upon his plate, he flung in another bone, and called Bob "to take away."

"Gentlemen, on a day like this ought we to quarrel?" It was Mr. Goings who, on his legs, looked about him as he put the question—"Quarrel,—and before a stranger, too?"

"Never mind me—no ceremony before me," cried Trumps, with ill-timed civility.

"When we have done so well to-day—when we have hung together, as we always ought—and have kept out all buyers, and have got things at our own money—why, to quarrel after such a day's work as this, what is it but flying in the face of providence?" Thus spoke Mr. Goings.

"Well, I've done, Daniel," said Hammer—"only, whenever I hear or think of that 'Mother and Child,' it makes my blood *bile*. I don't know how it is, I'd a liking for the article. But I've done."

"Article," thought Titus—"how habits of commerce influence the language of a man! A mother and child—an article!"

Titus Trumps, in his simplicity, thought his companions discoursed of live negroes—of breathing black flesh and blood: he looked upon them as vendors of real bones and muscles, when, in truth, they traded only in the painted likenesses of gods and goddesses, men, women, and children. They were not slave-merchants, they were only picture-brokers. The dinner they were met to consume, had been ordered to dignify the triumph of the day. They had scented a sale of valuable property at Bow, and had carried off, at their own price, the choicest of the "articles."

CHAPTER V.

"Come, sir,—what shall we say for you?" asked Chattels, pushing the bottle towards Trumps.

"Gentlemen," replied our hero, sipping—"here is security to property, at home and abroad," and Trumps thought that he had touched, with happy delicacy, on the human goods of the company assembled.

"Sir, you are a gentleman, and not a bit less—it's sentiment as shows the man," declared Hammer, waxing drunk. "The man as wants respect for property, would kill his father," and Hammer glared from under his eyebrows at the tranquil Chattels.

"D—n metaphysics," exclaimed the serious Goings, "let's be jolly. Come, gentlemen, I'll give you a toast that touches us all. May the *harts* flourish!" Now Goings had a peculiar interest in the toast, having, as he felt assured, picked up within the week a superb Corregio for one and sixpence.

"Mr. Goings," cried Chattels, hungry for knowledge—"what may be metaphysics?"

"Why, this, sir," bellowed Hammer, clenching his raised fist, "metaphysics is the sacredness of property: metaphysics is the right every man has in any thing—even in a 'Mother and Child,' sir; yes, a 'Mother

and Child:" saying which, Hammer laid his arms upon the table, and gazed like a pointer at Chattels.

Chattels was a philosopher; for tranquilly, and in the blandest tones, he observed, "Thank you, Mr. Hammer, for the information."

"But, gentlemen, we have forgotten the toast,—
"May the arts flourish!" interrupted Trumps.

"And every man keep his own 'Mother and Child,'" added the perturbed spirit of Hammer.

Luckily, at this critical moment, the waiter entered the room, and approached the table—"Person desired to see Mr. Trumps."

Trumps jumped up, crying—"Not from the baronet's?" for hope was alive again, and would speak.

"Baronet's," answered Robert.

"Oh! pray let the gentleman come in—make no stranger of us—show him in, Bob," cried Chattels, who, with his companions, felt a sudden deference for Mr. Trumps. "He's very young, and may be a customer," was the disinterested thought of Chattels, and perhaps not of him alone.

It was with great difficulty, that Trumps was prevailed upon to remain. But he sat in a corner, and Chattels, with a smile, held him down. Already, Titus saw a missive from Miss Sloth—already, read the hour of assignation. He thought something would be sure to happen—yes, he knew something would turn up.

Trumps had just assured himself of his good fortune, when the messenger "from the baronet's" entered. Titus at once recognised in him the young man who had spirited away "Miss Wolfe" in the hackney-coach: he saw it—the man was of the household; perhaps, the secretary of the baronet, and bore a letter from Miss Sloth. She might have selected a more prudent person, for his face was flushed with liquor, his cravat disordered, and he slid along the floor as though his soles were buttered.

"What! Frank—master Pink—glad to see you," cried Chattels, and made way for the visiter, who was evidently no stranger to the merchants.

"Gentlemen, I'm yours," said Pink, with a hiccup, tumbling in a heap in a chair, and after peering round, fixing his eyes on Trumps, who smiled and nodded, whilst Pink stared and chuckled.

"And how—how is the excellent Sir Jeremy?" asked Goings.

"Well enough for an old 'un," answered Pink; then looking at Titus—"I believe your name is Trumps?"

"How imprudent!" thought Titus, "to send such a messenger;" then aloud,—"Yes, friend."

"Friend! Come—ha! ha!—well, that's easy."

"If you have any communication to make"—and Trumps rose.

"I have then, I can tell you," said Sir Jeremy Sloth's valet, for Pink was no less a functionary.

"This way, then"—and Titus tried to vacate his corner.

"Not a bit of it; all in good time, Mr. Trumps. The lady upon whose business, I"—

"Hush! for heaven's sake, sir—consider—delicacy—pray be silent," and Trumps was in agony for the reputation of the baronet's daughter

"As for delicacy, Mr. Trumps, I hope I know what that is, as well as any man—but I choose it in its proper place and season—Gentlemen," and Mr. Pink prepared to drink to the company an universal toast—"here's luck."

"Bravo!" cried Goings, "that's a toast after my own heart—there's no politics, no party in it; its a toast for saints and pickpockets."

"There's nothing like being prepared with a general sentiment, for there's no knowing what company a man may fall into," said the wise lacquey, "what say ye, eh?" and he shook the snoring merchant, Jacob Hammer.

"The greatest rogue unchanged, that Chattels," snorted the sleeping dealer.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the apologetic Chattels—"he's only dreaming."

"Made away with 'Mother and Child'—sell his father," growled Hammer.

"Wonderful, how true some people dream," said Pink, grinning at Chattels, who gulped his wine.

"Now, now, sir—if you please"—and Trumps made his way from the table, and touched the valet on the shoulder.

"Wait for me in the street, and—and I'll join you," said Mr. Pink.

"In the street! No, no; in my room," urged the hopeful Trumps.

"Rather not, sir; for its very important what I have to say to you—and—therefore—in the street," and the valet spoke like a man not to be denied.

Trumps quitted the room, and obediently sought the street. As he walked up and down, he began to calculate the expenses of running away with an heiress—the ready money required to incorporate the maiden flesh of his flesh. Let the worst happen, he had his diamond ring; that would do something; besides, there were his cottages; and, more than all, there was his indulgent and mysteriously wealthy aunt. It was true, Miss Sloth might not be an heiress; she might be dependent upon the baronet—he might prove inexorable. No matter; "the first thing," said Titus to himself, "the first thing is to secure the girl. When—when I have married her, something will be sure to turn up."

Whilst Titus was treading the street, walking in an imaginary paradise, Chattels was pressing the wine upon Pink, with whose master the man of pictures had had many profitable dealings. "And how—how is the excellent Sir Jeremy?"

"How does he like my 'Joseph and his Brethren'—ha!—he had it a bargain—how does he like it?" asked Goings.

"Liked it better than any thing—gave it away," answered Pink.

"Gave it away—that beautiful picture!—gave away 'Joseph and his Brethren'?" exclaimed Goings.

"You don't know what a good man Sir Jeremy is," drawled the valet. "gave it to the parish church of Farisee, just before the last election."

"What a sacrifice!" cried Goings.

"Not at all," replied the politic Pink, "for I've no manner of doubt that every one of the 'brethren' got

Sir Jeremy ten plumpers. I've heard some of the members call the baronet Sir Benjamin—ha! ha!—because he was the chosen of Joseph!"

"And my 'Leda and Swan'—that beautiful jewel—the baronet ha'n't given away that?" asked Chattels, with more than ordinary anxiety.

"Bless your heart, no—what do you take him for? You know he bought it because the lady's face was so like his dear grandmother's. Don't you remember?" asked the valet.

"I—I think I do," answered Chattels, for once taking his memory on trust.

"And he's so fond of it,—ha! there's few such grandsons in these wicked times—he's so fond of it, that, would you believe it, Mr. Chattels, he's had the lady and the swan gloriously framed, and hung in his own bed-room? Ha! though I'm obliged to live by 'em, the nobility ar'n't what they used to be—few baronets would think of their grandmothers like Sir Jeremy. Ten o'clock—I must go to Mr. Trumps."

"Oh! what is he?" asked Chattels. "A man of wealth?"

"Great fool," replied the valet—"I've a little matter of business with him, and so—good night, gentlemen—good—good night"—and Mr. Pink staggered along the room, clenching and opening his hands, and muttering, and smiling bitterly at his own fierce thoughts. He reeled into the street, and coming upon Titus, grappled his arm. Hooking himself upon our hero, he gave the word—"All right; march."

"But—but what have you to say to me!—or have you a letter,—or?"

"All right—come along," cried the valet, becoming every moment more stupid. He rolled on, holding fast of Titus, who, after some minutes, recurred to the subject at his heart. Making a resolute stop, whilst the valet ineffectually tugged at his arm to pull him onward, Trumps thus addressed his companion. "My friend,"—said Titus.

"You be d—d," grunted Mr. Pink, but in so low a note that it escaped the ear of Trumps.

"My friend,—that there may be no mistake, let us understand each other. Do you come to me respecting a lady at the house of Sir Jeremy?"

"I do," answered the valet quickly, and truly, he being the betrothed of the daughter of "the General Wolfe." Pink repeated—"I do."

"Do you bring a letter?"—inquired Titus with trepidation.

"By no means," replied Mr. Pink—"no letter in the business. Come along," and with sudden force, he pulled Trumps on; who, after a moment's reflection, suffered himself to be carried away, hoping that the valet had been charged to bring him to an interview with the dear expecting fair one. After a silence of some minutes, Trumps was resolved to end all doubt, by putting a plain question: "Did the lady desire you to bring me to her?"

"What—what lady?" asked the valet, and he suddenly stopt, and stared at Trumps.

"What lady? why,—hem!—Miss Sloth?"—answered Titus. The valet checked a violent desire to laugh,—chuckled—slapt his leg, as if welcoming a

brilliant thought, then crowed out,—“Well, you are a lucky fellow!” Titus felt satisfied that all was right, and proceeded on, the valet still hanging on his arm, shaking, as he staggered, with suppressed merriment.

“And where—where are we to meet? At her father's house?” Trumps ventured to inquire.

“You don't think that would be quite right, do you?” asked Mr. Pink. “I say, sir—when you're married, won't you want a butler?”

“No doubt—no doubt. But where are we to meet?—it's getting very late,” said Trumps.

“Not at all. Ladies of fashion never run away before midnight; a minute sooner, would be very low,” was the assurance of the valet. “Sir Jeremy is very rich, he can't live long.”

“He shall be buried like a sultan,” cried Trumps with animation.

“Do you like shooting, sir? Ha! such sport at our country seat in Wilt—such a plenty of game, if afraid of fire-arms, you may kill with your walking-stick.”

“But, my good friend, does the lady propose to go off to-night?”—for even Trumps thought Miss Sloth a little precipitate.

“She told her maid—bless you, she's in the secret—she told General Wolfe's daughter—ha! ha! ha!” And here Mr. Pink gave himself up to mirth, and roared with laughter.

“Go on, there,” cried a misanthropic watchman from a box. “Go on.”

Pink had, generally, a proper respect for the authorities of the land; but in the present instance, he was certainly deficient in the duties of a citizen; for, instead of complying with the desire of the officer of the peace, he turned and laughed defyingly in his teeth. The watchman was a choleric man; he huddled himself out of his box, and ran at the offender; but Pink, with the good fortune that is said ever to attend on drunkenness, escaped the hand of the watchman, at the same time, visiting the hat of that individual with a playful blow. The watchman, however, was not the man to take a jest in its true spirit, but with his hat over his eyes, furiously dealt his staff about him. That implement was manufactured of the choicest lance-wood, and coming in violent contact with the unsuspecting skull of Trumps, at the time hoping to mollify his reckless assailant, laid our hero flat upon the stones. The whirling rattle of the conqueror called a dozen watchmen to survey the fallen. Bleeding and almost senseless, Trumps was lifted up, the injured functionary rapidly enumerating the thousand insults that had been put upon him.

Trumps put his hand to his head and, the blood trickling through his fingers, benevolently gasped—“My good friend,—I—I—I only hope you mayn't be hanged for this.”

“Hanged! Ha! ha! as if a watchman could go beyond manslaughter,” observed one of the fraternity—“but Starlight,” such was the name of the outraged officer—“didn't you say there was two?”

“Yes,—but this was the rioter,” answered Starlight, fixing his hand in the collar of Trumps. “The

other's gone peaceably to bed : bring him along," and Titus, with the customary solemnity, was escorted to the watch-house.

Though Starlight was mistaken in the person of the offender, he was pretty correct in his intelligence of the purpose of the absent Mr. Pink. He had gone home to bed, perfectly satisfied with the situation in which he had left his innocent, yet too hopeful rival, for whose punishment he had sought the Flower Pot, where, to the infinite amusement of the whole household, he had, getting drunk the while, narrated the meeting of Titus that morning with the punctilious Sir Jeremy. Had he found Trumps obstinate or impatient in the matter of Miss Wolfe, her lover had determined to thrash him : finding him, however, full of hopes, he was content to leave him as he was.

CHAPTER VI.

The appearance of Titus Trumps, pale, bruised and bleeding, was in itself sufficient to convince the constable of the night that our hero was some desperate offender. No respectable man could appear in such a place with a broken head.

"Now, watchman, what's this?" asked the judge of the watch-house.

"Permit me, sir, to state that there was never a more wanton,"—began Trumps.

"Silence," growled the constable, "let me hear the watchman," and the obedient Trumps stood silently sopping the blood from his skull with his handkerchief, his cravat and ruffles being dabbled with gore.

"I was calling the hour, Mr. Constable, and had my eye upon my lantern, when this person," and Starlight shook his head at Trumps, "came behind me, and without saying a word, knocked me inhumanly on the crown of my hat. And when I remonstrated with him, he called me a d—d old glow-worm, and said he'd kick the very light out of me. Saying which, sir, he lifts up his leg, to assault the lantern; when he loses his balance, and falling on the corner of a stone, as you see, grazes his eye." Thus spoke Starlight, and rarely had even a watchman shown greater powers of invention.

"What have you to say to this? Speak?" cried the constable of the night. "I see—not a word in defence."

Trumps was tongue-tied, not with guilt, but astonishment. Never mind, he thought—something will come of it—something must turn up. He then, to the great indignation of the presiding constable, and the body of watchmen assembled, proceeded to state that every word uttered by Starlight was a most flagrant and malicious lie.

"Yes—yes, of course; people in your situation,—by the way, what's your name? Trumps, eh? Titus Trumps? Ha! ha! A very good name. Pray, has Mr. Trumps turned up before?" asked the constable, and the watchmen shouted at the pleasantry. When their humor had subsided, each public guardian took

a wary view of Titus, but would not venture positively to assert that he was a known offender. "And pray, sir, what—what are you?" asked the constable of Trumps.

"A—gentleman," replied Titus with vehemence.

"That's enough; you must find bail for the assault—lock him up,"—said the constable.

"But, sir—I insist—I"—exclaimed Trumps furiously.

"This way," cried a familiar of the watch-house, and ere he was well aware of the motion, Titus Trumps—who was at midnight to carry off the daughter of Sir Jeremy Sloth—was abruptly transferred to a dark and noisome den : his heart sank as the lock turned.

"Perhaps, however—perhaps, the servant had fled to inform Miss Sloth of her lover's disaster, and would return and obtain his release. Oh! yes—he was not to be left there all night; and at such an eventful time—no, something would happen—something must turn up." Comforting himself with this thought, Titus groped about his gaol for a seat. Stooping and stretching his hand out, he became suddenly, but not pleasantly, aware of the presence of a fellow-prisoner, for in the darkness he obtruded his fingers into the open mouth of the sleeping captive, stretched at length on a bench. "Hallo!" exclaimed Titus, as he withdrew his fingers from the mouth of his neighbor, who startled by their sudden introduction, had almost made his teeth meet them. "Ugh!" cried Trumps, and wrung his wounded fingers in the dark.

"Want to steal my teeth?" asked the awakened prisoner.

"Silence! there," roared a voice from without, and a staff struck the iron-covered pannel. "Silence!"

"I—I beg your pardon," said Titus to this unseen companion. "I hope I hav'n't hurt you?" and still Trumps wrung his fingers.

"Ha! sir," said the man, touched by the tones and manner of Trumps, "I am sure you wouldn't hurt anybody—much less a poor wretch like me. Would you believe it, I hav'n't had a bit of meat these six days!"

"I—I can easily believe it," said Trumps, tenderly pressing his fingers.

"What—what have you done?" asked the man, and with such apparent solicitude, that Trumps told him his whole story. As he proceeded, he felt the stranger advance closer on the seat.

"But I—I shall soon be bailed," said Titus.

"I hope to the Lord, you may, sir! Ha! sir, you have friends," and the stranger sighed.

"But what misfortune has brought you to this wretched place?" inquired Trumps.

"Ha! sir—it's all for asking for a little of my own, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Dear me! How, my good friend—how?"

"I—I am the son of a lord," said the man, and he groaned.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Trumps, smitten with sudden interest for his companion. "Really?"

"Really, sir—His own son—born, sir, through a wedding-ring—if I had money to get my right. At

present, sir, my uncle has the title and the estates. Ha! sir—when I think of Diddledum Park,—and see myself a little boy in scarlet coat and breeches trimmed with gold, running after the fallow deer, and my own mother walking with my own father, with a star at his breast and a garter round his leg,—when I remember all this, and think where I now am,—and again the stranger groaned.

"And your uncle," asked the simple Titus, "does he possess?"

"All that should be mine. And for only stopping him in the street this afternoon, and asking him how he could serve his own flesh and blood in such a manner, he directly cries 'stop thief!' when, without knowing what I did, I ran away. I was caught, sir, when my cruel uncle—Oh! I know all he wants is to send me to the plantations—said I'd picked his pocket of his amber-box. But thank God! sir—it wasn't true, sir; no, sir—I defy him to prove it—for it wasn't found upon me. I own, I was a little up, but who could help it. I saw my uncle talking to General Bomby, a friend of my father's—ha! sir, if this was a place for laughing in I could make you laugh to tell you, what when I was a boy I used to call the general—but, to make short, sir, I saw my uncle offer a pinch from my father's own box, and perhaps, I was a little rash!"

"In language, you mean?" said Trumps.

"Nothing more, sir," said the wronged heir, "and then my uncle gets up a cry of 'stop thief,' and would you believe the wickedness of men,—but, sir, you're from the country, and don't know what men are in London,—would you believe, that in order to give a color to the story, my barbarous relative flung my own dear father's amber-box, gold mounted, with the arms of our family, into a filthy gutter? My poor mother! She's out of this wicked world: all I hope is, she doesn't know I'm here."

"And is this really true?" asked Titus, affected by the earnestness of the injured man.

"True as this watch-house," replied the captive, with great fervor. "Ha! if I had but a friend, I'd share my fortune with him, when—when I got it."

"I—I will be your friend," cried the compassionate Trumps. "I will see that justice is done you,"—Titus felt strong in hope. Yes—he would be the happy means of restoring a wronged heir to his right,—would obtain his lasting gratitude—he would secure, that best of all worldly goods, a real friend.

"And will you—will you stand by me?"—cried the captive. "Oh! give me your hand; let me, dear, kind, generous stranger, press the hand of a noble friend." Saying this, the man sidled close to Trumps, caught his right hand, pressed it, and, not satisfied with that, lavished even more attention on the left. Titus was overpowered.

At this moment, the lock of the prison-door was turned, and an official voice cried out,—"*Titus Trumps—a lady wants you.*"

"Ha! Miss Sloth—I knew she'd come," cried Titus, and was about to rush from the dungeon. A sense of the misfortunes of the remaining captive made him pause. "Your name?" asked Titus hurriedly.

"Edgar—Edgar St. Evremond," answered the prisoner.

"Where—where shall I inquire for you?—speak," said Trumps. "Stay," he added. "My name is Trumps. Do you know the Flower Pot?"

"I shall get out to-morrow," said Edgar. "I'll be there," and the garish light flaring into the dungeon, the captive quickly turned away as if he loathed its beams.

"There, ma'am—is this the fellow?" Such was the question put by the constable of the night to a superbly dressed lady of a sacred age; that is,—of an age not to be touched upon.

"Oh, certainly not that gentleman,"—said the lady, and she curtsied and blushed, and then, as Trumps turned his head, and seeing the wound upon his temple, she exclaimed, almost with a shriek—"gracious heavens, sir! you are not hurt?"

"A very little," said Titus, with a smile of patience.

"Well, if he's not the thief,—you may go back again Mr. Trumps," cried the constable, and the dungeon-door was again unlocked.

"Thief!—thief!"—roared Titus, and his honest indignation almost astounded the constable. "How dare you? What do you mean? I ask—how dare you?"—and here Trumps trembled, and was speechless with rage.

"Why, the fact is this. This lady has been robbed at the playhouse by a good-looking fellow that sat next to her; and we—we paid the compliment to think it might be you. If so be, she doesn't identify you, why, you're all right."

"Many—many million pardons," said the lady. "I hope, sir, you will think me no party to—the insult that"—and again the lady let her eyelids drop, put her hand to her bosom, and curtsied.

"Well, as you are not the gentleman wanted, Mr. Trumps, you had better—stop—there, you may sit down and warm yourself a little," and the constable directed the attention of Titus to an arm-chair in the chimney-corner. Titus did not reject the civility, and sat, meditating, seeing the face of Miss Sloth—who had not come—in the burning cinders, whilst the constable of the night prepared himself to receive from the lady—whose shoemaker he happened to be—a correct description of the play-house criminal.

Mrs. Sarah Anodyne gave, as the constable considered, a very hurried and imperfect account of the robber, and then, with feminine solicitude, sought to know the misfortunes of the very handsome gentleman in the chimney-corner. "What is the charge?" asked Mrs. Anodyne, in a low, anxious voice.

"Drunkennes and riotous conduct," answered the constable, with the air of a man quite accustomed to the indiscretion.

"Is that all?" exclaimed the lady; and though she doubtless rejoiced at the lightness of the offence, she seemed to speak as one disappointed.

"Nearly murdered a watchman," continued the constable.

"Nothing more?" coldly observed Mrs. Anodyne. "That's all we know at present," remarked the

watch-house Rhadamanthus, "but between you and me, ma'am, I think a good many things will come out."

"He's very good-looking," said the lady, with a side-long glance at the hopeful Titus.

"Shouldn't wonder if he turns up a tip-top highwayman," was the opinion of the constable.

"Remarkably handsome," said Mrs. Anodyne.

"Shouldn't be surprised if he had a hand in stopping the Derby mail."

"Extremely prepossessing," exclaimed the lady.

"The guard received a ball in the shoulder—ain't expected to live."

"Oh! a perfect gentleman"—concluded the admiring female; then, turning quickly to the constable, Mrs. Anodyne said with great earnestness, "My dear Mr. Pump—you must do me one little favor—let the gentleman out."

"Do any thing to oblige you, ma'am,—so if you like to bail him,"—

"I! a stranger!" exclaimed Mrs. Anodyne. "I mean"—so little does sympathizing woman reflect on the stern duty of a night constable—"I mean—let him slip."

"Couldn't ma'am—got a name in the parish to lose. If, as I say, you like to be bail!"—

"I! Mr. Pump—bail a stranger! He's evidently, a wild, thoughtless young man, and young men are too apt to misconstrue the humanity of women."

"Well, he seems to know nobody respectable,"—said the constable.

"Dear young fellow!" involuntarily exclaimed Mrs. Anodyne.

"So I shall lock him up till the morning."

"Good night, Mr. Pump—good night; come, Frillwell," and Mrs. Anodyne hurriedly departed, accompanied by her matronly maid, who, we presume, in the double capacity of protector and companion, had attended her mistress to the theatre; and thence to give information of the robbery at the watch-house, where silent and motionless, she awaited her lady's further pleasures.

"Come, Mr. Titus Trumps, we can't let you roam there all night, like a chestnut," observed the night constable.

"You are sure nobody has inquired for me, Mr. Constable?" asked Titus, and Pump shook his head and pointed to the door of the dungeon. "It's very odd—very odd, that nothing has yet turned up," and Trumps laid his hand to his bruised head.

The constable was about to command the return of the prisoner to his cell, when his eye caught the beckoning finger of the maid Frillwell, permitted by the suavity of a watchman to approach Mr. Pump, who gave an attentive ear to the whispers of the lady, and then impressed upon her as she was about to depart,—"*Mind—good-bail!*"

The purport of Mrs. Frillwell's speech we know not. We have, however, the pleasure to inform the reader, that Titus was suffered to brood at the fire over the probable advent of the baronet's daughter, and that scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed from the departure of Mrs. Frillwell, ere—the constable having first communed with a soft-spoken old

lady—Trumps was told that a carriage was ready for him at the door.

"For me!" exclaimed the delighted Trumps.

"Yes—lady has bailed you," said the night constable.

"What lady? Was it?"—Trumps was convinced it was Miss Sloth—"Was it?"—

"The carriage waits, sir," said a footman, touching his hat with great humility to Trumps.

Titus paused for breath; the good fortune—though confidently expected—was, in its fullness, too much for him. He then thought of his black eye; no matter—perhaps, in a few minutes, 'twould go off. Titus, bowing haughtily to the constable, quitted the watch-house.

"Buggins," wheezed a rheumatic, crooked watchman at the fire, leering contemptuously at the retiring figure of our hero, "Buggins,—see what it is to have a leg."

"Ha!" growled the watchman appealed to, "I only wish I was young and handsome, and had done a little bit o' murder."

Trumps mounted the carriage-steps as if ascending Jacob's ladder. The door was closed—the coachman cracked his whip—and away rolled our hopeful hero.

What is it—let us ask the reader—what is it that gives a peculiar charm, a new and subtle power to lutestring, rustling at dark midnight in the close confines of a carriage?—We humbly ask of sage experience to reveal the philosophy of the fascination; as for Titus Trumps, from head to foot, he trembled as he owned it.

And was Miss Sloth really in the carriage? Trumps was astounded—overcome by the benevolence of woman. He sat speechless and immovable, again and again the lutestring rustled—when Titus seized an unresisting female hand, and with his own lips thanked his preserver.

Either the way was very short, or the horses the swiftest of their kind, for in about five minutes, the carriage stopt. The door was opened; the footman briefly said, "sir, we're at home," and Titus descended from the vehicle. He gave his hand to the lady, whose face and figure were closely wrapt from the night air, and led her into the house.

"If—if she should have provided a person," thought the sanguine Titus—"shall I—yes—I ought—I will marry her."

Trumps was conducted into a very handsome apartment, where an elegant supper was already served. Emotions of love, gratitude, hope, hunger, possessed him. He gave loose to his transports, and caught the fair one in his arms,—"*I must—must gaze upon that lovely face—must!*"—

The lady, with silent dignity, revealed herself. Trumps started back—"In heaven's name!" he cried, "what are you?"

Any man, if left breath sufficient, would have put the same question: for when Trumps thought to behold his amiable heiress, he saw a yellow, painted old woman, grinning like a witch upon him. "*Hag!*" cried Trumps, with unusual fierceness—"hag!—bel-dame! what are you!"

The woman folded her arms, and making a low curtsy, said—"Your bail, Mr. Trumps."

Titus, smitten with a sense of his ingratitude, laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed as to a goddess.

CHAPTER VII.

Trumps left alone, eyed the supper; it was laid for two. "Yes—he saw it—Miss Sloth would come—it was plain enough—the old lady was her friend, and had acted by her direction. Miss Sloth *would* come!" And then Titus approached the glass and looked at his still blackening eye. "Perhaps,—perhaps, however, she wouldn't see it."

Trumps surveyed the appointments of the room; they were very rich—every thing in the best taste; the pictures very beautiful. Perhaps they sinned a little on the side of subject; what then?—they only exhibited the extreme innocence of the mind of the possessor.

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Trumps, to have kept you waiting," said the old woman, entering the room, "but I was compelled to arrange my dress a little before supper."

"And is the second cover for her?" thought Trumps, and he looked towards the table. "I believe, madam—that is, knowing that I owe my liberty to you, I believe!"

"Not entirely to me, Mr. Trumps," said the old woman. "There is another lady,—but—you see, every body is not a housekeeper."

"May I know my preserver?" asked Trumps.

"Never fear, Mr. Trumps; handsome young fellows like—dear heart! well, I'd forgot—how is your eye?"

"'Twill go off by the morning," said Titus. "Will the lady come here to-night?"

"There, now—you men are so impatient! I think,—not to-night. Well, well, she's a silly woman," said Mrs. Cagely, such being her name. "A silly woman! she who might marry so well. She who!"

At this moment, the livery servant entered, and whispered to Mrs. Cagely. She suddenly put down her knife and fork. "Pray, sir," said the old lady, "continue your supper—some of my lodgers!"

"Lodgers!" cried Titus.

"That is, two or three gentlemen, unusually merry this evening,—I!"

"I beg your pardon, madam"—for Titus was resolved to be convinced,—"but do you know the family of Sir Jeremy Sloth?"

"Hush!" quickly cried the hostess, "at this moment—down stairs," and Mrs. Cagely tripped from the room with the vivacity of sixteen.

"She is here, then!" exclaimed Trumps—"I knew it—was sure of it."

Titus had scarcely uttered the words, when, to his astonishment, they were loudly repeated by a gentle-

man on the stairs—"She is here—I know it—I'm sure of it!" cried a loud voice, and then Titus heard a scuffling, with the denials and entreaties of Mrs. Cagely, together with threats and masculine oaths.

"Can it be her father come hither in pursuit?" thought Titus, and as the thought struck him, the door was flung open, and three gentlemen apparently ripe from the tavern, reeled into the room, followed by Mrs. Cagely.

"I know she's here—I'll swear it!"—roared one of the gentlemen, whilst the other two growled in their throats, and shook their fists.

"If you'll believe me, dear Mr. Sloth," cried Mrs. Cagely to the furious speaker, "dear Mr. Sloth!"

"I see it!"—thought Trumps, "her brother!"

"I tell you, Mother Cagely," cried young Sloth, "I know she's here—and—I'll have her life."

"As I am an honest woman, Mr. Sloth!"

"I tell you what, Mrs. Cagely—no such protestations; if you must swear, respect our common sense. I know the girl's here," exclaimed young Sloth with rising violence—"she's here, and my honor's touched—I'll have her life."

Mrs. Cagely expressed herself again and again ready to swear upon any thing, that the lady sought for was not in her house—that she knew nothing of her, and farther, that she wished to know nothing. The contest had continued some time when Trumps began to feel the insignificance of his situation; it was unmanly in him, he at length considered, to suffer the whole brunt of the fray to fall on the venerable Mrs. Cagely. At all events, he might champion her against the violence of the gentlemen, without compromising the name of his beloved Emily. So reasoning, he gathered himself up, and addressed his hostess, almost shaken into tears by the attack on her nerves. "Mrs. Cagely," said our hero, "will you allow me to speak to the gentleman?"

"Hear! hear! hear!" cried young Sloth and his friends.

"I believe, sir," said Titus with severe civility, "you are the son of Sir Jeremy Sloth, baronet?"

"Just as you please," answered the easy Sloth, "if you'd prefer the great Mogul for my father, he is quite at your service."

"May I then inquire, sir, why you take the liberty, at this late hour of night?"—Titus was stopt short.

"Mother Cagely," said one of the gentlemen, who had thrown himself upon a couch, "you hav'n't an empty kilderkin that you could put your friend in?—he could then preach to us through the bung-hole."

"Pray, sir, what wages may Mrs. Cagely give you?" asked young Sloth.

"Wages, sir!" cried Trumps.

"Or are you one of those benevolent and eccentric persons, who champion such people gratis?"

"Don't you know who he is, Sloth," cried the speaker on the sofa. "Don't you know him? Why, it's Billy Skins, the breeches maker."

A man may sometimes parry the thrust of a wild bull better than a sarcasm. Titus Trumps felt himself that man. At first, too, he thought the gentleman might be mistaken—that, possibly, there might be a

strong resemblance between himself and the breeches-maker.

"Ha! egad, and so it is," exclaimed Sloth—"it is William Skins. And so your wife still beats you, eh, Billy? Shocking black eye."

"Sir—Mr. Sloth—my name, sir, is Trumps."

"You don't mean it," asked young Sloth, with an affected look of wonder.

"Titus Trumps, sir—and since this lady has put herself under my protection"—and here Titus, pointing to Mrs. Cagely, was interrupted by a loud laugh from the three reprobates.

"She has! I'll tell your wife, Billy, 'pon my soul I will," cried Sloth, and his companions shouted, to the farther confusion of Titus.

"Sir," exclaimed Titus to Sloth, "do you fight?"

"Why, Skins, why?" coolly inquired the baronet's son.

"Oh! Mr. Trumps—not in my house—for the love of heaven," exclaimed Mrs. Cagely, scenting blood.

"Do you fight, sir?" repeated Titus.

"Been out nine-and-fifty-times, that's all, my breeches-maker," answered young Sloth.

"I'm glad of it, sir," said Titus; "though, for the present, permit me again to state that I am not a breeches-maker."

"No!"

"No, sir; yet sir, allow me to add, if I were a breeches-maker"—

"Well, sir, if you were a breeches-maker?"

"Seeing, sir, you have been called out so very often, I should have felt myself particularly fortunate in your custom."

Really generous minds are ever open to a joke. A good jest is the touchstone that tries a good fellow. Sloth and his companions burst into an applauding shout of laughter. The gallant on the sofa sprang up, and clapping Titus on the shoulder, vowed he'd swear by him for a gentleman and a jolly dog; and the baronet's son—the victim who had received the dangerous thrust—shook his assailant by the hand, protesting that he had taken a sudden liking to him.

It is stoutly insisted upon, especially by those who have been lucky themselves, that every man, no matter how low and wretched, has one golden offer in his life, if he will but accept of it: no one, it is averred, is so neglected by fortune as not to have one chance, even, we presume, in a tin-mine. It is our faith that the dullest man—the merest clod—has his one joke, if he will but utter it. It is evident that the supremacy of human nature consists in its capacity for jesting; man acknowledges his common dignity in the jokes of mankind. To suppose then, that there are benighted individuals whose brains have never throbbed with a jest—who have never felt that expansion of their nature attending the conception of a joke—is to lower them in the scale of created beings. It makes nothing against our position, that a man has never been known to utter a good thing; like a lady with a loaded blunderbuss in her hand, he may have been afraid of it; or, with enviable magnanimity, he may have refused to discharge his wit, thinking it dangerous to others in the explosion,

and very dangerous indeed to himself in the recoil. We have met with men who, in moments of confidence, have averred that they always had their loaded small-arms about them, but loved their fellow-creatures and themselves too well, ever to pull a trigger. These philanthropists are very properly loud in their condemnation of less amiable men. For our part, we have a particular reverence towards those gentle spirits who "out-Herod Herod," and slay the willings of their brain—simply because they may be troublesome to others—the moment they are conceived.

We have been so far tempted from the line of our narrative by the retort of Trumps upon young Sloth. It was the only instance recorded in his whole life of his having attempted such a feat: as he gave utterance to the reply, he felt suddenly upraised, elevated—he seemed to joke by inspiration. No one could be more surprised at the jest than Titus himself. Had a diamond, large as any in the crown, fallen from his mouth, he had not been more astonished: he did not think it had been in him. To continue our story.

Mrs. Cagely, seeing the agreeable turn of things, addressed young Sloth with renewed fervor; she protested upon every thing that was most dear to her in the next world, and upon every thing very particularly valuable to her in the present, that the lady he sought was not in the house; that she knew not her whereabouts, or would, on the instant, be too proud and happy to confess it.

Young Sloth and his friends, mollified by the humor of Trumps, affected to believe the declaration of Mrs. Cagely, and prepared themselves to depart.

"Perhaps, sir, unless you have more tender business on hand," said Sloth to Trumps, "you will favor us with your company to a bottle!—Stop—why should we go? Can't we pass the rest of the night here?"

"Impossible, gentlemen, on the present occasion; really, what do you take my house for?" asked the indignant hostess.

"Come, come, Mother Cagely—some burgundy. You drink burgundy, Mr. Trumps!" asked one of the gentlemen.

"Certainly—certainly," answered Titus, and then he thought "I have no money; no matter—something will turn up."

"Zounds! my dear Trumps," said young Sloth, and as Titus heard himself familiarly accosted by the baronet's son, his very marrow seemed in a glow—"that's an awkward rap"—and the speaker pointed to the bruise upon the temple and about the right eye of our hero.

"A scoundrel of a watchman," said Titus.

"A fight with a watchman! well, you are a lad of spirit,"—exclaimed Mr. Mims, the airiest of Sloth's companions.

"But—but I'll trounce him to-morrow," cried Trumps.

"Would you like to change your neckcloth and nuffles?"—they were dyed with blood—asked Mrs. Cagely.

"You couldn't oblige me?" asked Trumps, making from the room, hoping that the offer was made by his hostess to get him quietly from the party, and thus to give him the glad opportunity of falling at the feet of Miss Sloth. "After all," thought Trumps, as he quitted the room, "how lucky that I should become so very intimate with her brother!"

"Where—where's the lady?" asked the anxious Titus, as he found himself outside the door, followed by Mrs. Cagely.

"She has sent word that she couldn't come to-night—will be sure to be here to-morrow," answered the hostess, and merely adding, "John will show you the room," turned away, we presume to attend to the multifarious duties of her hospitable homestead.

"Still, how very lucky that I should have met her brother," again thought Titus. "I have but to make him my friend—and he already seems very much taken with me—to marry Emily with her father's consent. I thought something would happen—I felt sure that something would turn up." Such were the hopes, such the self-complacency of Trumps, whilst engaged at his toilette. Another neckcloth, with ruffles of texture and web of even superior fineness to his own—no doubt, thought Titus, late property of the late husband of Mrs. Cagely—replaced the blood-stained articles of our hero, who again joined his new companions, and was received by them with additional marks of sudden friendship.

"Really, Mims," said young Sloth, as he crossed to him, "a very decent lad—very."

"Very, but I think Arcadian," answered Mims—"hasn't long left his oaten pipe and fleeces."

"Talking of fleeces," replied Sloth confidentially, "let's have cards." Then aloud to Trumps, "What say you, Mr. Trumps? you play? Plague on drink only! 'tisn't intellectual. You play?"

"A—a—little," answered Trumps. "I—I"—

"Oh, light work! Button-top stakes—merely button-top"—said young Sloth.

"I have no cash about me, gentlemen," said Trumps.

"No true gentleman ever has," answered Mims, "but the honor of some men—and I am sure Mr. Titus Trumps is one of them—is far preferable to ready money."

Trumps gracefully acknowledged the compliment. "If—if," he thought, already forgetful of light stakes, "if I should win a thousand pounds!"

Titus knew nothing of cards—but, for a time, his luck was very great. He won and won, and as he won he quaffed the burgundy, and he seemed, like a young chick of fortune, to nestle warm beneath the wings of hope.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mims, as Trumps played the last card—"ha! I thought you held the best diamond. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Trumps, with sudden paleme—"nothing." But Titus spoke not the truth: as Mims pronounced the word diamond, Trumps instinctively felt his left little finger—the ring was gone! "No matter—most likely took it off when I washed my hands—yes, I must have left it somewhere," concluded Titus—"it's sure to turn up,"—and the clock struck two.

[To be concluded in the next Number.]

F A R E W E L L .

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

FAREWELL, oh! farewell, thou hast broken the chain,
And the links that have bound us are parted in twain,
But long shall my heart in its sad sorrow tell
How I griev'd o'er thee, dear one, farewell, oh! farewell.

We sigh o'er the flowers in childhood we nurs'd,
When they droop on the branches that nurtur'd them first;
And we mourn when we list to the last dying spell,
Of some old strain of sweetness that murmurs farewell.

But oh! how far sweeter the voice whose glad tone,
From the bright years of childhood, has grown with our own;
How dearer the heart to whose pure shining well,
We must whisper in sorrow a parting farewell

How fonder the eye that with ours can look back,
To the gleams of glad sunshine that lighted youth's track,
On whose bright beaming glances our own loved to dwell,
Tho' they come but to bid us farewell, oh farewell!

Yes, closer around the warm bosom shall cling
The spells of old feelings which memory shall bring;
Tho' dimm'd for awhile by that funeral knell,
They shall brighten again where there breathes no farewell.

Farewell, oh! farewell, thou hast broken the chain,
And the links that have bound us are parted in twain,
But often remembrance my sad heart shall swell,
Dear friend of my childhood, farewell, oh! farewell.

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. III.

THE SEDUCER.

PIERRE MARCEL was the cultivator of a small but profitable vineyard, on the banks of the Garonne, a few leagues from Toulouse, where the principal part of his life had been passed in the almost daily occupation of tending his vines, and rendering his little plot of ground the fairest for many a mile around. In early life his wife, whom he had passionately adored, had fallen the victim of a lingering illness, leaving him an only child, a daughter, whom he cherished both for its own and mother's sake, with unusual tenderness. The little Louise was the solace of his days, and the prattle of her infant tongue sounded to him the sweetest music nature could invent; but when her growing years gave token of equalling her mother's beauty and symmetry of form, his satisfaction was unbounded to think that he alone, without a mother's fostering hand, had reared a flower so lovely. Oft, when working in his vineyard, would he pause as his daughter tript by with fawn-like step, and gaze with true affection on his heart's dearest object, whilst in his mind he conjured up bright dreams of the future, and tried to trace her coming years.

A short distance from Marcel's house was the chateau of the Marquis de St. Brie, who was usually resident there with his daughter. The family of the Marquis consisted only of his daughter and a son, an officer in a light cavalry regiment. A friendship more strong than those usually subsisting between persons of different stations in life, had grown up between Louise and Emile de St. Brie, and it had been one of the chief amusements of the latter to instruct Louise in those accomplishments she herself so much excelled in, often remarking, that her pupil was so apt that she should soon have little left to teach her.

The notice taken of his daughter by *Mam'selle St. Brie*, was most gratifying to the feelings of Marcel, who daily saw her gaining those accomplishments he so much coveted for her, but which he had feared he should be unable to obtain. But few pleasures are unalloyed, and however great might have been the satisfaction he felt at the notice taken of Emily, yet there was but little in the reported attentions of *Henri St. Brie*, who was staying at the chateau.

Henri was by nature formed for woman's admiration. He was of that manly dashing cast which so

often takes the heart by storm, ere reason has time to bring its tardy succor, and show that the advantages of a handsome person and fascinating manners are totally eclipsed by the blackness of a heart formed in total contrast to the rest. He had been but a few days at the chateau before Louise was marked as the victim of his seductive arts. He foresaw that her simple and confiding disposition would render the acquirement of her affections an easy task; but with all her simplicity, she entertained such high notions of honor, as to make his success rather doubtful; but still he thought that one who had seen but the fairest side of life, could but ill combat against the wiles of one versed in all its deadliest ways.

He sought every opportunity of being in her company, and by a thousand assiduous attentions won his way, imperceptibly, in her affections. He pretended his passion was of that fervent kind which drove every object but respect from his imagination; and vowed, could he but gain her reluctant consent, to make her the future *Marchioness de St. Brie*. There was but one thing he stipulated; and that was, for the marriage to be performed in private, since he feared his father's anger, unless he could, by degrees, break the circumstance to him. There was so much plausibility in this, that she could not believe he spoke other than the language of truth. The cloven foot had in no one instance as yet shown itself, and she felt convinced his affections were as pure, and as fervent, as her own. She yielded her consent to a private marriage.

Henri protested she had made him the happiest of men, by her consent, but still there was one thing more, the marriage could not be performed with that secrecy which was so necessary, elsewhere than in Paris. Would she go there? To this she demurred that the absence from her father, without any reasonable excuse, would be the cause of so much anguish to him, that she would not for the world he should feel; but even this scruple was overcome by the promise of *Henri*, that on their return her father should be informed of all that had taken place, when the few hours of uneasiness would be more than compensated by the pleasure he would receive on hearing of her happy marriage.

Paris, with all its charms, had less attraction for

Louise than her simple home on the Garonne's banks. She lived in the most studied seclusion; passing her melancholy hours in thinking of her father, and what must be his feelings concerning her long-continued absence. She felt she had made but a poor return for all the care and solicitude bestowed upon her. Henri, it was true, had been unremitting in his attentions, and his love appeared still as fervent as ever; but he always evaded the conversation when she pressed him concerning their marriage, and she found herself in a fair way to be a mother, ere she was a wife.

"Henri," said she, one day, "will you fix the day for our marriage? When you consider my situation, your delay is cruel in the extreme."

"Yes, yes, dearest, next week. By-the-bye, has Madame Girau sent home the beautiful shawl I ordered for you?"

"Some time ago; but I have not looked at it; I have been thinking of something else."

"Of what, dearest?"

"Of the time when you mean to fulfil your promise."

"Just look out of the window, dearest, and tell me what you think of the horse I purchased yesterday?"

"Oh, Henri! if you love me, I beseech you name the day; I have been unhappy, very unhappy."

"Now you are beginning to tease me again."

"Nay, do not say I tease you; I ask you but to keep your faith with me."

"Really you are more pertinacious than ever; but I cannot stop now, I have an appointment with ——."

"Henri, answer me! Am I to be your wife or not?"

"My wife! why are you not my wife as firmly as you can be such? What are the cold formalities of the world that would give you the right of being called my wife? Would they bring affection? No; they would rather bring abhorrence and disgust. As Louise Marcel, you will ever be to me the dearest object of my heart; but as my wife I could not love you, and will not do that which would make me hate you for ever."

Louise was almost motionless with surprise; it was so different from all he had ever said. These then were his true feelings.

"I thank you, sir," she at length replied, "at least for your frankness. I will be equally so; and since I am not to be the wife, I will not submit to the dishonor of remaining another day as the mistress of Monsieur de St. Brie. We part, sir, this instant for ever."

"Stay, Louise, where are you going?" but ere he had time to stop her, she descended the stairs, and reaching the street, contrived to evade his pursuit.

"Paha!" he exclaimed, "what a fool the girl is; but she'll soon come to her senses, so I'll leave her to herself."

Marcel would not at first give any credence to the report that his daughter had gone with Henri St. Brie. No, no; he was convinced some accident had happened which prevented her return. She was too amiable—too good to listen to such a villain. Bad, even, as St. Brie was, he would not rob him of such a daughter, the only hope of his declining years.

Could he have the heart to dishonor one so beautiful, so fair? No, no; it was not in human nature to be so black. But months rolled on, and his dear Louise came not; every search and every endeavor to obtain tidings of her had proved fruitless; but amidst all his complaints he never uttered one word of reproach against her. He became altogether an altered man; neglectful of every thing, avoiding the society of his former friends and associates, and scarcely ever going beyond the limits of his own dwelling. It was a cold and bitter morning, in the middle of an unusually severe winter, that he went, more by the force of habit than otherwise, to look after the inmates of his stable. He had his hand upon the stable-door, and was entering, when he thought he heard a low moan; he turned round to look from whence it proceeded, and a few steps before him saw a woman lying on the ground, partly covered by the falling snow.

"Poor creature," said he, "hast thou lain here during this bitter night; had'st thou been my worst enemy I could not have refused you shelter. Here, let me lift you in my arms, and carry you into the house. Eh! what do I see! Merciful heavens! it is my poor Louise. She is dying fast, and there is no help at hand. Oh! speak to me, Louise! for heaven's sake, speak! Not a look! not a word!"

The distracted father carried her into the house, and by the aid of some warm cordials brought her to herself; it was but to hear the recital of her sufferings and her prayers for forgiveness. She had arrived at her father's house on the preceding evening, but had not dared to enter, and overcome by fatigue and cold, she had fallen where he found her. Her delicate frame was unable to withstand the shock she had sustained, and after lingering a few days, closed her eyes for ever on the world, happy in the assurance of her father's true forgiveness.

Marcel had attended his daughter day and night, indulging to the last in the vain hope of her recovery; and even when life was no more, watched her cold corpse with the utmost anxiety to see if it were not death's semblance. But when the last worldly offices were performed, and he found that he was then alone in the world, for weeks he shut himself up in the chamber where she died, refusing to see or speak with any one.

It was some months after the death of Louise that I was sitting in the Tuileries Gardens, watching the crowd of loungers passing to and fro along the principal avenue; amongst those who seemed to attract most attention was Henri St. Brie, upon whose arm was leaning a lady of most exquisite beauty, whom I could not fail to recognise as his wife, to whom he had been married only a few days. He appeared to be relating something which seemed the source of much amusement to both, when suddenly the smile forsook his face, his countenance assumed an air of confusion, and he seemed striving to avoid the sight of something which flashed across him. I turned in the direction in which he had been looking, and perceiving nothing but a poor haggard and emaciated-looking man, whose dress bespoke him a native of one of the distant provinces, leaning against one of

the trees. His gaze seemed fixed on St. Brie; but though there was a wildness in his look, I could not at the moment divine why St. Brie seemed so agitated by it.

In a short time the man moved away, and I had forgotten the circumstance, when my attention was attracted to another part of the gardens, by a confused noise and gathered crowd. I hastened towards the spot, and perceived St. Brie lying on the ground, covered with blood, and near him stood the man I had before remarked; he had been seized by the bystanders, one of whom had wrenched from his hand a bloody knife. He appeared the most unmoved of all around, gazing with pleasure on the dying agonies of his victim. St. Brie was raised from the ground, but it was clear that a few moments were all that remained to him of life.

"Marcel," faltered out the dying man, "you have

indeed avenged your daughter's wrongs. 'Tis true I deeply wronged her, but this——"

The throes of death prevented the completion of the sentence; but ere life was quite extinct, the loud mad laugh of the man rung in his ears.

"Ah! ah! ah! I have avenged her! Look! look! he sleeps now with my poor Louise. No, no, 'tis false; for she's in heaven, and he—he has gone to join his master."

It would have been a mockery of justice to have tried Marcel for the murder, for it was clear the light of reason had for ever been shut out from him. In his confinement his incoherent ravings were ever of his daughter, whom he fancied near him, but was prevented by the attendants from seeing, and were only ended by death removing him from all his worldly sufferings.

J. M. B.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

A BIRD on the buoyant air,
Where it carols a joyous song—
It seems in a dream of glory there,
As it carelessly floats along.

A star on the deep blue sky,
Alone in its beauty and pride—
It smiles in peace on the day gone by,
In the hush of eventide.

A rose in the morn's first light,
And kiss'd by the glassy dew,
And a bee sips there in its early flight,
Unknown to the cold world's view.

A smile on the lip of love—
A glance from a dark black eye—
A dream of Hope that a heart may move
To the spell of sympathy!

The gush of a mountain rill,
As it dances in joy along,
And the sun's bright rays its dews distil,
And it babbles a light, wild song.

The smile of the morning sun,
Sprung up from his ocean bed,
All fresh, as his course were just begun,
And his joys to the wide world sped.

A blush on beauty's cheek,
When the crimson first spreads out;
And the eye, in a tear, would seem to seek
A solace to robe it about.

The joy of an infant's laugh,
In the freshness of nature given—
Does the pure heart then of its glory quaff,
And dream of a fadeless heaven.

A tree, when the moon peeps through
In the hush of eventide;
When the stars are bright, and the sky is blue,
And a fond one by thy side!

A shrub on the grassy lawn,
And the light breeze lingers there—
How sweet to the heart are the joys of the dawn,
And the breath of the gladsome air!

A cloud on the beautiful blue!
Alone in the deep concave:
Oh! angels might steal from its full glow a hue,
And in its pure, thin vapors lave!

A sea-bird on the strand;
And the wild surge spurns its spray;
And the bird leaps up from the moistened sand
Till the sea-foam rolls away.

A sail on the restless sea—
The waves dance lightly about—
The breeze is light, and blithe, and free,
And morn's first rays are out.

A storm o'er the troubled deep—
And the foam swells far and wide—
Through the gloom-clad sky quick lightnings peep,
And flash o'er the heaving tide!

BRINGING THINGS TO THE POINT;

OR,

A LEAF FROM THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF LEWIS AUGUSTUS SMITH, ESQUIRE

BY C. M. F. DEEMS.

Amazed was the laird when the lady said na,
 An wi' a laigh curstie turned her awa.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

THAT happiness is the object of all our actions, is a truism which has become trite by frequent repetition. The *end*, as well as the *manner* of attaining it, would be better expressed by a phrase which we propose as a substitute. With our amendment the proposition would stand thus; "the object of all our actions is to *bring things to the point*." To settle accurately the nature of this "point," would be a task as perplexing as the learned have had in giving a precise definition to a *mathematical* point. The difficulty, doubtless, arises from the general nature of the subject. We might very easily specify the position of "the point" in any particular instance; but to give a formula which would embrace every possible case—*hoc difficile est*. Every one has his own notions on this subject, corresponding with his peculiar disposition, and men differ as much in their ideas of it as they do in their mental organization. There are a few cases where the development of this disposition to "bring things to the point," exhibits itself in a very interesting light; and in none more so, than in that most momentous and hazardous performance, denominated in common parlance, "popping the question."

We hate long stories—we *hate* long introductions. The *parvus* in *multo* productions of modern story-tellers, are an abomination in our sight. We conceive the best-told story in the English language, to be Othello's history of his courtship, related to the "potent, grave and reverend seignors" of his country, by way of exemplifying the truth of the proposition that a lady's heart may be won by other means than a fair exterior and the rise of magic; a proposition which, by the by, has been subjected to the test of more modern demonstration than that afforded by Shakespeare's hero. An aversion to lengthy narrations, accounts, in some degree, for an excessive inclination to grave yard rambles. There we can read the history of a score of individuals, and, indeed, of our whole race, in less time than we could glance over the preliminary circumstances of any of the thousand and one "tales founded on fact," that have bored the reading community of the present age.

Having made these few general remarks by way of introduction, we proceed to the important task of preserving from oblivion, a leaf of the history of Lewis Augustus Smith, Esq. This young gentleman

at "the point" where our story commences, had reached that epoch in every man's life, his twenty-first year. He was five feet ten, minus his boots. He was of very fair complexion, had smooth flaxen hair, which hung in little curls over a brow that never saw the sun; and soft blue eyes of very melancholy cast, which sat between his first attempt at whiskers, like gently beaming stars, between two light and fleecy clouds. Added to all these accomplishments, he possessed a delicate white hand and a pretty little foot, which the sentimental Miss Anna Amelia Catherine Matilda Everheart had declared was "so small that it would grace a fairy's ball-room." Unfortunately for L. A. Smith, Esq., he was afflicted with a most unaccountable and incurable moral malady—*incurable*, because its occurrence among young gentlemen is so rare that moral physicians have not had an opportunity of tracing it to its roots, to learn its causes, and thereby be able to suggest a remedy. This dreadful affliction was *bashfulness*. From the records of his family, it does not appear to have been a hereditary disease, but *he* seemed to exhibit symptoms of it from his childhood. It was not so perceptible, however, until he entered college—for Lewis A. Smith, Esq. was an educated gentleman—when it exhibited itself in a most alarming manner.

To avoid the jests of his companions he confined himself to his room, until he became a proverb among them. If he ever took occasion to promenade the grounds a few minutes, it was considered a surer pledge of a storm than the prediction of all the almanacs in the institution. He would go round a square rather than encounter the glance of a young lady between whom and himself had passed a few complimentary remarks, through the medium of mutual friends. There were but two occasions upon which he could command sufficient fortitude to pass through the ordeal of "giving a due turn;" and they were to attend church, and to secure his passage for home at the close of the collegiate year. He made it a point of conscience never to start for church until the last bell had commenced ringing, and then as most of the citizens were there, he could have the whole street to himself. For fear of accidents, however, he gave his head a gentle inclination to the horizon of 45°, and walked as if the salvation of the whole congre-

gation depended on his arrival at the precise moment. This gave him rather a rapid gait; and it was currently reported, for the truth of which rumor the character of an historian forbids us to vouch, that one morning, while he was on his way to church, the cars were just entering the town—and what town on earth is there that rail-roads have not reached—and the engineer seeing him walk with such an emphasis, supposed he was trying to beat the cars, and to convince him that his engine surpassed all animal locomotion, raised the steam so high that he came near bursting the boiler. On this account, the classic CUNCTATER was added to his proper name—*lucus a non lucendo*.

An incident which occurred during his stay at his *alma mater*, illustrative of his peculiar disposition, is related by one of his class-mates. A few weeks before his graduation, his fellow-students, by dint of persuasion, prevailed on Smith to go into company a little, his father having already pronounced him a fool, because he confined himself to his chamber during recreation, and refused to mingle with any society. It was a great bore for him to sit a whole evening in a crowded parlor, without enunciating any thing more than the particles *yes* and *no* in return to the interrogatives propounded to him. There was one young lady who perceived that he was unfortunate in his disposition, and she was amiable enough to endeavor to relieve him as often as possible. Of course he felt himself under exceedingly great obligation to her for her kindness, and in return paid her every attention which his engagements and bashfulness would permit. One evening he happened to be at a lecture, where he met his favorite acquaintance, and after considerable ratiocination, and working his resolution up to the "sticking point," he determined to wait on her to her residence. Accordingly, after the lecturer had dismissed his audience, he walked up to the lady, and clearing his throat sufficiently to pronounce an oration, he asked Miss O—— the solemn and momentous question, "May I have the pleasure of accompanying you home, Mith?" We forgot to state one important item; L. Augustus Smith, Esq. *lisped*. The young lady, with a sweet smile, accepted his offered arm, and forth they issued to breathe the cool atmosphere of heaven. It was peculiarly grateful to Smith, who blowed as if his heart were breaking, and felt as though he had just escaped from the hands of a Thomsonian physician. Now that he had tendered his company, he felt bound to render it agreeable. They had taken one step from the door—"Thith ith a very pretty night," remarked the gentleman. "You had better hoist your umbrella, Mr. Smith," observed the lady. It was raining in torrents. The umbrella was soon raised, and onward they wended their way. He had taken an umbrella, but was so overcome by the effort he was making that he forgot its presence, and had become too blind to perceive that the rain was falling rather faster than was sufficient to render the night very pretty. This circumstance added to his former confusion; he made no other remark until he reached the lady's dwelling, and then bidding her "good evening," he took to his

heels, and reached his room out of breath, where he opened windows and door, divested himself of the *unnatural* appendages with which custom decks our outward man, and promenaded until midnight, by way of terminating his first effort at gallantry.

After this very instructive biographical episode, the reader doubtless, would like to have things brought to "the point." Well, to the point we'll come, then. As we stated in the commencement, Lewis Augustus Smith, Esq. was twenty-one years of age, was still bashful and still lisped. Little more than a year had passed since his graduation, and another winter, with all its fireside pleasures, its social parties, and its gay balls, was fast coming on. That was in the usual course of events and the revolution of the seasons; but one thing occurred which was not at all usual or necessary: Lewis A. Smith, Esq. was in love, deeply, desperately in love. ⚡ We are not accustomed to describe the tender passion, and not willing to fill up half a page with stars, so we will just refer our readers to the first seven chapters of any novel or romance he can lay hands on, and have the author charge the same to our account. ⚡ This lady-love was the perfection of beauty—(of course, or he never would have fallen in love with her.) She was exceedingly pretty and amiable, and to add to her beauty and amiableness, she was heiress to an immense fortune. When, where, and under what circumstances L. Augustus Smith, Esq. first saw the lovely and wealthy Miss Louisa Edson, history saith not. But one thing is certain, he did see her, did become acquainted with her, and did fall in love with her. For several months she was the subject of his waking thoughts, and the vision of loveliness that graced his dreams; and at length he was candid enough to acknowledge (to himself) that he was actually in love with the sweet Miss Edson. The winter was just "setting in," and his hopes of happiness were just shooting from their buds; for hope is a plant of the genus evergreen. He came to the determination that before spring he would lay his heart at the feet of his matchless divinity. But when that dreadful idea of "popping the question" suggested itself to his mind, he almost repented the vow he had so rashly made. However, for the sake of decision of character he had to go through with it. He was, in fact, to use a homely but expressive phrase—a *gone case*.

Christmas! gay, happy Christmas! how many pleasant emotions spring up in the mind at the mention of thy name! How many sweet recollections of home and festivity, the social board, the cheerful fireside, the merry romp, and all that throws a lively halo about the morning of life. It was at one of these happy seasons that Lewis A. Smith, Esq. resolved to render himself more happy by relieving his heart of a load of its surplus affections. Accordingly on the evening of December 27th, 18—, he arrayed himself in his rich suit of black, as being most appropriate to the solemnity of the business in which he was about to be engaged, wrapped himself in a blue cloak of ample dimensions, and proceeded to the residence of his dulcinea. He gave the bell a gentle pull, as though he were afraid of letting the neigh-

borhood know that he had designs upon the family, and then wished that he had put it off another day. It was too late now; he must go in at any rate.

On reaching the parlor, he seated himself so as to have the lamp between Miss E. and himself, in case of any blushing or uneasy looks; and entered into a little "small talk," as preliminary to the serious conversation he proposed to have with her, ere they parted. An hour elapsed—it seemed an age to Smith. It was almost time that he should make known his will concerning her, if such a revelation was to be made that evening. He began to feel very warm about the face, and thought that the coal in the grate had peculiarly heating qualities. A choking sensation came over him, and he concluded that he was losing his balance, to preserve which he laid hold of the table with his left hand, while with his right he adjusted the locks of his hair in order to have a little time to regain his self-possession. So great was his trepidation that his hand shook the table to such a degree that the astral lamp which was sitting upon it commenced vibrating with a noise that would have drowned the voice of either of the parties present. This somewhat recalled him; he removed his hand, the glass became still, and the silence of the grave reigned in the parlor. Miss Edson didn't speak, Mr. Smith couldn't speak. The latter seemed struggling with a power that paralyzed his vocal faculties. He made an effort.

"Mith Edithon!"

"Mr. Smith!" she answered in a formal tone.

"I have theriouth notionth of changing my thituationth."

"Indeed! Are you not pleased with Mrs. L——? She appears to be a very clever lady, and besides, she has several handsome daughters."

"Powers of the air!" thought Smith, "what is she talking about, I didn't say anything about my boarding-house. She certainly could not have understood me, or didn't want to understand me. But I must say something in reply."

"Yeth, Mith; I have no objectionth to Mithith L——; but—but—"

"But what, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, I don't mean that."

"Mean what, sir?"

Smith could stand it no longer. He thought his heart would break—he had been blind for full five minutes. He conceived it best to make his escape, and accordingly he bolted from his chair, groped about for the door, repeating as he went, "Yeth Mith! Yeth Mith!" until he found himself in the open street. Miss Edson sat *solus* for several minutes, perfectly surprised at the abruptness with which Mr. Smith retired. His retreat was so precipitous that he left his cloak behind him, which at any rate would have been useless, as the warmth within was sufficient to counteract all external frigidity. He wended his way to his boarding house, soliloquizing as he strode along—"Well! well! I'm completely at my witt's end. They asked to tell me that when one wath going to offer hith heart to a young lady, there wath alwayth thufficient encouragement on her part.

I thaid all I knew, all I could thay. It wath her time to thepeak. Confound the thing, I thay. I don't know what to do. I reckon ththe thinkth I'm a fool: but I couldn't help it. Why didn't ththe thepeak?" Here our hero became very emphatic; and a saucy urchin who was passing on some of his frolics, catching the last words, replied, "Likely she didn't know you. Speak to her again, and maybe she'll take." Smith was so absorbed that he did not notice that the voice proceeded from a second person, but taking it for an internal suggestion, took up the thread of his soliloquy.

"Yeth! I will thepeak to her again; and I'll thepeak with a double vengeanth. I thaid enough for her to go on. I wonder if it ithn't ath much for her good ath mine. If she had any thing to thay, I'm thure I gave her thufficient opportunity."

The chilliness of the evening began to affect the speaker, and he discovered that his cloak had decamped by some unaccountable agency. Upon consideration, however, he remembered that he had left it behind, and was not very sorry, thinking it would be a good excuse for him to return next evening, to make some amends for his abruptness, and to bring things to a final point. After tossing in his bed for three hours after retiring, he fell asleep, and until eight o'clock next morning was tormented with the frightful apparitions of horses with snakes' heads in purquit of him; and dreamed of being lifted up an immense distance in the air, and dropped. Every thing that was terrible passed through his disordered brain, and when he made his appearance in the breakfast room in the morning, he looked as though he had passed a miserable night."

The day rolled slowly on—the longest day Lewis Augustus Smith, Esq. had ever seen, and he had lived upwards of twenty-one years. The sun was setting, and L. Augustus Smith, Esq. was getting exceedingly restless. Twilight came on, and he commenced making preparation for the awful scene that was to transpire. He started on his expedition as soon as the shades of evening were sufficiently thick to screen him from the inquisitive glances of street-walkers. He arrived at the dwelling of Miss Edson; he entered the apartment which had witnessed so many conflicting emotions in his breast, and sat down to await the arrival of the lady, and make all due arrangements for bringing things to the point. His divinity soon made her appearance, and took a seat on the sofa at a respectful distance from his chair. The scene of the preceding evening rushed upon his mind, and he felt the blood rushing with equal force to his head. The couple exchanged a few common-place remarks, and Mr. Smith assumed great gravity of phiaignomy.

"Mith Edithon!"—said he.

"Mr. Smith!" said she, apprehending from the similarity of the commencement, that the scene to be enacted was but that of the preceding evening.

"Mith Edithon, I dethire to have thome very theriouth converthation with you." Here he went to the sofa and took a seat rather near her. From his strange manner, and the events of his last visit, Miss Edson began to conclude that Mr. Smith had taken

leave of his senses, and as he approached her she moved from him slightly, lest her apprehensions might be correct.

"I am prepared, sir, to converse with you on any proper subject," was her reply. Smith began to choke again. He endeavored to speak, but his voice would by no means obey his will. Miss Edson felt solemn, Mr. Smith awful. A mist floated before his eyes; he thought it was smoke, and concluding that the house was on fire, started to his feet. "What shall I do?" he thought—"cry fire! or catch her in my arms and run out into the street!" The mist gave way a little, and he found himself standing on the floor. Feeling rather foolish, he seated himself by the lady, and endeavored to speak; but the mist returned. He imagined that the mantle ornaments were short fat men, laughing so immoderately at his ridiculous situation that they had to hold their sides. He became desperate, and summoning up his power, he brought his mouth near Miss Edson's ears. "They who deal in figures would say that as a mighty stream by being restrained, gains volume and might, and breaking through the barriers which withhold it, sweeps with desolation over the surrounding region, so Lewis Augustus Smith, Esq. making a desperate effort, roared out with an emphasis that almost stunned his hearer,

"Mith Edithon, I'm going to be married!"

The lady trembled with affright. As soon as she was sufficiently composed, she replied, "Indeed! I'm glad to hear it, Mr. Smith."

"Is she pleased?" thought Smith, "then she must be glad I'm going to have her, that is to say, that I'm in love with her." This was a very pleasing conclusion to arrive at; the sequel will show how correct it was.

He had read in novels and other books that treat of love, that it was usual for lovers upon the *denoue*

ment, to seal their vows with a burning kiss, as it is technically called; and not to be in the rear of others, he approached his lady love, and taking her hand commenced very gravely.

"My matchless beauty, permit me"—an action was about to conclude the sentence; Miss Edson started from her seat.

"Mr. Smith, I must protest against such liberties." Smith fell back as though he had unwittingly touched an electric eel. "Mith"—

"Sir—"

"Have we not exchanged vovth of love?"

"By no means, sir!"

"Then—then I mith—I mithanthood you."

"That you certainly did, if you drew that conclusion from any thing I have said this evening, or on any former occasion."

Smith felt as though he had been suspended over Vesuvius until his blood had reached the boiling point, and then suddenly dropped upon an iceberg. He was perfectly cooled. The mist subsided again; he saw the door, and walking towards it, he turned, and bidding Miss Edson "good evening," he passed into the hall, took down his cloak and hat, and departed. Miss Edson leaned her head on her lily hands a few minutes, and then bursting into an unrestrained laugh, stirred up the coals in the grate, and sat down to the last new novel.

Before nine o'clock next night, Lewis Augustus Smith, Esq. was many a mile from Miss Louise Edson. The last item that remains to be recorded, is the memorable sentence that fell from his lips as he seated himself in the stage; and as it constitutes the last piece of intelligence we have ever had of him, we record them as SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF LEWIS AUGUSTUS SMITH, ESQ.—"*Women are a humbug. I'll be killed to death if any man ithn't a fool to tell one of them that he lovth her.*"

EPIGRAMS.

THEATRICAL FRIENDSHIP.

Actors, as all the world agree,
Must certainly possess good hearts,
Since none so ready are, we see,
As they to take each other's parts. A.

WEARING THE BREECHES.

"What pity 'tis," said John, the sage,
"That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,
By wearing man's attire."
"Expose," cried Ned, who lov'd to jeer,
"In sense you surely fail;
What can the darlings have to fear
When clad in coat of male?" A.

MAGNETIC MARRIAGE.

The tailor's daughter took the barber's boy
To be the partner of her grief and joy.
What force the power of nature can control,
For still the needle turns towards the pole. B.

THE PERPETUAL GAMESTER.

"My love," a chiding wife would say,
"You always lose, yet always play:
When will you leave your gambling o'er,
And be the sport of chance no more?"
"Madam," said he, "I'll do it when
You cease coquetting with the men."
"Alas! I see," replied the wife,
"You'll be a gambler all your life."

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE.

BY LOUISA MEDINA HAMBLIN

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR.—When first you did me the honor to solicit my name as a contributor to your periodical, I must confess that visions of departed erudition arose like spirits from the vasty deep of memory, to associate themselves with the idea of an essay for the "*Gentleman's Magazine*!" While certain slumbering reminiscences of Greek and Latin, logic and philosophy unwillingly bestirred themselves in my behalf, much about as rusty as Baillie Nicol Jarvie's sword, and quite as disinclined to quit their sheath. Epictetus, Plato, Zeno, and Bokingbroke began to displace Shakspeare, Byron, Milton and Moore, from their velvet cushions in my brain—nay, so thorough was the commotion that my favorites, in especial Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford, began slowly to surrender place to their more learned predecessors, Euripides, Thucydides and the venerable Sophocles. In the midst of this *mêlée* between ancient lore and modern taste, and while I was grievously misdoubting my power to dishume sufficient learned humanities to concoct some grave discourse for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a number of this formidable periodical fell into my hands. No magical or melo-dramatical change was ever more rapidly effected on the stage, than was produced by its perusal on my fancy—*presto!* away went my towers of erudition, my stupendous pillars of learning! My dead languages betook themselves to their graves, and the discontented ghosts of ancient philosophers and playwrights sneaked away to their musty shelves—all my wisdom and my profundity vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision; while in its stead, elegant *belles lettres*, the embroidery of fancy adorning the web of instruction, pleasing criticism holding its magnifying glass impartially over beauties and defects—moving accidents by flood and field, and last not least, silver tissue poetry clothing moral beauty—this was the combination presented by the *Gentleman's Magazine*. However unequal to emulate the perfection of your other female contributors, I hasten to add my mite, and only beg to remind you by way of a *donjon* to your vanity, that never was there any thing yet appropriated to lordly man that the hand of woman was not needful to lighten and adorn. And now,

For me and for my *historie*,
Here, stooping to your clemency,
I beg your *reading* patiently.

LOUISA MEDINA HAMBLIN.

New York. Sept. 14th, 1838.

SCENE FIRST.

The way the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

COMMON as is the above saying, it has often appeared to me to be too much forgotten in the bringing up of youth—children express very young the sentiments and opinions which influence them, and very frequently, from such early declarations, may parents and guardians learn the lesson how to encourage the right and suppress the wrong. I am very fond of youth; the better part of my life has been spent amongst children, and they have, therefore, constituted my chiefest study. To me it has always appeared as if future fate cast its shadow before, in the first inclinations of children, because, conduct being fate, their after life will be influenced by their early prepossessions. It is to this end that I ever encouraged the demonstrations of fancy and feeling amongst young people; the stream of thought is in early life unstained by deception or disguise, and you may see through it clearly into its channel—the heart. Nothing can be more ridiculous to common sense than an equal treatment of every disposition, and as this observation, although I believe badly expressed, is a most important one, I wish to illustrate what I mean by various views into life's changing panorama.

The first scene which, borrowing the attributes of

Le Diable Boiteux, I will show my reader is a withdrawing-room in Broadway, many years previous to the struggle for American independence. The Liverpool coal was blazing brightly, the shutters were shut, and the heavy curtains closed carefully over them; the circle assembled there, consisted of five persons, one of whom was invested with all the dignity of silver hairs, in the patriarchal privilege of which he lay ensconced in his Voltaire chair, enjoying either sleep or profound meditation. Mr. Sherwood was an Englishman by birth, many years settled in America, and, after having brought up and seen depart a family of children, he was now again surrounded in his age with the merry laughter of youth. The other four were in the springtime of life, in the sunshine of morning, ere the shadows of thought have darkened o'er its brightness, or a single cloud of care obscured its lustre. They were girls all, none of them over twelve years of age, and each possessing, in an uncommon degree, her share of personal attraction. The games which had hitherto passed merrily round, had gradually sunk into whispers as they observed the slumbering position of their revered grandaïre, and now, as if by an understood and common consent, all were silent. Mr. Sherwood, who was not as his granddaughters supposed, asleep, silently contemplated them as they sat, offering no bad representation of a group

of statues, each face having a strongly marked but totally different expression. They were all his grandchildren, but not all by the same parents. Ada, who sat nearest to him was almost unconsciously to himself, the dearest to his heart. She was the only daughter of his eldest son, by his marriage with a Neapolitan lady. A sad story of guilt, broken vows, and desertion was connected with her mother's name. Certain it was that when George Sherwood sent the young, motherless child to his father's care, he insisted on her being called by the name of St. Armand, virtually denying his union with her lost mother. He himself had gone away a wanderer into far off climes, and silence, deep as the grave, hung over his own fate and that of Ada's unhappy mother. From her infancy, this young scion of a foreign stem, displayed a thoughtful, and yet impassioned nature; her large dark, dreamy eyes, seldom lit up with the glee of childhood, and her voice was modulated into a strange softness for one so young. Every one loved Ada; in her equable temper and unbroken mildness, all her companions had the most perfect reliance; from the pure wells of her warm heart, every living thing could draw rich draughts of kindness; her very existence seemed framed only to love and be loved.

The second in age was widely opposed to Ada. She was the child of Mr. Sherwood's eldest daughter, and had been confided to his care while her mother departed with her husband, the Baron Von Altonberg, for the last time to Leipzig, to arrange matters so that they might settle permanently in America.

Euthanasia Von Altonberg was born on the banks of the Danube, and up to the present time, educated in Germany, short as had been her residence with her grandfather, she had conceived an utter distaste to America, and longed for her own wild native land again, with its metrical romances and dark tales of mystery. She possessed great beauty when her features were in perfect repose, but if suddenly startled into attention, a vacant bewilderment destroyed their charm, and pained you with an expression of wildness.

The third might have been taken for the queen of the group, and the fourth for her timid attendant.

Coralie and Mary Sherwood were twin sisters, both orphans, both devotedly attached, and both so opposite that they might have represented day and night. Coralie was taller than any of the four, and was distinguished by a most imperious beauty; her dark blue eyes looked on every thing with command, and she received as an expected tribute the mastery which her absolute and imperious temper maintained over her companions. She was not ill-tempered, but haughty—she was not vain, but proud. She used her powerful talents to sway others and not control herself; and as she considered herself the guide and guardian of her gentle sister Mary, she resented with generous indignation any attempt to oppress her, shrinking charge. In truth, Mary Sherwood needed support from the bold master-spirit of her sister; she was one of nature's violets, loving the shade, and withering in the sunlight. Her face was fair and childish, and in her soft blue eyes was an expression of beseeching timidity, very endearing.

Euthanasia, who had been earnestly gazing on the fire, first broke the silence.

"How beautiful is the fitful light given by the fire! there is something delightful in the uncertainty which it casts round the room; 'now in glimmer now in gloom,' like the fair Christabelle of whom we were reading yesterday, you know, Ada?"

"I wonder, cousin, how you can like Coleridge; he is all gloom and no warmth, much like this fire, I think, all sparkle and no intensity," answered Ada.

"Coralie," said Mary, softly, "do you remember the shadowed light of Westminster Abbey, when we saw it by torch light? Have you forgotten the effect of the stained glass, representing Mary Magdalene in the wilderness?"

"Mary, who so much loved, and to whom so much was forgiven!" murmured Ada.

"No, I have not forgotten Westminster Abbey, dear Mary—I shall never forget it in my life—the bodies of kings and queens lie there—they are dead, indeed, but they live for ever in story and in sculptured marble. I would sooner be an effigy of the regal ones of earth than their living slave!"

"Coralie," said Euthanasia, "if you could behold futurity in those glowing embers, would you look?"

"No, I would not, Euthanasia; I detest the idea of fate—I disbelieve it—our own heart is our fate—our own determination, destiny."

"Surely our lives are in the hand of God alone!" said Mary.

"Yes," replied Ada, "that great Creator whose name is Love."

"What would you wish for most in after life, if you might choose?" again demanded Euthanasia, in whose quick imagination almost every idea originated.

"Me!" said Coralie, without a moment's pause, "I would choose gratified ambition, unbounded power, and regal sway. I would demand to live triumphant, and to die glorious, leaving a name to after ages that would command even from my ashes."

"And I," said Ada, deeply blushing, "would only ask to live for one, die, beloved by one, and by one alone to be regretted."

"And you, dear Mary, what would you choose?"—

"Oh, sister, how can I presume to say?"

"Nay, but speak; there is no harm in wishing."

"Well, then," hesitated Mary, "I think I should like to be a nun, and spend my life in nursing the sick, and praying to God."

"And you Euthanasia, you have not told us yet what your choice would be?"

"No," answered Euthanasia, thoughtfully, "because I shall scarcely make you understand me. In my own land, they tell us tales of young maidens whose love of the mysterious and hidden things of earth, has revealed to them the invisible presences, and opened to their eyes the superhuman world.—Such a gifted—such a fearful destiny would I choose for mine!"

A ring at the bell, announcing visitors, broke off the conversation; lights were ordered, and the girls separated to their different pursuits; but, the keystone to each heart had been given to Mr. Sherwood, and if he

profited not by it to moderate the passion of Ada—the imagination of Euthanasia—the ambition of Coralie, and the timidity of Mary, it was because he was recalled from a life of usefulness by the inscrutable decree of his Maker, ere time had been granted for the work. The future lives of these girls lie before us; did not the feelings and fancies of their early years shadow forth the maturer passions of those to come?

And first we turn the changing panorama to look upon the future fate of Ada—the fervent, impassioned, loving child of Italy.

LOVE'S REVENGE.

SCENE SECOND.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them, but mockeries of the past alone—
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly and quick and crushing, yet as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.
Byron.

About sixty-two or three years ago, and during the possession of New York by the British commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton, Broadway did not extend three miles from the Battery, nor had its inhabitants ever dreamed of a hundred and tenth street, half way to Harlem. A fine old family mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, which stood somewhere about where Fourth street meets Broadway now, was then considered in the country, and out of the parole line of sentinels which marked the captivity of the city, and its prospect, uninterrupted by any thing but trees, embraced the majestic Hudson, as it went on its shining course, beautiful, fresh, and free, then, as it is now, and will be, until the voice of its GREAT ORIGIN arrest its course. The house had been erected by an English gentleman, of equal taste and wealth, consequently it possessed that *sine qua non* of luxuries—a library. The windows of this room were gothic, and at the time we speak of, the moonlight came shimmering through its narrow panes, fantastically tracing on the floor a reflection of the woodbine knots which half impeded its progress, and encircled a fair form that leaned close by, with a silvery halo of light. She had been busily engaged stringing a guitar, until the failing light had forced her to discontinue her task, and now, though the risen moon made all bright as day, she still gazed upwards in motionless abstraction.

"Well, dear Ada," said a friendly voice close by her, "do not you think that yonder bright heavens will vie with even your imaginative visions of your native Italy? Is not this a fair moonlight?"

"Beautiful," replied the young Italian, shaking back the thick clusters of curls from her dreamy eyes, "it is beautiful—yet, I love starlight better than this clear effulgence—it ever seems to me as if the loving eyes of all the young and early dead, looked down in gentle guardianship upon that earth from which they were transplanted, to shine in heaven!"

"A quaint idea, Ada," said an elderly gentleman who had entered with the first speaker, "not without poetry, and, as usual with all things emanating from you, brimful of romance."

"I plead guilty to the charge, my good friend," replied Ada, quietly, "I love romance, it is the poetry of life, the incentive to all generous, noble, and honorable deeds, the link which binds us to the gone by past, the hope which brightens earth's gloomy future. All mean, low, or sordid actions are incompatible with romance, while it has been the parent of chivalry and remains the nurse of—of love!"

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham smiled at Ada's vehemence.

"And the companion of youth and traitor of old age, you should have added, my dear," said he, "for your favorite is but the sunshine of morning which awaits not the gray chill of life's decline; but hark! we can just hear the drums of the night patrol, it is time we should order lights and shut out that unwelcome sound of civil war."

"Civil, indeed, father," answered a sprightly girl, who had preceded the servant's entrance with supper, "I think war is any thing but civil in itself, and we are not quite brothers to John Bull. Ah! poor New York! there sounds, the tara lara lum, which bespeaks you no longer a maiden city, you are a captive to the conqueror, and your glory is departed."

"Ay," responded Ada, almost unconsciously, "but, the time is coming fast when the thrall will be broken, the prisoner free, and the young giant arouse from his slumber, exulting in his new found strength."

"That is to say, Ada," said Ellen Bingham, "that New York will, like many another lady, very gladly get rid of her lord and master, and be twice as merry in her widow's weeds as in her virgin—ah! good heaven! what's that?"

"What?—Which? What startles you?" exclaimed all voices but Ada's, while Ellen pointed, in mute terror, to the window, unable to articulate more than "Ada saw it!"

"Speak Ada! what is it? Who did you see?"

"I saw a man's face look steadily in at the window," replied Ada, very composedly; "I do not see any great cause for dread in that."

"Oh! the skimmers! the skimmers!" exclaimed Ellen, "we are all burned out, robbed and murdered! I knew the face, even in that moment I recognized it, Ada knows it too!"

"Ada seems to be your book of reference to-night, Ellen," said her father, smiling, "but this alarm is needless, we are too strong in ourselves, and too well secured in our fastenings, to fear those rascally plunderers. But, pray Ada, who might this frightful looking hero be that has so discomposed poor Ellen?"

The Italian girl colored until the deep blush reddened in her spotless throat and neck; she hesitated, also, and then answered, in a voice very different from her usual equable tone. "Ellen is mistaken; I do not know the individual's name, that is—I am not positive about it."

"Bless me, girls," said Mrs. Bingham, "what's all this mystery? Is it a Jack of the Lantern you saw, or a Will o' the Wisp, coming and going like a flash?"

Ada had by now recovered her composure.

"He may be either, my dear madam," she said "for, in truth, all we know of such a person is, that in several of our walks, a gentleman has uncivilly followed us, and this evening tracked us home. So you see, our mystery ends, like most others, in nothing.

"Nothing!" repeated Mr. Bingham, now seriously displeased, "nothing, do you call such impertinent intrusion? I shall let this insolent night stroller know what reception such a visit deserves," and he stretched his hand wrathfully to the bell.

"Do not so!" exclaimed Ada, eagerly grasping his arm, then pausing, embarrassed at her own vehemence, and the surprised looks of her friends, she added very softly, "I believe this gentleman to be one of General Washington's officers—probably concealed in the neighborhood on some secret mission—to add molestation to his present irksome condition would be ungenerous."

Mr. Bingham dropped the bell-rope, and fidgetted on his chair, his wife looked deeply interested, and Ellen, leaning over Ada's shoulder, whispered, with an arch smile—

"How came you so well informed, Ada?"

"Hem! hem!" coughed Mr. Bingham, "why, no! no! I would not annoy a republican officer, certainly. I am an American, although a strictly neutral one; but, to assist him is equally impossible, hem! I wonder how the noble general is doing? God bless him! that is to say, if his conduct merits blessing, for I do not approve of insurrection and rebellion. What can this young man be after?—and, by the by, pray, Ada, how do you know him to be a continental officer?"

"He intimated as much to my maid, and Isabel repeated it to me."

"Humph! then he has had a parley with some of my inmates. Are you aware that circumstance may endanger my neutrality? Mercy on me! how women do interfere in every prudent arrangement."

"But, my love," said Mrs. Bingham, anxiously, "this gentleman is, perhaps, cold, hungry, and without a shelter for the night."

"Well, madam, and if he be? Am I, whose grandfather was a subject of King George, and who am myself perfectly neutral, am I to succor a rebel?—Come—come to supper, if you please, and talk no more of what may endanger my safety."

And, unheeding the obvious anxiety of his wife, or the deep flush of contempt on Ada's cheek, Mr. Bingham assumed the head of the table. He was a weak and timid man, wishing in his heart success to the Americans, but firmly believing it would attend the British. He endeavored to protect his property during the struggle by professing a neutrality, which, arising as it did, from fear, not principle, exposed him to the contempt of all parties. His wife, whose whole heart was with her countrymen, frequently perilled her husband's position, by secret acts of kindness to the forlorn patriots, and Ada, to whose fervent and high-souled disposition, any thing resembling fear was matter of sovereign scorn, failed not openly to express her warm wishes for the success of Liberty. Perhaps,

Mr. Bingham loved her the better for the courage which he lacked himself—certain it is, he was a kind friend to her, and his own child was scarcely dearer to his heart than the young, orphaned Italian. And, in truth, Ada was a creature to love and to be loved, almost to idolatry, her opening womanhood fulfilled amply the promise of beauty given by her girlhood, and that loveliness was not the less fascinating because it partook of the dreaming visionary character of her mind. Her manners and general expressions were soft and placid, yet, beneath this quietude, lay the sleeping storm, and occasionally, all the vehement passion of her Italian blood would burst wildly forth, transforming the gentle dove into the majestic eagle. To a close observer of human nature, it would be obvious that if in Ada's strangely compounded character there was the desire to glide softly along in the smiling sunshine, there was also the power, if called into action, to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. Like the glassy expanse of serene ocean, which mirrors the unbroken sky on its placid bosom, and murmurs music in its rippling waves, she was now in her innocence and youth—like that same ocean, when lashed to madness with warring winds, destroying and raging in its might, an object of fear and awe, she might become, if an evil hand unchained the lumbering passions of her soul. How much—how awful is the responsibility of those who train a human being up, trusting to chance for the avoidance of evil, when, in the firm principles of religion and self control is given a power to overcome the danger, and subdue the tempter. Poor Ada had never been thus fortified—she launched on life a gallant bark, and pursued her way, an object of admiration and delight—but, should the storm o'ertake the vessel, she has no anchor to hold her fast upon the Rock of Ages.

PART SECOND.

Oh! what is love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not—if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee—whatever thou art.

Moore.

With the earliest sunrise on the following morning, Ada was pacing the garden walks and training her favorite flowers. She had slept little, and her soul was disquieted within her, for the first time in her life. She had made a concealment, and, if not actually deceiving her guardian, still she had allowed him to remain unacquainted with the entire truth. She had told what she really believed of the stranger, but she had not avowed that for weeks she had suffered that stranger to waylay her path with passionate professions of love, nay, that she had letters even at the same moment resting on her bosom, breathing "thoughts that melt and words that burn." Why had she not confessed this? Why was the presumption of an unknown allowed to make the first fault and mystery of her placid life? Fain did she answer that she would not betray the unfortunate—fain persuade herself that it was the cause and not the individual whom

she regarded—her conscience, more faithful than her heart, denied her sophistry, and sent to her cheeks the painful blush, produced alone by self-reproach. For nearly seventeen years, flowers and birds had been Ada's darlings, she loved to sit surrounded by her feathered pensioners, gazing on the delicate petals of the fragrant blossoms, she would assign to every warbler some fanciful history, and believe that it stretched its little throat to tell of love or sorrow, joy or remorse. Not a bud opened to the sun, not a sear leaf fell to the ground, but they formed a type of feelings, which as yet she had only dreamed of, and visionary although this life had been, it had hitherto been a happy one. Her greatest sorrow had been the gentle regret which followed her aged grandfather to his grave, full of years and honors, her most vivid affections those awakened by her birds and pets; fear, repentance, envy, or anguish, had never touched her innocent heart, the spell of quietude had been laid on her charmed life—now that spell was broken! A throng of hopes and fears—a thrilling joy—a causeless trembling, alternate spread alarm upon her spirit—the face of all creation wore to her a changed appearance; the carol of the birds, the murmur of the stream, nay, the very whispering of the gentle zephyr, spoke now in an intelligible language and caused a dizzy sense of almost sickening rapture—alas! poor Ada, scarcely knew that the words they breathed to all her senses was “Love—first Love!”

A small stone, enwrapped in paper, suddenly rolled over the wall, and fell at Ada's feet; her first emotion at its sight was pleasure, but the memory of her previous self-reproach checked her, and hastily seizing the paper—as if dreading her own resolve—she tore it, unread, and exclaimed aloud—

“I have received too many such already; the writer but wastes his time and perils his safety, by lingering where his presence gives offence!”

Then, walking hastily away, Ada threw herself on a distant bank, and sobbed bitterly. They were the first tears love had cost her, but not the last. An infantine voice calling her name recalled her thoughts, she saw a little girl peeping through the gate and earnestly supplicating her attention. Never deaf to the voice of sorrow, Ada arose. “Who do you want, my little maid?” she said.

“I wanted Mrs. Bingham or Miss St. Armand, if you please, lady. I come from Clarisse, at the cottage on the river, she is very sick, and sends to beg some lady's help.”

“Clarisse!” repeated Ada—“Ah! I know; she is a poor foreigner, in a strange country. I will go to her as soon as a servant is up to accompany me.”

“Pray, come now, lady,” entreated the sobbing urchin, “poor mammy is very sick.”

“What matters it?” argued Ada to herself, “I run no danger, and if I feel unhappy, I am best employed in giving some comfort to others. Lead on, my little friend—I follow you.”

Clarisse Chapéze, the person to whom Ada was hastening, was a foreigner, but whether Italian or French none distinctly knew, she was barely of middle age, and retained much personal beauty, although of a bold

character; her husband, who was an artisan, every way inferior in caste to herself, either knew as little about her as others, or did not choose to be questioned. They had been married but a short time, and yet were in wretched poverty, nor did it tell to their credit that they should emigrate, in the present posture of affairs, to America, if able to remain in their own country. When Ada entered the cottage, she was surprised to see Clarisse sitting up, though evidently looking ill. She held a beautiful child in her arms, over whom she was bending with looks of the fondest affection—a little farther within, the tall form of a man was visible; she needed not to look twice, there are few such men as Gerald Falconer. Crimsoning with anger, Ada turned to go, but he advanced to address her, looking more surprised than herself.

“To what fortunate chance do I owe the sight of Miss St. Armand, so early this morning?”

“By what *strange* chance rather, do I see Mr. Falconer here where I was solicited to come on charity, but I shall not again be so easily deceived.”

“You are deceived now, *Mademoiselle*,” said the woman, rising with quiet grace, “if you suspect me of knowing that this gentleman would visit his child this morning; I entreated your assistance for myself.”

Ada, who had on first entering, before she perceived Gerald, involuntarily extended her arms for the lovely infant, now hastily laid it down on the bed, scarcely knowing why she did so; he approached her again, and said softly—

“Imperious duty demands my absence from New York, may I not be allowed a few minutes' converse with you previous to quitting, perhaps for ever! Look on me, Miss St. Armand with pity, forgive my presumption, and grant my last request!”

“It is out of my power, sir,” said Ada, coldly.

“What! even if my safety, my life pay the forfeit of your refusal?” asked he, vehemently, “for I swear I leave not here until I explain myself.”

“At your pleasure be it,” and she turned to go.

“Thank you, madam,” and the stranger now spoke with haughtiness equal to her own, “you reward my infatuation as it merits! To see your fatal beauty once more, I have perilled my life—far more—my honor. It but remains for me to be captured in this attire, and your triumph will be equal to your cruelty! Clarisse! you, at least, bear a woman's heart, be careful of that poor infant, should it lose its last earthly friend!”

He was gone even as he spoke, and Ada's heart smote her as she observed that he wore the undress uniform of an American officer, assumed, most probably, to favor an interview with her, but rendering him obnoxious to the suspicion of being a spy, if taken by the enemy.

“Poor gentleman!” said Clarisse, “I trust, for his dead sister's sake, her child will not lose his kind protector.”

“His sister's child?”

“Yes, lady, this dear baby's mother was his sister, she died in giving it birth; her husband fell in the skirmish at Lexington, and Gerald Falconer has watch-

ed the little creature as if it were his own. He has a noble heart."

Alas for Ada! When we array the thing we love in the bright tissue of unmerited injury, how glorious it appears to our eye and heart. A moment ago, and she had been freezing to his prayers, now, as she pursued homewards her solitary way, she would have willingly prayed to him to forgive her coldness. It was still early morning; rain hung suspended in the dull clouds, and the faint sunlight illy enlivened the scene; the fields Ada had to cross from the Hudson to her home were peculiarly solitary, not a tenanted cottage or foot passenger to be seen throughout them. Suddenly the sound of rude mirth broke her reverie, and she saw advancing towards her two men, who, by their dress, she knew for British soldiers. They seemed intoxicated, and having been out on a furlough, were probably returning to barracks, after a night of dissipation. She quickened her steps—so did they.

"Not so fast, my sly little chicken," exclaimed one.

"A kiss from a pretty wench is no bad breakfast, and yours is the first petticoat I've seen this morning."

"Pray, my friend, do not stay me," said Ada, trembling, "here—here is money for drink—let me go."

"D—n the money!" answered the man fiercely; "do you think, Miss Yankee Doodle, to buy a British soldier? and as to the lush I've had enough, and to spare—and, d—n my eyes! but you're very pretty."

Ada screamed aloud, in unutterable terror, she struggled in the rude grasp of the man, and failing to release herself, sank down in almost senseless fear, when a quick bound over the adjoining fence—a sudden exclamation, and a sudden blow, told her that she had found a protector. She felt herself tenderly raised and heard the voice of Falconer passionately reassuring her. The drunken soldier who had fallen, now rose moodily, and both men muttered oaths and threats.

"Begone, scoundrels that you are! Armstrong, I thought you had been a man—Jones, you shall dearly abide this morning's work."

"Oh, hookey—you're proud, by God, Captain Falconer; perhaps there's two of us can tell tales—that girl's my blownen, d'ye see, and so, if Armstrong will stand by me, it a'n't your shoulder knots will take her from me, d—n me!"

"Jones," said Falconer, in a voice quivering with passion, "you are a drunken beast—go home, or I swear, by heaven, I will shoot you down like a dog."

"I'd rather be an English bulldog than a Yankee turncoat," replied the man, insolently, "it will be a good story for the old man how you've swopped sides for—"

He never finished the sentence; a sharp, short click startled Ada to consciousness; a sudden report made her spring from Falconer's arm; she saw the soldier fall; she saw the dark blood gush on the ground; she beheld the terrible expression of her lover's face as he dashed away the discharged pistol and presented a second at Armstrong—she made a convulsive effort to grasp his arm, and fell senseless at his feet.

When life returned, she was lying on the bed of Clarisse, who was standing over her regarding her

with no friendly aspect—"Where! oh, where is he?" exclaimed Ada.

"He is taken prisoner."

A scream so sharp and thrilling that it startled the woman, burst from Ada.

"They will not harm him! He has saved me from worse than death! They will not surely harm him!"

"He will suffer as a spy, as Major Andre suffered."

At this terrible answer, the poor girl dropped back on her pillow, as if knocked down by a deadly blow; she did not faint or weep, but her pale features gradually assumed a stern and rigid expression, as if settling into marble; the eyes were dry, but fixed and hard, the lips were white, but firmly compressed—she arose and composed her dress.

"Whither go you, Mademoiselle?" said Clarisse, surprised, as every one is, when energy and determination are displayed by the naturally timid and gentle.

"To Sir Henry Clinton," replied Ada.

"You must not, you cannot, you will not!" exclaimed the woman, hastily, "you are exhausted, your cheek is pale as that of a corpse, your guardian has been sent for, you must await his coming."

"Woman!" cried Ada, with startling violence, "would you lay the guilt of blood upon my soul!—Would you condemn me to live a murderer! He has saved me from horror past all conception—I will save him too!"

"You cannot—you are mad to think on it—Sir Henry Clinton will laugh at—will not listen to you."

Ada was ready to depart as Clarisse spoke, she turned her head firmly and slowly back, and fixing a look of cold, concentrated passion on her agitated companion, she said—

"Sir Henry Clinton SHALL hear me!"

PART THIRD.

Her look composed and steady eye
Bespoke a matchless constancy,
Twice she essayed to speak in vain;
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
But when her silence broke, at length,
Still as she spoke, she gathered strength,
And armed herself to bear;
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.

Marmion.

The urn hissed merrily on the breakfast table, the toast was crisp and brown, and the sea bass, that daintiest of fishes, done to a nicety on Mr. Bingham's ample board, yet Ada made not her appearance to breakfast. Mr. Bingham fidgetted, Mrs. Bingham looked uneasy, and Ellen laughed.

"I am astonished at Ada's want of punctuality, she knows that I fancy no one but herself to make my tea or butter my toast. I suppose she will come in presently with some long charitable petition, for some one who it will compromise me to interfere with."

"I trust the dear child has met with no annoyance in these troublous times; she should not wander abroad alone. My dear, had we not better send servants in search of her?"

"Oh, my dear mother, don't be uneasy, depend upon it, Ada has but walked to New York for some little matter she wanted—perhaps she is accompanied by the would be visiter of last night, her republican hero from Utopia—if so, she will soon return with a blush so bright that it falsifies the demure simplicity of her smile, and the downcast glance of her timid eye."

Before Ellen's father could rebuke her suggestion, the door opened and Ada entered. All were ready to exclaim—they looked upon her face and were silent. Scarcely indeed could imagination recall Ada's self by the glowing description of Ellen, when they beheld the present reality—she seemed like the murdered dead returned to earth, endued with phantom life, to seek for retribution, so cold, so stony was her look. Her dress, as she dropped her cloak, was seen spotted with blood, and when Ellen grasped her hand, the pulse beat full and high, although the flesh was cold as death.

"Great Heaven! Miss St. Armand, what have you suffered."

"Nothing, sir."

"There's blood upon your dress, dear Ada!"

"It is not mine."

"Ada, dearest friend, where are you going? Where have you been? Speak to me, beloved Ada?"

"Do I not speak to you? I have been amidst all horror, danger, and death. I am going to New York to see Sir Henry Clinton. He who preserved my safety and honor has forfeited his own. I go to entreat his pardon."

"She surely raves!" exclaimed Mr. Bingham.

"I rave not, sir; I speak the steadfast truth. Gerald Falconer, the republican officer, you last night saw, has this morning done me a benefit beyond repayment or return—he is taken a prisoner drest in his uniform; he will suffer for my sake. Come with me, dearest and kindest friend, lead me to his commander, let me tell him how heroic generosity for a defenceless woman perilled the noble captive's safety, and he will pity and forgive."

"If you are not indeed mad, Miss St. Armand, you certainly speak the language of insanity. I go with you to the British general—I intercede for a continental spy—I who am so strictly neutral! Not only will I not accompany you, but, as your guardian, I forbid your going, and advise you to remain tranquil."

"Remain then! I do not wish your sanction. Your power I disallow—your guidance I detest—your advice I do despise! From the depths of mine inmost soul I love my brave deliverer. I will save his life, or cast mine own away as a thing of naught. Fare you well, sir; beware that men call not your indecision avarice, your strict neutrality a poltroon's fear!"

The door had closed behind the lofty form of Ada, ere any one drew their breath to speak. The deep flush of shame had come to Mr. Bingham's cheek at the haughty sarcasm of her whom he had hitherto regarded as a timid child. Ellen threw herself on her knees before her father to implore his pardon for her distracted friend, and the kind-hearted Mrs. Bingham wept anew over the woes of civil war. Occupied by their own feelings, some time elapsed before

either followed the unhappy girl; when Ellen went to seek her in her chamber—she was gone. She had past from the house with a step as firm, a glance as high and proud as though a carriage waited to bear her to some glorious triumph; she, the shrinking, gentle daughter of a southern sky, was now braving alone the inclement weather and the rude stare of strangers. "When the mind's free the body's delicate." Ada loved, and in that word was comprised every energy of her frame, every power of her mind. She felt not the rain, she heard not the jest and laugh ventured at her expense—she experienced neither fatigue nor cold, alarm nor doubt; her spirit was braced to action, and, like all determined minds, she defied its consequences. The house occupied by Sir Henry Clinton and his staff was nearly down to the Battery; Ada was acquainted with the lady who was its owner and his voluntary hostess. She ascended the steps and asked for Lady Clermont. The important black porter scarcely vouchsafed her a reply. Ada raised her calash, and putting a golden guinea in his hand, said, "Pompey, I think you do not know me; I have walked in the rain; can I not see your lady or Sir Henry Clinton?"

"Oh, lorra me! Misssee Ada, I neber would ha known you, you look somehow so all oberiah! My lady's in de country, and de general hab gemmen wid him on richemetal business. He! he! tink of my neber knowing Misssee Ada."

"That will do, Pompey, I will go up stairs."

The black still opposed her, and chattered away, when Ada quietly but firmly put him aside, and looking at him with great earnestness, said—

"You may go, you have done your duty—I go to mine."

The large withdrawing room of the noble mansion was filled, indeed, as Pompey said, on regimental business. Sir Henry, the mildest and most gentlemanly of officers, sat at the head of a long table—at the other end stood Gerald Falconer, his American uniform looking strangely amongst the rich liveries of the king, his sword lay unbuckled from his side on the table, and a corporal's guard were in attendance immediately behind him. There was a hum of many voices in the room; groups were drawn together in the deep embrasures of the windows, eagerly discussing the present scene, while those who formed the committee or court martial, were seated around the table, asking questions, some of the prisoner, some of the soldier Armstrong, who was giving evidence against the accused.

"And you, George Armstrong, do distinctly deny that you or the deceased John Jones gave any provocation to Captain Falconer, at the time he fired?"

"I do, sir; there was no offence given by either of us; I swear on the word and honor of a man!" answered Armstrong.

"The word of a liar, and the honor of a ruffian!"

It would take a fine pencil to portray the scene, as Ada uttered in a clear, full tone, the words just written. She stood at the doorway; her white, blood-stained dress contrasting with the black tangled masses of hair which, uncurled by the rain, fell to her waist, her large, dark, lustrous eyes, gazing bold and free on the forsworn soldier, who quailed beneath their glance,

her cheek and lip possessing all the beauty of outline, but devoid of coloring as those of a shrouded corpse. Falconer, who had started on hearing her voice, now regarded her with looks of shame mingled with admiration. Every tongue was silent; you might have heard a sigh as she advanced to the general's feet and knelt, exclaiming—

"Justice and mercy!"

"To whom—for whom?" asked he involuntarily.

"Justice for Gerald Falconer—mercy to myself"

"Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I am Ada St. Armand; I was the grand daughter of your old and valued friend, Robert Sherwood. I am here to speak the truth and confound the forsworn. It was to save me from a nameless horror that there is blood on yonder prisoner's hand; it was the mercy of the Most High God that sent him to save the orphan girl from the brutality of that wretch and his fellow ruffian. If you punish the protector of helpless innocence, ye do array yourselves against the decree of heaven which gave strength to man that he might be defenceless woman's shield!"

"But, my dear young lady, you mistake this matter," said the kind-hearted Sir Henry, gently raising her, "I should be well inclined to accept Captain Falconer's own testimony in this instance, against that of Armstrong, could he clear himself of the very questionable situation in which he otherwise stands. The uniform he wears—"

Falconer here gave a sudden start as if he would have interrupted him, but Ada heeded it not, she caught at the word and answered to it eagerly.

"For that I am alone to blame! He loves me—it is his only crime—he knew my foolish fancies for the cause of Freedom, and wore it solely to delight a wayward girl. For me alone has he lingered—against your cause he has no design or wrong. Oh! be as generous a foe as you have proved yourself a brave one! Pardon—release him! and the blessings of the Eternal God, evoked by an orphan's grateful prayers, shall be to you a shield of power amid the battle's roar—within your homestead circle, to you and yours, a constant blessing!"

She sank again from his arm to her knees—for a moment not a sound was heard, but her hard drawn breath, then the general spoke, dashing aside a tear that did him no dishonor.

"This has, I see, been some foolish love affair—Captain Falconer you are released from ward, and I hope—"

She did not hear the rebuke that followed, she did not learn that Gerald Falconer was, in reality, aid-de-camp to Sir Henry, and had assumed the language and dress of a republican officer to deceive her, she did not have her glowing soul chilled by the stern rebuke with which the commander-in-chief alluded to the various gallantries of his officer—the moment the word was uttered which freed her lover from what she believed a far more imminent peril than it was, she sprung up with a quick cry of joy, gazed around for the first time with consciousness of her situation, gasped for breath to speak—panted—reeled, and fell senseless at the pitying general's feet. Perhaps, had she then, when every

energy of her soul had been exerted for him, had she then learned that he had deceived, entrapped her, had she been gently reprov'd and kindly counselled, she might have been saved; but, as it was, clasped to the breast of her lover in that carriage which he had been commissioned to convey her home in, she listened to his passionate vows, she blushed and sighed, and whispered a soft consent to be his, only his, to fly with him from home and friends, and from that hour be only his for ever. All the dignity, the majesty which had erstwhile enshrined her love was gone, but its beautiful simplicity, its perfect faith remained. And oh! how glorious is woman's trusting love in its purity, its confidence, its faith! She asked no vow, demanded no pledge, her heart was his, and she believed his was her's.

When men hold up their hands unto gods,
It is to give assurance of a doubt.

She had no doubt, no fear, and she looked for no assurance. "She flew like a young bird to her young mate," and never dreamed that love could forsake or treachery betray. And he, the deceiver, held her to his heart, and breathed his passionate poison to her senses, and

The moon hid its light
From her heaven that night—

Poor Ada! Days and months will roll by in that delirium of perfect faith and love, and many a sun will rise and set with joy to that glowing heart.

But there's a light above
Which alone can remove
The darkness that's left upon the maiden's fame!

PART IV.

Alas! how altered is that mien!
How changed those timid looks have been,
Since years of guilt and of disguise
Have steeled her brow and armed her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce and unfeminine,—are there
Frenzy for joy, for grief, despair;
And *he* the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth—her hopes of Heaven!
Oh! why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love?

Walter Scott.

The music rang out merrily and the lights blazed brightly from a fashionable house in Piccadilly, London, on one of the gala nights of the season. The weather was very inclement, but even the rain did not prevent a crowd from being assembled without, listening to the loud music, and envying every splendidly dressed group of lords and ladies set down by the carriages, as if satin and gems never covered an aching heart.

"Whose is this splendid mansion?" asked a stranger. It belongs to Mr. Sherwood, and this fête is in honor of his only daughter's approaching marriage with

Lord Milford, one of the finest young men in England." A female who had mixed in the crowd and stood near the speaker groaned heavily—the dapper little cockney turned to her—

"Bless my art, ma'am, did I tread on your toe, I'm werry sorry, but them flashy footmen do push so, oh! lackaday, if here haint the werry man himself, see ma'am that ere chap's young Lord Milford."

The common looking female whom he good-naturedly pushed forward, accepted his services so eagerly that she was thrown almost across the young nobleman's path. With peculiar haughtiness he cast off the contaminating touch when a low voice breathed near him these words—

"REMEMBEREST THOU ME?"

He started, and forgetting the rain, would, full dressed as he was, have burst through the crowd, but no female was to be seen, and his friends hurried him in to the blazing portal. The master of the house, his destined father, received him with marked distinction, and the fair Jane Sherwood "repaired with a smile the arch on her brow a frown was like to spoil." The guest, her intended husband, was, indeed, one of a thousand, handsome, high-born, dignified—a gentleman and a soldier,—many a voice demanded as he passed—"Who is he?"

"Why dont you know,—that is Lord Milford, the Honorable Colonel Falconer that was, come into the title by his brother's death."

In the meanwhile a little coterie had gathered around the argand lamps at the head of the room; the fair bride leaned with a satisfied smile on Gerald's arm to whom her father was speaking of America.

"It was, he said, my place of birth, although I left it very young. I have no wish to revisit it in its state of rebellion now—even if it were not associated with very painful memories."

"I think, (remarked Lord Milford, as blandly as if the subject were not unpleasant to him,) you lost your father there, you said?"

"I did—and by the bye, I am astonished you never heard of Robert Sherwood, he was an intimate friend of Sir Henry Clinton?"

"I never heard his name."

"Well,—it was not of him I spoke—he died in happy honored age,—it was of one as fair, if she could not be more dear than this fair girl—my eldest born child,—it was of her loss I spoke."

Lord Milford, with soft courtesy, replied—

"Those whom the Gods love—die young?"

"Aye, if that were all—if she, indeed, were dead, but that I have not the happiness to know,—she was seduced by a villain from her home, nor ever heard of more."

Jane Sherwood leaned tenderly on her father's shoulder, he smiled through tears as he caressed her, and seemed to bless kind fortune that such could never be her lot. Lord Milford wished them both in Heaven. At the moment Lady Jane Sherwood, the high born and fashionable wife approached, followed by a servant bearing two letters on a silver salver—one for each gentleman. Strange decree of inscrutable fate, that to each one should be awarded, at the

same moment, by the same means, the punishment of their early sins! The note to Milford was on satin and scented paper, it contained merely these words: "*I wait you at the Quadrant.*" That of Mr. Sherwood was longer, rougher, and seemingly more important, for his color came and went as he read it. Milford hastily excused himself to Lady Jane and her daughter for an enforced absence of half an hour on urgent business. Mr. Sherwood took his arm and led him aside.

"Gerald, I have a letter respecting my long lost girl; it is from an American, and promises to give me every intelligence concerning her. I am so agitated, think for me, what shall I do?"

"Nothing, my dear sir,—forgive the disappointment, but believe me, you make your anxiety on this subject so public that every sharper will strive to deceive you for his own advantage"

"Alas! it may be so, but yet I will leave nothing undone. Are you going so soon?"

"But for a few minutes,—unhappily I must."

"You will not be long?" said Jane gently.

"To myself an age, since it parts me from you!" (replied he softly,) and left the room, muttering

"Damnation! Is it not enough to frenzy me, to have maudlin speeches to utter with that old fool and cursed prude while my pulses throb, my blood's on fire to meet the angel I adore! My cloak, Jennings, my cloak!—quick—quick—quick—I must go out."

The valet stared at his master's full dress, and said,

"Will your lordship not have the carriage?"

"Will your foolishness do as I order you?" shouted the impatient Milford, and in another second he was darting through the rain like an arrow from a bow.

Within the gloomy shadow of the Quadrant, and leaning against one of the columns immediately beneath a lamp, whose flickering light contending with wind and rain, threw an uncertain glare upon her form, was a solitary female. Gerald addressed her in the deep tones of passion, barely suppressed by time and place.

"Speak to me! Let me know my fate by one sound of that so worshipped voice! Oh! you for whom I have so panted, so maddened, speak to me! Tell me, is it indeed yourself? Have you at last given your angel form to my wild idolatry?"

The female allowed him to raise her veil—

"Eternal curses seize you!" he exclaimed in altered mood. "What in the foul fiend's name brings you here to-night in weather like to this? Have you found her? Have you spoken with—have you seen her?"

"I have."

"You have? Tell me, what says she? Shall I have her? Will she see me? Does she love me? Damnation! Why assume this cold, unfeeling silence, speak, woman! Nay, Clarissa—pardon me, speak, be merciful, my soul's on fire, I know not what I do, my brain reels round, I know not what I say;—tell me, shall I, indeed, behold my spirit's idol? Shall I hear those low deep tones shivering with incipient passion, or listen to that melodious laugh? Hear you me? I adore her to distraction."

"So once you did me."

"You! ha! ha! a glorious jest! You, Clarisse, you! why that was a boyish freak, you were almost old enough to be my mother. I tell you I dote upon this haunting phantom of beauty and delight."

"So once you did on Ada."

"Perdition seize Ada, and you too, for naming her! You speak as in reproach,—did you not connive to ruin her? Was it not *your* art that deceived her, *your* hauds that decked the victim for the sacrifice?"

"It was! It was! God saw it, and remembered it!"

"Tis well! the pining fool is dead, name her to me no more. And now, speak of this fair, this unknown vision that has enthralled me thus? Who is she?"

"She is of high degree—young, wild and servid. She loves but fears you ——."

"She need not!" interrupted Milford, passionately, "I swear by Heaven, I will respect her innocence as if enshrined upon the altar of the Holiest! I swear—"

"Hush! Do not swear! That vow has been too often broken,—Heaven shudders but to hear it!" said Clarisse, low and solemnly; "this young maiden will meet you only on your pledge of honor not to behold her face."

"Where?"

"At my house."

"Delicious creature! Enough Clarisse, you are my better angel, promise for me what you will, only let me hold her in my arms and feel once more that young bounding heart throb against mine."

"Not so Gerald,—your promise must be to *me*, and *must not be broken*. Without a pledge so solemnly given that you dare not break it, I will not do this thing."

"Since it must be so, I pledge my word—not as from man to woman—but as from man to man—for you have a manly spirit, Clarisse, and the devil's power to effect all evil. I promise you. Are you content?"

"I am."

"And now when shall it be,—I tell you, this very night I have felt her breath upon my cheek, her hand upon my arm, her voice within my heart. I cannot exist in this suspense. She hovers about my path like unto the invisible spirit of Beauty, I feel her hallowing presence, the very air breathes love—and lo! she vanishes like a glorious dream! When shall I be assured that she indeed is mortal, breathing, loving woman?"

"This very night if you can leave your company."

"If! Do you mock me, Clarisse, with your coldness? If!—I tell thee, I would leave the court of Heaven to stand beside this vision of delight!"

"Peace, unholy man!" replied the woman, solemnly, "you know not how soon you may be summoned there."

* * * * *

The abode of Clarisse, provided as it was for most unlawful purposes, was a combination of natural beauty and artificial luxury. About four miles out of London, on the banks of the Thames, it offered a safe retreat for such mad gamblers as wished to shut themselves from sound or sight of life and stake their all upon a die,—*ner*, unless report did the strange woman injustice, was she less accommodating to any who

could pay extravagantly for the use of her house, for what purpose she neither knew or cared. The house was built in the style of a Venetian villa, the green lawn which sloped down to the river was thickly planted with trees, and the verandah or latticed *jalousie* which ran round the building was filled with rich and rare geraniums and exotics. It was an hour after midnight when Gerald arrived at this Armida's bower;—reckless of all but his own wild wishes, he had neither excused himself to the Sherwoods or even changed his attire,—and his full dress costume still set off to the best advantage a form with which few men might vie.

As he entered, Clarisse, who had preceded him, caught his arm, and while more touch of humanity mingled in her voice than was her wont, said to him:

"Gerald Falconer, I have kept my word, the girl is here, and even I, who care little for the beautiful and young, have gazed in wonder at her glorious beauty. Yet would I withhold you if I could,—go not near her; I feel, I know not why, an awed presentiment of evil. This day sixteen years ago I left for one like you my husband's arms and forsook my infant's smile, yet the memory of my love and my guilt is still strong upon my heart, since then I have profaned the name of love with many, but none have been dear to me as you. Gerald, I would save you although you love me no more. Go not to the syren!"

"And if death lay in my path I would go on!" was his answer, pushing her aside roughly.

"Perchance it may!" muttered she, "hush! hark!"

He listened, a guitar was softly touched, and a voice harmonious as the angel's whisper, yet not without a strange wildness mixed with its sweetness, rose on the stillness of night, fitful and fascinating as the chords of the Eolian harp. And thus the maiden sang in the words of Walter Scott.

Where shall the traitor rest,

He—the deceiver.—

Who could win maiden's breast

Ruin and leave her?

Shame and dishonor sit

By his grave ever;

Blessing shall hallow it—

Never, oh, never!

Ere the last note had died away, Gerald sprang forward to go, once more Clarisse stayed him—

"Remember your promise! Respect your pledge!"

"I will—I do."

"The hour that you break it will be your last of life! now go! but remember!"

With the prophetic tone and action of a Sybil, she released him, and in another second he was with the unknown. Upon a dark velvet couch reclined a female form, the moon's rays were intercepted by the trellice work of fragrant flowers creeping around the casements, but the dim twilight served to show the white dress and whiter arm which lay all bare upon the dusky couch, glittering in its polished fairness. Gerald knelt beside her. All was so still, you might have heard the panting of their hearts. He spoke at

least, his words were low, the dim solitude, the mystery profound—the strange, unhallowed passion—cast a deep shadow on his soul and enwrapped his thoughts in awed yet most delicious gloom.

"Star of my soul, thou hast arisen on my darkness! loveliest dream that e'er unveiled to living man the raptures of a perfect love! Mine own, unknown, yet still beloved one, let me hear thy voice? Speak—oh speak! lest once more I wake from maddening bliss and find my spirit gone! my Houri vanished? Wilt thou not speak? ah! Thou tremblest! Canst thou fear me?"

"I fear thou may'st forsake me!"

"Oh, peace! Thou speak'st sacrifice to love! Hear me! I have knelt at many a shrine, but placed my heart in thee alone! For thee have I thirsted through a weary life, on thee have I dreamed when my unsated soul turned sickening from meaner joys, and asked of Heaven to grant it, thee! My soul, my sense, my life is thine! Without thee, existence were a weary load,—with thee, death were a welcome blessing!

She spoke again, and the hot tears fell on his face.

"I love thee!"

"Thou lov'st me! Then do I defy fate! Thou art mine, art pledged to me body and soul as I to thee! Hear it, Heaven—witness it, Earth—thou art mine own—mine own for ever."

"Here—drink!—drink!" and he seized a golden goblet that stood prepared upon the table, "swear to be mine in life,—mine in death!—for life or for eternity mine own—mine only!"

With hand as cold as clay, she took the cup, she raised it to her lips. "I swear!"

Gerald clasped her with one hand, with the other he seized the fatal goblet; and emptied its contents.

"Away now with the poor foolery of disguise,—let me behold thy face! I pass my hand o'er thy fair lineaments and form and feel them to be lovely! Let me look upon my fate—my destiny!"

"Dost thou not fear?" asked her soft voice.

"I fear nor Heaven, nor Hell, possessing thee! Thus—thus enclasping thee,—and defying fate itself—I claim thee body and soul—mine own!"

He bore her frantic to the casement, he dashed the sash aside,—and she opposed him not. He tore, with wildest haste, the leafy shades away—but she no longer trembled in his grasp. Another instant and the cold, chaste moonbeam looked upbraidingly in upon their sinful passion;—she raised herself from his breast and parted back the black masses of her clustering hair, he gazed upon her face as one who stupifies to stone.

Twining her arm in his, she said,

"For life or death, in time and in eternity, I claim thee for my own!"

PART V.

Who comes from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael, the Angel of Death!

Thalaba.

Fermosi al fin il cor che balzo tanto!
Hippolito Pindemonte.

Morning arose as majestically bright as though sin and sorrow dwells not on the earth, and with its earliest rays an anxious party were launched upon the broad bosom of the Thames. Two of the men sitting there were elderly, the other two were merely ministers to enforce the law. The most distinguished of the former groaned repeatedly, his friend essayed his comfort.

"Why should you be thus dismayed, my friend, surely you have cause for joy! Of the unhappy Ada's fate you long have known, and the detection of her betrayer saves your remaining child from the fell villain's gripe."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Sherwood, "can Gerald Falconer be this villain! And this Clarissa?—this female fiend who abetted the ruin of my child,—say who—who is she?" Mr. Bingham, for it was he, replied,

"Of her we know but little, she was a foreigner, the cast off paramour of Falconer and the mother to his child. She, we have learned, first, in revenge for her own desertion, incited him to forsake the hapless Ada. She, we know, consigned her to the madhouse when deserted by her heartless lover; she, it seems, hearing of Ada's escape from thence, has again lured her in her power.—why or wherefore we dare not wonder."

"Eternal curses cling to her! If there be law in England, dearly shall she abide her villainess. Oh, my child! my child! unhappy daughter of a most unhappy mother, would God I had never parted from thee!"

They landed on the beautiful earth,—beautiful and pure it is, though its children defile its breast—they presented themselves at the Venetian villa, and were encountered by Clarissa. Cold and unmoved she stood, but a wild exclamation burst from the wretched Sherwood.

"What seek ye here, George Sherwood?" she said. "Come ye to remind me of your crimes, or to own their retribution. Recall you to mind my peaceful convent whence you stole me, think you of the injustice which cast me off and disowned my infant daughter, because, a child of nature, I obeyed nature's laws, and loved another better than yourself? Where is my gone-by peace? Where is my deserted daughter?"

"Most miserable wretch!" ejaculated Sherwood, "if thou art she, indeed, whom they have called Clarissa, it is of thee that I demand my child! Matricide! Where is the Ada whom you lured to ruin, the Ada you consigned to misery and madness? Where is my Ada,—yes, accursed fiend! your Ada too! Our child—our lost, our ruined, perhaps murdered Ada!"

Reeling like a sculptured marble beneath a mighty blow, the wretched creature glared wildly on him.

"Ada! who talks of Ada! She was my rival! she is my tool to avenge on thee, George Sherwood, thy second marriage and thy pampered heiress! Ada! Ada! St. Armand! You cannot, will not, dare not say my victim is my child!"

Unable longer to endure suspense, the maddened father rushed past her to the room where, stretched upon a couch, the lovers lay. God! what a scene was there! Terribly had love's revenge been wrought! The face of Falconer was contorted as with pain, remorse and dread;—his clenched hands still seemed to grasp in death for that vain world whose pleasures he had loved so well,—but Ada—the once innocent, still lovely Ada, whom treachery and hate had driven to phrenzy and despair—oh! how glorious she looked reposing on her bridal couch, the triumphant Queen of Fate and Death! One hand clasped Gerald's with a hold so firm no mortal force could sever it, the other prest her bosom as if in that last, dread hour, her betrayed and bounding heart had found its rest. A proud smile still wreathed her lip and her black tresses twisted round her brow, fearfully represented a coronet. Yes, she lay there crowned by her own wild deed—the Bride of Death! And him—her first, last, and only lover,—she had reclaimed him from the world, she had sworn him her own once more, her's only, and borne him, on the wings of her own daring spirit to that dread Tribunal where her wrongs would be avenged, her sorrows soothed, and her despair forgiven! And how looked she,—that fearful woman,—who, for poor revenge and mean despite, had connived at the workings of despair! How gazed she

on that beautiful clay, for whom, while the spirit inhabited it, she had worked such wo! How recognized she in that pale, wo-worn face the lineaments of her first born child! How bore she the curses of an outraged father sorrowing over the corpse of his lost child! She saw not—knew not—heard not;—her lot was future madness;—not that visionary dreaming which soled Ada's breaking heart,—but furious, raging madness,—for ever raving for that forgiveness which she feels is not for her, and of that Hell which is already burning in her breast.

And Ada, that persecuted, weary orphan,—whose deep devotion to erring man had made her misery,—whose noblest, kindest qualities had winged the arrow's shot against her peace,—they laid her in her mother earth. Orphan no more, her emancipated spirit fled to the bosom of its Father and its God, there to bestow, in joy past all expression, the love which earth had wronged.

No storied marble marks her lowly grave, but the tears of affection, bright, as diamond dew, sparkle upon its sod.

"What though no hallowed earth allow her room,
Or sacred dirge be muttered o'er her tomb!
Still shall her grave with rising flowers be deck'd,
And the green earth lie lightly on her breast!
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow,
While angels with their sacred wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by her ashes made."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

THE LAMENT OF MOWBRAY.

I.

FAREWELL, farewell, my Father-land;
I would the glance might be
That lingers on thy lessening strand
The last on earth for me:
I would the pang that rends my heart
Thus speeding from thy shore,
Could bid this load of life depart,
Since thou art mine no more!

II.

It is not that I lightly grieve
For honors, wealth, or fame;
My native shores I might but leave
To win a nobler name:
Nor yet to ties of kindred love,
I mourn to bid adieu;
For these in other climes might prove
As tender and as true.

III.

But O! in this desponding breast
A darker thought must dwell;
A thought no wealth can bribe to rest,
No fond affection quell:
Henceforth must I, an exile lone
And homeless, stray thro' earth;
Tenant of every clime, save one;—
The land that gave me birth.

IV.

The warrior, whom the trump of war
Hath lured across the flood,
To seek a fleeting fame afar
In fields of toil and blood;
The mariner, by fate consigned
To plough the restless wave;
Each in his country hopes to find
A death-bed and a grave.

V.

But I in stranger-land must live,
In stranger-land must die;
The tyrant knows not to forgive,
Nor formed to crouch am I.
Then O farewell, my native land!
I would the glance might be
That lingers on thy lessening strand
The last on earth for me.

REGULUS.

I.

URGE me no more—your prayers are vain,
And vain the tears ye shed;
When I can lead to Rome again
The bands from Rome I led;
When I can rouse your legions, slain
On swarthy Libya's fatal plain,
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will I claim once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome.

II.

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death;
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like his own serpent's wreaths
Round every limb—if lip and eye
Betrayed no sign of agony;
Inly I cursed my breath;—
Wherefore, of all that bled, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

III.

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's fitting doom,
I recked not—could they chain the mind,
Or plunge the soul in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth, perchance to die—
Oh! in that hope was ecstasy!

IV.

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a shackled slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed, perchance, my sterner mood
Was quelled by chains and solitude—
That he who once was brave—

Was I not brave?—had now become
Outcast from honor as from Rome.

V.

Fathers! to you they bade me bear,
The offers these have borne;
They would have trained those lips to swear
Which never yet have sworn:
Silent their base commands I heard;—
At length I pledged a Roman's word,
Unshrinking to return—
I go, prepared to brave the worst;—
But I shall gall proud Carthage first.

VI.

They sue for peace—I bid you spurn
The gilded bait they bear;
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
War, ceaseless war, declare.
Fools as they were—could not mine eye
Through their dissembled calmness spy
The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent his wasted frame
To bribe you to your country's shame?

VII.

Your Rome—I must not call her mine,
No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
Nor share his father's grave—
Your Rome shall triumph—Carthage lies
Beneath your mightier destinies;—
Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours—she knows it well—and you
Shall know—and make her feel it too.

VIII.

Ay—bend your brows, ye ministers
Of coward hearts, on me:
Ye know no longer is it hers,
The empire of the sea;
Ye know her fleets are far and few,
Her bands a mercenary crew,
And Rome, the bold, the free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your worn and wasted powers.

IX.

One path alone remains for me;
My vows are heard on high;
Thy triumphs, Rome, I shall not see—
For I return to die:
Then tell me not of hope or life—
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife,
No smiling progeny:
One word concentrates for the slave
Wife, children, country, *all*—THE GRAVE.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

No. III.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

BRAZIL was discovered A. D. 1500, by Pedro Alvarrez de Cabral, a Portuguese, who landed on the 3d of May at Porto Seguro, where the first settlement was made—he called the country he had discovered the Terra Nova da Vera Cruz, or the New Land of the True Cross.

The principal article of value they found and which became a general article of commerce, was the wood now known as Brazil wood, much used as a dye—from its resemblance to fire, it was called *Pao Brases*, and finally gave a new name to the country which produced it. The natural advantages of the new settlement were few, and it never became a place of much size or importance.

New discoveries were annually made, and on the 1st of January, 1531, the harbor of Rio de Janeiro was discovered by Martin Alphonso de Souza—also a Portuguese. He supposed it to be the mouth of some large river, and called it the Rio de Janeiro, or River of January, from the month in which he discovered it. His idea that it was the mouth of a river was entertained for many years, and the name was never altered, although the supposition was proved to be erroneous.

In 1558, an attempt was made by the government of France to take possession of the place. Nicolas Villegagnon, a native of Provence, and a knight of Malta, was selected to lead the enterprise. He established himself on an island in the harbor, which still bears his name—he never was able, however, to effect a permanent settlement on the main land, and after meeting with alternate good and bad fortune, he was dislodged and driven from the country in 1565.

In 1716, another attempt was made by the French, under General Duclerc, with a force of 1200 men, but his army was nearly annihilated. The following year, Duguay Troun entered the harbor with a French fleet, and committed great ravages, but could not establish himself there, and his government then gave up the attempt as hopeless.

No harbor in the world is more easy of access than this—the landmarks are of a peculiar character, and very strongly marked.

The Sugar Loaf, on the left entrance, is a remarkable mountain, of a conical shape, and can be seen for ten or fifteen leagues, in clear weather. Behind it, is a remarkable mountain, called the Gavia, which, with several others, forms the profile known as Lord Hood's

Nose. If the resemblance is a good one, his lordship must have had a considerable handle to his face.

In the rear of these, the lofty Corcovado raises its peak to the height of 2,329 feet above the ocean. Its summit has been split by lightning, and a very sharp peak now remains.

Nothing more beautiful than this bay can be imagined. At the entrance, opposite the Sugar Loaf, is the lofty fort of Santa Cruz, which renders the entrance to the harbor a matter of impossibility (if such a word exists in warfare) to any one with hostile intentions. On numerous islands, other forts are erected, and present a very picturesque appearance. On the opposite shore to the city, and about four miles off, is the beautiful village of Praia Grande—and the city itself, with its innumerable domes and spires, and the mountains in its rear, has a most imposing appearance.

On a clear day, a range of mountains, called the Organ Mountains, are very perceptible, and sufficiently attest the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere. These mountains are about seventy miles from Rio, but have the appearance of being within ten or fifteen miles—they resemble very nearly the pipes of an organ, whence they derive their name.

A very solid and convenient landing for boats has been erected, and is called the Palace Stairs; it is directly in front of the palace, or what was once used as such, though the emperor now resides in the country, a few miles from town. The building is only used now on state occasions and court days.

On the palace square, near the stairs, is a very large square fountain, from which the inhabitants in this section of the city derive their supply of water. There are similar ones in other parts of the city. These fountains are supplied with water by means of a large and handsome aqueduct, which conveys the water from the Corcovado. The vapors condensing on this lofty peak, run by various rivulets, till they unite in a considerable torrent, which falls into a natural reservoir, about three miles from the city. This aqueduct was constructed in 1719, by Albuquerque, then captain general of the province; it has been altered and improved, and was completed in 1750; it consists of two ranges of arches, and is very solid.

The houses are generally very high, and the streets narrow and dirty. The principal street is the Rua Direita, in which most of the merchants reside, and transact their business. Most of the commercial build-

ings are in this street—the Custom House, Exchange, Post Office, etc.

You constantly meet crowds of negroes with burdens on their heads, such as bags of coffee, etc., and they invariably sing while walking—they have a leader who draws out some unintelligible jargon, and the others join in the chorus. The number of blacks here is almost incredible—they carry every thing on their heads, and an amusing story is told that a merchant having purchased a number of wheelbarrows for the convenience of his slaves, and having first used them while building to carry away the dirt, the slaves, after filling the barrows with earth, proceeded to place them on each other's heads, as they had been accustomed to do with buckets.

At Praia Grande, there is a very large ball-room, used by a society who give public balls, called "White Jacket Balls," at which no one appears except in a white jacket. It is a very cool custom for the climate, but has a very singular appearance to one used to visit dress balls in other countries.

The Botanical Gardens are situated about six miles from town, and would be an ornament to any country, as they are to this. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and every thing that can strike the eye arranged to the greatest perfection. The spices of the east are

mingled with the beautiful fruits and plants of Brazil. Groves of cinnamon, mace, and cloves spread their perfumes through the air.

Several acres of the garden are laid out for the cultivation of the tea-plant. The government has sent to China for a number of hands to cultivate it, and as far as the experiment has yet gone, it justifies the belief that tea fully equal to that raised in China can be produced here.

The emperor is a very interesting boy of fourteen years of age, and has a strikingly German face. His features are not unlike Bonaparte's, though, I believe, he has never exhibited any remarkable symptoms of genius.

The ladies are generally very dark brunettes, and have not the best reputation for virtue. They are remarkably shy of foreigners—it is almost impossible for a stranger to gain access to their society, as the fair ones say "they kiss and tell,"—a shocking charge, but founded probably on their experience. They are not as handsome, nor have they as fine figures, as the ladies at the River Plate.

The Brazilians generally are a very mean, sickly looking race—the effect probably of the enervating properties of their climate, and their having no cool weather to brace their constitutions. F. C.

THOSE GENTLE EYES.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

WHERE have I seen those gentle eyes
That smile on me thro' sleep,
That seem like spirits from the skies,
A loving watch to keep.

Where have I met that earnest gaze
So soften'd in its beams?
Is it the light of other days
That comes to glad my dreams?

Thro' all my visions of the night
Their gentle radiance steals,
And what a flood of blessed light
Their tenderness reveals.

They come upon my sicken'd mind
Like sunshine thro' the gloom,
And seem around my heart to bind
Young flowers of early bloom.

They gather all life's treasures up
That faded from my view,

And give me back the tempting cup
Gem'd with youth's sparkling dew.

They lead me to glad scenes again,
With their beguiling ray,
'Till darken'd clouds give way—and then
Break into open day.

The earth looks redolent with joy,
A promis'd haven lies
Of peace and love, without alloy,
Within those gentle eyes.

Where have I met them? have they been
But to the midnight given,
To lead my thoughts from earth and sin,
Up to their home in heaven?

Or hath the world one brighten'd spot,
One fair, unfaded flower,
Where the dark shade may be forgot,
Of many a tempest's hour?

THE LOST FISHERMAN.

A SKETCH FROM TRADITION.

Ye who would o'er his relics weep,
Go seek them where the surges sweep—
The sea-birds shriek above their prey.

Byron.

"I HAVE come to persuade you to return with us, Alie," said a fair young creature, whose silvery voice made doubly musical by sympathy, rang sweetly through the fisherman's hut. And drawing a stool, she sat down by the mourner's side.

Helen Trevor was the only daughter of a widowed father, a wealthy gentleman, who, at the period of our sketch, that is in 1788, tradition says, resided in his elegant mansion, a short ride from the little port of Vincent town. The harbor stood at the head of a bay, or more precisely sound, which constituted a part of the sea about ten miles wide and some thirty in length, cut off from the ocean by those low island beaches, which, like links in an extended chain, stretch along our Atlantic shore from Cape Cod to the Bahamas.

In this neighborhood Helen Trevor had grown into the beautiful being whose voice was heard in the fisherman's hut; and sure a lovelier form never tripped along the shore. It was just rounding into womanhood. Her features were nearly regular; with dark lustrous eyes, and a brow around which, like a Grecian virgin's, was braided her glossy hair. Her neck and bust were full and exquisite. They might have been chiseled in ivory. But above all, even above the rich pouting lip, was the smile that lightened and etherealized her countenance when she spoke. Apelles dreamed of such a one when longing for the smile of the seventh maiden. And now as she looked up into the old woman's haggard countenance, her whole face beaming with compassion, you might have thought her a better spirit than belongs to this poor world of ours.

The being by her side was the wife of a fisherman, well known on the coast as "old Tom Barney." He lived on a bare, island beach, following his hardy livelihood, and exposed to the unbroken fury of the storms which so often and so fiercely beat in from the Atlantic. There were strange whispers afloat of his reasons for deserting humankind. Men said that many a stout bark came on his beach when the wind scarcely set them there; and that on the cold, snowy nights of winter, when the keen blasts were roaring around them, old Barney mounted on a shrivelled horse, and bearing a lantern in his hand, would ride shouting up and down the beach. Few, however, knew this but from report. The tale, nevertheless, grew darker. Some hinted of unearthly lights, strange noises, and an agency with the evil one; while others

only said that the false lights seen along that stormy coast came from Barney's beach. Few, therefore, had any thing to say to the old man. Perhaps, also, there were scores of others on the shore, who so far agreed with him as to view a wreck as a "God-send."

But what did Helen Trevor at such a place? In early life, while sailing with a nurse in the bay, their boat has been capsized, and but for the timely interference of old Barney, they would have been lost. Her father's gratitude knew no bounds. But nothing could seduce the old fisherman from his desolate home. He sold his fish to the squire, and returned doubly paid; and singular as it may seem, a kind of attachment sprang up in the hearts of him and his wife towards the little girl. Once or twice, with her father, she had visited the beach.

But time passed on. Helen Trevor had sprang into womanhood and beauty. She now rarely saw old Alice, as the fisherman's wife was called. Happy in the gush of young affection, and beloved by all, her life had passed away like a dream, so soft and sweet. It began, too, to be whispered that a young man who had distinguished his boyhood in our infant navy was about to woo and win her. The poor families who lived on her bounty, and dreaded her removal, wept at the rumor.

One day, however, the old fisherman recurred to her, and she wondered, that for many weeks, she had not heard of him. By one of life's singular coincidences, at this moment, another hardy fellow was announced as wishing to speak to her about Tom Barney. She descended to the hall, and old Eph met her eye. He bowed clumsily, and told his tale. Tom Barney had been driven to sea in the late gale, and no one since had heard of him.

"And how is Alie?" asked Helen.

"That's what I was wishing to speak of, Miss," said Eph, twisting his hat, and looking down, "she takes it mortal hard;—the old man's certainly gone, and she looks a like as if her heart would break. It's queer how them two did live there so long."

"Poor thing!" sighed Helen.

The sailor wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket and paused irresolutely. At last, looking boldly up, he added, "We are afeard she'll do something wrong or a like make way with herself; there's no one there but old Katrine, the old hound, and—and—may be, if you, Miss Helen, could just go there you might convince her to come over to the main. A

visit from such great folk would do what none o' us can do. I hope you don't think me too bold."

"No, indeed, my good man," said Helen, smiling through her sadness, "and to prove it I will go with you." Her parent was absent, and the voice of distress was in her ear; so, taking her only and little brother for company, she departed on her mission. Eph landed her on the low, sandy shore, and promising to call for her by evening, shook his sail loose and danced gallantly away.

Helen found no living being to welcome her. Slowly she raised the latch and entered the low door. In one corner, her face buried in her hands, sat the mourner, the picture of stern and aged desolation. She did not seem to hear the intruder.

"Alie! Alie!" said Helen again, kindly.

It was a moment before the mourner moved. Age is often stubborn in its grief, and cynical; and the worse feelings of her desolate lot were struggling with her better ones. But the kindness of the young being at her side overpowered her. After a vain struggle she yielded to the relief of sympathy, the big tears rushed into her eyes, and her old hands trembled as she clasped the delicate one laid soothingly on her own. It was a touching sight. The flood gates of her smothered grief were broken down, and it was fearful to see her weep. Poor, poor old mourner! Mingling her tears with the widow's as they came rolling through her long fingers, Helen, like a ministering spirit, strove to comfort that desolate old heart. Imperceptibly she drew her away from her sorrows, and at last won her consent to return with her in the evening. Such kindness the old, but not insensible being could not withstand, and with a feeling that she had found a friend, a feeling which, poor thing! had not shamed her withered heart for years, she murmured her thanks and stole into the upper room, at Helen's entreaty, to woo a little rest. As the sun had already for some hours passed the zenith, the maiden, taking her little brother's hand, strolled out upon the beach to look for the expected sail.

They wandered unconsciously to the extreme end of the island-beach. The fresh salt breeze fanning her cheek, and the gay boy skipping before her, frightening the wild sea fowl from the edge of the surf, and holding up his shells for her to admire, drove away Helen's mournful thoughts. The gay, happy smile once more lightened up her features, and her merry voice rung out over the waves. She paused at length beside the inlet connecting the ocean with the bay. Far away to the left was the low line of the main land, with here and there a hill; and at the extreme head of the bay, scarcely seen on the flat, distant coast to the north, was the little port of Vincent town; an uninhabited beach, on the opposite side of the inlet which washed at Helen's feet, stretched away and fronted the port towards the ocean. To her right was the ocean thundering in upon the coast. She could not but observe that the sky was even yet unsettled. The wind, too, blew in fitful though low gusts, and had shifted more towards the sea. The sea-gulls were sweeping inland before it with rapid flight, and breasting it slowly in their return. To-

wards the main land, on the left, where the bay behind her ran down between the coast and the beaches, and which was usually spotted with fishing boats, but a few flying sails, and one solitary cockle boat was seen. Helen turned and gazed in that direction. More than a mile down the beach, on the narrowest part of the island, and within a few yards of the bay, stood the fisherman's hut. On the sea-side it was protected from the high spring tides with a bank, formed by the sand collecting among the elder bushes planted for the purpose. This singular barrier was some twelve feet high. Not a tree was visible on the white, bare surface of the island. The long, salt marsh waved on the bay shore, and the short waves curled in mimic breakers along. On that desolate spot, for thirty years, the Lost Fisherman had lived.

The sun, wading through the ominous clouds, was now within an hour of sunset, and yet the expected sail did not whiten the bay. Helen began to be uneasy. She wished anxiously for a sight of it, and twenty times she fancied her wishes gratified; but a moment showed her it was the foam of the wave, or the wing of a stooping gull. At last, in half despair, she wandered with her little brother back towards the house.

The sun was just setting when she reached the door. Meanwhile a rapid change had come over the sky. The dark clouds were gathering black and sullen on the edge of the horizon, and the wind one moment swept wildly over the ocean, curling the crests of the huge billows into a thousand fantastic forms, and sweeping the spray in volumes before it, and then died away in mournful and sullen gusts. Along the coast, far as the eye could see, the swelling waves were rolling in towards the breakers, and sending up a voice of thunder from the vortex, while their shattered crest splashed and foamed beneath them. A few sea-gulls, revelling in the strife, dipped in the surf or shot screaming to the sky. Twilight and darkness rolled heavily on. The little boy, clutching his sister's hand, gazed with a half curious, half frightened look upon the scene; and Helen, although struck with its sublimity, felt an unaccountable foreboding stealing over her.

"It's a fine night it'll be, marm!" suddenly exclaimed a harsh voice behind her, and, hastily turning, the form of old Katrine met her eye. She was a rough, hardy, uncouth creature, attired in a coarse red petticoat and sailor's jacket, and her grizzled gray hair was gathered negligently up beneath a sailor's hat. Long, long before Helen could remember, this singular old being had resided with the Fisherman and his wife upon the beach. You might see her every day sullenly fishing in her little cockle-boat, and scarcely answering the fisherman's hearty hail. Selfish and iron-hearted, the only avenue to her heart was money, and Helen involuntarily slipped a piece into her hand, as she said,

"And do you think it will keep Ephraim from coming off, Katrine?"

"Come off, come off, what to-night!" and receiving an answer, she continued, "why, marm, he would never make the beach alive with this wind. When

it once comes it'll be harder than when old Barney went to the bottom."

"For Heaven's sake, don't say so," said Helen, shuddering at the thought of spending the night in such a place with this wild and callous-hearted being. Katrine saw her alarm and answered,

"Don't be afraid, marm, for the beach is perfectly safe. But, after all, such a night as this'll be you never saw: nor did I but twice. Do you see those clouds there," continued she, raising her long skinny arm from the oar on which it rested, and pointing to a huge, mis-shapen head, sweeping rapidly and gloomily up the horizon, "never but twice have I seen such as that, and both o' em was the fiend's night."

"The fiend's night!" exclaimed Helen, recollecting a superstition of the coast that once in every generation, a night was given to the evil one, to wreak his vengeance on the coast, and that this was the name for that eventful night. The tradition was well suited to the character of the people, and many dreadful tales were told of it. Helen, however, had always viewed it in a philosophic light; but now on the wild beach, with the tempest gathering around her, and the old hag-like creature, with her earnest countenance, pointing to that ominous cloud, she trembled in despite of her better reason.

"The fiend's night, marm, I saw it once here."

"Was it much of a tempest?" falteringly asked Helen.

"Much!—oh! but it was an awful night. The wind shrieked, and the cold snow blew, but old Barney laughed at it all when he saw the ship come on. She struck just out there, marm," and seeming to have the scene vividly before her, she continued, "we could hear 'em praying and shrieking so awful for help as the gusts died away. I've heard many go, but none like them. I could see 'em, as the wind whirled away the snow, hanging in the shrouds;—they hung all night, but when mornin' came they were all gone. There was a sweet young lady, young as yourself, lying there on the snowy shore, and smiling with her little baby in her arms. They were both dead," and the feelings of the woman triumphing for a moment over her frozen nature, she paused. Helen hung thrilled and shuddering, yet fastened as by a basilisk to her narration.

"There wasn't a soul saved. The old 'oman and I couldn't stand it, and we tried to light a fire; but the storm put it out. Besides, old Tom, (oh! that night he was awful!) swore he couldn't hear 'em. He was deaf, you know, sometimes," continued she, with a meaning look, "and so he stopped us. I always said he'd have to answer for that night's work—but he's gone to his account—he's gone to his account—I think, marm," continued she, lowering her voice and approaching nearer to Helen, "he'll may be, it all's true, walk these shores agin."

"Hush, hush, Katrine, what impious folly!"

"Well, well," and she paused awhile, but soon continued in another strain, "Oh! marm, could you have seen the silks, and cottons, and chiny teas! Tom Barney, how next mornin' he laughed, and mornin'.

arter for a week as the fine things came on! Oh! it was a grand time—but it was a dreadful one too," and thus with mingled feelings of humanity and selfishness chasing each other through her heart, softened in some degree by the lost fisherman's death, she turned away to the outhouse where she slept.

"Sister, sister, what a fearful woman," said the little boy, looking tremblingly up, "and oh! how dreadful was the poor lady and her little baby! I wish we were home," and the tears rose into his eyes.

Meanwhile the storm swept up. The scattered clouds gathered into dark masses and rolled bodingly up the horizon. The hoarse wind swept with threatening velocity over the sea, every moment deepening in power; while anon, the lightning gleamed, and the thick drops pattered down, and then a deeper darkness fell upon the scene, and the silence of the dead reigned around. Helen felt singularly, though apparently causelessly alarmed as she turned into the house.

The evening wore on. Hour after hour she sat in the lone tenement listening to the gale. Alie, worn out with grief and physical fatigue, had forgotten her sorrows in sleep, and lay unconscious in the low chamber above. Her little brother had fallen asleep in her lap, his beautiful countenance, half hidden in curls, turned aside and showing the smile of holy and innocent childhood reposing there. Oh! it was a beautiful night. But the night deepened. The storm without grew every moment fiercer. The rain beat wildly against the house, and the waves, like an earthquake, shook the coast. Helen almost feared for their habitation, but she comforted herself it had stood as fierce a tempest. Still, however, she could not but feel uneasy misgiving at so unusual a situation; and she wondered at the progressive and yet natural events by which she had been led into it. The conversation with Katrine, too, hung upon her mind, and she felt that in foretelling the tempest the old hag had not erred. The dark hints she had given of foul deeds acted around, gradually had their influence on the maiden's thoughts. She looked around the room, all within was hushed, and a faint light threw a melancholy glare around. She felt her lonely, unprotected situation, and a thousand apprehensions crossed her bosom. A vague sensation of alarm stole over her, and as the wind now shrieked by, and now died far away with its hollow, mournful sound, it seemed to her excited imagination like the wail of departed spirits over the lost fisherman. She crept hed thick. Shadowy figures seemed to flit before her, and thus worn out with fatigue and anxiety, she slept.

How long she continued slumbering they never knew. At the first dawn of recollection she beheld the rude apartment and the dying candle as before, but her little brother with a terrified countenance, was clutching her arm and calling her.

"Helen—Helen—oh! dear Helen, do wake," and his voice trembled with terror.

"Well, James, I am; but what shall"—the words died upon her lips. The mingled wind and rain was still driving past the house with fearful clamor, but

over it all was heard the dull wash of the long swell of the sea, and the shock as the heavy waves dashed and parted against the house. The horrid truth flashed at once upon her mind that the sand banks had been broken down, and, good God! *they were inundated*. It was an awful moment. Her pulse ceased, the thick breath gathered chokingly by like an iron weight in her throat, and with clasped hands and just parted lips, she stood a moment speechless, as the full terror of their situation rose rapidly before her. Alone, at midnight, on the mighty ocean, far from all help, surrounded by a raging and still increasing tempest, and saved only by a tenement whose timbers shook at every surge, what could she do? Rallying her faculties, however, she stepped to the windows to call Katrine, but the cold spray dashing into her face compelled her to desist.

Suddenly the side door was burst open, and dripping with brine, old Katrine rushed in. Her dark countenance was unusually excited. She waived her arm towards the narrow staircase.

"Get up, marm, up, it's our only chance—the breakers are boiling over the bank and the room will be full directly, up, up!" and again she waived her arm impatiently.

Helen paused not a moment. She clasped her brother and darted up the staircase.

"Up, up, marm, up!" shouted Katrine rapidly following her. They gained the chamber just in time to escape the angry surge, which breaking through the entrance after Katrine, foamed and dashed in the room below.

A moment Helen stood mutely thanking Providence for their escape, and then turned to her companion.

"Oh, Katrine, what can we do," said she, "will the house stand till morning?"

"Stand! The fiend only knows—but if the tide keeps rising another hour, it'll be nothing whether it stands or no."

Helen silently buried her face in her hands, and prayed in that dreadful hour. The beach on which they were, even in ordinary seasons, was almost level with the tide, but this year they had been unusually high. Before the sand-banks along the shore had been constructed, tradition had often said that, in heavy gales from the ocean, when the long and tremendous billows which had run perhaps a thousand miles came rolling in, the beach had been overflowed. That frail defence was now gone, and as the waves broke out at sea, they had to contend with the ground swell as well as their first shock. Their frail habitation was thus racked with two opposing powers, and the storm seemed growing fiercer and fiercer, she felt their days were numbered, and the joy of their momentary escape faded away. No hope of aid could be entertained unless they lived till morning, and they had no means of knowing the hour. All was horrid, lingering suspense. She saw, meanwhile, the troubled waters rise slowly higher. She thought of her father, thus by one blow, when absent, to be left childless. She thought, too, of another whom she loved, of the little, shivering boy at her side, and all

that made life dear. Oh! it was an awful thing that living death! and louder grew the storm,—the wild wind crashed by,—and the waves swept on, howling with their dull, deep roar, as if impatient for their prey. The old widow and Katrine stood listeners by. The little boy, like a frightened dove, was nestled close to his sister's side; while that sister could only press him closer to her bosom. She could not save him, but she could die with him. Die in that horrid manner; as it were, inch by inch. Who hears the cry, who pillows the form, who ever sings the requiem of "the ocean dead?"

A half an hour of lingering torture had thus passed, whose every moment seems an age, when suddenly the little fellow started up, exclaiming—

"Hark! bark! sister, what was that?" and stood listening intently. Helen knew the quick hearing of childhood, and following his example, she heard distinctly sweeping down from windward a loud, clear "halloo." A thrill of joy shot through her veins.

"Thank God!" she gasped fervently, "oh! Katrine, there is help at last," and clasping her hands, she fell back, in the revulsion of feeling, almost senseless.

The old woman, however, did not seem to partake of her joy. She stepped cautiously to the window and peered out.

"Help, there's none I can see; and I doubt, marm, if they ain't deceiving us."

"What—who do you mean? speak," rapidly and earnestly asked Helen,

"Mean," she commenced, "but oh! *Jesu Maria!*" she suddenly added in a quivering voice, and crossing herself rapidly, the first time for many years, with one hand, she pointed tremblingly with the other, and gasped "in the name of the saints, look there."

Helen sprang, astonished, to the window. The change which had come over the old woman was really alarming, and it seemed as if every thing around her had conspired to increase the danger. With pale, horror-struck face; her eyes quivering before some fearful object in the distance, and yet, by a fatal power, fixed immovably upon it, her whole form shaking with fear, stood old Katrine. Helen purely caught her dread, and following the direction of her quivering finger, saw that which made her pause in mingled alarm and hope. Far away before them the whole horizon was in a blaze with the vivid and incessant lightnings which streamed over the waste. The wind was still raging with unabated violence, and the high mountain waves seaward driven before it with impetuous velocity were racing one another like mettled couriers; until, meeting the shallower waters of the beach, they curled headlong over their looming crests and sped on shivered into fragments. The whole island before them was a mass of foam, luminous in the red glare of the lightning. In the intervals, however, of the flashes, an awful and supernatural darkness fell upon the scene. The wind shrieked and whistled in a thorn-and unearthy tones, and the thunder ranted fearfully over it;—and there, in the very line of the island, within a short cable length inside the breakers, and seemingly near

the spot where Helen had stood a few hours before, her long, thin masts like tracery, just seen above the driving spray, a dark schooner-built craft was lying to. This, at another time and place, would have been nothing unusual, but it flashed at once on Helen's mind, that she could morally neither gain nor keep so dangerous a situation. At first she deemed it an illusion, and she painfully closed her eyes; but on opening them again, there still hung the dark craft in the very foam of the breakers. "Can it be no mortal ship?" she asked herself involuntarily. She stood in trembling uncertainty. She was not superstitious, but the hour, the evidence, and above all, the state of her feelings, staggered her incredulity, and with a thrilling awe she gazed speechlessly upon it.

"It's the fiend's ship!" gasped Katrine, catching Helen's arm, and speaking in a low whisper, "that's no mortal cry. Did I not say poor old Tom would haunt these shores, marm?" she added hastily; and so their excited imaginations there seemed a form like his standing at the helm. No other being was aboard.

Helen had often laughed at these superstitions, and the legends that drowned fishermen, in the stormy nights, sailed their former haunts, but now unnerved, and not able to conquer the evidence of her senses, she could not instantly answer. The lightning still gleamed over the white foam, the huge billows still broke with appalling violence ahead of the dark hull, and still, as if laughing and defying the danger, the little bark maintained her fearful position, bowing her light masts at every surge, and then rising, like a sea-duck, gallantly from the cloud of spray. A strange thrill of awe and horror shook the maiden's heart, as she saw the unnatural steadiness of the singular apparition, in danger of being momentarily submerged, but turning to Katrine, she asked—

"But, Katrine, may it not be some poor mariner, driven in from sea?"

"How would he git *there*?" vehemently answered her companion, "he'd be too glad to run down the bay, and not lie there in the very jaws of the breakers."

Helen felt the force of the reply, but continued.

"It may, then, be some one from the mainland."

"Mainland! There a'n't a man from Vincent-town to Cowega, would dare to put out on such a night, marm; and then who'd lie to, with every breaker flinging its spray on his bow? Besides, he don't make a bit of leeway." And it seemed, indeed, as if the shadowy bark hung in the very spot where they had first seen her.

Such a succession of unanswerable facts rushing on the old woman's mind, well accounts for her agitation. She was half a sailor, and they are proverbially superstitious. She still spoke scarcely in a whisper; and when, after a pause, the cry of "halloo" was heard, wild and shrill, rising ominously from the distant craft, and then the same hail, in quick succession, followed two or three times, she fairly shivered with fear.

The cry, however, touched a new chord in the maiden's heart. It startled her, it is true, but after the first shock was passed, her cooler reason returned. She could not, indeed, account for the singular position of the vessel, or the tenacity with which she held it,

but there is a spring in the mind which nothing can subdue, and, despite every thing, Helen began again to hope it might be aid. "At any rate, death will soon overtake us here," she thought, and, though she trembled with a half lingering awe and dread, she resolved to cry for help. "The ways of Providence are not our ways," she unconsciously exclaimed, as she begged Katrine to hail.

"Hail, marm!" said she, enraged; "are ye mad? Will ye call to them that's not mortal?" and she turned away shivering.

By every argument which she thought would affect her, Helen strove to subdue her fear. But for awhile she was deaf. In vain, she offered her riches—any thing she could name. With something of a sneer, she answered—

"In another hour, marm, your money 'll do you little good," and she who, in safety, would have done any thing for lucre, was immovable.

It was no time, however, to stop. If that shadowy craft was sailed by human hands, she might seek soon a safer harbor, and leave them to their fate. With sudden energy, Helen stepped to the window, and, before old Katrine could stay her, had sent her feeble voice over the waters. It scarcely seemed to be heard, but it broke the spell of the old woman's fear, and, when a few moments passed, and all was still, she gathered courage, and looked furtively out on the scene. An impenetrable darkness now hung over all, and they could hear the mingled roar of the winds and the surf, and feel the dead weight of the shattered waves as they fell against the house.

Helen redoubled her exertions with Katrine. Her hail had not been answered, and she trembled lest the aid had passed away. She reasoned again and again.

"Well, it can't be worse. Besides, marm, they say human voices drive 'em away. The saints preserve us," suddenly said her companion, and, pitching her voice according to the gale, she sang out "ahoy! ahoy!" The sound was borne far away upon the breeze, but no answer followed. Emboldened by the effort, hope again resumed her sway, and, in a louder tone, she repeated the summons. For a while, a crash of thunder drowned every other cry, though the lightning flashing sharp before them, lightened up the darkness, and they saw again the foam and the breakers; but ship and helmsman had vanished from the scene.—Once more, and quickly, the old woman sent her loud thrilling shout over the waste, and the feebler voices of the others swelled the cry. It was in vain. Whether mortal or not, that fearful bark had only mocked them. Despair gnawed at their hearts. Old Katrine muttered—

"Once more; and, if mortal it be, they shall hear." And raising her hands to her mouth, and straining her throat to its fiercest tension, she poured forth a shrill, wild cry, that almost drowned the gale. She leaned breathless back, clasping the sill convulsively in her suspense. The gale, for a moment, lulled, and they listened in thrilling agony, while, for that instant, their breath stopped, their pulses ceased, and there came to their ears the dull, death-like washing of the waters,

but nothing else. The momentary lightning showed them a stormy, foaming, and deserted waste.

"It's the fiend's ship. I told ye it would only mock us," almost shrieked Katrine, striking her arm wildly down, and seeing Helen about to implore her to continue, she added—"No! curse it—would ye have me screech to the dead?" and turning away, she clambered up the ladder leading out upon the roof. Old Alie, too, who had silently partaken of their hopes, retreated to her pallet, and sat wringing her aged hands and muttering her prayers, every now and then turning to the maiden, and mourning that she had brought her there. She, however, with a face of calm despair, clasped her brother closer in her arms, and sat down with that resignation which is so fearful at death. The last act of the drama was winding up. The waters began to splash into the room, with the crests of the coming waves. They deepened, therefore, at every surge. They were already a foot high in their narrow prison-house. Casting, therefore, one wild thought on home and all she loved, Helen bid farewell to earth, committed all to God, and silently waited the wave which should end their tortures.

"Sister, we shall soon be in heaven, with mother and the sweet angels; shall we, sister?" murmured the boy upon her bosom. But the heart-broken sister answered only with her tears.

That night was a startling one to the inhabitants of the little port of Vincent-town. The rain splashed in the deserted streets, the wind roared among the creaking trees and around the houses, and the few vessels moored at their anchors, rocked fearfully on the short swell. A miser would not have turned a dog from his doors; and the mother clasped her child closer in her arms, and thanked God that her babe was housed.

It was long past midnight, and a little group, heedless of the tempest, was gathered on the pier. Foremost in the crowd, stood a young man, with an excited mien, and still arrayed in a travelling dress. Who he was no one knew, though all shrewdly guessed. He had driven into the town about midnight, and was just retiring into the little tavern, when he caught from the unusually late loungers at the bar, an intimation of Helen Trevor's danger. From that moment he was a different man. Quick, earnest, and eloquent, he no sooner comprehended her danger, than he daringly resolved to save her at the peril of his life, and infusing a portion of his spirit into those around him, had soon obtained a boat and crew.

"Well, as the tide has ris more nor five feet, it is dangerous, that's certain," said Eph, whose conscience troubled him for neglecting, as he had promised, to bring off Helen in the afternoon. "I didn't think, when I dallied drinking with my old crony, Barton, that I hadn't seen for years, that it would turn out so, besides, Tim Jones promised to take my place, and broke his word, the lubber; but, captain, it's running into Davy's locker—though the young lady was kind to me when I'd the rheumatism—and," said he, hesitatingly, "curse it, if I can refuse, and there's my hand on it."

"Hurra for Eph!" shouted the crowd.

The business was speedily arranged. Stimulated by the money and earnest courage of the stranger, and not willing to be outdone by any, the crew was soon completed, a half hour was spent in preparation, and, after a hearty cheer from the admiring crowd, the gallant schooner shot from the wharf, and was soon lost in the impenetrable gloom. As the spectators turned to depart, a sudden illumination disclosed her white sails far away in the foam of the southern horizon.

"What's our course, Eph? the bay is as dark as a wolf's mouth, but you say you know it well," said the stranger.

"With the wind here at nor' east, we must run down the beach; it's a good thing it lightens so, yer honor, one can see a little, though I never seed it so sharp in such a wind."

"A little singular in this latitude, I grant."

For a time the trusty bark breasted it gallantly along. As if conscious of her mission, she cut the billows with her bow, and rushed on with the swiftness of a racer. Her firm, noble crew knew all hung on her. The chances of success were, indeed, few; but, they were making a generous effort, even though they felt that life and death were equally balanced. Their conduct was the more noble, that they did not know the inundation of the beach. But every instant the storm increased. The rain poured in torrents, the wind howled along, wrapping the schooner in a cloud of driving spray. The strained masts bent like whip-stalks, and the leeward gunwale was buried in every wave, almost to the mast. Still, however, Eph and the stranger stood firmly at the helm, apparently determined to drive her on or sink. When, however, as she pitched fearfully in the short waves, a sudden puff laid her almost on her beam ends, Eph, as she slowly righted, exclaimed,

"She can't stand it much longer. I've been in her many a gale; but she never equalled this."

"How far off are we, think you?" eagerly asked the stranger.

"We must be nigh about there, captain," said he, "but it's a hard night to tell one's bearings."

"Then, in God's name, keep on," was the reply; "but, would to heaven it was morning!"

All this time, the flashes, at intervals, were blazing around them, but the experienced sailor looked in vain for the beach. He began, indeed, to suspect the truth, when the look-out sung

"Light ahead!"

"Where away?" quickly demanded the young stranger.

"Dead ahead, sir, but I can't see it now," said the man, in a perplexed voice.

The young man stepped hastily forward, and, in a moment, returned, exclaiming,

"The man must have been mistaken, I do not ever see the beach."

"I begin to think, captain, it's overflowed," coolly answered Eph.

"In mercy's name, no!" almost gasped the young man; but, in a moment, he had resumed the calm port of one who, conscious of danger, braves it at once, and added, "Then, is there no hope?"

"Little—I fear the house will soon wash away, but we may yet be in time, if we can find 'em."

"That light might be theirs," replied the young man, anxiously, "and, if so, we are, perhaps, past it."

His companion made no reply; but, springing on the taffrail, he gazed out on the gloom. He could not certainly tell, but he nearly judged their position. The vivid flashes too, deserted him; but calm, quick, and daring, he merely turned his quid, and said,

"If we heave to, we'll keep nearest it anyhow; it's a tempting Providence, it's true, but our chance of getting back, ar'n't worth that," and he flung the old soldier away, "so it's not much whether we go to Davy Jones's locker, sooner or not."

"A good craft and a brave crew," was the answer, "we'll have 'em in port yet, my good fellow; I pray heaven, we catch the light again."

Obedient to the order, the gallant bark was now lying-to, under a close reefed topsail. Their situation, meanwhile, was growing more and more dangerous. The sturdy, cool seaman, had lost all knowledge of their position, and their only chance was in constantly heaving the lead.

"Three—two by five—three," was sung out successively, and as yet, all was safe.

It was dreadfully sublime, as they hung there. The darkness was so thick and palpable, that the bow could scarcely be seen. The mingled roar of the wind and waters was awful, and every wave broke staggering upon them. Now and then, too, she swerved around, and the billows swept her decks, almost laying her on her beam ends. She rose, however, majestically from the shock.

"Hilloo! hil—hil—hilloo!" sung away the look-out.

But neither the light was seen, nor answer followed. A few moments of increasing doubt ensued, when the young man said,

"I don't like that roar: surely we are not drifting on the breakers."

At the instant, the whole horizon was illuminated, and the cry of "Breakers ahead!" rung ominously out. Eph, however, careless of the cry, nodded as he looked forth, and gazed for a few minutes eagerly around on the ocean foam, in which they so daringly run. The whole crew sprang instantly to man the ropes, and waited breathlessly the order, conscious they must come round instantly, or run upon the surf. It was a startling period. The boldest of them blanched, for the waves were already combing within a cable's length, when Eph sprang down again, and waving his hand seized the helm. The schooner vacillated, slowly wore round, and then, gathering headway, glanced through the waters, the impatient billows vainly careering on her quarter.

"A narrow escape!" said the young man, drawing a long breath, "do you know where we are now, Eph?"

"Ay, do I; it was as judgmatical to find that out, as to bring her round; and, really, captain, but it was nicely done."

The danger was now, however, only lessened, and not removed. The horizon was again dark, and they were racing before the waves with no other guide

than that momentary view. They were now nearing the place where the old seaman said the house had stood, but still no answer came up from leeward to their continued shouts. The gale swept roaring by and they were rushing like a meteor with it down the coast.

"Light ahead!" again sung the look-out. The young man sprang forward, and, with a thrill of joy, perceived a faint light over the windward bow, glimmering amid the distant foam.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" roared the excited young man, amid the wildness of the gale, as their bark shot by to leeward; and in a few minutes the beacon was flickering a quarter of a mile behind.

"We must tack, and take them off," he said, in a voice of elated joy.

"It's impossible, captain; I see you've sailed, and you can perceive it; look here:" and he pointed him to the billows which were sweeping unrestrained over the inundated island, far different from the somewhat broken ones with which they had hitherto had to contend. It was an agonizing moment for the young man, but he saw it was hopeless to contend.

"I pity the poor young 'oman—God bless her!" added Eph, "I'd save her if I could—but it's no use—it's no use—we can't bring her off," and he wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

"Good God!" was the only, and heart broken exclamation of the stranger, as he turned and gazed upon the light. Suddenly, after a moment, it died away; and then, more like one bereft of reason, than a man, he wildly strode the narrow deck. The hardy Eph gazed mournfully on him, uncertain and wavering. They had now run into smoother water, and were rolling to leeward of a part of the island which had not been overflowed. He paused, hesitatingly. The stranger suddenly looked up—

"By heaven! Eph, we must make another effort—we must—we must," he exclaimed with energy, "the morning is breaking, the gale lulls, and what though we die, can we die nobler!"

"Well," said the old seaman, "you're a noble fellow; and the young lady—let go the mainsail, and be d—d to you!" he shouted, to hide his emotion, as she rolled frightfully, and then heavily and trembling came around. A moment more, and she was thumping into the very eye of the wind."

Slowly and darkly the morning broke, and, like a worn out courser, the gallant schooner stiffly, though lazily, beat along. It was still too dark to see far, when they had made, with infinite danger, a sufficient offing, to run again down by the island. It was a thrilling time as she flew once more along the coast. The storm was rapidly subsiding, but the sea was still fearful, and they knew not that the house yet stood. An hour had passed since they lost the light, and, in all human probability, those whom they so nobly had sought to rescue, were where aid could never reach them. A thick, frightful breathing came over the stranger, and his head seemed dizzy as he strained his eyes into the uncertain light. He leaned for support against the mast. The crew hung breathlessly around.

"A—hoy!" sang the look-out, prolonging the sound for nearly a minute. All was still. They were shooting by where they had thought the house had stood. Eph looked up, and mournfully shook his head.

"Ahoy—a-hoy!"

"Hil-lo-o-o!" swept feebly up from windward, in return, and the blood tingled in the young man's veins, as he saw, in the gray light of the morning, the long sought for habitation, appearing and disappearing as the waves rose and fell around it; while the excited crew burst into a loud and simultaneous "hurra," and the schooner was quickly hove-to in the bay, within a short distance of the sufferers. They were now seen distinctly, crowded in the narrow gable window of the house. They had heard the shouts of the rescuers, and old Katrine had only been re-assured by recognizing Eph as his dark craft loomed mistily in the morning. With difficulty, and seizing an opportunity when the sea had momentarily subsided, they were taken off. Helen, overpowered by the unexpected rescue, was borne by the stranger senseless into the cabin, and left to the rough care of old Katrine and Alie.

"Now, boys, let her go," shouted Eph, "and we'll run down to Cowega till the storm's over."

As they darted off, however, a frightful surge swept on, a crash was heard, and their strained eyes beheld the dark mass behind, fall helplessly into the waves.

"How is Miss Trevor?" eagerly asked the stranger, when old Katrine and Alie came on deck, as the little fishing village of Cowega hove in sight.

"Better," said Katrine, and turning to Eph, "she wishes to thank her preservers."

"Be my depitty, captin," said he, smiling at the stranger.

The young man bowed, turned, and hastily entered the low cabin. The beautiful girl was bending over her young companion when he entered, but, at the sound, she raised her face, and for a moment, gazed in mingled doubt and pleasure on the intruder. Her swimming eyes kindled, her rounded bust heaved, and the blood swept, with tell-tale velocity, even to her brow.

"Helen—Helen! may I claim you now?" asked the stranger, in his clear, open voice.

"Frank!" scarcely murmured the maiden, "*my betrothed*!" was the only answer, as he caught her in his arms.

"Do you mean?" said an old salt, looking up, as the landlord of the little tavern in Vincent town, for the four hundred and fiftieth time, finished these traditional facts, "do you mean to say that these were the breakers, and that the queer craft, lying-to, it may be about here, was old Eph Haines' fore-topail?" and, suiting the action to the word, he dipped his finger in his beer, and drew them on the table. "Mine host" nodded assent. "Then," exclaimed he, energetically, starting up, "*that* part's a d—d lie. I've heerd it many a time, when a boy, and knowed them as knowed old Katrine; and, to her dying day, she swore it was Tom Barney, in one of old Davy's Baltimore built clippers."

And thus, too, say most of the fishermen on the coast. And many a snowy night, their children creep trembling to bed, after having heard the fearful legend of "*The Lost Fisherman*."

C—

Philadelphia, September 14th. 1837.

A DRINKING SONG.

An old affair, but worthy of reprint.

Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,
With wine and spirits high,
And we will drink, while round they pass
To—*Vice and Misery!*

Push quickly round the draught again,
And drain the goblet low,
And drink in revelry's swelling strain,
To—*Reason's overthrow!*

Push round, push round, in quickest time,
The lowest drop be spent,
In one loud round, to—*Grief and Crime,*
And *Crime's just punishment!*

Fill, fill again! fill to the brim;
To—*Loss of honest fame!*
Quaff—deeper quaff—while now we drink—
Our *Wives' and Children's shame!*

Push round and round, with loudest cheers
Of mirth and revelry—
We drink to—*Woman's sighs and tears,*
And—*Children's poverty!*

Once more, while power shall yet remain,
E'en with its latest breath,
Drink!—to *OURSELVES Disease and Pain,*
And *Infamy and Death!*

I'M A RANTING ROVING BLADE.

A FAVORITE IRISH COMIC SONG. 9

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

AND SUNG BY TYRONE POWER, IN THE NEW DRAMA OF THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

PIANO FORTE.



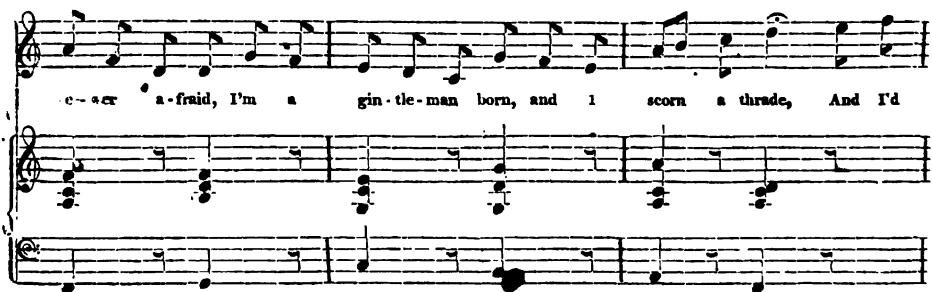
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

VOCE.



Who! I'm a ranting roving blade, O' never a thing I was

The vocal line begins with a short rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.



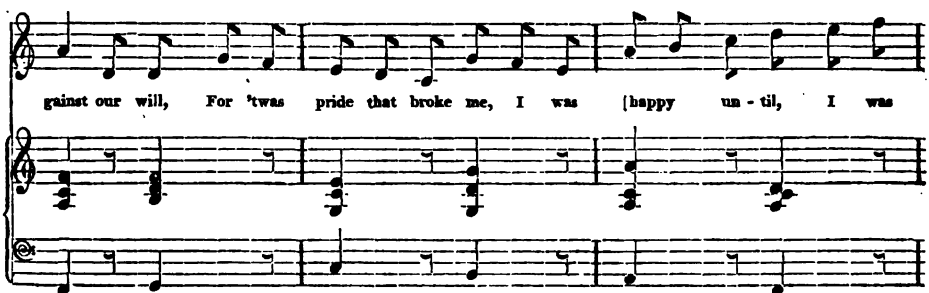
e-er a-fraid, I'm a gin-tle-man born, and I scorn a thrade, And I'd

The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section.



be a rich man if my debts was paid.

The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more complex, ascending melodic line in the right hand towards the end of the piece.



III.

I'm the finest guide that ever you see,
I know ev'ry place of curiosity,
From Ballinacree unto Tanderagee,
And if you're for sport, come along wid me.

IV.

For I'll lade you sportin' round about,
We've wild ducks and widgeon, and snipe and threut,
And I know where they are and what they're about,
And when they're not at home I'm sure they're out.

V.

The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is equal to three,
Which shortens the road in a great degree.

VI.

And I'll show you good drinking too,
I know the place where the whiskey grew,
A bottle is good, when it's not too new,
And I'm fond of one, but I doat on two.

VII.

Truth is scarce when liars is near,
But squeeling is plenty when pigs you shear,
And mutton is high when cows is de-r,
And rint it is scarce four times a year.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.
EXHIBITING
CORRECT DATES
OF
THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,
LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE
HISTORY OF AMERICA.

NOVEMBER.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1761	Earthquake in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.
—	1764	Born, at Albany, N. Y. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the patroon of Albany.
—	1765	The British Stamp Act went into operation in America, to the great dissatisfaction of the inhabitants, who expressed their displeasure by tolling bells, etc.
—	1813	Advanced Guard of the American army under General Brown, repulsed an attack by a British force.
—	1814	British ship of war <i>Bacchante</i> captured American privateer <i>Macdonough</i> .
—	1831	Died, at Borton, aged 75, Jonathan Mason, formerly U. S. Senator.
—	—	U. S. Literary Convention assembled at New York, and formed themselves into an Institution called The National Society of Science, Literature, and the Arts.
—	1834	Died, in Fayette County, Kentucky, aged 103, John Howard, a revolutionary soldier—he received 5 wounds at the Battle of Guilford.
2	1772	Committees of Correspondence (the origin of Congress) appointed in Boston by "The Sons of Liberty."
—	1783	General Washington issued his farewell orders to the American army.
—	1810	All Acts of Congress respecting neutrals rescinded by President Madison, on the presumption that Bonaparte intended to revoke the Berlin and Milan decrees.
—	1813	The British again repulsed by the Americans under General Brown, at French Creek, Pa.
—	—	Americans under General Coffee defeated the Creeks at Talluschattee, killing 200 warriors, and taking 86 prisoners.
—	1828	Died, aged 78, Major General Thomas Pinckney, a distinguished revolutionary officer, Governor of South Carolina, M. C., and Minister to London.
—	1832	Four Bishops of the Episcopal Church consecrated at New York—viz. Vermont, New Jersey, Ohio, and Kentucky.
—	—	An order issued by the government of the U. S. prohibiting the use of ardent spirits in the armies of the U. S.
—	1834	Died, at Belfast, Maine, aged 62, Abiel Wood, of Wiscasset, formerly M. C.
3	1620	James I. granted the Plymouth Company a patent for the planting, ordering, and governing of New England.
—	1724	Born, Samuel Davis, president of Nassau Hall, and founder of the first Presbytery in New England.
—	1764	Louisiana, including New Orleans, ceded to Spain by France.
—	1775	St. Johns, Canada, surrendered to the Americans under Montgomery, including a quantity of cannon, arms, and naval stores.
—	1818	The fine and spacious Exchange at Boston destroyed by fire.
4	1646	Massachusetts General Court agreed to resist the orders of the Long Parliament, and declared its independence.
—	1777	Mutiny amongst the N. H. troops. Captain Beall killed.
—	1783	The Congress of the U. S. adjourned to Annapolis, Md. from Princeton, on account of the open disaffection of the army.
—	1791	Battle of Miami Village. Americans under General St. Clair defeated by the Indians. 36 officers killed, 21 wounded, several mortally. About 835 men killed and wounded.

Day of Month.	Year.	
4	1796	Treaty between Tripoli and U. S. signed at Algiers.
—	1814	Americans, under General Izard, having destroyed Fort Erie, retire from U. C.
5	1774	The militia of Virginia assembled at Fort Gower, declared their independence, and resolved to support the rights of their countrymen.
—	1816	Died, at Morrisania, N. Y. aged 64. Governor Morris, celebrated Orator and Statesman.
—	1831	Died, at New York, aged 82, General Philip Van Courlandt, a distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1836	Died, at West Point, N. Y., aged 88. Major Roger Alden, a revolutionary officer.
—	1837	The office of The Vindicator, a revolutionary paper in Montreal, destroyed by violence.
6	1756	Born, in Norfolk County, Va., Richard Dale, a Commodore in U. S. Navy, and first Lieut. to Paul Jones in the action with the Serapy.
—	1790	Died, in Boston, aged 64, James Bowdoin, Governor of Massachusetts.
—	1793	British order in council issued, condemning all neutral vessels and their cargoes trading with the French ports.
—	1807	Died, aged 63, Oliver Ellsworth, a distinguished Statesman, and Chief Justice of the U. S.
—	1813	The American flotilla, consisting of 300 boats full of troops, under General Wilkinson, cannonaded by the British from the Canadian shores, without sustaining the slightest injury.
7	1686	A new form of government, the third, of Pennsylvania, passed into effect.
—	1775	Lord Dinwore, British governor of Virginia, declared the State in rebellion, proclaimed martial law, and invited the slaves to join him.
—	1782	General Washington, in retaliation of the death of Joshua Huddy, an American Captain, hanged by the British without a trial, resolved to hang an English Captain, and desired two prisoners to decide by lot which should suffer death. Sir Charles Angill drew the fatal chance, and was ordered for execution; but by the intercession of the French Court, he was released.
—	1811	Battle of Tippecanoe, on the Wabash, Indiana. The Indians under Tecumseh and the Prophet defeated by the Americans under General Harrison.
—	1813	A detachment of the British army routed by the Americans under General Macomb, near Hamilton, on the St. Lawrence.
—	1814	Americans under General Jackson, entered Pensacola. The British retired to their shipping having first destroyed the fortifications.
—	1819	Died, at Northampton, Mass., aged 74, Caleb Strong, L. L. D. Senator of U. S., Member of State Convention, and Governor of Massachusetts for nine years.
—	1835	The New York and Erie Rail Road commenced.
—	1837	Riot at Alton, Ill. Abolition Press destroyed. Reverend E. P. Lovejoy and Mr. Bishop shot dead.
8	1603	Patent issued by the King of France to De Mouts, for the sovereignty of Arcadia, extending from the shores of the Delaware to the parallel of Montreal—with exclusive privileges.
—	1722	Born, at Bladensburg, Md., William Wirt, a celebrated Statesman, Jurist, and Literateur.
—	1777	British attacked Mud Fort, now Fort Mifflin, on the Delaware, which was bravely defended by Colonel S. Smith and Major Simeon Thayer.
—	1809	British Minister at Washington, F. J. Jackson, debarred from all intercourse with the government of the U. S. by order of President Madison.
—	1813	The Creeks defeated by the Americans under General Jackson, at Talladega, Alabama. 29 warriors slain.
—	1814	American Privateer Schooner General Putnam taken by the British Man of War Leander, off Cape Sable.
—	1816	Brig Juno, of New York, upset at sea, and 32 persons lost.
—	1831	Convention of Delegates assembled at Dover, Delaware, to amend the Constitution of the State.
9	1620	The Pilgrim Fathers first espied the shores of America—off Cape Cod.
—	1806	Earthquake at Ogdensburg, N. Y.
—	—	Died, at Lincoln, Mass., aged 80, Brigadier General Eleazer Brooks, a distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1810	Earthquake at Portsmouth, N. H.
—	1813	British repulsed in an attempt upon Ogdensburg, N. Y.
—	—	Died, at Harrisburg, Pa., aged 71, Major General Andrew Porter.
—	1814	The River Delaware blockaded by British Men of War.
—	1836	Died, in Goochland County, Va., aged 67, James Pleasants, M. C., Governor of Virginia, U. S. Senator, and Member of the Convention of 1837.
10	1606	A vessel equipped for American discovery, by Popham, the Chief Justice of England and Gorges, the Governor of Plymouth, captured by the Spaniards.
—	1753	Born, in Paris, France, Francis A. Matignon, a celebrated Physician in the U. S.
—	1779	Died, aged 50, Joseph Hewes, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1791	Born, near Charleston, S. C., Robert Y. Hayne, Statesman.
—	1810	Tremendous Storm and High Tide at Boston—the Town overflowed.
—	1812	U. S. Schooner Growler captured on Lake Ontario a British Schooner with valuable cargo and \$12,000 in money aboard. The Growler was convoying a prize Schooner at the time of capture, and the British vessel taken this day was under convoy of two British Sloops of War.
—	—	Died, at Providence, R. I. Jeremiah Olney, a distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1813	Advanced Guard of the American army under General Brown, defeated a strong party of British troops near the Longue Saut, on the St. Lawrence.

Day of Month	Year.	
10	1837	Providence and Stonington Rail Road opened to the public.
11	1807	The British government issued orders in council retaliatory on the Berlin decrees of Napoleon. The U. S. strongly opposed the British orders, termed the paper blockade, which placed violent restrictions on their commerce.
—	1813	Battle of Chrystler's Field or Williamsburg, U. C., between the British and the Americans. Both sides claimed the victory.
—	1831	Nat Turner, a leader of a slave insurrection in Southampton County, Va., executed.
—	1835	Great tempest and rise of water in Lake Erie—many vessels wrecked, some lives lost, and much damage done to Buffalo and other border cities.
12	1775	The Americans under General Montgomery, entered Montreal, which the British had previously evacuated.
—	—	American Schooner Defence attacked by two British Ships of War, near Hog Island, S. C., being the commencement of open hostilities in South Carolina.
—	1780	British repulsed in an attack on American General Sumpter, at Broad River, S. C.
—	1813	Sloop Betsey, Captain Kennedy, of Philadelphia, captured off Carrutuck, N. C. by British Frigate Lacedemonian, who took out the crew, and left the Captain with a Captain Holbrook on board, under the charge of a prize master and 5 men. In the night, the two American Captains rose on the British, retook the Sloop, and carried her safe into Washington, N. C., with their 6 prisoners on board.
—	1836	Died, in Lincoln County, N. C., aged 77, General Joseph Graham, a revolutionary officer of distinction.
13	1676	Thomas Harnford, a native Virginian, hanged by order of Sir William Berkely, for rebellion—the first American martyr in the cause of republicanism.
—	1732	Born, in Maryland, John Dickinson, author of the celebrated "Farmers' Letters."
—	1775	Massachusetts issued the first Letters of marque and reprisal against England.
—	—	General Arnold arrived with his wilderness party before Quebec, but was compelled to retire.
—	1781	John Moody hanged as a Spy, at Philadelphia. He intended to have seized the books and papers of Congress.
—	1813	Died, Brigadier General Leonard Covington, of wounds received while leading the American forces at the Battle of Chrystler's Field, on the 11th of this month.
—	1826	Convention agreed on between U. S. Minister and Court of Great Britain, to indemnify injuries to American commerce during the past war.
—	1835	Died, at Mount Airy, Va., aged 72, Sir Jennings Beckwick, known as the "Leather Stocking" of the northern neck.
14	1748	Born, at Cambridge, Mass., William Fessenden, Philanthropist.
—	1777	Fort Mifflin, (Mud Fort) on the Delaware, evacuated by the Americans, after a gallant defence, wherein 250 of the garrison were killed or wounded.
—	1819	Died, at Stratford, Conn., aged 93, William Samuel Johnson, L. L. D., a distinguished Jurist, Senator of U. S., and President of Columbia College.
—	1827	Died, in New York, aged 63, of apoplexy, Thomas Addis Emmett, a celebrated Lawyer.
—	1832	Died, near Baltimore, aged 96, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the longest lived of that band of worthies.
—	1836	Died, at Talladega, Ala., aged 36, Samuel W. Mardis, M. C. from Alabama.
15	1708	Born, William Pitt, Lord Chatham, the strenuous advocate of the rights of America, in the English Senate.
—	1777	Articles of confederation adopted by the various Colonies, and the name of the United States first assumed.
—	1794	Died, at Princeton, N. J., aged 72, John Witherspoon, D. D., L. L. D., and one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1811	Disturbances arising from private quarrel between American and French sailors, at Savannah, S. C. Two French Privateers burnt, and several sailors killed on both sides.
16	1773	Boston Tea Party. Several citizens, disguised as Indians, entered the Ships at the wharves, and destroyed 342 chests of imported tea, upon which a duty of 3d. per pound was intended to be charged.
—	1776	Fort Washington, on an Island near Kingsbridge, N. Y. surrendered to the British with nearly 3000 prisoners.
—	1805	Treaty between United States and Choctaws.
—	1813	The Coast of the U. S. from the Mississippi to Long Island Sound, declared by proclamation of the British Admiral to be in a state of blockade.
—	1816	Earthquake at Ogdensburg, N. Y.
—	1836	Steamboat Flora burst her boilers on the Ohio, 30 miles below Cincinnati.
—	1837	Arms first appealed to in the Canadas insurrection. Several radical leaders arrested, and rescued by their own party.
17	1747	Riots in Boston, from Commodore Knowles having sanctioned the impressment of several citizens to serve as sailors aboard the King's Ships.
—	1775	Eleven British vessels laden with stores, captured by the Americans under Colonel Easton, at Surrel or Chambly River, L. Canada.
—	1812	Ogdensburg, N. Y. cannonaded by the British gun boats.
—	1833	Died, at Hartford, Conn. Eli Todd, M. D. and Philanthropist.
—	—	Died, at Charleston, S. C., aged 45, Wm. D. Martin, a distinguished Jurist, and formerly M. C.
—	1835	Very extraordinary Aurora Borealis visible in many parts of U. S.
18	1518	Cortez sailed from Cuba for Mexico.
—	1772	Born, at Bladensburg, Md., William Wirt, a distinguished Literateur, and Attorney General of United States.

Day of Month.	Year.	
18	1776	Fort Lee, near the Hackinsac, N. J., evacuated by the Americans, who left a quantity of valuable stores, cannon, and baggage, to the British.
—	—	U. S. Congress authorized the establishment of lotteries, to defray the expenses of the war.
—	1777	Fort Mercer evacuated by the Americans.
—	—	Philips Manor, N. Y., burnt by order of Governor Tryon, under circumstances of extra cruelty.
—	1804	Died, near Albany, aged 71, Philip Schuyler, a distinguished revolutionary officer.
—	1813	Creeks defeated by the Americans under General White, at Hillabee; 60 warriors killed, and 256 prisoners taken, without the loss of a single American.
—	1834	Died, at Bartlett, N. H., aged 74, Ebenezer L. Hall, a revolutionary soldier and distinguished Jurist.
19	1755	The most severe shock of an earthquake ever known in New England.
—	1777	Americans compelled to abandon their position on Red Bank, N. J., and leave their stores in the hands of the British.
—	1789	Shock of an Earthquake felt at Fredericksburg, Va.
—	1794	Jay's Treaty signed in London.
—	1832	Died, aged 60, Philip Doddridge, a distinguished Lawyer and M. C.
—	—	Convention of Delegates assembled at Columbia, S. C., and passed opposite ordinances to the Tariff Act of the U. S. Congress.
20	1500	Columbus and his brother Diego landed at Cadix from his third voyage of discovery—prisoners and in chains.
—	1780	Skirmish between Sumpter's troops and Tarleton's legion on the Tyger River, S. C.
—	1789	Died, at Fayetteville, N. C. Major General Richard Caswell, President of the Senate, and Governor of the State of N. C.
—	1798	U. S. Schooner Retaliation captured by two French Frigates.
—	1832	Died, in Saratoga County, N. Y., aged 85, Colonel James Livingston, a celebrated revolutionary officer.
—	1836	Packet Ship Bristol, from Liverpool to New York, wrecked on Rockaway Beach. More than 70 lives lost.
—	—	The Oneida Bank, at Utica, N. Y., robbed of 108,600 dollars.
21	1729	Born, in Essex County, Mass. Josiah Bartlett, Governor of N. H.
—	1763	East and West Florida advertised in the London papers, as about to be laid out into townships, and lots offered gratis to actual settlers.
—	1777	John Horne Tooke, tried in London for high treason, in asserting that the royal troops had committed murder in firing upon the Americans at Lexington. He was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment, and fined.
—	1806	The Berlin decree, wherein Bonaparte declared the British Islands in a state of blockade, forbidding the whole world communicating with them, even by letter or packet.
—	1812	Fort Niagara bombarded by the British at Fort George.
22	1633	The first Maryland Colony, consisting of 200 settlers under Leonard Calvert, sailed from England.
—	1733	Born, at Albany, N. Y., Philip Schuyler, a distinguished Patriot.
—	1775	Cobble, or Miller's Hill, near Boston, possessed and entrenched by 1000 Americans.
—	1780	Fort St. George, Long Island, captured by Americans under Major Talmadge. Many prisoners taken, and the works, shipping, and stores destroyed.
—	1812	U. S. Brig Vixen captured by British Frigate Southampton.
—	1830	Died, at Portsmouth, N. H., aged 70, Clement Storer, Senator of U. S.
—	1835	Died, at East Haddam, Conn., aged 78, General Epaphroditus Champion, long time a Member of Congress.
—	1837	Violent gale on Lake Erie. Number of lives lost from the rise of water at Buffalo, and much property destroyed.
23	1781	Congress of U. S. voted thanks to General Lafayette, and gave him permission to return to France.
—	1812	American Privateer Tom, of Baltimore, captured British Packet Ship Townsend.
—	1814	Died, in Washington, D. C., aged 70, Elbridge Gerry, V. P. of U. S., Governor of Massachusetts, and one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	—	British Camp before New Orleans attacked by Americans under General Jackson.
—	1817	Died, at New Orleans, aged 42, William C. C. Claiborne, the first Governor of Louisiana.
—	1837	Skirmish at St. Dennis, L. C., wherein the British regulars are worsted by the Canadians.
24	1663	Solemn gathering of the people of Rhode Island for the reception of the King's letters patent, granted on the most honorable terms by Charles II.
—	1758	Americans and British, under General Braddock, took possession of Fort du Quene, which the French had evacuated. From this date, the Fort received the name of Pitt, and the city was called Pittsburg.
—	1807	Died, in U. C., aged 65, Thayendanege, or Joseph Brant, the celebrated half-bred Onondaga or Mohawk Indian.
—	1814	Treaty of Peace concluded at Ghent between Great Britain and the United States.
—	1829	Great fire at Camden, S. C. Loss, 150 000 dollars.
—	1834	More than half the town of Snowhill, Md., destroyed by fire.
—	1835	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 76, Colonel William Duane, the able Editor of "The Aurora."
—	—	Died, at Waterloo, N. Y., aged 63, Robert S. Rose, formerly M. C.
25	1783	The British evacuated New York, and the Americans took possession of the city—peace and independence being established.

Year.	
1784	Born, at Salisbury, Conn., Josiah S. Johnston, Judge of Louisiana, Senator of U. S. He was killed in 1833 by an explosion of gunpowder in the hold of the <i>Lioness Steamboat</i> , in the Red River.
1833	Died, at Charleston, S. C., aged 83, Major James Hamilton, a revolutionary officer.
1836	Great fire at Johnstown, N. Y. Loss, 30,000 dollars.
1837	The Canadian Insurgents defeated at St. Charles, L. C. St. Charles, L. C. taken from the insurgent Canadians by the British troops under Colonel Weitherell. 200 Canadians killed, 500 wounded. British, 3 killed, 18 wounded.
1783	In consequence of a mutiny amongst the soldiers, Congress of the U. S. met at Annapolis, Md.
1789	Solemn thanksgiving and prayer throughout the United States.
1796	Great fire at Savannah, Georgia. 230 houses burnt.
1801	Died, in Jefferson County, Va., Colonel William Darke, a distinguished officer in the wars of '55, '63, the revolutionary, and the Indian war under St. Clair.
1830	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 71, Bushrod Washington, a celebrated Patriot, Jurist, and revolutionary soldier.
—	The Washington Monument at Baltimore completed at an expense of 140,000 dollars.
1836	Died, at Cincinnati, Ohio, George L. Kinnaird, M. C. from Indiana. He received his death injuries on board the <i>Flora Steamboat</i> , at the time of the bursting of her boilers on the 16th.
—	General Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, released from captivity by General Houston, the President of Texas.
1676	Great fire at Boston.
1707	Died, John Fitz Winthrop, F. R. L., and Governor of Connecticut for 9 years.
1812	British Frigate <i>Southampton</i> with her prize the U. S. Brig <i>Vixen</i> , wrecked on sunken rocks off Conception. American sailors earned the commendations of the English Admiral by their endeavors to save their wrecked conquerors.
1814	Treaty of Ghent ratified by Great Britain.
1835	Died, at New Hampton, N. H., aged 81, Major Thomas Simpson, a revolutionary soldier.
1837	A Convention of 135 delegates from the principal banking houses in 18 States of the Union, met in New York to debate the question of the resumption of specie payments.
1785	Died, aged 55, William Whipple, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
1794	Died, at Steubenville, N. Y., aged 61, Frederick William Baron de Steuben, a Prussian Baron, who served with distinguished success as Major General in the revolutionary army of the United States of America.
1825	Died, on board British Ship <i>Revenge</i> , in Baia Bay, Naples, aged 71, Francis Hastings, Earl Rawdon, a British General connected with the revolutionary war in America.
1835	A party of 90 Americans attacked near San Antonio or Bexar, in Texas, by 300 Mexicans; 40 of whom are killed, and but one American.
1775	American Privateer Lee captured British Brig <i>Nancy</i> with ordnance and stores for British army in America.
1781	Dorchester, S. C., evacuated by the British on the approach of the Americans under General Greene.
1783	Earthquake in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the New England States.
1812	British Schooner of War <i>Subtle</i> upset in a squall while chasing American Privateer <i>Favorite</i> . All hands perished.
1813	Georgia Militia, under General Floyd, destroyed Creek towns Tallassee and Autassee, containing 400 houses, and killed 200 warriors, including the Kings of two Tribes.
1814	Rappahannock, Va. taken by the British.
1831	Died, in Conn., aged 89, Hezekiah Ripley, D. D.
1782	Provisional treaty signed at Paris between American and English Commissioners, acknowledging the Independence of the U. S.
1793	Treaty signed between the United States and the Creeks.
1836	Died, at Bellegrove, Va., aged 80, Major Isaac Hite, a revolutionary officer.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HARRY AUSTIN: OR, ADVENTURES IN THE BRITISH ARMY. By an Officer. *Two Volumes.* Lea and Blanchard.

Military narrations are not so plentiful in the book market as the details of adventure on the seas, although it may be supposed that a greater range of descriptive objects would present itself to a soldier author of any practical experience in the art of war. Several excellent works have been written by the "Subaltern," Benson Hill, and others, but they scarcely amount to a tithe part of the nautical novels and tales of the sea which monthly issue from the press. "Harry Austin" is a capital book, but it must not claim to give accounts of "Adventures in the British Army." The hero, who is his own biographer, fought both at Vittoria and Waterloo, but the reader is told nothing about the battles; and a cockney, with the aid of a geographical dictionary, could have located the incidents with equal accuracy. This, however, detracts nothing from the merits of the work, which is written with much ease and spirit, and contains several scenes of originality and effect. There is a pale-faced cornet, a fellow of infinite whim, with a partiality for practical jokes, which far transcend the exertions of the elaborate Daly, in Theodore Hook's never-to-be-finished novel of Gilbert Gurney. Notwithstanding our abomination of this species of foolery, which never should be termed wit, the continuous good humor of the knight of the pallid countenance wins our regard, and we rejoice to find him, at the end of the novel, comfortably settled with his wife, whom he had stolen from a nunnery in Spain.

The affectation of excessive dandyism and effeminacy of manner, peculiar to the younger branches of the English nobility, who purchase a commission in the "Guards," or are appointed to any of the "fancy regiments" of Lancers or Hussars, are well exhibited by the author of "Harry Austin," who incidentally relates several laughable instances. One officer, having been called into a second rate tavern, in Oxford street, by a friend, in the early day, resolves to remain there alone till dark, lest he should be seen issuing from an unfashionable house. Another noble scion daily orders four covers for dinner, and dines with his three dogs at the same table—a very puppy-like proceeding. Yet this same officer, when upbraided for his effeminacy offered to submit to any test of courage that his derider should propose; and in fulfilment of his promise, actually went into a cockpit, and opposed the attacks of two savage bull dogs, while on his hands and knees, with such spirit that his four-footed antagonists declined continuing the combat. It was observed at Waterloo, where many of the fancy or crack regiments and household troops were, for the first time, exposed in action, that the lipping "curled darlings," the heroes of the valse, the club room, and the boudoir, when called on by their country, nobly sustained the character of soldiers, and performed prodigies of valor. The overwhelming charge of the Life Guards, which struck the French with dismay, and received the hearty cheer of the whole English line, was performed by raw untried troops, who, from their long residence in London, and daily performance of sentinel duty at the Horse Guards, obtained from the cockneys the facetious *soubriquet* of "Fly Slicers,"—because their long swords, when on duty, were only used to drive away the flies. The Life Guards were officered by the greatest dandies of the day. One of them declined visiting his elder brother, a peer of the realm, because his wife used the vulgar perfumes of lavender; and another publicly cut the acquaintance of a gentleman, a commoner of immense wealth, because he rode with a crupper.

The writer of "Harry Austin," (by the way, we know him not,) excels in the delineation of character and humorous colloquy. There are several dull pages about the iniquity of bill brokers and money lenders—a stale subject, which has long ago been worked up. As usual, there is a villainous English baronet, plotting for his neighbor's wealth; we have more than a score of these fellows on hand, and their resemblance to each other reminds us of an Irishman's simile—an endless chain of Siamese twins. The baronetcy of England must feel itself flattered by the attention paid to its popularity by all novel writers; for the rascally heroes of English tales are generally extracted from the ranks of this portion of the Court Calendar—from the days of the Children in the Wood to the arrival of Harry Austin.

The annexed scene we consider an inimitable specimen of character—some of our readers may accuse the author of imitating the peculiarities of Boz in his masterly delineation, Sam Weller; but before they condemn our unknown scribe, let them remember that there is nothing original in the style of the similies used by the facetious Sam—a brother footman, named Splatdash, an inmate of "The Boarding House," a musical farce of whilom popularity, having indulged in that eccentric phrase of speech for many years. But—to our extract. A duel is interrupted by the appearance of a police officer, who arrests the parties meditating a breach of the peace.

One of the advancing gentlemen was habited in a pair of dark corduroy breeches, having a profusion of bunches of tape and riband affixed to the outside of each knee, which multiplicity of bindings, aided and abetted in supporting a pair of large brick-dust colored top boots, the feet of which were large and heavy

enough to have Macadamized more stones in an hour than all the sinners at Brixton could accomplish in a year. He was large and portly in person, to make which the more evident, he had clothed himself outwardly in a huge, rough, white coat, somewhat resembling a blanket, and on the shaggy wool of which the damp hung in small brilliant particles, as you may sometimes see on the back of a Newfoundland dog when first emerging from an aquatic libation. Round his neck was bound an enormous belcher handkerchief of many colors, which, enveloping his chin in its ample fold, twined itself round and round the throat of its owner as a boa constrictor is said to embrace its victim, till its course was arrested immediately under the bright, variegated nose, forming the principal feature of this gentleman's face. On his head appeared a low crowned hat of enormous and disproportionate expanse of brim; and altogether he looked as unlike my gentlemanly opponent, or the elegant baronet, as it was possible for two extremes to be.

The dress of the other person, who closely followed in the wake of the former, differed but in some trifling and immaterial points from the first; and, in whatever genus the leader might have been classed, it was palpably evident that the same description was applicable to each.

"Captain," commenced the voice from within the capacious folds of the neckcloth, "how d'ye do, captain—didn't expect to see me and my pal here, at this time o'day, I warrant? but, howsomedeever you see as how things will out sometimes, captain, as the terrier said to the badger when he draw'd him."

"What, Grabum?" loudly exclaimed Daillie, "what the devil brings you here?"

"Small matter of business, captain, as the hangman said to the culprit, when he fitted the halter."

"By heavens! I don't understand it—who gave information?" inquired the gallant officer.

"That's tellings, captain, as the informer said when he hanged his mother," replied the other.

"Come, Grabum, like a good fellow," coaxingly rejoined Daillie, "here's a five pound note for old acquaintance sake, only just tell me who the cursed rascal was; this is not the first time we've met, you know that, Grabum?"

"True, Captain, I've seen you afore now, as the tread mill said to the pickpocket, nevertheless duty's duty; and you knows, as well as I does, that it ar'n't my business to peach; I knows a trick worth two of that, and, after all, may be I can't tell who give the information—may be I can; but howsomedeever that's neither here nor there, as the man said of his wife's good temper—so d'ye see, captain, there's no good in chaffing about it."

"Not much, truly," replied Daillie; "but where are the other gentlemen?"

"Quiet enough now, as the chap said when he cut the old woman's head off," was the answer.

"Well, Grabum," exclaimed my friend, "at least you'll allow me to speak to them?"

"With all my heart, captain, but don't be long about it, as the bride said to the parson, cause as how I'm tarnation cold and hungry, and it's full time as we was a jogging, for I see no fun in this here, as the prig said, when he stood in the pillory."

My second accordingly advanced to the conference, and was immediately accosted by Sir Henry Stivers, when, after mutual expressions of astonishment, as to how the arrangements could have become so far public as to have enabled any person to give information of our intended proceedings, it was decided that no particle of suspicion of our *disappointment* having originated either in the principals or seconds could exist; and, to make doubly sure, the four persons most interested in the business willingly pledged their honors to that effect.

To attempt carrying the "little affair" through in the presence of three Bow-street officers would have been ridiculous, even had it been in any degree feasible, which however it was not; for the three gentlemen alluded to, in order to set that question finally at rest, pointed out a few similarly appressed individuals, who, they assured us, were always left by Mr. Grabum, as a sort of reserve, in case of his finding the influence of his warrant, backed as its presentation invariably was with elegant and appropriate smiles, insufficient to carry his instructions into effect, without the aid of the corporeal arm of the law.

Under these circumstances, nothing remained but to deliver ourselves up at the Police office, then and there to have our cases taken into the consideration of probably not the wisest and most courteous of God's creatures upon earth.

"That's right, gentlemen," vociferated Mr. Grabum, on seeing an inclination manifested on the part of all concerned to adjourn, "that's all right, the worst of the business is ended—and now it's all down hill work, as Mr. Sadler said, when he fell out of the balloon."

On pledging our words that no attempt at hostilities should be made by either party, we were permitted to return to town unaccompanied by Mr. Grabum and his friends, and as in honor bound, between ten and eleven o'clock, we made our appearance before the officiating mass of wisdom condensed into one solid ball and deposited in the skull of Mr. Nonnant.

"Are these the offending parties against whom the information was laid?" pompously inquired the magistrate, on our appearing before him, and, at the same time, running his eye quickly round the group.

"Yes, your worship," answered a thin, greasy looking thing, called by the presiding dignitary a clerk.

"Who apprehended these people?" asked the bench.

"Me! your worship, as the chap said when the man asked who he owed money to," sang out the melodious tones of Mr. Grabum's voice.

"Very well, Grabum, you're an intelligent and meritorious officer, always extremely diligent and active;" whereupon Mr. Grabum made divers attempts to emerge his chin from its imprisonment, as if desirous of developing the satisfaction which suffused his entire countenance.

"Did you find them in the act of committing a breach of the peace, Grabum?" inquired Mr. Nonnant.

"Summit near it, your worship; they was just a going to begin, and no mistake, as Boneyparte said at Salamanca, when he seed Lord Wellington a running after him."

"Well, gentlemen," said the magistrate, "I presume you are well acquainted with the reasons for appearing before me on this occasion?"

"We can tolerably surmise," replied the baronet. "But you will greatly oblige me by putting us in possession of the name of the party who lodged the information."

"Don't doubt it in the least, sir—dare say you would," continued the man in power, "in order, I suppose, that he likewise should be called upon to satisfy what, in fashionable jargon, you call honor."

"I presume," sharply retorted the other, "that we were not forcibly arrested and brought up here for the exclusive purpose of turning an opportunity for an exhibition of elocution, since, if such is the case, I, for one, decline making part of the audience."

"Your remarks, sir," answered the Justice, highly exasperated, "and the tone in which you have just uttered them, are, to say the least, uncalled for and extremely offensive; and," here his worship began to wax warm, "allow me to observe that a repetition of such insulting behaviour will most assuredly call down upon the perpetrator an order for committal—sir, d'ye mark that? Perhaps you think, because you're a baronet, sir, that your words and innuendoes will pass without animadversion; but, I'll give you to understand, sir, that in this place, that is, as long as I fill the chair, mere rank shall never claim difference of treatment at my hands; no, sir, never; I consider all ranks, sects, and persuasions, as equal." And there was every prospect of the whole of our party being incarcerated in one of the secure private apartments belonging to the establishment, had not my friend Daillie, unperceived by the magistrate, intimated to his acquaintance, Mr. Grabum, that the period had arrived for his interference, and to do that individual justice, notwithstanding the anxiety which he showed in bringing about our interview with his superior, yet he seemed the very reverse of wishing our freedom to be farther circumscribed; and, confident of his own oratorical powers, together with the privileged license of a necessary, and therefore highly useful, inferior, he boldly stepped forth and accosted Mr. Nonnant.

"I axes your worship's pardon for obtruding, but, as your worship very correctly says, there's no difference of sexes here, and therefore it ain't to be argued, for an instant, that, because a gentleman has had the misfortune to become a barrow-knight, that he's to take upon himself to come for to go for to flounder about, as if he was the lord mayor's footman in livery. No, no, certainly not, your worship, that wont do—people must stick in their places, as the officer said to the soldier, when he was tired and wanted to go home. But the matter of that there is neither more nor less than this here. When I went to take these gentlemen, instead of making a tarnation blundering and row, as some on'em sometimes does when they sees they're safe, off they comes along of me and my pal as quietly as possible, though, to be sure, they looked at me when I grabbed them, as much as to say, I'm blowed, if I'm as fond of you as you seems of me, as the cake said to the school-boy; but then your worship knows I'm not considered generally the most pop'lar character what is. But I can't help that—know me better, like me more, as the fox said to the turkey poul, as he could not reach at;—so, your worship, you sees that, as these ere gentlemen behaved civilly at the beginning, may be I can take upon myself to promise they'll behave genteelly to the last, so that their feelings may be spared the agonization of the lock-up; for, as your worship knows, all living creatures have got feeling, as the lobster said to the cook, when she was a biling him."

"True, true," replied the magistrate, "I don't wish to incommode them more than can be helped; so, Grabum, if you guarantee their silence, possibly I may allow them to remain where they are, until the arrival of the bail."

Thus, through the intercession of Mr. Grabum, we were spared the infliction of the lock-up, and permitted to witness further instances of the worthy magistrate's impartiality and excellent judgment in the disposal of divers cases brought before him.

Bail had been sent for, when on our road to the office, for my companions, far more experienced than myself, well knew the almost certain finale to the invitation, from the man in power to attend him.

Eventually we were bound over to keep the peace for six months, in two hundred pounds each, and a couple of householders had the honor of appearing for every one at the forfeit of half that amount. There was a considerable degree of signing and seeing, and at length we were permitted to depart. But, the moment the edict for our discharge had irrevocably gone forth, Daillie approached the man of power, and, as if he had known him for ages, requested the pleasure of his society at dinner.

"Delighted to see you, at eight, old Nonnant, if that hour suits you, only a few friends—two Blenheims and a poodle—champagne in ice—no inconvenience to me, none whatever," he continued, seeing the persecuted about to speak, "happy to mount you, if you'll come earlier—send carriage to take you up—set you home—do any thing for you—love you greatly—do 'pon my honor—quite an original—best bear I ever met—"

"Turn these people out *instantly*," vociferated the enraged receiver of the public money, "turn them out of the office *instantly*," and forthwith divers brawny hands were applied to our shoulders, and we hurried through the passage with most miraculous rapidity.

"Not long about that, as the snail said, when the garden roller crushed him," murmured Mr. Grabum, as we flew into the street; and, with merely a formal bow exchanged between the adverse parties, the intended actors of a probable tragedy had no option but to return home, loudly and unasked for, lamenting their intentions having terminated in nothing.

A Persian ambassador gets sadly out of his latitude amongst the wonders of London.

One day wandering down the Strand, he arrived at a warehouse filled with a quantity of articles, of the use and nature of which he was profoundly ignorant. It was a portable chair and bedstead manufactory; and, as in Persia they use neither the one nor the other, Hedak was sadly puzzled. Blessed with a tolerable share of laudable curiosity, he entered the abode where these wondrous and distorted looking specimens were exposed for sale: much he marvelled, and greatly did he ponder on all he saw; but there was one article amid the many whereon his attention became rivetted—numerous were the screws and springs which ornamented the long back of this strange specimen of art. At pleasure you could increase or diminish its dimensions—the arms could be raised or lowered at will. By the pressure of a spring, the hinder support could be raised to a perpendicular, while, by touching a screw, the whole machinery dwindled to one third its size. In short, it was a tooth-drawer's chair.

Confident that such a rarity never, up to that hour, had found its way into Persia, and unable or unwilling to listen to an exposition of the purposes for which it was created, it occurred to the ever active mind of the diplomatist, that, as a frame wherein to place state criminals for execution, it would prove a great acquisition to the Court, since the culprits could be raised or lowered, elevated or depressed, either for the cimmar or bowstring, as it might best please his Majesty to direct, and, being an entirely new instrument, could not fail in producing much pleasure and gratification among the distinguished circle who, Hedak had not the least doubt, would instantly put in motion, were it only to see how it worked.

Such an opportunity was not to be lost; the chair was immediately purchased, together with one of Pratt's patent iron bedsteads, which the Persian persisted in saying was meant as a sort of gridiron wherewith to

stretch malefactors, the intention of which was made manifest by its elevation from the ground, being just of sufficient height to enable a slow fire to be kindled beneath.

There were many other and equally common articles of furniture and comfort, which had been converted into uses, and destined to purposes, which no one but himself could have guessed. But there was one treasure he possessed, more valuable in his eyes than all the others put together, and that was an electrifying machine. Having seen a Galvanic battery charged at St. George's hospital, during an experimental lecture, he could not rest until he obtained something approaching to so miraculous a monster, and, as the coveted apparatus was too bulky for his purpose, he purchased an electrifying one of great power; and by the aid of one of the younger practitioners, he was in due time enabled to work it himself—a fact which all his attendants could easily vouch for, since not a day passed that some or all of them were not touched up with the fluid. There was one poor sinner in particular, his pipe-bearer, who, from being a great stout mortal had dwindled down to less than a scarecrow, through the oft inflicted shocks which the trembling wretch was compelled to undergo; for so expert at last did his master become that he was enabled to charge the door-handles, and different articles which his people were compelled to come in contact with, until they looked upon the implement of their torture as the foul fiend himself, and on their master as Satan's prime minister on earth.

SYLVAN SCENES; WITH OTHER POEMS. Haswell, Barrington, and Haswell.

These Poems are from the pen of Thomas G. Spear, Esq. They form a neat volume of about fifty pages. The Book opens with "Sylvan Scenes," a poem founded on the recollections of the author's early youth, which was passed in Loudon County, Va., and where we may trace the scenes it describes. Descriptive poetry is, we may safely say, the sweetest poetry written. It is the language of Nature, and, as it is drawn out of her rich store-house and correctly transferred to the page of art, in signs that may be understood, it reveals all the beauties of animate creation. It belongs to eloquence to portray the strongest and most impassioned feelings of the heart, in their most effective light, but it is exclusively the privilege of the divine art to give a true copy of nature, enlivened with all the richness and beauty of its landscape and other scenery. In "Sylvan Scenes," we have a very faithful copy of those scenes which may be called domestic and every-day views of life, and, though often passed unheeded in youth, seldom fail in later years to awaken the liveliest emotions of the heart. We have read it with great attention, and still have a desire to go over its pages again, for they possess that rare charm which captivates the mind and bears it far back into those days, amid those scenes where memory is so dearly cherished in the heart. There is something so sweet and modest in the introductory lines of the poem as almost to warrant us in saying that whoever reads the introduction will feel the desire which we felt to read the entire poem.

We copy the first stanza

Sweet memory of my youthful home!
How oft the heart reverts to thee,
As from the scenes I lov'd to roam,
Each early charm comes back to me:

There Life erewhile was flush'd and young,
And Pleasure form'd the mind's employ,
While Fancy, like a Syren, sung
The world as full of light and joy.

The poem abounds with that fine descriptive feeling which displays itself so conspicuously in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and will bear a comparison in point of actual poetic merit with that immortal production. Take the following unpretending stanzas, which we copy at random, (for they are but a fair specimen of its general character,) and observe the sweet simplicity which clothes each thought:

The teams and herds of Loudon's vales,
That wended down the dusty way,
By gentle heights and smiling dales,
Through many a devious path astray,—
The olden academic pile,
Where Youth more lov'd to frisk than learn,
Nor unremember'd with a smile,
The rod that made the dunce discern,—

The whirling mill that caught the wind,
Till torn and shatter'd by the storm,
It ceas'd to turn its wheels, or grind
Through winters cold or summers warm,—
The fountain that, anigh the town,
Was long retriev'd by wood and stone,
Till rudely foul'd and trampled down,
The brutes resum'd it as their own,—

The bubbling rill—the gurgling spring—
The mossy seat beside the way—
The birds on Morning's wakeful wing,
That sang the break of welcome day—
The boat that curl'd the river's face—
The swimmers sporting on the strand,—
Doth fostering Memory oft retrace,
Though erst in youth but idly scann'd.

Then oft I hail'd the healthful morn,
Ere drank the sun the shining dew
As peal'd the bird its vocal horn,
And forth with warbling anthems flew;
And from the fount delighted quaff'd,
The nectar'd stream's delicious flow,
Whose ever cool and crystal draught,
Pur'd down the hill-side soft and slow.

Or the following stanzas which exhibit a loftier strain of the imagination and deeper search of thought, but possess at the same time all that beauty, harmony, and purity of verse that characterises the rest of the poem:

Oh! for the charms those scenes that spread,
Like azure o'er the realms of day—
The smiles that cheer'd, the Love that led,
And brighten'd all with Beauty's ray;
When Youth, with gay or pensive eye,
Made silent vows with early Time,
Or turn'd to heave the orphan sigh,
Beneath that fair elysian clime.

Then all was new, and strange, and bright,
And Pleasure spread her frolic wings,
And bent her course, in fearless flight
To skim the flowery waste of things:—
Then rang the song of Mirth and Joy,
And Gladness tripp'd the lightsome dance,
Till stealthy Death came in to cloy,
And dim the reign of young Romance.

Then Fancy dar'd her earliest flight,
As free of thought and wild of eye,
As birds that sing in orient light,
Enchanted with their native sky:
Then Beauty won the wayward flame,
And rainbow'd each bewildering hour;
And softly fell the voice of Fame,
Like dew-drops on the blushing flower.

But where are those that Boyhood led,
The lamps of Life's uncertain way—
The friends belov'd—the kindred dead,
Whose smiles illum'd each changeful day?

He who can read such sentiments, expressed in such language, without feeling every cord of passion vibrate within him, must have a dull imagination and insipid taste; and we hesitate not to pronounce *Sylvan Scenes* far above the ordinary productions of the day—and justly entitled to high rank among the sweetest productions of the muse.

The next article that claims our notice is entitled "The Paræ," consisting of three songs. That of "Lachesis" is written in a style of measure that is not, as a general thing, very pleasing to the mind, however much poetic merit it may possess. And, to say the least, it does not read so well after the feelings have been enraptured with a perusal of "Sylvan Scenes."

That of "Clotho," we think, is much better, both in perspicuity of sentiment and measure. Indeed there is no smoother verse contained in the volume than the "Song of Clotho;" and all it requires to make it rank with the first, is a little alteration in some of the nicer grammatical construction, which must have inadvertently escaped the observation of the author.

"Atropos," differing from the others in metrical division, possesses much merit, both in point of thought and construction. But to our mind it is not so agreeable as "Forest Walk." This, like "Sylvan Scenes," is a descriptive poem, and is written in that same mood which thus far gives decided preference for the style. The same beautiful simplicity pervades it, which we have noticed in all Mr. Spear's descriptive poetry, and which inclines us to remark that Mr. S. possesses rare talents for writing this kind of poetry, and which should be largely and freely indulged. We cannot omit a specimen of "The Forest Walk."

These shades a charm'd serenity wear,
Where Summer's trembling verdure clings,
And hymning leaves to Heaven declare
The homage of created things;
And through their branches, thickly pil'd,
The sunbeam's glance has gently striven,
Till Twilight, o'er the breezy wild,
Is settling with the dews of Even.

The woods were man's primeval home,
Till Art began his steps to train,
Ere Science plann'd the vaulted dome,
Or cities spread the water'd plain;
And where the forest's branches wave,
He feels that ancient Presence still,
That o'er the world dominion gave,
And bow'd his tenants to his will.

"The Beloved and the Beautiful," savors much of the latter, embodying a flow of rich and chaste thought, perspicuity of style, and elegance of language:

'Tis not the gemm'd and jewell'd show
Of flaunting dress, ornately gay,
But eyes that beam, and cheeks that glow,
As fresh as stars and skies in May,—
And modest looks, and thoughtful brows,
With grace of form, and ease of air,
And smiles that cheer, with tones that rouse,
That loveliest make the lovely fair.

Oh, woman! when thy form was made,
The glory of this earthly plan,
The savage world was softly sway'd,
As Beauty touch'd the heart of man;
But when he saw together meet,
The peerless face, the gentle mind,
His partial bliss became complete,
And all his nature grew refin'd.

Their homes have lost the forms they knew—
Their tenants to their graves have gone,
And strangers now unmindful view,
What I should sigh to look upon.

Say, ye that rove, does Memory cling,
Enchain'd to naught ye left behind?
Is there no name whose sound can bring,
A spell to fix the wandering mind?
Has earth a land to thee like home,
When weal or woe thy steps betide,
Nor wish'd thy heart to cease to roam,
And share its pleasures ere it died?

Though Feeling deems it hallow'd ground,
Where bled the free, or died the brave,
So charm'd a place she never found,
As Boyhood's landscape, sky, and wave.
In search of Fame the mind may stray,
And Earth's immortal relics scan;
But Glory's love shall fade away,
While home survives its wreck in man.

Fair scenery of that southern plain!
Whose verdant walks are far from me,—
Long may thy haunts their hues retain,
And happy homes be found in thee:
There, while the light of Freedom glows,
Embosom'd in thy borders green,
May Time a noble race disclose,
And Nature's fairest charms be seen.

There is perhaps more sublimity of thought in "The Stranger of the Spheres," than in any other piece contained in the volume. We have heard it suggested that in these modern days the public taste is better satisfied with that which is simple and plain. But there is no correct standard for judging between the different styles of poetry—each must be regulated in his judgment by his own taste. Some admire Milton, because there is grandeur in his poetry; it abounds with great images—lofty conceptions, and reaches of the imagination sublime beyond description. Another prefers Cowper—in whose poetry there is nothing that the mind cannot easily comprehend—simplicity simplified, purity polished, richness enlivened and beautified, and perspicuity made plain.

"Summer's Last Sigh," is very pretty, but the piece which now demands our notice is "The Hues of Autumn." This is a racy gem—a sweet *morceau*—something that cannot fail to gratify the most refined taste of any literary connoisseur. In justice to the author we cannot refrain from copying the whole piece, which we could wish twice its length, had we a hope of being gratified.

The wreath has gone from Summer's brow,
And droops and fades in Autumn's hand,
Who spreads, in mournful glory now,
Her gorgeous drapery round the land.

O'er wood and walk the eyes behold,
With countless colors undefin'd,
The trees their crimson leaves infold,
With pale and purple interwin'd.

Where blew the winds their chilling breath,
They left the leaves to change and die,
And these are now the hues of death,
That sadden while they charm the eye.

In varying shades immingled blend,
The green, the russet, brown, and blue,

Where Nature's azure boundaries lend,
Their milder sunlight to the view.

'Tis Verdure's latest lingering hour,
Whose wither'd shroud will soon be on,
To hide the hue of leaf and flower,
Till Summer's slightest trace is gone.

Their glowing tints profusely gleam,
O'er fields of death in triumph spread,
As Victory's signs in battle stream,
Around the dying warrior's head.

Thus Autumn ever loves to wear,
A garb of glory in decay,
As gay as Spring and Summer share,
To strew their green and flowery way.

There are many other very pretty articles that claim our notice, but our time will not permit a more extended review; and in concluding our brief review, we would observe that the finest traits which we discover in Mr. Spear's poetry are ease, elegance of thought, and simplicity of style. There are some pieces which bear the marks of haste, and perhaps he will excuse us if we say carelessness, but which he will doubtless avoid in a more extended collection, which we hope he will ere long give to the public. Upon the whole, we admire the poetry of Mr. Spear, and wish it the best success in establishing the fame of its author, and affording him those marks of approbation which he so richly merits.

THE BRITISH SENATE; OR, A SECOND SERIES OF RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS. By the Author of "The Great Metropolis," etc. Two volumes. Carey and Hart.

The former productions of Mr. Grant experienced the most friendly reception from all classes of readers, and the present work, which is infinitely superior in merit, deserves at least an equal popularity. Pen and ink likenesses of the legislators of Great Britain, well executed, with striking fidelity and freedom of touch, demand the notice of American readers of liberality and taste. The aristocratic peer of the bye-gone Tory dynasty—the titled parvenu—the wealthy and conservative commoner—and his radical rival—are all depicted with equal force and attention to characteristic detail. We have seldom read a more amusing book; and we believe that Mr. Grant has found the value of practice in the way of improvement; his present volumes are better written than any of his former works.

The annexed sketch of Mr. D'Israeli, the celebrated novelist, and of his opening speech in Parliament, is an average sample of the style of the work.

Mr. D'Israeli, the member for Maidstone, is perhaps the best known among the new members who have made their *debut*. As stated in his "Sketches in London," his own private friends looked forward to his introduction into the House of Commons as a circumstance which would be immediately followed by his obtaining for himself an oratorical reputation equal to that enjoyed by the most popular speakers in that assembly. They thought he would produce an extraordinary sensation, both in the house and in the country, by the power and splendor of his eloquence. But the result differed from the anticipation. It was known for some days previously, that he was to make his maiden speech in the course of the discussion respecting the Spottiswoode combination. He himself made no secret of the fact among his party, that he was preparing for an oration which he expected would produce a great impression; and this circumstance, taken in conjunction with the sanguine notions already referred to of his friends, as to his capability of achieving great oratorical triumphs, made the House all anxiety to hear him.

When he rose, which he did immediately after Mr. O'Connell had concluded his speech, all eyes were fixed on him, and all ears were open to listen to his eloquence; but, before he had proceeded far, he furnished a striking illustration of the hazard that attends on highly-wrought expectations. After the first few mi-

nutes he met with every possible manifestation of opposition and ridicule from the Ministerial benches, and was, on the other hand, cheered in the loudest and most earnest manner by his Tory friends; and it is particularly deserving of mention, that even Sir Robert Peel, who very rarely cheers any honorable gentleman, not even the most able and accomplished speakers of his own party, greeted Mr. D'Israeli's speech with a prodigality of applause which must have been severely trying to the worthy baronet's lungs. Mr. D'Israeli spoke from the second row of benches, immediately opposite the Speaker's chair. Sir Robert, as usual, sat on the first row of benches, a little to the left of Mr. D'Israeli; and so exceedingly anxious was the right honorable baronet to encourage the *débutant* to proceed, that he repeatedly turned round his head, and looking the youthful orator in the face, cheered him in most stentorian tones. All, however, would not do.

At one time, in consequence of the extraordinary interruptions he met with, Mr. D'Israeli intimated his willingness to resume his seat, if the House wished him to do so. He proceeded, however, for a short time longer, but was still assailed by groans and under-growls in all their varieties; the uproar, indeed, often became so great as completely to drown his voice.

At last, losing all temper, which until now he had preserved in a wonderful manner, he paused in the midst of a sentence, and looking the Liberals indignantly in the face, raised his hands, and opening his mouth as wide as its dimensions would permit, said, in remarkably loud and almost terrific tones,—"Though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." Mr. D'Israeli then sat down amidst the loudest uproar, which lasted for some time.

The exhibition altogether was a most extraordinary one. Mr. D'Israeli's appearance and manner were very singular. His dress also was peculiar; it had much of a theatrical aspect. His black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant: he often appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind; it is powerful, and had every justice done to it in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it which I am at a loss to characterize. His utterance was rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words. On the whole, and notwithstanding the result of his first attempt, I am convinced he is a man who possesses many of the requisites of a good debater. That he is a man of great literary talent, few will dispute.

I am convinced that, on this occasion, Mr. D'Israeli was made to utter a great many things which otherwise would not have escaped his lips; for I observed that he usually made some observations in reference to the interruptions offered to him; and that it was when doing so, or immediately afterwards, that he gave expression to the most objectionable sentences. In the middle of his speech, when respectfully soliciting the indulgence of the house, especially as it was his first appearance,—a plea which one would have thought could not have been ineffectually urged in an assembly "not only of the first gentlemen in Europe," but of men sitting there for the specific purpose of doing justice,—Mr. D'Israeli very emphatically said, that he himself would not, on any account, be a party to treating any other honorable gentleman in the way in which he himself was assailed. I did think that this appeal to the sense of justice and gentlemanly feeling on the Ministerial side of the house, could not be made in vain. The event showed that I was mistaken. It had scarcely escaped the honorable gentleman's lips before he was assailed as furiously and as indecently as ever.

Let me, before concluding my notice of Mr. D'Israeli's parliamentary *début*, mention in justice to him, that however inapt his speech may have been, yet that the way in which he was assailed from the Ministerial side of the house was most unbecoming, if not actually indecent. There was an evident predisposition on the part of many honorable gentlemen to put him down, if at all possible, without reference to the merits of his speech; and I have always observed, that when the "Liberal" members have come to a resolution of this kind, they never scruple as to the means they employ to accomplish their purpose. The Tories cannot stand a moment's comparison with them in the matter of putting down a member. Not only are they, generally speaking, blessed with lungs of prodigious powers, but on such occasions they always give them full play. Their "Oh's!" and groans, and yells, to say nothing of their laughing, or rather *roaring* capabilities, far exceed every thing I have ever heard elsewhere, not even excepting the ultra Radical assemblages which meet at White Conduit House, or at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

Mr. D'Israeli is of the middle height, rather slenderly made, and apparently about thirty-five years of age.

DUTY AND INCLINATION. A Novel. Edited by Miss Landon. Three Volumes. Carey and Hart.

"Edited by Miss Landon!" This announcement is a tacit acknowledgment of a want of merit in the article brought forth, or stands confessed a piece of unwarrantable assumption in the "editor" of a meritorious work. Novels and romances, and indeed all works of imagination, ought not to require the assistance of editors to prepare them for publication. This manoeuvre of employing celebrated authors to paternity the productions of little knowns, who present their gratuitous works to certain publishers, is becoming a serious evil; and as we decry every possible attempt at humbug, whether in bookmaking or bookselling, we raise our voices against the usage. We know that Bentley or some other bookseller, insulted the fame of our worthy townsman, Dr. Bird, by announcing the publication of his "*Nick of the Woods*," edited by Mr. D'Israeli! a specimen of arrogance which Vivian Gray could alone be induced to assume. But the work has not yet made its appearance, and we sincerely hope, never will, with the above insulting line in the title page.

"Duty and Inclination" is a second rate novel, written in imitation of Miss Austin's beautiful productions but situated at a woful distance in the rear. There are occasional specimens of verbose flightiness which disfigure the worst parts of Miss Landon's novels—but we have searched in vain for any instance of her peculiar worth and beauty—a proof that her editorial care has been mainly confined to the title page and the preface.

PICCIOLA; or, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE. By M. D. Saintine. One Volume, pp. 204. Lea and Blanchard

In the little volume before us, we greet something new, at last; and, having achieved an intimacy with its worth, most cordially desire our friends to bid it welcome. We know not who is the translator of this most exquisite and perfectly French romance, but he has acquitted himself with unusual skill; the spiritual essence of the original is well preserved; there is no malversation of the delicate traceries of the author's philosophy, which is immediately opposed to the insidious and subtle workings of the would-be *savans* of revolutionized France, who found their finite creeds on Voltaire's tenets, without being able to penetrate the depth or appreciate the wonders of their leader's mind.

The word "Picciola" is an Italian diminutive, applied by a state prisoner, or rather by his jailor, to a little flower which shoots forth in the yard of the fortress of Fenestrella, and affords him the means of dispelling the usual ennui attendant on unemployed time; and, by exhibiting the common-place gradations of nature, observable in the meanness of its attributes, convinces the atheistical prisoner of the existence of a God. Compelled, from the absence of other employment, to watch the growth of *la povera picciola*, he is induced to think, and the mists of prejudice gradually vanish from the eyes of the would-be worldly wise. A series of natural but very interesting incidents, connected with other prisoners in the fortress, give variety and relief to the pages of this work, which it is impossible to read without improvement and delight.

The chapter describing the prisoner's early days in the fortress is a choice specimen of composition—let our reader's judge for themselves.

It was then I visited Fenestrella, a large town celebrated for peppermint water, and the fortress which crown the two mountains between which it is situated, communicating with each other by covered ways, but partly dismantled during the wars of the Republic. One of the forts, however, was repaired and refortified when Piedmont became incorporated into France.

In this fortress of Fenestrella, was Charles Veramont, Count de Charney, incarcerated, on an accusation of having attempted to subvert the laws of government, and introduce anarchy and confusion into the country.

Entranged by rigid imprisonment, alike from men of science and men of pleasure, and regretting neither—renouncing without much effort his wild projects of political regeneration—bidding a forced farewell to his fortune, by the pomps of which he had been undazzled—to his friends who were grown tiresome, and his mistresses who were grown faithless; having for his abode, instead of a princely mansion, a bare and gloomy chamber;—the jailor of Charney was now his sole attendant, and his unbittered spirit his only companion.

But what signified the gloom and nakedness of the apartment? The necessities of life were there, and he had long been disgusted with its superfluities. Even his jailor gave him no offence. It was only his own thoughts that troubled him!

Yet what other diversion remained for his solitude—but self-conference?—Alas! none! Nothing around him or before him but weariness and vexation of spirit! All correspondence was interdicted. He was allowed no books, nor pens, nor paper; for such was the established discipline at Fenestrella. A year before, when the Count was intent only on emancipating himself from the perplexities of learning, this loss might have seemed a gain. But now, a book would have afforded a friend to consult, or an adversary to be confuted! Deprived of every thing, sequestered from the world, Charney had nothing left for it, but to become reconciled to himself, and live in peace with that natural enemy, his soul. For the cruelty with which that unrelentable monitor continued to set before him the desperateness of his condition, rendered conciliation necessary. His case was indeed a hard one! A man to whom nature had been so prodigal, whose cradle, society had surrounded with honors and privileges—he to be reduced to such abject insignificance!—he to have need of pity and protection, who had faith neither in the existence of a God nor the mercy of his fellow-creatures!

Vainly did he strive to throw off this frightful consciousness, when in the solitude of his reveries it alternately chilled and scorched his shrinking bosom: and once more, the unhappy Charney began to cling for support to the visible and material world—now, alas! how circumscribed around him. The room assigned to his use was at the rear of the citadel, in a small building raised upon the ruins of a vast and strong foundation, serving formerly for defence, but rendered useless by a new system of fortification.

Four walls, newly whitewashed, so that he was denied even the amusement of perusing the lucubrations of former prisoners, his predecessors; a table, serving for his meals; a chair, whose insulated unity reminded him that no human being would ever sit beside him there in friendly converse; a trunk for his clothes and linen: a little sideboard of painted deal, half worm-eaten, offered a singular contrast to the rich mahogany dressing case, inlaid with silver, standing there as the sole representative of his former splendors. A clean, but narrow bed, window curtains of blue cloth, (a mere mockery, for, thanks to the sloveness of his prison bars and the opposite wall rising at ten feet distance, there was little to fear from prying eyes or the importunate radiance of the sun.) Such was the complement of furniture allotted to the Count de Charney.

Over his chamber was another, wholly unoccupied; he had not a single companion in that detached portion of the fortress.

The remainder of his world consisted in a short, massive, winding stone staircase, descending into a small paved court, sunk into what had been a moat, in the earlier days of the citadel, in which narrow space he he was permitted to enjoy air and exercise during two hours of the day. Such was the ukase of the commandant of Fenestrella.

From this confined spot, however, the prisoner was able to extend his glance towards the summits of the mountains, and command a view of the vapors rising from the plain; for the walls of the ramparts, lowering suddenly at the extremity of the glacis, admitted a limited proportion of air and sunshine into the court. But once shut up again in his room, his view was bounded by an horizon of solid masonry, and a surmise of the majestic and picturesque aspect of nature it served to conceal. Charney was well aware that to the right

rose the fertile hills of Saluces; that to his left were developed the last undulations of the valley of Aosta and the banks of the Chiara; that before him lay the noble plains of Turin; and behind, the mighty chain of the Alps, with its adornment of rocks, forests, and chasms, from Mount Geneva to Mount Cenis. But, in spite of this charming vicinage, all he was permitted to behold was the misty sky suspended over his head by a frame work of rude masonry; the pavement of the little court, and the bars of his prison, through which he might admire the opposite wall, adorned with a single small square window, at which he had once or twice caught glimpses of a doleful human countenance.

What a world from which to extract delight and entertainment! The unhappy Count wore out his patience in the attempt! At first, he amused himself with scribbling with a morsel of charcoal on the walls of his prison the dates of every happy event of his childhood; but from this dispiriting task he desisted, more discouraged than ever. The demon of scepticism next inspired him with evil counsel; and, having framed into fearful sentences the axioms of his withering creed, he inscribed them also on his wall, between recollections consecrated to his sister and his mother!

Still unconsoled, Charney at length made up his mind to fling aside his heart-eating cares, and adopt, by anticipation, all the puerilities and brutalization which result from the prolongation of solitary confinement. The philosopher attempted to find amusement in unravelling silk or linen; in making flagolets of straw, and building ships of walnut shells. The man of genius constructed whistles, boxes, and baskets, of kernels; chains and musical instruments, with the springs of his braces; nay, for a time, he took delight in these absurdities; then, with a sudden movement of disgust, trampled them, one by one under his feet!

To vary his employment, Charney began to carve a thousand fanciful designs upon his wooden table! No schoolboy ever mutilated his desk by such attempts at arabesque, both in relief and intaglio, as tasked his patience and address. The celebrated portal of the church of Candebée, and the pulpit and palm trees of St. Gudula at Brussels, are not adorned with a greater variety of figures. There were houses upon houses, fishes upon trees, men taller than steeples, boats upon roofs, carriages upon water, dwarf pyramids, and flies of gigantic stature—horizontal, vertical, oblique, topsy-turvy, upside down, pell-mell, a chaos of hieroglyphics, in which he tried to discover a sense symbolical, an accidental intention, an occult design; for it was no great effort on the part of one who had so much faith in the power of chance, to expect the development of an epic poem in the sculptures on his table, or a design of Raphael in the veins of his boxwood snuff box.

It was the delight of his ingenuity to multiply difficulties for conquest, problems for solution, enigmas for divination; but, even in the midst of these recreations, ennui, the formidable enemy, again surprised the captive.

The man, whose face he had noticed at the grated window, might have afforded him food for conjecture, had he not seemed to avoid the observation of the Count, by retiring the moment Charney made his appearance; in consequence of which, he conceived an abhorrence of the recluse. Such was his opinion of the human species, that the stranger's desire of concealment convinced him he was a spy, employed to watch the movements of the prisoners, or, perhaps, some former enemy, exulting over his humiliation.

On interrogating the jailer, however, this last supposition was set at rest.

"'Tis an Italian," said Ludovicu, the turnkey. "A good soul—and, what is more, a good Christian; for I often find him at his devotions."

Charney shrugged his shoulders: "And what may be the cause, pray, of his retention?" said he.

"He attempted to assassinate the Emperor."

"Is he, then, a patriot?"

"A patriot! Rubbish! Not he. But the poor soul had once a son and daughter; and now he has only a daughter. The son was killed in Germany. A cannon-ball broke a tooth for him. *Povero figliuolo*."

"It was a paroxysm of selfishness, then which moved this old man to become an assassin?"

"You have never been a father, *Signor Conte*!" replied the jailer. "*Cristo Santo*! if my Antonio, who is still a babe, were to eat his first mouthful for the good of this empire of the French, (which is a bantling of his own age, or thereabouts,) I'd soon—but *basta*! I've no mind to take up my lodging at *Fenestrella*, except as it may be with my keys at my girdle or under my pillow."

"And how does this fierce conspirator amuse himself in prison?" persisted Charney.

"Catching flies!" replied the jailer, with an ironical wink.

Instead of detesting his brother in misfortune, Charney now began to despise him. "A madman, then?" he demanded.

"*Perche pazzo, Signor Conte*? Though you are the last comer, you excel him already in the art of hacking a table into devices. *Pazienza*!"

In defiance of the sneer conveyed in the jailer's remark, Charney soon resumed his manual labors, and the interpretation of his hieroglyphics; but, alas! only to experience anew their in-sufficiency as a kill time. His first winter had expired in weariness and discontent; when, by the mercy of Heaven, an unexpected object of interest was assigned him.

ODDITIES OF LONDON LIFE. By Paul Pry, the Author of Little Pedlington. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

We know not whether Mr. Poole, the author of the comedy of Paul Pry and the History of Little Pedlington, received a sum of money from any London bookseller for the use of his name in the title page of the above book, or whether it has been added, here or elsewhere, as a lure to the unwary, but the assertion of his authorship of the work before us is a decided attempt at swindling the easy-guung public, and we are resolved to let our portion of the reading community know the villany. The whole of the pages of the "Oddities of London Life" are Reports of various cases at the several Police Offices of the English metropolis, and are extracted from the London newspapers of the last few months. There is no reason to be assigned for this abuse of a respectable author's name, because the papers are really all that they pretend to be, "Oddities;" and possess sufficient merit to stand alone. The reader will find many things which may cause "his

lungs to crow like chanticleer;" on the other side, he will discover a monotonous effect in the dialect and incident unavoidably connected with the one scene of display.

We append a specimen.

A LARGE PUBLIC CHARACTER.

The plaintiff in this case was one Bob Sinnock, a cab driver, who charged one Bill Johnson, a hackney-coachman, with having damaged his cab woefully, and with malice aforethought.

The case for the plaintiff was, that while standing on the Piccadilly rank he was hailed by a fare, and he went to take up. The fare, however, gave the preference to a box-cab, consequently complainant retired to resume his original place in the rank. Against all the rules sanctioned by custom and usage he found the defendant had drawn up his coach into the open space. He remonstrated, but the defendant being obstinate, a scuffle ensued, which ended by the defendant backing his coach against the cab and causing the damage which formed the grounds of the complaint.

The defendant, a genuine specimen of the London Jarvey, evidently looked with a supercilious eye on cabs and cab-drivers, concluded his defence by declaring—that "his vehicle *naturally* took precedence of t'others consarn, for the gemman wot plied wouldn't by not no means be drov by a 'buck.'"

An explanation of the latter term was demanded.

"A 'buck,' yer verchips," said Jarvey, "is vot ve calls the reglar driver's 'cad'—vich means, 'at vile the reglar driver's a hingerin his master's property and settin' in public houses, playing at shoveha'penny far 'lusk,' as this here werry complainant vos at the time of the hunhexpected haccident—the 'buck' looks out for jobs."

The bench saw the drift of the speaker's harangue, and desired him to confine himself strictly to the subject matter of complaint, as the charge of gambling or neglect was not then before the bench.

"Well, then," said the Jarvey, "the damage vos caused by the 'buck' who vos werry 'cheeky' and 'hog-stoppelus,' vich my witness, Vaternman Joe, vill swear to."

A huge grotesque looking personage, with an air of aldermanic importance, here came forward. He had evidently got clean shaved and attired in "full fig" in anticipation of the interview. His face shone like a new warming pan, and appeared almost the size and color of that useful article; the large brass-plate and chain, which decorated his ample person, had also received an extra polish. He advanced to the bench, bowing familiarly.

"I wishes your verchips a werry good morning," said Joe, "your honorable verchips knows me I'll pound—cos you've all had the *honor* of seeing me afore."

No symptoms of recognition having appeared from the bench, the witness proceeded to refresh magisterial recollection.

"I'm 'Big Joe,' the Piccadilly vaternman, your honors," said he, with an imposing air.

"Well, we have no recollection of you," said one of the magistrates.

"No recollection of me!" replied the mortified functionary, "vy, your honors must recollect as I vos subpindled afore you six years ago, to give evidence agin Bob Hoxley for priggin von of Tom Hopkins's nose-bags."

MR. DYER—Can you tell us any thing about this case?

BIG JOE—Here's the *fac simile* on it. Ven this here happened, I vos planted afore a lovely bit of bacon and a summer cabbage just out of the pot; so it warn't in nature that I should look arter any thing but my grub.

MR. DYER—Then you saw nothing of the accident?

BIG JOE—How could I, your honor, ven I'd got this here lovely piece of bacon afore me! But though I seed nuffin about nobody, I heerd summat about somebody.

MR. DYER—Never mind that; you can give no evidence; but, from your long experience, you can perhaps tell us something about the rules of the rank?

"Can I?" said Joe, with an important air, "I should think I could. Vy, there arn't no pint vet I knows, from the day ven I druv a hackney-coach myself, to the time ven I got the happiment of head vaternman."

MR. DYER—Then you can tell us who was right in this case?

BIG JOE—Ven a fare plies a vehicle—if two starts, the von as don't get the job comes back into his old place, according to the laws of *human nater*.

MR. DYER—Now, who was wrong in this case?

BIG JOE—Speaking my candid mind, von vos as bad as t'other.

MR. DYER—I am quite of your opinion, and I dare say you have found, in all such disputes, that each party has been equally in the wrong?

"God bless your honor," said Big Joe, who seemed quite delighted with the reception he had met with, "you've hit the werry pint slap bang. And in regard to this here, if I vos one of your brother magistrates, here's how I'd settle this case; I'd make the propperieter of the vehicle pay von half; and I'd make the cabman pay another half; and I'd make the hackney-coachman pay the t'other half. That's vot I'd do."

Big Joe, with great ceremony, here took his leave. The bench decided the case by fining the defendant cost and damages, amounting to thirty shillings.

THE ROMANCE OF VIENNA. By Mrs. Trollope, author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," etc.: Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

An amusing romance, full of natural incident and agreeable diversity. Mrs. Trollope has lately been sojourning in Austria, and this work is one of the results of her power of observation; if this erratic lady would confine the exercise of her talents to the formation of acknowledged romances, the result would be more agreeable to her readers and more honorable to her fame.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1838.

No. 6.

THE GOLDSMITH.

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE OF LONDON.

A every and tempestuous evening was closing a day of fog and mist, towards the end of September, in the year 1665. The dark smoke-blackened fronts of the houses of Fleet-street looked still more sombre amidst the atmosphere of watery vapor which seemed to spread itself like a veil over every object, while the projecting stories of the buildings jutting forwards on both sides, according to the preposterous architecture of the day, gave a still greater gloom to the appearance of the scene. The autumn wind howled and whistled among the lofty gables, and towering chimneys of the houses, like the wailing of a melancholy spirit; and the sign-boards with which every door was decorated, swung and creaked discordantly in the blast. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the Fleet-Way was almost deserted, although a few passengers still paced the great avenue of the metropolis. The exquisite of the seventeenth century might have been seen muffling his embroidered doublet with his velvet cloak, and muttering curses as he strode, on the driving sleet beating against his face in despite of the plumed Spanish hat that defended his head.

There, too, pacing along with demure step, but no less unsatisfied cast of countenance, walked the sober Puritan: his steeple-crowned beaver and sad-colored cloak, contrasting strongly with the gay-habilliments of the young cavalier, who, as he glanced at the bespattered state of his perfumed and red-heeled boots, occasionally gave vent to his chagrin in a loud and "mouth-filling oath," that made the round-head quicken his steps, while he turned up his eyes in horror at the profane sound.

Then came rambling along, in all its ponderous pomp of carved-work and gilding, the unwieldy coach of the period, shaking the crazy-wooden fabrics of the Fleet-Way, from base to parapet, as it rattled over the pavement, and filling the heart of the humble citizen's daughter with envy as she endeavored, through the lattice of her tiring-room, to obtain a glimpse of the tailed dame whose happiness it was to possess such a vehicle, while the puritan pulled his broad-brimmed hat over his eyes as he scowled at the vanities displayed in the rich trappings of the four long-tailed steeds, and the laced liveries of the running-footmen,

who, with newly lit flambeaux, preceded the course of the machine.

As the darkness thickened, the battling of the elements increased, and the rain, which now began to descend in torrents, was whirled about in eddying circles by the furious and bellowing wind. Just as one of these sudden gusts was raging down the street, sweeping along with the force and fury of a whirlwind, and threatening dissolution to the time-worn buildings, already tottering on their foundations, an elderly man, whose demeanor and attire betokened him to be of the better class of citizens, after vainly attempting to stem the violence of the storm, turned aside into a narrow recess, or archway, which afforded a shelter from the tempest. The flickering flame of the lantern, affixed over the entrance of the passage, threw its imperfect light on the figure of a man about sixty or sixty-five years of age; his tall spare form, slightly bent with his weight of years, was clothed in a doublet and hose of black Flemish cloth, and hanging from his shoulders, was a cloak of the same color and material, from which the rain dropped fast and heavy, while the other portions of his dress showed manifest signs of having suffered severely by the weather. Having stood for some time beneath the archway, the old man again attempted to pursue his way, but the storm still continuing to rage with unremitting violence, he turned back with a gesture of impatience. At that moment another figure darkened the entrance of the archway: it was a female, but whether old or young, comely, or ill-favored, was not to be discovered, as she wore her muffler, or walking-cloak, so disposed around her person, that her features and the greater part of her figure were concealed from view.

She stood still for an instant, but when she caught sight of the citizen, passed hastily on. A minute, however, had scarcely elapsed when she returned, seemed about to enter, hesitated for a considerable time, but, at length, rushed suddenly up the gateway to where the citizen stood, and clasping her hands, murmured forth some words, the tenor of which was inaudible to the old man's ear.

"What wouldst thou have with me?" he said, shrinking back from her extended hands; the woman

cobbed deeply for an instant before she replied—"I—would entreat your charity," she said, in a timid tone. The citizen eyed her for a moment, with a suspicious glance, and then drawing back still farther, said in a stern voice—"thou art losing thy time, mistress; I am too wary to be deceived by the tale of a beggar, however well it may be told: pass on, there are younger and comelier gallants who will perchance listen to it more readily." The woman's head sank upon her bosom, and she fell back a step or two, while the old man as if to be released from her importunities, drew his mantle closer and moved towards the street; but the female springing forwards, took hold of his cloak.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed earnestly, but firmly, "you wrong me, it is not for myself that I would plead, I am not used to ask alms, and I may do it rudely, but do not disbelieve me. My children, my husband, are perishing for want of food." The citizen, struck with the energy of her appeal, suffered himself to be detained.

"Where is thy husband, woman?" he asked, "and why does he suffer his wife to be abroad, on such a night as this? methinks, if he wanted bread for his children—"

"He is on the bed of sickness," interrupted the female hastily: "he knows not, that I have gone on this errand; had he done so, he would have dragged his fevered limbs from his pallet and braved this storm sooner than let me pass the threshold." There was something about the manner and appearance of the woman that rendered it impossible to believe her an impostor, or one to whom the language of beggary was common. The first bore the wild earnestness of truth, the other a certain stamp, that showed the humble garb she wore was not one she had been accustomed to.

"I believe thee, I believe thee!" replied the old man, something moved by what she said. "This trade is new to thee,—here is that which may put thee in a way to quit it for a time!" placing a piece of money in her hand: "nay, no thanks:" he endeavored to pass, but the glare of the lantern flashing full upon his features as he moved forward, the female, rushing to him, threw herself on his breast, and cast her arms about his neck.

"How now, mistress?" exclaimed the citizen, as he strove to disengage himself from the convulsive clasp of the mendicant; "what means this? Ha! God of heaven! who are ye?"—In his efforts to free himself from the embrace of the female, the muffler or wimple was partially displaced from her face, and the old man no sooner caught a glimpse of her countenance, than tearing away the mantle from her head, he bore her in front of the lantern; its light glanced on the pallid features of a young and beautiful woman, whose dark hair, wet with the storm, hung in wild, tangled masses around her neck and shoulders. This sight no sooner met the eye of the citizen, than he turned deadly pale, and staggering back, he suffered the almost insensible form of the female to slip through his arms, so that she sank upon the pavement at his feet.

"Do not cling to me, Marian," he said, in hoarse low accents, as the young woman recovering from her trance, wound her arms around him. "Do not cling to me; the curse I have called down upon thee is fulfilled, the punishment due to thy disobedience hath fallen on thee."

"Oh, speak not thus," gasped the kneeling female; "oh, father! look not so sternly on your Marian, she once was dear to thee."

"Dear to me!" repeated the old man, with bitter emphasis; "true, she was dear to me when she was good and virtuous, obeying her father in all things, striving to please, not to thwart him in the dearest wishes of his heart."

"It is true," replied Marian, her speech nearly choked with grief, "most true, I have been guilty, but I have suffered days and nights of sleepless anguish for that one act of disobedience. Oh, let this atone for my transgression! Let this expiate my fault; say, father, say that you forgive your child."

"Marian," answered her parent, sternly, "I have called down my bitterest curse upon your head."

"But you will revoke it," exclaimed Marian, eagerly interrupting him; "for your curse, God knows, hath been fulfilled, if misery, deep, bitter misery, was the object of your malediction. Look in my face, father, does it not bear witness to my words: if I have sinned, I have suffered. Oh, you know not what I have suffered, or I should not plead in vain." She gazed earnestly in her father's face while she spoke, as if watching for some change in his stern countenance that might indicate a feeling of compassion for her situation. The old man did not speak, but there was a slight quiver on his lip, and the gathering moisture in his eye, showed that he was not totally callous to the voice of nature. He looked intently for a few moments on the care-worn features of his child, and then raised her to her feet.

"Marian," he said, "you have caused me much unhappiness, but I cannot turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of my child."

"Blessings, blessings on you, dear, dear, father, for those kind words," exclaimed his daughter, again endeavoring to clasp her arms about his neck.

"Hold!" rejoined the old man, retreating a few paces, "before I pronounce your forgiveness, you must promise to comply with one condition."

"Name it, name it," responded Marian, "what is there that I will not gladly comply with, to obtain the return of your affection?"

The old man paused, then bent forward, and, as if half ashamed, or unwilling to utter his request, whispered some words in her ear. The effect was startling; she staggered back, and reeled against the wall of the passage. Her countenance was pale before, but it now looked ghastly; her large dark eyes were fixed on the face of her father with an expression of surprise and despair; her lips moved, but they emitted no sound. There was a pause of some seconds, and the howling fury of the storm seemed to break with a more cheerless effect upon the ear. At length Marian spoke, though her words were rendered almost inarticulate by agitation.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "do not ask me that,—any thing but that,—for the love of Him who died for us all—for the sake of my sainted mother have mercy on one whose heart is nearly broken. Do not ask me, guilty as I am, to add to my faults by deserting him who, however he may have failed in his duty to you, has been ever, ever kind and good to me." The wretched woman sank upon her knees as she spoke, and buried her face in the folds of her father's cloak.

"I had thought, Marian," replied the old man coldly and sternly, "I had thought that experience had taught you how severe a punishment falls upon those who disobey their parents; yet now, when I offer to take you back again to my roof"—

"But the price, father, the fearful price you would have me pay," interrupted Marian.

"I would have you leave a villain," returned the citizen.

"Father, he is not a villain," replied Marian, "you wrong him—indeed you do! there is not a kinder heart in all broad England, than Maurice Stanley: you know him not or you would think as I do."

"Know him not!" repeated her father. "I know him to be one who has repaid my fostering care with the blackest ingratitude,—who has"—he stopped, and then resumed in a calmer tone, "Marian, you have heard my offer; it now remains with yourself to choose between beggary and your father's arms. Consent to leave one who is altogether unworthy of you; swear that you will never see him more, and I promise to receive you back to my home;—refuse—and I abandon you for ever."

Marian rose, and dashing away the blinding tears which were gathering in her eyes, said in a voice trembling with emotion, "He is ill, father—sick—sorely sick,—would ye have me desert my husband, when perhaps he is lying on his death-bed? when—" she paused; for her father's look chilled her heart, and her throat seemed to swell as she saw him calmly fold his cloak around him and move towards the street. He reached it; and then turning, fixed his cold, pitiless gray eye upon the figure of his daughter, who remained standing in mute despair where he had left her.

"Choose," he said.

The sound of his voice seemed to break the spell. She sprang forward, and grasped the cloak convulsively with both her hands. "Father, be merciful," she murmured, as he endeavored to break from her hold, "I will obey you in all things, but do not ask me to—oh, mercy, mercy!"—the cloak was torn from her clasp,—the wretched Marian thrown with violence to the pavement, and her fair forehead striking against it, she remained senseless on the cold damp stones, while he, to whom she had pleaded in vain, pursued his way through a tempest as ruthless as himself.

In order that the reader may clearly understand the foregoing incidents, it will be requisite to retrograde slightly in the narrative.

Among the wealthy fraternity of goldsmiths in the

city of London, none were more respected than Stephen Glanville. Possessed of great wealth, partly arising from the profits of his occupation, and partly consisting of some considerable property left him by his father, he found himself soon able to retire from the cares and fatigues of his business. He accordingly left the metropolis and took up his abode in one of the western counties of England. The riches of the citizen had purchased for his habitation the mansion and estate of a scion of nobility, who, after squandering his patrimony at the tennis-courts and gaming tables of the profligate Charles, suddenly found himself a ruined man, with the reputation among the bloods of the age of being a good fellow; and having possession of the finest sets of hawks and horses in the kingdom.

It was at this juncture the citizen Glanville offered to become the purchaser of the nobleman's domains, whose desperate circumstances rendered the tender of the goldsmith's broad pieces any thing but unacceptable to him. The bargain was therefore speedily closed, and, on the payment of a considerable sum, Stephen Glanville became the possessor of one of the finest estates in England. Thither it was the wealthy citizen retired, taking with him his wife and daughter,—the former having been wedded to him about three years, and the latter, an infant, whose age did not exceed six or seven months. These, with the addition of a boy, a distant relation of Glanville, constituted the whole of the citizen's family. The young Maurice Stanley was an orphan, whose parents dying in needy circumstances, left their child penniless and friendless to the compassion of a cold and heartless world. The wealthy goldsmith, however, did not long leave him in this situation, and Maurice Stanley was soon received into the dwelling of Stephen Glanville, where, although he did not meet with the warm affection of a parent, he was treated with the greatest propriety and care.

Years rolled on, and the girlhood of the young Marian was fast merging into womanly beauty, when her fond mother was torn from the arms of her child by a sudden and virulent illness, and hurried to a premature grave. Thus, at the age of seventeen, Marian found herself bereaved of the fostering care of one to whom she had been taught to look for aid and counsel, in the slightest action of her life. Her grief was long and bitter; but time, the assuager of all woes, began to soften the poignant recollection of her loss, and she now turned for consolation to her remaining parent. Marian loved her father tenderly; but it was a love mingled with awe, which sometimes approached even to fear. Yet he was a kind and indulgent father, sparing neither exertion nor expense to gratify her most trivial wish;—still she feared him. A man of strict probity and honor himself, he looked with an un pitying and unrelenting eye upon the faults of others. Did some starving wretch break the preserves of his park, and take from thence a pheasant or a deer, the offence was sure to meet with the greatest severity from the stern citizen; and when once a sentence passed his lips, all prayers and entreaties to induce him to alter his resolution were

unavailing,—even the supplications of his much-loved Marian, in such cases, always failed in their effect. Thus, the severity of disposition he displayed towards others made him feared by his daughter; and, although she seldom heard his voice addressed towards her in anger, his sternness of character filled her young heart with a secret awe incompatible with the feeling of filial love.

Meanwhile, the beauty of Marian Glanville increased with each succeeding day, and many were the suitors who paid visits to the old goldsmith, to intercede with him for the honor of her fair hand. All of these were, however, rejected;—some because they suited not the maiden's fancy, and some because they failed to meet with the approval of her father. At length, after the lapse of nearly nineteen years, the nobleman, to whom the estate of Stephen Glanville originally belonged, attracted by the fame of the *ex-destin* goldsmith's daughter, again visited the halls of his ancestors; and, on the fourth day of his arrival, made a formal offer of alliance to the wealthy citizen. At this period, intermarriages between the patrician and plebeian classes of society were much more rare than in the present century; the news, therefore, of this proposal caused a great sensation among the gossips of the county. Most of the suitors, who had already paid their homage to the fair Marian, were men of passing wealth and station; but none as yet, boasting the possession of a title, had condescended to enter the lists. It is true that there were some of the wives of the neighboring squires who hinted and whispered, that the honor paid by the patrician to Miss Glanville was owing more to the rich dowry he expected with her, than the desire of possessing the fair plebeian as a bride. With this, however, we have nothing to do;—certain it was, that years had not improved the nobleman's wisdom; for he had lost his last purse at the royal ombre table, though he consoled himself with the reflection that he had the honor of losing his gold to the two most distinguished men of the age, namely, Sir Charles Sedley, and the Earl of Rochester. Dazzled by the thought of his daughter wearing a coronet, Master Glanville eagerly accepted the proffered hand of the nobleman for his child, without consulting her on the subject, or considering the profligate character of his intended son-in-law. This, perhaps, may appear rather inconsistent with the description given of his principles; but, as it has been before remarked, an alliance with the blood of aristocracy presented such a splendid and unlooked-for honor, that the ambitious citizen (for he was ambitious in the extreme) shut his ears against the world's report, and believed that to be slander, which for once approached very closely to the truth. It was, therefore, with anger and surprise, that Glanville saw his hitherto mild and submissive child receive the intimation of the intended honor with unconcealed sorrow. In vain did the goldsmith use menace and entreaty by turns, until, wearied out by repeated denials, he peremptorily commanded her to receive the nobleman as her future husband.

"Now, God help me!" murmured Marian, as her father left her; "for on earth there is no succour.

What shall I do? I cannot love this lord;—say, I hate—I loathe him; nor dare I tell my father why."

A rustle of the tapestry behind her caused her to look round, and she beheld the figure of Maurice Stanley, in all the vigor of manly beauty, standing by her side.

"Oh, Maurice! save me, save me!" she cried, as she tottered and sank upon a seat.

"Marian, dear Marian!" exclaimed Stanley, bending wildly over her;—there was no reply, and the hand he held within his own was cold and clammy. She had fainted.

It was a few days after the injunction of Master Glanville, that the citizen was seated at his breakfast-table, impatiently awaiting the appearance of his daughter to fill her accustomed seat. The meal of the goldsmith had been delayed for a considerable time,—an hour passed, still no Marian appeared, and a domestic was at length despatched to inquire into the cause of her protracted absence; who returned with the answer, that upon knocking at her chamber door, no reply was made to the summons. The alarm of the parent was now excited, and Glanville proceeded with trembling steps to his daughter's apartment. His call was also unattended to. His heart sickened with a feeling of undefinable anguish, and bursting open the door, he entered the room: it was empty. He rushed to the bed; it had not been slept in, and the distracted father, agonized with the thought of some unknown evil having befallen his child, staggered against the wainscot, and was obliged to grasp the tapestry for support. With a strong effort he recovered himself, and when able to speak, his first words were, "Send Maurice Stanley to me instantly." The servant, despatched by the agitated parent, soon returned with the tidings that Master Stanley was not in his chamber. The citizen started: "Seek him, then, in the park, in the garden;—he must be found." To both of these portions of his estate, messengers were sent, who shortly returned with the same ill success. The old man's cheek grew pale, and striking his clenched hand against his forehead, he was upon the point of rushing from the room, when a servant presented him with a small billet, which he had found on the toilette of his mistress.

Glanville seized it eagerly, hastily perused it, and, with a groan of anguish, dropped senseless on the floor.

What the exact contents of that letter were, Stephen Glanville never revealed; but he became sterner and sterner in his disposition, exacting a slavish submission from his household, and shunning the society of all his former acquaintance. Letter after letter was sent to his residence, the superscriptions of which the servants recognized as the hand-writing of their young mistress. These, however, were always returned to the messenger with their seals unbroken, until they entirely ceased, and the name of Marian Glanville was never mentioned in her father's house, but in a whisper. Five years flew by since the morning of her flight, and no tidings had been ever heard of the goldsmith's daughter, until some urgent business, requiring the presence of Stephen Glanville in London

accidentally threw the father and the child together, after so long a separation.

The wretched Marian lay senseless for a considerable time upon the pavement, the tempest still raging above her unconscious head. But misery had not yet done with her. She revived,—revived to a full and horrid sense of her situation; her last hope, her last lingering hope, which she had clung to through years of poverty and anguish, was now crushed for ever. She had seen her father, had spoken with him, pleaded to him, and was rejected. Dark, deep despair now gathered round her heart, and for some minutes she remained mute and motionless, leaning against the wall of the passage. Suddenly a long and vivid flash of lightning shot across the murky sky, and its lurid glare, quivering brightly on the pavement of the recess, glittered on some shining substance lying near her feet. She started, and raised it eagerly from the stones. It was a gold Carolus, being the piece of money which her father had placed in her hand before he had recognised her, and which, during her emotion, she had dropped. In an instant all was forgotten; the thought of her famishing children and sick husband flashed across her mind, and drawing her wimple round her wet and shivering form, she darted forth and traversed the deserted streets of the city with the speed of an arrow.

It is unnecessary to follow her steps through the whole of her progress; suffice it to say, that in a very short time, she arrived in a portion of the metropolis then inhabited by the lowest classes of society. The mazes of this abode of misery, were soon threaded by the unhappy Marian, with a swiftness and precision that showed her to be well acquainted with all its labyrinths. She stopped at length before an old dilapidated building, which, by its appearance, seemed to be the ruins of what had once been the dwelling-place of some proud noble, whose mansion of feudal state, was fast crumbling into that dust to which his body had long been consigned. The shattered door was soon thrown open, and she sprang up the broad ruined staircase with the agility of a deer, and was soon within one of the topmost apartments of the building. The chamber was large, and some relics of its former magnificence still remained, as if in mockery of its present squalid and dismantled state. The rich, though heavy gilded cornice, still encircled the ceiling, but the black and shattered wainscot was divested of the tapestry which it once supported. Two or three broken massive carved chairs formed the whole furniture of the apartment; these were arranged so as to form a species of couch on which reclined the figure of a person apparently asleep, but who was so wrapped up in a large coarse cloak, that the sex could not be distinguished. Near this temporary bed, huddled together, in one shivering group, were seated three children, the eldest of whom did not appear to be more than four years of age. They were employed in raking together the expiring embers of a scanty wood fire, which burnt faintly on the chimney hearth;—its dim flame, though not able to dispel the gloom of the spacious chamber, serving sufficiently to reveal the persons of its miserable tenants. At the first step

Marian made within the apartment, the children sprang simultaneously from the hearth, round which they had been cowering, and with a cry of joy advanced to meet their mother. A gesture of her hand soon stopped their shout of pleasure, and glancing at the figure of the sleeper, she advanced softly into the chamber.

"Does your father still sleep, Maurice?" she asked, in a low voice, of the eldest of the children. The boy replied in the affirmative.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, still in a suppressed tone; "it is long, long since that he has slept, and with another anxious glance at the motionless figure of her husband, she approached the fire, and opening her cloak which was soaked with rain, she placed some loaves and a flask upon the floor. At the sight of the food the children again broke into an exclamation of joy.

"Hush! children, hush!" exclaimed their mother as they stretched forth their little hands to seize the bread with an eagerness which plainly showed that famine was, indeed, gnawing at their breasts;—"remember your poor father." She turned away, and slowly approached the sleeping figure of Maurice Stanley. As she bent anxiously over the form of her husband, a vivid flash of lightning streamed into the room, through the shattered glass of a large Gothic window at the end of the chamber, followed by a peal of thunder that echoed and re-echoed through the air. A slight movement heaved the mantle which covered the sleeper.

"Maurice," said his wife softly,—"do you sleep?" She heard no reply; and, now, all was motionless.

"Maurice," she repeated in a louder tone, her blood chilling, and her heart beating quickly, though she scarcely knew for what. Still no answer was returned.

"Maurice, husband! dear Maurice, speak to me!" exclaimed Marian, sinking on her knees before the couch. She placed her hand on the covering that concealed the face of her husband,—for an instant her arm shook so violently that she could not pull it away,—the tremor ceased, and the cloak was withdrawn. Bending over him, she pressed her lips to his forehead, and recoiled with a start of horror,—the brow was icy cold,—no breath issued from the half-closed lips. She put her hand upon his breast,—no pulsation heaved it,—the death-struggle had passed over him, and Maurice Stanley was a corpse!

Hitherto, Marian had been silent, scarcely suffering herself to breathe, but when the horrid certainty flashed full upon her, the walls of the crumbling mansion rang with her cries. Shriek after shriek burst from the agonized widow, until she sank exhausted on the body of him for whom she had sacrificed all, and when, roused by her cries, the female to whom the house belonged, entered the chamber, she found the wretched Marian almost as lifeless as the corpse on whose breast she reclined.

It was towards night-fall, about six months after the evening on which these events occurred, that a man closely wrapped in his cloak, issued from a house situated in the Strand, then formed by a range of buildings running along the bank of the river, adorned with spacious gardens and forming the residence of persons of high rank. The evening was still, and the air unusually calm and sultry for the early season of the year; but no busy passengers were treading the footways of the city—no vehicles were rolling over the deserted streets, and the long rank grass of the field was growing through the interstices of the stones.

The pestilence was raging! Hundreds of the inhabitants of London sank daily before its blasting breath, and men whispered that the wrath of Heaven would depopulate the city; street after street was passed by the solitary way-farer, who walked with a quick step, and his cloak drawn round his mouth, without his encountering man or beast, or hearing a sound to break the death-like silence pervading the modern Babylon; but as he entered still deeper into the heart of the metropolis, the heavy rumble of the post-cart was heard in the distance, and the horrid hoarse cry of the drivers, requiring the living inmates of the houses to bring forth the bodies of those over whom the plague-fiend had cast the shadow of his wing, sounded sullenly on his ear. Almost every other house was marked with a red cross, while the awful inscription—"Lord have mercy upon us!" scrawled beneath the symbol, gave fearful token that its inhabitants were struck with the infection. After turning down various lanes and alleys, the man arrived and halted before the house where the husband of the unfortunate Marian had breathed his last. He rapped loudly with his knuckles at the closed door, and it was soon opened by the woman to whom the ruin belonged. "Now, Dame Alison," he said, suffering the cloak to fall partially from his face, "has your lodger determined whether she will or will not watch to-night by my master's bedside; be speedy in your answer, for I would not willingly stop longer than I can help within a neighborhood where this is the only house not marked with the bloody cross."

"Alas! good Ralph," returned the female shuddering,—*"I fear it will not be long without the sign."*

"How!" exclaimed the man, starting back,—*"have ye the plague within your walls?"*

"I fear so," replied the woman sadly, shaking her head: "The youngest child of the poor thing above stairs has been dead only two hours ago, and it looks as if the hand of the pestilence was on it."

"Then it will be of little use to ask her to follow me to the couch of my master,—give ye good even, Mistress Alison," and Ralph, again folding his cloak round his head, was turning away.

"Stop," said Alison; "when I spoke to her last night she gladly consented to accept the offer, and though her poor baby is scarcely cold in her arms, yet I am sure that she will make a sore struggle to earn what may keep her remaining children from hunger."

"Is she so poor, then?" asked Ralph in a tone of pity.

"Poor!" repeated Alison; "wretchedly poor; but follow me and you shall judge for yourself;" and the woman trimming the flickering flame of the lamp she carried in her hand, led the way up the dilapidated staircase. In the same cheerless chamber, where the reader last beheld her, was seated Marian Stanley, her dead baby clasped to her breast, and her other children sobbing at her feet, weeping more for the tears of agony which bedewed their mother's cheeks, than for the actual loss she had sustained. Her last-born was still strained to her bosom,—her lips were still resting on its forehead, though the livid hue of the plague-spot was discoloring the flesh. The entrance of the hostess was totally unnoticed, and it was not until the woman had addressed her twice or thrice that she succeeded in attracting the attention of the mourner.

"Must it go already?" she asked, pressing the inanimate clay she feared to part with, closer to her breast.

"It is not of your poor child that I would speak," returned Alison, "but concerning your willingness to watch by the sick gentleman's couch whose servant was here yesternight."

Marian raised her hand to her throbbing brow, and gazed wildly on her hostess as if endeavoring to recall her recollection of the circumstance.

"Ay, I remember," she said, rising, and speaking with forced calmness,—*"where is he, good dame?"*

"I am at hand, mistress," said Ralph, entering the room, "and wait for your resolve."

Marian hesitated; but a single glance at her half-naked children seemed to throw off the overwhelming cloud of grief that oppressed her mind, and laying her dead child softly down, she motioned the messenger from the sick man to lead the way.

"Do not let them take it while I am absent," she whispered to Alison as she passed; "I must see it once more before I part with it for ever."

The woman pressed her hand in token of her attention, and Marian followed the domestic down the staircase to the open street. The same gloomy silence continued throughout the city, and neither of them felt inclined to break the stillness. Marian did not uncloset her lips, not even to ask the question of who the person was, by whom she was to watch, while her companion strode quickly on without uttering a single word until he arrived at the mansion from which he had first appeared. The house was large and well built, presenting a striking contrast to the mouldering ruin they had left; but even this gave awful demonstration of a mighty pestilence overhanging the metropolis. Rank weeds were waving over the very threshold-stone, and the hall door, thrown wide open, evinced that the all-absorbing horror of the ravaging disease prevented the occupants from thinking of the opportunity they afforded to the robber and the assassin. They entered, and Ralph directing Marian to remain in the hall, while he procured a light, left her, but very shortly appeared again bearing a lamp in his hand.

"Follow my guidance, mistress," he said, ascending a flight of stairs, "and I will show you where my

master lies." He soon stopped, and opening a chamber door, went softly into the room.

"He sleeps now," said the domestic, "but do you go in, seat yourself by his bed, and be ready to give to him the medicines he may ask for when he wakes, if wake he ever will again," he added as he passed Marian, and descended the stairs. She entered, and following the servant's directions, sat down near the bed. A lamp was burning on a table, but the oil was nearly exhausted, and the waving, quivering flame shed but an imperfect light on the objects in the chamber. The person to whose wants she was to attend, was, as his servant had remarked, in a deep sleep, so deep that it was only an occasional low respiration that distinguished it from the sleep of death. The face of the slumberer was completely hidden by the rich coverlid of the bed, but the thin emaciated hand, which hung over the clothes, sufficiently attested that both time and disease had made terrible ravages on his person.

The hours wore wearily on, but the old man still remained in his unbroken slumber, the flickering light waxed fainter and fainter, and Marian rising from her seat, proceeded to the door, that she might obtain oil to replenish the lamp. She turned as she passed, to look at the figure of the invalid,—it was a fatal glance!—the hand of the sufferer attracted her attention. On one of the long fleshless fingers, rested a glittering jewel, and as she gazed, a dark thought rushed through her brain, "My children are starving," she muttered, "while I feel sick for want of proper food:—the possession of this shining bauble would set us above want for ever; while he, to whom it belongs, if he ever wakes from this slumber, will never feel the loss."

"She approached the bed, all was silent, save the low breathing of the sleeper, who still lay motionless upon his pillow,—twice was her trembling hand stretched forth, and twice was it withdrawn, but as the picture of her perishing children rose up before her, it stealed her resolution to the act—"God forgive me!" she murmured, as she bent over the bed; "it is not for myself I do this deed." Again was her hand directed to the jewel; this time she touched it, and cautiously and gradually endeavored to draw the gem away: she had just succeeded in removing it, when, either that the slumberer was awakened, or that some slight convulsion ran through his frame, the long bony fingers of the sick man closed firmly on her hand. With a thrill of terror she recoiled and struggled to disengage herself from the cold clammy grasp of the invalid; but in vain, she was a prisoner. Fear, shame, the horror of detection, rushed through her mind, and making a frenzied clutch with her free hand at one of the pillows of the bed, she seized it, and with closed eyes and clenched teeth, pressed it

over the face of the sleeper. He did not struggle,—perhaps death had already done its work, but it was not until the cold hand relaxed its clasp, and fell heavily on the bed, that a fearful whisper seemed to hies the name of murderer in the ear of Marian. She started from the couch, and pressing her hands upon her hot throbbing brow, stared with glaring eyes and reeling brain on the bed where her victim lay. The deadly pillow still remained over his face, with the impression of her arm fresh upon the linen, and the sparkling jewel still glittered on the lifeless hand, mocking the cold inanimate flesh with its useless splendor. "It is no dream," she muttered, partially recovering from her stupor, and glancing at the ring, which now, with the strange inconsistency of human nature, she shuddered at the thought of touching—"Fool!" she continued, smiling bitterly, as conquering her emotion she again approached the bed; "weak fool! why do ye fear to take that, for which ye have perilled all, and made yourself a——," the words seemed to choke her utterance, and closing her lips firmly together, she drew the ring away, and with another strong effort pulled the pillow from the face of her victim: she shrank back, as if her eyes were seared by the lightning of heaven, for she looked on the livid features of Stephen Glanville!

"Hark! what shriek was that?" exclaimed Ralph to one of his fellow-servants, who shared his pallet in a remote corner of the mansion.

"'Tis from our master's chamber," returned his comrade.

"Ha! there it is again; some mischief is doing, or I am no true man."

The men hastily huddled on their clothes, and hurried to their master's apartment. A shout of maniacal laughter greeted their entrance into the room, and the domestics started back with horror, as they beheld the figure of Marian seated on the bed, gibbering and making mouths as she played with the grey hairs of her dead father.

The sequel of this melancholy story is soon told: the light of reason had fled for ever from the mind of the wretched parricide, and the lapse of a few days beheld her consigned to the grave,—her last moments being spent in calling alternately on her father and her children. The fate of her offspring is uncertain; but as they were never after heard of, it was supposed they were mingled with the victims of the petteilence.

Reader, the tale is finished, few, perhaps, will read it to its conclusion; but if it be the cause of one parent pausing, before he abandons an erring child for ever, the story of Marian Glanville will not have been penned in vain.

BENEDETTI'S ADIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WILD WATER POND.

This little poem is not original, and I know not whether I may venture to call it a direct translation. Benedetti was the author of a great many tragedies, which were played with success, at Florence, from about the year 1703 to 1830. His life was, nevertheless, a series of misfortunes. Being, at last, implicated in the plots of the Carbonari, he fled to Pistoja, and, finding himself still pressed by the police, put an end to himself with a pistol.

Upward, unsung, thou shalt not go,
My native land—my own—
For, from thy vocal gale, I know
My love of song hath grown;

And I would crown thee with a wreath
Of echoes, soft and sweet—
Dear land, the first to hear me breathe,
And feel my infant feet!

Heaven reared thee with a lofty crest—
To thee no rival rose,
In Delos, with her eagle's nest,
Or Paros, with her snows;

And bravely o'er the boundless mead,
By Clano's rainbow rill,
Thou seest a thousand shepherds lead
Their myriads from the hill—

Thou seest Politian's slopes and dells
With purple vines o'ergrown,
And Thrasymene's breast, that swells
With ocean's distant moan—*

That lake, which Punic Hannibal
With Latian blood imbued—
That valley, which the stormy fall
Of Latian limbs bestrewed—

In grisly gear, 'tis said by some,
The spectres march by night,
And, at the sound of sword and drum,
Renew their phantom fight;

Whilst hurrying home, through pits and pools,
From that unearthly wrack,
The ploughman shrinks to feel the tools
That clank upon his back.

Day's waking beams for ever first
Thy cloudless summit wins,
And there the breeze thy flowers have nurs'd
Its vesper song begins;

Yea, softly sports, like infant sprite,
So heedless and so fond,
Though Boreas may rudely smite
The sheltering hills beyond.

'Tis thus thou rear'st thy rugged peak,
And twin'st thy vintage sweet—
Thus, ne'er such bloom had summer's cheek,
In Chios or in Crete;

Whilst, all around, the hanging rocks
Are glittering with the gleam
Of rivulets, with little shocks,
Down bounding to the stream.

Cortona, shall I ne'er again
Tread where my soul so clings?
Dear land, that gave thy swan his strain—
Ah, wherefore then his wings!

Sad, sad my gloomy planet lowers,
Where'er my path has been;
I count a world of turbid hours,
But never one serene!

Well I recall that night of woe,
When, heedless of our sighs,
Our cottage reddened with the glow
Of flames that lit the skies!

I could not choose but drop a tear
On Ruin's wings outspread,
Which, true to yon prophetic fear,
Still hover o'er my head.

But thou, with thy maternal hands,
Didst calm my beating brow,
Nor was I forced to foreign lands
To drag me hence, as now.

No wasting fever shrank my form,
No traiterous weapon tore;
But nightly, on thy bosom warm,
I slumbered as before.

But now, by Fortune's stern command,
Condemned from thee to go,
I take her by the fickle hand,
Prepared for weal or woe—

An exile, on a pathway blind,
Beset with strange mischance;
Chill poverty and grief behind,
And darkness in advance

* There is said to be a mysterious sympathy between them.

Oh ye, my own, my native hills,
In sorrow slowly passed—
Ye spirits of the rocks and rills,
That lull me to the last—

Grove, grot, and bower, and mossy spring,
Where I no more may rest,
Receive the last adieus that wring
Thy poet's aching breast.

Perhaps, upon some barren strand,
I seek a bleak repose;
Too poor for any friendly hand
My dying eyes to close—

E'en thou, my love, wilt not be there,
To speak my name unknown,
Or press thy gentle forehead fair
Against th'unlettered stone.

I go, like old Laertes' son,
In exile o'er the wave,
Through Scylla's hungry jaws to run
To Cyclops' horrid cave;

But oh, to him, through all his toil
'Twas fated still to win
The hearth-stone of his native soil—
A grave amidst his kin!

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY E. BREWSTER GREEN.

She wanders forth at early dawn,
Where nature spreads her fairest flowers;
Through verdant vale and dewy lawn,
And to the woodland's rosy bowers.

The morning dew is on her hair,
And sparkles in each curl at play,
Unheeding, yet with choicest care,
She weaves her garlands fair and gay.

Beneath her fairy touch entwine
The forest rose and lily fair,
The jessamine and eglantine,
And all that brightly cluster there.

The matin birds, with joyous song,
Have poured their early notes above;
But she heeds not the warbling throng—
The music of her soul is love.

There is a light within her eye
That seems to speak a soul divine;
A holy calm upon her brow,
That borrows lustre from her mind.

Why thus at early morn she hies
To forest dale and mountain brake,
Ere yet the sun hath robed the skies,
Or shed his brightness o'er the lake?
a 2

Her heart conceals the secret tale
Her lips suppress the spirit's sigh:
Yet beauty beams beneath a veil
Still more resplendent to the eye.

She hath no song—the birds have sung,
And round her blooms each hill and plain;
But long her lowly harp hath hung
In silence o'er each woe-strained strain.

She hath no tears—the morn hath shed
Its crystal dew-drops o'er the flowers;
But all her early hopes have fled,
And left her heart to lonely hours.

The wreath she weaves she cannot wear,
For ah! it binds another's brow,
Where throng the giddy, gay, and fair,
To speak or hear the lover's vow!

Still heeds she not life's heavy woes,
Nor wastes beneath its toil and care;
But lovelier than the mountain rose,
She ripens in the morning air.

The forest throng her presence greet
With songs of love and pleasure wed;
Wild flowers spring beneath her feet,
And tines in wreaths above her head.

THE MAN OF MANY HOPES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD, ENGLAND.

(Concluded from Page 317.)

CHAPTER VIII.

NINE o'clock, and the party still at cards. "There—there—it's becoming dissipation," cried young Sloth—"I'm quite—quite satisfied." And well he might be, for Trumps had lost to him and Mims all his first winnings, with the important addition of seven hundred pounds.

"I—I told you—Mr. Sloth," said Titus, his brain in a whirl with wine and a confused sense of his loss—"I told you I had no cash about me."

"Don't mention it—here's pen, ink, and paper; your acknowledgment, and the money any time in the course of to-day or to-morrow."

"If something doesn't turn up," thought Trumps, with a pang, as he signed the necessary document—"if something doesn't turn up"—and he staggered from the table to a couch.

"Well! gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Cagely, as she bounced into the room—"if ever I suffer any such doings in my house again—drinking and playing all night! Had I known it, do you think I could have rested in my bed?"

"Come here, mother," said young Sloth, in an affectionate voice, to the matronly hostess—"come here. Now, tell me where that jade Maria is, and I'll give you fifty."

"May I never go to heaven, Mr. Sloth, if I know no more about her,"—

"I am sure she called here last night. Well—well—the baggage!—let me catch her! that's all,"—and Sloth, Mims, and their quiet, nameless friend, having called a coach, quitted the open mansion of Mrs. Cagely.

"Mr. Trumps—Mr. Trumps," cried Mrs. Cagely, shaking her head, fallen asleep, on the couch.

"Sweet Emily," muttered Titus, in his heavy slumber.

"Curse Emily!" exclaimed the meek Mrs. Cagely. "Mr. Trumps—I wish Mrs. Anodyne had been farther! I have enough to do with my own affairs—Mr. Trumps, I say!"—

"Never mind your father," sighed the dreaming Titus.

"Mr. Trumps—s," screamed Mrs. Cagely, in a high, prolonged note. Titus shook himself—stretched his legs—opened his eyes—and serenely asked—"What's the matter?"

"Matter! it's nearly ten o'clock, and you must go before the justice," replied the provident bail.

"I didn't leave a diamond ring upon the table,

did I?" asked Trumps, and the question was answered by a clap of laughter on the part of Mrs. Cagely.

"Diamonds, fursooth! all your diamonds are on your knees, I take it," said the jocose hostess.

"Come, all's not gone," thought Titus, glancing at the paste in blue-steel, "I have my buckles."

"John, call a coach," ordered Mrs. Cagely, who was particularly assiduous in assisting Trumps to the door; and that the coachman might, by no possibility, drive to the wrong police office, the good woman ordered her footman to take his seat upon the box. "Mind, John, you know where," said Mrs. Cagely, as the coach drove off.

"How very good of her to send her servant!" thought Titus, who in a few minutes was conveyed to the hall of justice. John assisted Trumps to descend; and as he led the tipsy Titus to the door of the office, he muttered gratefully, "saved mistress's bail, however."

"I shall not be long, John," said Titus, and John, with a grin, touched his hat.

Ere Trumps entered the office, he turned again, and saw a carriage suddenly stop at the door. The door was opened, and, to his astonishment, Sir Jeremy Sloth discovered himself. But what was the surprise of Trumps when he beheld the gentle Emily herself in the vehicle! He kissed his hand to her, and the lady blushed and turned away her head. "How kind—how tender—how delightful her attention, to come herself, that she might hear without the least delay, the result of the proceedings!"

Sir Jeremy, without noticing Trumps, stalked into the office. Titus cast a burning glance at Emily, and followed, 'hoping speedily to despatch the business, and then to return and carry off Miss Sloth. As Trumps proceeded down the passage, he caught the eye of the complaining watchman in the cause. "That's him!" said Starlight, pointing out the delinquent Titus to a companion—"that's him—but we'll teach him how to murder watchmen, for all his fine coat."

Trumps entered the office as the clerk called out the name of "Abraham Swag." The owner of that name was immediately put to the bar. Trumps immediately saw in the accused, his dungeon-friend "Edgar St. Evremond," the wronged heir, who had pressed both his hands, with such genuine gratitude for service proffered. "I see it," said Titus to himself. "I see it—how delicate of him to hide his real name!"

The case was immediately gone into. General

Bomby swore that he was in conversation with his friend Sir Jeremy Sloth, when the prisoner made a snatch at his gold-mounted amber box, and ran away. He was apprehended, but the box was found in the mud.

Sir Jeremy Sloth, in the most positive and careful manner, and at considerable length, corroborated the evidence of General Bomby.

The prisoner protested that he was very short-sighted—it was his family malady—that he ran against the general without seeing him, who set up a cry of “stop thief!” and that, without knowing what he did, he ran away. As for the box, he never saw it, as was proved by its not being found upon him.

“Why—why doesn’t he speak of his wrongs?” thought Trumps—a confused recollection of Edgar’s story dawning upon him.

“Very sorry, general, we can do nothing with this case. The property wasn’t found upon the prisoner. Abraham Swag, you have had a very lucky escape; never let us see you here again,” said the magistrate.

The prisoner bowed, and quitted the dock, taking no heed of the signs made to him by Titus Trumps, who was prevented following the lucky culprit, by the clerk calling—

“Titus Trumps.” Titus was put into the place for delinquents, as Sir Jeremy was about to leave the court. The baronet paused near the offender, ascertained that he was really the person he suspected him to be, and then returned and whispered confidentially to the justice. After this, the baronet returned to his coach, and drove a morning round with Miss Sloth.

Starlight gave his evidence with considerable fluency; with the art of a master, painted his own enduring patience, and the savage brutality of the offender, Titus Trumps.

“Pray, have you ever been here before?” asked the magistrate.

“Never,” said the muddled Titus.

“You have never been charged with entering gentlemen’s houses under suspicious circumstances, eh?” said the justice. “Does any body know him here?” Fortunately, no officer had any knowledge of the accused. “I suppose, watchman, he was drunk?”

“Your worship, beasty,” said Starlight.

“You were not much hurt, watchman, by the assault of the prisoner?” asked the magistrate.

“Providence was upon me,” answered Starlight.

“Notwithstanding, the watch must be protected. Titus Trumps, I shall fine you for drunkenness and riotous conduct, twenty shillings. And, now that you are sober, I expect that you will make an apology to that poor man;” but Starlight, with extraordinary magnanimity, expressed himself perfectly satisfied. “Titus Trumps, twenty shillings,” said the magistrate.

Titus placed his hand in his empty breeches’ pocket, and found he had not twenty farthings: the shock sobered him.

“I—I must send for the money,” said Trumps, confounded. “Oh!” there was hope still, “doubtless, Mrs. Cagely’s footman had the money about him:” but to the astonishment of Titus, he discovered,

on sending to seek him, that he and the coach were gone. “No matter—I—I must despatch somebody to the Flower Pot.”

“Very well,” said an assistant of the office, “any thing to accommodate, but till the money’s paid, we must lock you up.”

“Surely, something *must* happen,” thought Titus, as he suffered himself to be led towards the strong-room.

“Ha! what, Mr. Trumps? Eh! How’s this?” asked a person who, to the joy of our hero, was one of the English merchants with whom he had dined the day before. “Don’t you know me? My name’s Chattels.”

“Very—very—very happy to see you,” exclaimed Titus with the deepest sincerity.

“Why—what’s that?” asked the picture dealer—“Eh?” bless me! an awkward blow,—and Chattels stared at the discolored eye.

“Twill soon go off. I am almost ashamed to ask—but I last night fell into a little fray—the magistrate has convicted, and—the strangest thing in the world!—I really have not twenty shillings about me.”

“Say no more, sir—the money’s very much at your service,” and Chattels produced the welcome guinea.

“I knew something would happen,” thought Titus, as he paid the fine; and generously gave the extra shilling to the poor-box. “What good luck was it brought you here?”

“Luck! That vagabond Hammer—it was after you went—you heard something about the ‘Mother and Child’—he’s always flinging it in my teeth—well, one word brought another—and—and to make short of it, I’m come here to take out a warrant for him.”

The reader must know, that in their professional dealings something had passed between Messrs. Hammer and Chattels, relative to a “Mother and Child” (an undoubted Guido,) which, at least in the opinion of one of the parties, did not very favorably illustrate the honesty of Mr. Chattels. *Hinc*—the “warrant.”

Chattels transacted his important business, and left the office with Trumps. “How lucky that I met with you!” cried Titus.

“Ha! Mr. Trumps, a real friend to a young man in a town like this—especially to a young man of property—for there are sharks, Mr. Trumps, believe me, sir—there are sharks!”

“I have some property,” said Titus, and as he spoke, he stood stock-still, and scarcely suppressed a groan. The thought of his loss to young Sloth fell upon him; his honor was at stake, the money must be raised.

“What’s the matter, sir?” asked Chattels.

“It will be impossible for me to pursue my suit with Miss Sloth until I have paid her brother,” thought Titus. “Mr. Chattels—as I said, I have some property: as a merchant—pardon the liberty I take with you—as a merchant, possibly you could put me in the way to realize—I have some houses!”

“Freehold?” asked Chattels, smilingly.

“Freehold,” answered Trumps.

“Say no more, sir—if my adviser, Topotight, is satisfied with the title!”

"Thank you, sir—a thousand thanks," exclaimed Trumps, not waiting for more: "how lucky I met with you! But so it is—I am certainly the most fortunate fellow alive. Whenever I am in difficulty, something is always sure to happen."

"We'll call to night at the Flower Pot," said Chattels.

"To-night!" cried Trumps—"I must have the money to-day, Mr. Chattels. The fact is"—poor, simple Titus—"I am in desperate want of the money—my name will be dishonored, unless the money be found to-day."

There is something, says Rochefoucauld, in the distresses of our friends, that is not altogether unpleasing to us. Certain we are, that the expression of Mr. Chattel's countenance, as Trumps told his necessities, served to illustrate the truth of the Frenchman's maxim.

"Tut—tut, Mr. Trumps—you are very young in the world; the truth is, sir, no man as pays in the end, can be dishonored. We'll take a bit of dinner with you at the Flower Pot, at three," concluded Mr. Chattels, and shaking Trumps by the hand, hastily left him.

"The Flower Pot!" The words immediately brought to the recollection of Titus the promise of Edgar St. Evremond. Edgar—there was no doubting it—was gone to seek him at the Flower Pot. "Coach," called Titus, and he stepped into the ready vehicle. Put down at the desired inn, Trumps, with his hand to his black eye, commanded Robert to pay the coachman. A moment Robert hesitated, paid the shilling, and followed Trumps up stairs.

"Mr. St. Evremond has not been here for me!" asked Titus, assured of an affirmative.

"Not been here," replied Robert.

"To be sure—there's been hardly time yet; but hark'ye, Robert—when he comes, let me immediately know; and Robert—I shall dine at home to day, with—yes—for he will come—with three friends. Egad! how lucky. Mr. Chattels' lawyer may be the very man to assist poor St. Evremond. How fortunate! that things should so have turned up. Mind—three o'clock, Robert. What's the matter!" for Robert tarried.

"A woman, five minutes ago, brought little packet," said Robert.

"Where is it?" exclaimed Trumps.

"There," and Robert pointed to the article on the dressing table.

"Her picture, no doubt," concluded Trumps, as his eyes devoured the packet. "What do you want?" for Robert lingered.

"Mistress wishes to know if you sleep at home to-night?"

"Per—perhaps," answered Trumps, hoping the best, but not knowing where he might sleep.

The servant quitted the room, and Trumps, trembling all over, took up the packet. He sat down, holding it unopened in his hand. "Her picture, no doubt," repeated Titus; "and no doubt, set with brilliant."

Trumps broke the seal, and tearing away many

covers, came at length to a most touching evidence of woman's tenderness. He gazed upon no painted beauties—but held a real good. He thought to gaze upon the eyes, mouth, the lovely nose and dimpled chin of a doating maiden, accompanied by a letter crammed with sweetest things; and he held a pot of ointment, encircled with a minute direction for its salutary application to a bruise.

"Very strange of her," said Trumps, "but very tender." A piece of paper bore these words. "Would Mr. Trumps think it too much trouble to look in at Mrs. Cagely's, this evening, at ten?"

"I see it,"—Trumps always saw every thing, and the clearer, for the utter darkness that enveloped it—"I see it: she observed my hurt from the carriage, and drove home that she might forward this;" and Titus gazed at the ointment. "How very tender! How lucky, too, that I received the blow—otherwise I hadn't known the delicacy of her affection!"

Titus took his late breakfast in his apartment; and, having amended his toilette, and anointed his eye, whose injuries were flung into shadow by a shade benevolently proffered by the daughter of the landlady, he descended to dine. Mr. Chattels, with his legal friend Tapetight, was punctual.

"Mr. St. Evremond not come?" asked Titus.

"Not come," replied Robert.

"Very strange—but he will come. However, we'll not wait," and the party sat down to dinner.

We cannot for a certainty state what the intentions of Abraham Swag, alias Edgar St. Evremond, might have been had he remained perfectly himself; but this we know, when Trumps most expected him, he was most unfit to appear; being at the time far gone with several early friends in liquor, swallowed to commemorate the escape of Abraham from justice, and bought from the proceeds of a diamond ring, found under the strangest circumstances by the persecuted heir.

As for the negotiation between our hero and Mr. Chattels for the sale of the property, the reader will, we think, feel inclined to believe that Mr. Tapetight was tolerably satisfied with the validity of the title, from the fact that his client at once advanced Mr. Trumps one hundred pounds—the remaining eight hundred to be paid on the signing of the deeds; with this proviso, that if, on inspection of the houses, Mr. Chattels should disapprove of the lot, the hundred pounds, for which Titus had given his bond, to be repaid.

Such was the bargain. Titus happily remembered that he had appointed that day or the next for the payment of his debt to young Sloth; and of course the gentleman would not expect it before the later time. Before then, he could obtain a farther advance from Mr. Chattels—how very odd that he had turned out to be a picture-merchant!—and, at least, pay the greater part. Besides, before next day, many things might happen; yes, it was almost certain that something would turn up.

CHAPTER IX.

Twenty minutes, at least, before the appointed hour of ten, Titus drove to the house of Mrs. Cagely, who received him with a sour and withered aspect. "Had Mr. Trumps," she asked with a contemptuous leer, "found his diamond ring?"

"No—but it's no matter, none in the least," replied Trumps airily.

"No—I don't suppose a gentleman like yourself can much miss it," observed the satirical hostess.

"It's very odd, though—very odd where I could have left it; no matter, some day 'twill turn up," said Titus. "And now, my dear Mrs. Cagely," and Trumps with more than his usual tenderness, took the cold hand of the ungrateful woman—for she seemed to have wholly forgotten his politeness in the carriage,—“tell me if my charmer—”

"She'll be here at ten," drawled Mrs. Cagely.

"But young Sloth—I trust to-night, he'll not interrupt us!" said Titus. "It's clear she was frightened by him last night."

"He's out of town; and won't come back this week," replied Mrs. Cagely.

"How very lucky!" exclaimed Titus; and again he thought "how very lucky! He can't expect the money before he arrives, and by that time—how very lucky!"

"He's gone as I hear upon particular business—the marriage settlement of his sister."

"Marriage settlement!" repeated Titus, wonderingly. "Marriage settlement!"

"Yes—the match has been long talked about; she's to marry a gentleman who was here last night."

"So I thought," observed Titus, and he stared vacantly at his informant.

"An old friend of his—Mr. Mims; that very pleasant gentleman," said Mrs. Cagely.

"Good God!" said Titus Trumps.

"What's the matter, sir? You hav'n't lost another diamond ring?" asked the malicious landlady.

"There must really be some mistake in this. Pray answer me, madam—for my peace, my happiness, my honor is involved in this affair. You say Miss Sloth is to marry Mr. Mims?"

"Joined in their very cradles," answered Mrs. Cagely, in a touching tone.

"Then—then—madam, can you inform me, who it is I came here to meet?"

Ere Mrs. Cagely could answer the impatient question of our hero, the footman announced "Mrs. Anodyne;" and the smiling widow swam into the room, and with her frank, bounteous heart melting in her eyes, made a captivating curtsy to Titus Trumps.

Titus drew back—recovered himself—then stammered, "I believe the lady I had the pleasure to meet in—in"—

"The watch-house," said Mrs. Anodyne, with charming simplicity. "Ha!" she observed, looking archly at the black eye of our hero, "I knew how it would be."

"It's nothing," exclaimed Titus. "Nothing. 'Twill soon go off."

"I'll be bound for it," said Mrs. Anodyne with great vivacity, "or, my dear husband—may he rest, wherever he is!—spent forty years of his life to very little purpose."

Titus said nothing; but he could not conceive what connexion there could possibly be between his bruised eye and the forty years' labor of the late Mr. Anodyne.

"He was a physician, sir, of vast mind, but above the petty arts of practice. Strange, sir, as it may appear, he never kept his carriage."

"Content in his profession to be one of the infantry," observed Trumps.

Mrs. Anodyne smiled and said, "I was a baby when I married him. Wasn't I, Mrs. Cagely?"

"Quite a chick," answered that voracious woman, and folding her arms, she juttied from the room.

"He was more like a grandfather than a husband to me, Mr. Trumps," sighed Mrs. Anodyne. "But the goodness of his life was doubled at his death. Pardon this tedious tribute to his memory, sir; but when I look in your eye, I cannot but feel anew how much mankind are indebted to him."

"Perhaps," thought Trumps, "he attended my father—perhaps she's a bill against me as heir-at-law."

"On his death-bed, he called me to him. 'Adeliza,' he said, 'I have nothing to leave you.' Ha, sir! that was a cruel hour, indeed."

"It must have been," assented the sympathizing Trumps.

"Nothing but this,"—and he gave me, carefully sealed, a paper. 'In that little packet is the produce of forty years' incessant study—take it, my Adeliza, take it, and heaven bless you with it.' And in that packet, sir, was a secret equal in worth to the mystery of the philosopher's stone."

"Of course, you administered?" said Trumps.

"Alas, sir! even the alchemist might with all his wisdom perish in the street, wanting the money to set up his furnace. He may be able to turn lead to gold, but he must first buy the lead, sir."

"This is a remarkably sensible woman!" thought Titus.

"I know not how it is that I have been induced to take this interest in a stranger! I—you are from the country, sir?"

"I am, madam," answered Titus, unnecessarily; as Mrs. Frillington, the maid, had gathered his whole history from the good people at the Flower Pot. "But, your husband's secret?" pressed Titus—"I don't dare to ask you what it is?"

"Ha! sir," replied Mrs. Anodyne, "you need not, for I am delighted to see you bear its magical effect about you."

"I,—Madam! Where?"

"Your eye, sir—your eye, Mr. Trumps;" and Mrs. Anodyne smiled with new sweetness on the good-looking Titus.

Our hero immediately perceived in the bounteous lady before him the donor of the ointment—immediately understood that that "sovereign remedy" for an outward bruise, was the golden fruit of forty years' study.

study on the part of the late Dr. Anodyne. Titus put his hand to his heart, and bowed his silent thanks to the widow.

"I hope you were not detained long last night? I requested my good friend Mrs. Cagely—she's a charming woman, and has known me from a child—to fly to your release."

"Then it is to you, madam, I owe my deliverance last night from that den!"—asked the grateful Trumps.

"Never think of it, sir—never name it. And pray, sir, pardon what may have seemed a boldness unworthy of my sex; but fearing you were much hurt, and wishing to assure myself that the discovery of my late husband"—

"Where is the ointment to be had, madam?" asked Titus, somewhat uncereemoniously.

"It is not published," answered Mrs. Anodyne, with dignity.

"That's a great pity," said Trumps.

"I have often thought so," said the widow.

"So valuable a discovery," exclaimed Titus.

"A mine of wealth, sir," answered the lady.

"So useful to families," continued Trumps, "if it cures all bruises."

"To the whole civilized world, sir," replied the widow.

"And then such an honorable fortune might be obtained from it. Immense sums, I have heard, are made by lesser things."

"Sums, sir! There's the Trittleton family—are you aware, sir, that that noble house owes its wealth, and consequently its rank to this simple occurrence,—its founder was the great originator of potted shrimps?"

"Is it possible?" asked Trumps.

"Look at their coach-pannel, sir; they quarter them," said the widow hastily.

"What! shrimps?" exclaimed Trumps.

"Why, they choose to call them dolphins,"—said Mrs. Anodyne, with a tragic sneer.

"Well, I wouldn't be above the shrimp-sauce," cried Titus, with commendable humility.

"Why, sir, for what we can tell to the contrary, a coronet may be extracted from an anchovy,"—said the widow.

"May it, indeed?"

"That is, in sauce—a coronet extracted from sauce. Sir, it is very curious to look into the beginnings of people."

"And sometimes very disagreeable," rejoined Trumps.

"Would you believe it, sir,—I can point out a family, that has supplied one governor to a colony and three members to parliament, that owed all its original wealth to the introduction of cranberry tarts? What say you to that, sir?"

"Why, madam, there, curiously enough, you touch upon one of my tastes. I think that noble family deserves all it gets," and Titus almost smacked his lips. "But, why—why, madam, has Dr. Anodyne's"—

"I know what you are about to ask, sir. Why has it not been given to the world? The truth is, a suit

in Chancery, a suit that must be decided in my favor, a suit involving many, many thousands!"—

Suddenly the eye of Trumps glowed with lambent fire towards Mrs. Anodyne, and he thought, "How lucky, that Mims marries Miss Sloth!"

"Although the money—it was left by my aunt—is as nothing to what, with proper care, might be obtained from Dr. Anodyne's bequest."

"You wouldn't?"—there was certainly a want of delicacy, both in the question and the manner of Titus—"you wouldn't sell it?"

"Not the whole of it," answered Mrs. Anodyne, with some coldness; and then relenting, she added, "but I should not object, if I approved of the person, to take a partner."

As Mrs. Anodyne rounded her small mouth with these words, Titus Trumps saw in it the type and promise of the wedding ring!

In half-an-hour Titus Trumps and Adeliza Anodyne mutually agreed to a partnership for life.

"I knew something would happen—I was certain something would turn up!" thought Trumps, as the reluctant widow promised to be his.

CHAPTER X.

"A ripe, handsome widow, a promising Chancery-suit, and a patent ointment! Was ever man so lucky! How fortunate that he had escaped Miss Sloth! After all, it was very foolish for a man to marry out of his sphere—he was always looked upon by his wife's family as an interloper." These were the morning thoughts of Titus, lying late in bed at the Flower Pot. "To be sure—the patent was mortgaged for four hundred pounds; but then, luckily, it was in the hands of Mr. Chattels, a good-natured creature, who might be persuaded to do any thing." (It certainly was a curious coincidence that the same Mr. Chattels, general dealer, who was about to advance money to our youth of many hopes, had some months since accommodated Mrs. Anodyne with the loan of certain sums, for the payment of which he had of late, in the words of the fair creditor, been "seriously rude.") Titus, however, was resolved, in so important a step as marriage, not to commit himself; no, he was determined to be particularly cautious; and the subjoined dialogue between him and Mr. Chattels, may, in some degree, illustrate the prudence of our hero.

"What do you think of—I believe you know the lady—what do you think of Mrs. Anodyne?" asked Titus of the dealer, who called at noon at the Flower Pot.

"Think of her! Mr. Trumps, a charming woman—such sense—such spirits—every thing that could make a man happy." This was the flattering opinion of Mr. Chattels; who, we may as well state, had had a recent opportunity of confirming it, having just quitted the lady, who possibly might have informed him of her approaching marriage with the youthful Titus.

"That's my opinion," said Titus. "Her husband, the doctor, was very old, eh?—and very infirm!"

"Very—but such a head, sir! He left such a fortune behind him!"

"In land or money?" asked Titus, affecting the greatest ignorance.

"In better than any thing—in an invention; only, it's never been used," answered Chattels.

"You don't mean the 'Fortunatus Ointment,' eh?"

"I offered Mrs. Anodyne five hundred pounds for only a share of it," said Chattels—"but women are obstinate, sir—she wouldn't take it."

"How very lucky," thought Titus. "And you think it really—a—good thing?"

"Wonderful. There's Sackbut—he's clerk of C. naan Chapel—he and his wife fought so, the poor man used to lose half his Sundays—now, he's never seen with a spot upon him. Folks think his wife's turned quite a lamb—bless you, that's not it—she's worse than ever. Only poor Sackbut's taken this precaution—he's never without the ointment."

"I thought it wasn't to be purchased," observed Titus.

"No more it is," replied Chattels, "I gave it him."

"And then there's a Chancery suit, which Mrs. Anodyne must gain?" said Trumps.

"In time," replied the dealer.

"I believe—you'll excuse the question—I believe Mrs. Anodyne is your debtor?" asked Trumps.

"For a trifle," answered Chattels, "but we won't talk of that. I come now about your houses. You say, you want the money immediately?"

"I haven't heard from young Sloth," thought Trumps—"to be sure, he'll be too busy with this marriage to think of the debt." And then, aloud, "why, the truth is, Mr. Chattels, I am about to treat with Mrs. Anodyne for her patent."

"Patent!"

"The patent of the 'Fortunatus Ointment,'" said Trumps; for he thought he would keep his marriage a secret that he might make better terms with the dealer. "I believe the patent is mortgaged to you?"

"Yes—the prescription; it's all the same. That is, Mrs. Anodyne is under a heavy penalty to me, if she makes use of the secret. By-the-bye, if I had thought of it, I'd have sent you a pot; with a piece no bigger than a pea, your eye would have been quite well."

On this, Trumps began to doubt the instant efficacy of the salve; as he had fairly daubed his wound with it, to little purpose. Again he thought—"to be sure, my flesh is very difficult to heal—I think there never was such flesh—very difficult, indeed."

"I've advanced her four hundred pounds; and, I tell you what—you shall have the document for three."

"You'll be able to get me that money on my property?" asked Trumps, musing.

"In a day or two," replied Chattels.

"Then it's a bargain," and Trumps shook the dealer's hand. "How lucky!" thought Titus, "thus I save a hundred."

Days pass on, and every day Titus pays his court

to the widow, who, for various delicate reasons, insists that their approaching marriage should be kept a perfect secret. Only one week had elapsed, ere the happy Trumps was enabled to present Mrs. Anodyne with her bond redeemed from Chattels. There never was so happy—so grateful a woman!

The next day, Trumps walked to the usual place of appointment, to that sylvan haunt, Kensington Gardens. Ere noon, punctual as time itself, Mrs. Anodyne was wont to be there. For half-an-hour, Titus lingered, his heart vainly jumping at the approach of every petticoat. "I'm too early, no doubt," thought Titus, and he walked solitary for another quarter of an hour. "She was always here at twelve always—oh! I must be too early," saying which, Titus sauntered to the sun-dial. He saw by the shadow on the plate, that the time was a quarter to one. Any other less happy man would have been convinced that the widow had either forgotten, or was careless of her appointment. Not so Titus; for with his eye still upon the shadow he had hope—yes, even looking at the sun-dial, he involuntarily exclaimed—"Perhaps, it's too fast."

Trumps took his way to the house of the convenient Mrs. Cagely, who briefly informed him that Mrs. Anodyne had quitted London for some months; nay, more; that it was very uncertain whether she would ever return.

Titus was astounded at the intelligence. "A base, ungrateful, designing woman!" he cried, to the equable Mrs. Cagely. He was in a very fever of indignation, as he passed down the street; and then he stopped, and said exultingly to himself—"how very lucky I've secured the ointment."

Titus entered the public room of The Flower Pot; he was instantly addressed by Robert.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but gentleman—Mr. Mims who's been often for you—he's been here."

"How lucky I was out!" thought Trumps.

"He's stuck something on the glass, sir."

Trumps walked to the mirror, and there saw this pithy notice—

"This is to warn all gentlemen from playing with Titus Trumps, late of Cirencester, Gloucestershire, but now of the Flower Pot, London; unless the said Titus Trumps first banks his stakes. "J. S."

"Has anybody been here since this has been up?" asked Titus, who had turned as white as the paper. "Anybody, Robert?"

"One person, sir," answered Robert.

"And he—he looked towards the glass,—he"—stammered Titus.

"Look towards glass," replied Straight.

Trumps bent his brows—bit his nail—then, suddenly brightening up, exclaimed "Never mind—perhaps—perhaps, he couldn't read."

At three that day, Mr. Chattels came to dine at the Flower Pot. He assured Titus, that, very much to his regret, he found it impossible to advance more than four hundred and fifty pounds upon the cottages: money never had been so scarce.

"All the better," thought Titus, when he found the dealer inexorable,—“all the better—I shall have the

less to pay back. Very well, Mr. Chattels, four hundred and fifty."

"Of course, I include the picture I spoke of at thirty—in time it will be worth a hundred," said Chattels.

"I'll send it to my aunt," determined Titus, "of course she'll return me something treble its worth. Very well."

"Well, then, Tapetight will call upon you to-morrow, and conclude the business."

"A fortunate escape for me, that Mrs. Anodyne," observed Titus.

"Hah! sir," replied Chattels—"I'd have been bound for that woman; but there's no trusting any of 'em. You leave the subject of the picture quite to me!"

"Quite: only let it be something handsome," answered Titus.

"Depend upon me, Mr. Trumps," said Chattels, and squeezing his customer's hand, the patron of the fine arts departed.

The next day Tapetight appeared with the necessary documents. Titus signed and held forth his hand for the balance: on which, Mr. Tapetight presented his bill of expenses, making Titus Trumps, Esq. his debtor to the amount of fifty pounds.

"Oh! yes, it's all perfectly right," said Tapetight, in his own pleasant way. "You see, one hundred advanced, three hundred the bond to Mrs. Anodyne"—

"I've secured the 'Fortunatus,'" thought Trumps.

"That makes four hundred—thirty for a picture"—

"A parcel for you, sir, from Mr. Chattels," said the servant, presenting it.

"That's it, no doubt," said Tapetight. "Four hundred and thirty—and my bill seventy, leaves just a balance of fifty pounds. You'll find it quite right,—good morning," and the legal man departed.

"No matter—I've secured the ointment," repeated Trumps, as he inspected the parcel. "And here—here's the picture for aunty." For a minute, Titus stared at the likeness of a gentleman in a military dress, and looking at the back of the frame, to his astonishment, read—"Portrait of General Wolfe."

CHAPTER XI.

Titus—he had made several handsome presents to Mrs. Anodyne—was left with about fifteen shillings in his pocket, a debtor to a lawyer, and the proprietor of the Flower Pot. "Never mind—something will happen. I have," he mused, "the prescription of 'the Fortunatus Ointment,' and something must turn up."

Mr. Tapetight sent a very polite letter, and the keeper of the Flower Pot presented the bill. Titus was at his wit's end.

He sat, in a deep study of ways and means, when to the extreme astonishment of a gentleman in the

coffee-room he jumped up, exclaiming,—“I have it! The tea-pot!”—

Yes, at that moment, the tea-pot—cramped with gold and bank paper—of Miss Virginia Trumps, beamed upon her hopeful nephew; who immediately called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a most eloquent letter to the virgin at Cirencester, stating that wealth and honor beyond description could be secured, if she could but be induced to advance only one-twentieth part of the riches contained in her tea-pot: in that valuable “tea-pot brought from Canton by uncle Robert, who had been carried up the country by a black princess, and never heard of again.” Only one small handful of gold from that glorious vessel!

In sweet tranquillity Titus awaited the return of post. He received a letter in due season from his aunt. Good, kind old soul! could she do less than meet his every wish?

Titus broke the seal, and read the letter, in which Miss Virginia Trumps in the briefest manner simply inquired of her nephew, “if he was only playing a joke—or if he was really mad?”

“She doesn't mean it—no, she can't mean it,” said Titus—she'll write again; yes, or if not, something will happen.”

“And in this belief Titus was justified, for three days afterwards, he was in the Marshalsea, at the suit of Paul Tapetight, attorney-at-law.

“Hada'n't you better look out for your bed?” asked a fellow-prisoner of Titus.

“You're very good—but—I shall not be here an hour—I've written to a friend—this is rather an unpleasant calamity—but something will be sure to turn up.”

CHAPTER XII.

“Is there no letter to-day?” asked Titus for upwards of the thousandth time, having been three years in the goal.

“Not to day.”

“Ha! there will be to-morrow. Oh, yes! sure to be something to-morrow.”

For once, Titus was a true prophet. On the morrow, a letter, announcing the death of his aunt, with the bequest of her property to himself, enabled him again to breathe the free air, a free man.

Titus went to Gloucestershire, and married a thrifty soul, who suffered him to hope for the best, whilst she did for the best. Hence, Titus spent his days in competence and peace; though, as a proof that his old failing still clung to him, it has been stated, that a neighbor once overheard him advise his little girl, whose canary had flown away, “to take the open cage into the garden—for, perhaps the bird would fly back again.”

“Well, Titus, I never heard such a man as you,” said Mrs. Trumps, the third cow having died—poisoned, as it was suspected, by some malicious villain—“don't I tell you the last cow is dead?”

"Never mind, my dear, I think the children are tired of milk. Besides, something will turn up. Why, my love, won't you always look at things on the bright side?"

"Bright side!" cried Mrs. Trumps, "but suppose they have no bright side?"

"Then, make one, my dear—make one," answered Titus.

"To make a bright side" is after all, not the worst philosophy, and such was ever the matured purpose of our last of men,—TITUS TRUMPS: THE MAN OF MANY HOPES."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

THRASYBULUS AT PHYLE.

I.

STILL unextinguished through the land
Was Freedom's sacred fire;
Nor with the nobly fallen band
Did Glory's light expire;
Though long, too long, has Athens borne
The Spartan's sway, the Spartan's scorn;
Yet bolder thoughts inspire
Hearts, still resolved to dare or die
For Athens, and for liberty.

II.

In night's mid gloom, on Phyle's tower
See Thrasybulus stand:
'Tis now the patriots' mastering hour,
And this the patriot band.
Scattered and few the warriors came—
But *he* was there who fanned the flame;
Whose voice of high command
From forest-cave and snow-crowned hill,
Had roused them, and could rouse them still.

III.

And, "Welcome to the hour," he said,
"Of vengeance or of death;
Yes, welcome to the warrior's bed,
Or to the victor's wreath.
A brother each, and each a friend,
I knew, I knew ye could not bend
The Tyrant's sway beneath;
I knew that all, who scorned to fear,
Hither would come—and *ye* are here.

IV.

"From home, from friends, from country torn,
To breathe a foreign air,
Have ye not long in exile borne
What galls the brave to bear?
Or, if ye deemed it nobler still
To stay, and share your country's ill,
Though Freedom was not there—
By all ye saw, and all ye heard,
Is not the blow too long deferred?

V.

"Our own wronged Athens! thou hast been
The mother of the brave!
Of Greece, in arms and arts, the Queen!
And shalt thou be a slave?
Thou, proved in many a strife severe,
On land detested Sparta's peer,
Her conqueror on the wave;
Shalt thou her prostrate vassal be,
While gallant hearts still throb for thee?

VI.

"Forbid it, ye whose aires alone
The Persian's host withstood
Till the proud field of Marathon
Ran purple with their blood;
And when his thousand galleys came
To Salamis, immortal name!
Were foremost on the flood;
And on Plataea's plain outvied
The Spartan, fighting side by side.

VII.

"Apart as foes, as friends abreast,
On earth and o'er the sea;
Our Fathers never stooped their crest
To Sparta—and shall we?
Here is indeed the vantage-hour,
And hers the pride of boundless power—
But is there nought for thee?
Yes—thine is Freedom, name divine,
And this true band of heroes thine.

VIII.

"Then forward to th' unequal strife,
We triumph or we die;
Warriors, the loss can be but life,
The gain is Liberty!
What though our hearts' best blood should flow,
The tyrant band shall lie as low:
And with the parting sigh
'Twill even in death a solace be,
Dear Athens! to have died for thee."

TO THE GREEKS.

I.

ARISE to the strife of the sword!
 Advance like the rush of the flood!
 Nor e'er be one brand to the scabbard restored,
 Till the despots have dyed it in blood.
 Your chains have been galling and keen;
 Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair;
 Yet awake for the glories of days that have been,
 For a spell that should rouse you is there.

II.

Long ages of sorrow and shame
 Have rolled o'er the land of your birth;
 Tho' once without peer in the bright page of Fame,
 'Tis the taunt and the by-word of Earth.
 The wrongs which your Fathers have borne,
 The wrongs which your children must bear;
 O your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have worn,
 Or a spell that must rouse you is there!

III.

The Lion is tame and debased
 While chained in the dwellings of men;
 But restore the Wood-King to his own native waste,
 And his fury will kindle again:
 And thus, though degraded are ye,
 The yoke of the Mussulman spurn;
 And the faith and the courage that dwell with the free,
 To you shall with Freedom return.

IV.

Then awake to the strife of the sword!
 Advance like the rush of the flood!
 Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,
 Till your tyrants have bathed it in blood.
 O think on the days that have been,
 Till they rouse you to do and to dare;
 O think on your bondage, so galling, so keen—
 A spell that must wake you is there!

THE WARRIOR'S BLOOD.

I.

THERE is a crimson hue
 Of purer, lovelier dye,
 Than beams in blushing clouds that strew
 Soft evening's varied sky—
 'Tis in the life-blood of the free
 Poured freely forth for liberty.

II.

There is a drop more dear,
 More sacred and sublime,
 Than virgin pity's tender tear
 O'er others' curse or crime;—
 It is the life-blood of the free,
 When nobly shed for liberty!

III.

There is a voice more sweet
 Than music's softest lyre!
 Which gives a prouder pulse to beat,
 And wakes a wilder fire:
 It is the death-sigh of the free,
 Who fights and falls for liberty!

IV.

And there's a deeper sound
 Than earth asunder riven;
 A voice that rises from the ground,
 And will be heard in heaven:
 It is the death-shout of the free,
 Who dares and dies for liberty!

THE DYING CHIEFTAIN.

I.

He sets in the noon of his fame;
 He falls in the hour of his pride;
 But myriads lamenting shall hallow his name,
 And tell how the conqueror died.
 He died for the land of his birth!
 He died that her sons might be free!
 And long shall his memory be hallowed on earth,
 Most honored, fair Hellas! by thee.

II.

Though ties might have chained him to life
 The strongest affection can bind;
 He fled from them all to the scene of the strife,
 And his love to his honor resigned.
 He paused not to wipe the big tear
 That fell from a mother's fond eye;
 He turned not to look on a mourner more dear;
 Unshrinking he left them—to die.

III.

Yet say not the hero is dead;—
 For glory can never decay:
 From the scene of its triumphs the spirit hath fled,
 But memory enshrines it for aye.
 For he set in the noon of his fame,
 He fell in the hour of his pride;
 And nations lamenting shall hallow his name,
 And tell how the conqueror died.

THE PALATINE, THE PAINTER, THE PRINCESS, AND THE PAGE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF RUBENS.

THE sun shone gloriously through the painted window. Its glad light poured in, mellowed with the thousand shades of the rainbow's wreath. Like a stream of molten gold, it seemed to deluge the inmost recesses of the chamber with its splendor; and, passing through the robes of the saints that unfolded themselves on crystal tablets, lending life and animation to the lineaments, and halos of glory to the brows, came gaily in to lighten fairer features and lovelier forms than stained glass or human limning could ever picture.

It was a chamber in the palace of the Sovereign. Its oaken panels were richly carved, and its ceiling was gorgeously painted with an assemblage of divinities. The laughing Hours seemed to be scattering smiles and roses down on the inlaid floor beneath—which, rich in its own embellishments, had never been concealed by the modern luxury of a carpet. The splendid velvet hangings were encrusted with flowers; and the crimsoned seats, corniced with gold, though without the indolence of a support behind, were ranged round the apartment in the stiff formal rows which, down to this day, impose their restrictions on the ease and vivacity of society. Not one of these seats had forsaken its post, as sentinel, against the wall; and there was but one which deviated in form, and seemed, therefore, licensed to deviate in position.

This was a chair of state, covered with crimson velvet, fluted with gold, and bearing the Royal Arms of England richly embroidered on its back. It was stationed near a table; on which lay a few cumbersome books, in their heavy though costly binding, a vase of flowers, and a small embroidered glove.

On that chair, surrounded by two or three attendant ladies, sat the princess Elizabeth. Youth, which is so like beauty as almost to make us believe them identical, lent its bloom to her cheek, its brightness to her eye, its elasticity to her person. The princess seemed thoughtful—almost pensive. She was leaning back in her chair, with half-closed eyes, which threw the shadow of their long lashes on her cheek—her lengthened ringlets flowing over her shoulders, softly undulated by the breeze that entered through the aperture of a half-open casement—while the flickering and alternate light and shadow of the gently agitated foliage without, cast over her youthful countenance its ceaseless play of brightness and of gloom.

The princess was in court costume—her satin robe looped up with roses, her stomacher laced with diamonds, her fair neck loaded, and her long curls en-

crusted with jewels: her very gloves and shoes embroidered with seed pearl.

Thus sat the princess, serious, thoughtful, sad. There was a general silence; for, in those days, it was the prerogative of royalty to impose its own mood on all within its sphere.

Elizabeth broke the silence: by means of some of those mysterious linkings of the thoughts, which bind together the far off and the near, hers passed from royalty and splendor, from state and gems down to liberty and flowers.

She stooped over the flowers that were breathing out their perfume from the vase before her; and with a restrained caress, that seemed to fear impairing their living beauty, drew them towards her, and inhaled their fragrance. "What think you, Margaret," she said, "is it better to dwell in the eagle's nest, or to share with the swallow the lowly cottage thatch—better to dwell in courts or bowers—to twine our hair with coronets or flowers?"

"I was never ambitious, my dear princess!" Margaret replied: "I content myself with my father's hall, or your highness' service, and court not the thatch and the linsey-wolsey of the cottage maiden. And for my hair," and the laughing girl shook back the redundant curls, "flowers may be beautiful, but they fade; our diamonds are always bright."

"But liberty," said the princess, "liberty, Margaret."

"Is as much the princess's as the peasant's—nay, more; you command—she obeys."

"I knew not that I was so free," said Elizabeth, with a faint smile; "I cannot move beyond the length of my chain, a golden one though it be—while the peasant girl flies over hills as free as air, and knows no restriction but her own will."

"I would rather my palfrey bore me than my feet," Margaret replied. "My liberty would have a narrow range, were I limited to the primitive simplicity of their conveyance."

"Again," said the princess, and a light blush rose to her brow, "the peasant girl may choose her mate for life, without restriction; we must needs abide by the dry statesman's, the cold politician's choice."

"Ay, my dear princess! we must wait till we are chosen; that is the true state of the case—and in it princess and peasant are alike. The vaunted liberty of the cottage girl extends no farther than a curfew and a 'thank you,' to the swain who condescends a 'will you?'"

"Ay, Margaret!" replied the princess, while the proud blood mounted to her very brow, "ay, Margaret! and that degree of humility reaches not to the amount of degradation of her who, with the blood of kings within her veins, sits in her father's palace, tricked out in robes and jewels, waiting for an idle limner to spread out her charms on paint and canvas, to see if haply they may please the lordly eye of some foreign potentate. No, Margaret, no! the cottage girl is free from such a shame as this!"

"Nay, my princess, nay!" said Margaret, startled at Elizabeth's vehement tone, and touched by the sight of a tear that glittered from her eye, but was speedily dried up by the indignant fire that burned upon her cheek. "Good sooth," she said, again attempting to be gay, " 'tis well that Rubens hears you not call him an *idle limner*; or he might dare, despite the king, to leave your highness' beauty for more vulgar hands, to portray more vulgar eyes to gaze on."

A slight bustle in the anti-room prevented the princess's reply; and then sailed in the rustling satin, the enormous hoop, and the waving plumes, of an old dowager duchess, who came to sit as lady president over the painter's labors. Behind her followed closely that illustrious man, whose name is, and will be, unforgotten, while men have heart and memory; and bringing up the rear, came an attendant, bearing in the artist's implements.

The princess rose, on the entrance of the duchess; she curtsied to her greetings, (in those days ladies did not bow,) in silence, and again resumed her seat. The painter then approached, and was presented. Elizabeth's cheek was crimson, and her manner, although hurried, was proud and cold. But the artist's eye quailed not beneath her repulsive aspect; and its penetrating gaze ran over her feature and her figure, with that licensed liberty which belongs to his profession. It was rather scrutiny than boldness—observation rather than admiration—necessary to the practice of his art, but not the less displeasing to the pride of the princess.

We have so high a veneration for that glorious art of which Rubens was a disciple, that we please ourselves with thinking that we, too, however humbly, are painting, with this stunted quill and this sombre fluid, in the stead of the wonder-working pencils, and the rainbow-coloring of the painter's palette. We paint in words, cold and inert as they stand ranged in the columns of a dictionary, but capable of raising to the mind's eye, instead of to the gaze of the corporeal member, visions of glory and spectacles of beauty; ay, even such as the glowing canvas spreads—even such as the artist's mind originates.

Our picture presented the magnificent, though somewhat heavy chamber—its painted roof, its carved panels, and its oaken floor. The mellowed light streamed in, tinged with the thousand bright hues of the rich coloring of the stained window; and there sat Elizabeth, with a glowing cheek, surrounded by her ladies, the duchess on her right hand, in all the panoply of pride, enduring the calm quiet gaze of the painter's penetrating eye—who stood in her presence, himself prouder of the godlike distinction of conscious

talent, and higher in the elevation of intellect, than the princess, in her father's palace, with the purple tide of a long line of kings swelling proudly through her veins.

There stood Rubens, easy and self-collected, with the plumed hat within his hand, his short cloak thrown negligently aside, the glittering hilt of his sword protruding, waiting the first intimation of the princess's notice.

There was yet another person in the circle, apparently too humble to deserve mention, but evidently absorbed in the interest of the passing scene. It was the painter's page; who stood, with a pair of deep, rich, burning eyes, sealed on the princess.

At length Elizabeth spoke. "It is the king's good pleasure, sir," she said, "that I should give you an unworthy occasion for the exercise of your noble art. I—"

"Not so, by ——!"

The duchess, the painter, the princess, the ladies, all stood aghast. Whence came the impetuous interruption!

"From the page!"

The unfinished exclamation seemed suddenly checked, by the remembrance of the atrocity of this breach of court etiquette. All eyes were directed to the page; who, retiring a step backwards, seemed to desire to shrink into himself.

"You are too bold, master Warrenne!" said the painter. "Do you forget this presence? What mean you by such unseemly daring?"

"I crave your highness' pardon," said the page, without replying to his master. "I was indignant that you should so wrong yourself. Could painter's eye desire a fairer study? Could poet's soul indulge a higher dream? Yet your highness spoke of an *unworthy occasion*. What a foul treason would that have been, had other lips asserted it!"

"Unmannered!" exclaimed the painter—who, if truth must be told, was quite as much outraged by the page's disrespect to himself as to the princess; for, in addition to the favor of kings, he was proud of higher dignity than that of birth or station. "Unmannered! Think you to escape unpunished? Think you again to enter within these walls? Think you even to be retained in my poor service!"

"Nay, chide him not," said the princess, whose womanly love of admiration was more gratified by the page's unguarded warmth, than by the more measured adulation of the whole train of courtiers among whom she moved. "Nay, chide him not. Let his freedom of speech, for this time, pass uncensured. It is seldom that we hear an honest tongue, and we would not have its liberty curtailed, for the sake of its very rarity. We make it our request to you, good master painter, and we trust that you ~~are~~ not used to denying a lady's wishes."

"You command," replied the painter—"I obey."

"Not so," replied Elizabeth; "we ask it of your courtesy, not of your humility. We ask it as a lady may ask of a gentleman. We are willing to be your debtor for this small act of grace."

"Madam," replied the painter, as he bowed

her, "you confer a favor, in seeming to desire one. He who might refuse a princess of England, must feel his heart bound within him in rejoicing to meet the smallest wish of her who sits before me."

"Thy service is for this time spared thee, master page!" said Elizabeth, turning on the painter's attendant the full brightness of her smiles, "see that thou endanger it no more with ill-timed and ill-deserved admiration of such unworthy objects. Thy good taste will stand in jeopardy, as well as thy good service."

"For my taste," said the page, "I desire no higher justification, before an assembled world, than one glance of the princess Elizabeth's eye—than one blush of the brightness of her cheek. And for my service—I, am now bound, heart and soul, in a willing bondage, which leaves me reckless of any other point in my destiny."

Elizabeth blushed deeply, and tried to frown; but there was, in her woman's heart, that woman's love of reckless and chivalrous devotion which outweighed the prerogative of rank, the pride of place and power. In vain, therefore, the princess endeavored to resume herself. The frown on her brow balanced not the smile on her lip. The repulsiveness of her demeanor ceased not the track of a sigh that found its birth in the heart of the princess, and passed, like the invigorating and welcome breath of life, to the heart of the page.

How often does the happiness of life find birth in a sigh! How often does the misery of life originate in a smile!

But sentiment was old-fashioned in those days—as is obsolete in ours.

The duchess, whose very satin had rustled at the presumption of the page, thought it now fully incumbent on her dowager dignity to interpose her word. Like imperial Jove, she nodded her plumed head and spoke.

"Good sooth, master page! you allow your tongue a license which sits but ill with the manners of a court. In my young days, a page might sooner have dared to throw himself on the point of his own sword, than utter the words which have passed your lips since you came into this presence. But times are greatly changed since I was young."

"It may be so, madam!" quietly and perhaps rather pointedly, replied the page.

"Ay, that have they," cried the still more indignant duchess, the full blown crimson rose of her cheek deepened into a tuscany; "that have they, since a malapert boy can bandy words with a coroneted duchess, who is not without some of the blood royal in her veins. Marry have they, indeed, since an idle servant may admire his own wit in a royal palace, like a drunken braggart in the streets. Marry have they, indeed, when he can throw the blame of his misdoings on the forbearance of his master!"

"Madam," said the painter, chafed in no small degree, both at his page's presumption and her grace's reflections on himself, "for the unwarrantable liberties of master Warworne's tongue, I would entreat to be considered blameless, since here her highness bears undisturbed sway;—were it otherwise, not even the

high recommendation on which he seems to presume, should induce me to retain him in my service."

"No more! no more!" exclaimed the princess. "It seems to me that we attach too much importance to a few idle words. Good master Rubens, I am already weary of this state. I pray you transfer it to your canvas as speedily as may be, that I may resign it, and regain the liberty of my humility. A walk with you, my Margaret, even in bur-bounded groves, to hear the birds sing, and to see the flowers bloom, is worth more than all this weight of dignity."

Then came "a little to the right,"—and "a little to the left,"—and "the head inclined this way,"—and "the arm resting that." Then the curtains interposed, and their drapery was to be re-arranged; then their crimson lights fell too brightly on the princess's cheek, and its glow was to be softened. Then the painter discovered that the floating of her light, though voluminous veil, rendered her form too indistinct, and promised to mar the depth of his fair coloring; and, hasty, a rich and glossy curl, from the redundant shower of flowing ringlets, interposed between the painter's eye and the perfect profile of the princess.

Elizabeth grew impatient. "Master Rubens," she said, "I pray you, let your arrangements be as few and as brief as possible. Above all, throw not one charm over our homeliness of aspect; for we desire not to appear with fairer features in our representative than in our person, lest the promise of the one should seem the falsehood of the other."

"Madam," said the painter, "be for whom my labors are intended would little thank me if I were to rob his eye of one of the graces with which nature has endowed your highness."

"Name him not! name him not!" exclaimed the princess; and her glance instinctively encountered the passionate gaze of the page, whose eyes were fixed upon her. There was a consciousness in the rapid interchange, which, as Moore has since said, seemed—

"As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And ne'er to be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us them."

Many days passed on, during the morning of each of which the painter continued his labors. At the same hour, the princess resumed her seat, the duchess rustled in, the painter spread his colors, Elizabeth with scrupulous exactness, assumed her attitude, and the page resumed his ardent gaze.

In no degree had the duchess relaxed in her ill opinion of the painter's attendant, which she took uncommon trouble to express on every occasion, suitable or unsuitable. It seemed rather beneath her grace's dignity to wage so unequal a war; but women will

be women—and a duchess is only a woman after all.

As for the page, sometimes a scornful smile, sometimes a stinging repartee, but more frequently a haughty and repelling demeanor, which seemed to be exchanging places with the duchess—these, having in them more of the *offensive* than the *defensive*—were his modes of replying to the rough compliments of the duchess.

Generally, his notice was too much absorbed, too much riveted on the princess, to allow of even a casual notice of any other being. He watched, by his master's side, the glowing outline, the blushing tint, the speaking eye, the "red and white nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," the shining labyrinths of ringlets—all these did the page, day after day, contemplate, till heart and eye were so engrossed as to leave no room for the minor passions of scorn, anger, or contempt.

It seemed, too, that his powers of usefulness were likewise much impaired; for, as the duchess truly observed, his attendance was merely nominal, and he proved to a demonstration his ignorance, by retarding, instead of accelerating, every thing in which his service was required.

But all these things were as nothing to the last charge which the duchess, in her great zeal, brought against him. The princess's embroidered glove was missing, and her grace boldly accused the page of the theft.

On that occasion, it were hard to tell whose brow was stained with the deeper dye—that of the princess or the page. Her eye turned, for one doubting moment, on him; and read, in the shame-stricken look, the guilty cheek, the confused demeanor, a full confirmation of the charge.

Yet he seemed hardened in his guilt; for, turning on the duchess the full scorn of his indignant eye, he proudly said, "I disdain to justify myself to you!"—and left the presence of the princess without farther word, or a single gesture of courtesy, abandoning his master to his own exertions, to help himself as he best might.

"Your grace will pardon me," said the painter, "if I presume to differ with you on this serious charge. It is true that I have not long known master Warrenne; but he came to me with so high a guarantee that I would almost sooner doubt my own existence than his honesty; and suffer me to say that it grieves me deeply that one who has had admittance to this presence, on the warranty of my word, should be accused of so foul a crime."

"Words alter not facts, master Rubens!" said the duchess. "I saw his eye looking longingly on the glove, long before it disappeared, and I have farther good reason of my own to fully believe that he hath it concealed about him. Though I saw him not actually commit the theft, I did see the little finger of her highness hang out of his vest; and that I suppose to be proof enough. No doubt, the value of the glove hath been too great a temptation for his honesty to withstand—for the pearls and gold are of no small value."

"You spoke of his high surety," said the princess; "are we wrong in taking who might that be?"

"Madam," replied the painter, "seeing your highness's aversion to the name master Warrenne himself entreated me not to utter it; but, as he has now forfeited all claim to consideration, I at once obey your highness. He was sent to me especially and immediately from the Elector Palatine, to attend me on this one occasion; which commission executed, his instructions were to return to his master, having under his guardianship that portrait which I have now the honor of attempting."

The shudder of the princess spoke more than words; she arose hastily, and retired with her ladies.

The painter hurried to his lodging. His first act was to summon master Warrenne to his presence.

The attendant who carried the command, returned with this sullen answer, "Let master Rubens seek me here!"

Indignant at this want of courtesy, as well as of obedience, the painter, anxious to give vent to his feelings, went instantly to master Warrenne's apartments. Calm, and even haughty, was the bearing of this page, and his eye quailed not beneath the angry glances of his master.

"How is this, master Warrenne?" asked the painter. "Can the duchess have preferred a false charge against you? I know that she loves you not, yet could she invent so foul a calumny! I pray you, if it be possible, for my honor's sake, as well as for your own, disprove it. Throw off the blame! If it be possible, let the shame rest on her, and assert your guiltlessness! But, above all things, tell me, at once the truth."

The painter spoke vehemently, passionately.

Calmly, quietly, coldly, indifferently, the page replied, "I will!" and he laid the suspected glove composedly on the table.

It was evening. The glowing sunlight had melted into a softer glory. The rich fleecy clouds, half silver and half gold, sailed on, like glittering galleys over the pure ether. The birds had sung themselves to sleep. Scarcely did the leaves murmur—scarcely did the waves ripple.

Elizabeth sat beneath a tree. The trammels of state and pride were thrown aside. Her long hair, not now arranged with artifice and care, hung over her shoulders in wild disorder. At her feet, half sitting, half reclining, lay Margaret—her eyes now lifted up to the princess, now wandering over every object around; while in the very idleness of energy, she gathered, and pulled to pieces, flower after flower, which their evil fate had thrown within her reach.

The fingers of the princess were fondly linking themselves in Margaret's curls, as, thus sitting, they

abandoned themselves to confidence and conversation.

"What thinkest thou, then, Margaret?" said the princess, continuing some previous conversation; "I could not have doubted him, though he had been alone in king James's treasury."

"I could, and would, intrust him with the crown jewels," Margaret replied.

"Dear Margaret! though sometimes I think you love to thwart me, I am right glad that in this one opinion we agree. Oh, it were impossible, impossible that, with that haughty brow, that almost disdainful carriage, he should be tempted into so low a vice. Good sooth! how my spirit rises against the duchess, to think that she could dare to fix so foul a stigma on him. No, Margaret, no! his are not little vices! I could suspect him of stealing crowns and kingdoms—"

"And ladies' hearts," interposed Margaret.

"But never a few pearls on a stray glove."

"I could," said Margaret, with a malicious smile.

"How, Margaret! What mean you?"

"Oh, my dear innocent princess!" exclaimed Margaret, "what would your simplicity do in the world, were it not supported by my profound knowledge of mankind! Why, in faith and truth, and by all the saints in and out of the calendar, he is guilty, upon my honor!"

"Unkind Margaret! you trifle with me!"

"No; oh, no! my dear princess! I am the very soul of gravity and discretion. Nay, look not at me thus! Listen to my profound sagacity, and I will expound the mystery. You know, of old, that I am not without a little of Daniel's wisdom. Shall I speak now, my dear lady, or for ever hold my peace?"

"You speak in riddles, Margaret, at present; expound them, if you can."

"That can I, and will I; so, to proceed in true theological style—"

"Firstly, then—"

"No; perhaps the olden style were better. Once upon a time, there lived a princess, who was fair to look upon; and because the king, her father, had a kingdom or two, more or less, beneath his rule, and was mighty in power, and so on, and so on, this princess had many suitors. And one there was, who thought that it would be a very pretty thing to have a pretty princess for a wife, and a very good thing to have a great king for his father-in-law. But so and because he fancied it possible that the daughter of a mighty monarch might be accounted rather more beautiful than she would have been thought had she been a peasant maiden—imagining that the golden dust that flies about courts, and the clouds of power that encircle them, might, by possibility, have blinded the eyes of those sage judges who trumpeted her fame—he sends a painter, who thinks himself as great as a bashaw, to paint her portrait; and then, to make assurance doubly sure, and being almost as cunning and as well versed in the ways of the world as your sage Margaret, he fancies even that his trustworthy painter may, to make a pretty picture for his own fame's sake, add one charm more to the account of the original than it deserves. And, to

prevent this fearful imposition, he fastens to his painter's palette a sort of overseer of his own—who is to report to his Electorship whether the princess is as pretty as fame tells, and his plenipotentiary portrays."

"Nay, Margaret, nay! I will not think the page a spy."

"Call his commission by what name we will, in good truth the reality is still the same. But now for the second act! The faithful messenger of the sapient suitor looks on the sun till he is blind himself. He will return to the Elector, and tell him you are as brown as an oaken tree—as black-browed as night; and the Elector will call the world a peck of fools and master Rubens' painting a pretty cheat."

"Then shall I owe master Warrenne a world of gratitude."

"Ay, but of a doubtful kind."

"Yet this affects not my strayed glove."

"It leads me to it. Ah! my princess! you have seen—you could not fail to see—with what an idolatry of gaze he pursued you. What a poison has been this picture-painting to his soul! A license for his eye to dwell on you, to doat on you, to love you! My dear princess, how I pity him! To be true to his love he must be false to his honor."

The crimson heat of the princess's cheek burnt the fair hand on which it leaned.

"Now, then, see you not the fate of your lost glove! A discarded fillet from your hair, a rejected riband or even a worn-out shoe-latchet, would have been in equal danger. 'Tis an unlucky accident that the thing hath any value in itself; for I durst swear that in pilfering it, he remembered nothing but that your hand had hallowed it. Must we not then decide that he is both innocent and guilty!"

Elizabeth had heard her maiden's oratory, with little comment, but with a cheek flushed with emotion, an eye surcharged with sensibility, and a lip tremulous with feeling. At its close, she said, as though ashamed of her sensitiveness, "We have done master Warrenne too much honor in making him so long the subject of our private converse. Margaret, I left my embroidery frame in the open window, and I fear me this falling dew will do it damage. Will you do me the grace to go and bid them put it up in safety! I worked three long hours to-day on the budding of a rose, and I would not have my labor go for nothing."

Margaret wondered much that her highness could even think of such trifles as roses and embroidery, in the midst of their interesting conversation; but her wonder ceased when, from the site of the open window where the frame in question lay, she caught a distant glimpse of the tree where the princess still sat, and saw a kneeling figure at her feet, who looked most suspiciously like the page.

Margaret instantly concluded that the princess had seen his approach, and had, by that extraordinary assimilation of opposite things at the same instant in the mind, bethought herself of her embroidery. Had Margaret lived in our days, she would doubtless have been that most agreeable of all feminine things—a female logician; as it was, she was only a shrewd observer, somewhat caustic withal.

"Madam," said the page, "I could not leave your dear and happy country, without throwing myself at your feet, and entreating you to forgive the long catalogue of my transgressions."

"Do you then leave us, and so soon, master Warrenne?" asked the princess.

"To-morrow; to-morrow I depart with my precious charge. Let me not go, with the thought that your judgment is harsh upon me. Let me not have to dread when I shall present myself again before you, that I may have to contend with the memory of my own misdeeds!"

"Then you do return?" was the princess's reply.

How unwittingly had Elizabeth betrayed the state of her heart, in those two short sentences!

"Yes," replied the page; "yes! I come in the train of my noble master, the Elector Palatine. Nay, why that indignant blush, that hasty frown? There lives not the man who would desire you a higher happiness."

"Mention him no more!" exclaimed the princess.

"Would I were a child again—a child in some peasant's cot—that I might dwell with those I loved!"

"And why not with Frederick?" asked the page.

"He shall bring such a debt of love against you, that you needs must pay it with love again. Nay, why that proud lip and tear—a tear—whose is the sin of bringing down that tear?"

"Yours! yours!" vehemently exclaimed the princess.

"Mine! oh, not for kingdoms! But I would not now desire aught beyond your pardon for myself; I would plead for my royal master. Think that you see him at your feet; think that you hear him through my lips, entreating for his heart's happiness at your hands—imploping you to believe that, not as a cold and political calculation, he entreats your favor, but as the honey-drop in his cup of life!"

A stifled shriek burst from the princess's lips, as she tore herself away from his kneeling grasp. The hasty bound brought her into Margaret's arms, who was returning, with no trifling speed, from the embassy. Elizabeth dropped on Margaret's shoulder to weep; and the page, who saw that their interview was at an end, withdrew in perturbation.

Margaret's sagacity was at fault. She had seen the page kneel, and Elizabeth disdain him. She knew not that he knelt for another, instead of for himself.

It was a day of rejoicing. The air came loaded with acclamation. The populace swelled onwards, like an ocean. The thousand bells of the wide city were ringing. The echo of its cannon, uttering salutes reverberated through street and square. Banners were floating, music sounding, revelry prevailing, through every lane and alley of that mighty metropolis.

It was the bridal day of the Elector Palatine and the princess Elizabeth of England.

Childhood and age rejoiced. The glorious sun smiled out in his brightness on the nuptials; and men and maidens caught the light of his gladness, and indulged in "joyous mirth and jollity!"

It seemed as if that sun looked got down on a sad heart, throughout all the precincts of the land—so general was the joy, so wide the revelry.

Said we that it looked upon none? Oh, yes! there was one whose cheek was blanched, whose eye was dim!

There sat she, in her bridal garments—pale, sorrowful, despairing. What though the gems that had once lain "full fathoms five" beneath the ocean, far hidden in her coral groves—what, though the jewels which had once inlaid so richly the earth's mountain palaces, shed their richest beams amid the masses of her hair! What though a web that Ariadne might have woven, hung around her, like the gossamer of a fairy's robe! yet did Elizabeth bear about, that day, the saddest heart in all the king's dominions.

In vain did Margaret encourage; in vain did the duchess chide; pale and passive sat Elizabeth, regardless of either.

At length the crisis approached: a more joyous harmony broke up; the bells rang out more merrily; the cannon bellowed out a bolder welcome. Bonnets waved, plumes nodded, brocades rustled, and the Elector Palatine stood before Elizabeth.

She looked not on him; it might be maiden modesty, but it bore the resemblance of pallid fear. She dreaded to hear the first tone of his voice, yet thought the moment long before it came.

They were odd words when they did come.

"Is master Warrenne forgiven, my dear princess? See, he sends back his stolen pledge by me! Do I share his guilt, or are we both forgiven?"

Elizabeth looked up, with a lightning flash. The same passionate tones, the same dark, lustrous eyes, the same intense tenderness of countenance! Yes, the painter's page and the Elector Palatine were one!

If there were a sad heart that day in the king's dominions, it was that of her grace the duchess;—certainly it beat not in the bosom of the princess Elizabeth!

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. IV.

THE BILL OF EXCHANGE.

JACQUES ST. JULIEN married Suzette de Vallois. The father of the former, who was one of the principal merchants of Lyons, had seen with unbounded satisfaction, that his son was passionately enamored with the amiable daughter of one of his oldest friends. It was a match in every way suitable for him. Monsieur de Vallois was a man of considerable wealth, though not engaged in commerce; he had at first been much averse to the union taking place, on account of the wild and reckless disposition of the young St. Julien; and strange accounts had reached Lyons, of his proceedings during a two years residence at Paris; but upon his return to Lyons, the charms of the fair Suzette had so worked upon him, that his irregularities were abandoned, and he sunk from the gay and dissipated man of fashion, into the staid and industrious merchant; and it is but justice to him to say, that it was not outwardly alone, that he had become an altered man. Some scenes in which he had borne a part at Paris, and his narrow escapes from infamy and destruction, had determined him to make a strong effort to effect a total change in his habits and dispositions; and the presence of his dear Suzette had strengthened these resolutions, until their practice had shown him, that during the eighteen months he had been at Lyons, after his return from Paris, he had been for the first time in his life, a happy and contented man. There was but one thing galled him, and that was, any allusion to his residence at Paris. It was clear there was something connected with it, which he could not drive from his remembrance, and since it seemed sensibly to annoy him, all mention of it was studiously avoided.

The change that had taken place, removed the only objection entertained by Monsieur de Vallois to the marriage, who willingly gave his consent to the union taking place; and on the appointed day, young St. Julien led to the altar the fair and blooming Suzette, and in the face of heaven, they interchanged their vows of constancy and fidelity.

Jacques St. Valois felt that he was now a truly happy man; possessed of the being he so fondly loved, enjoying the sweet communion of reciprocal affection, unclouded by the discontent of poverty, his course of life flowed on as gently and as calmly as the summer's brook that musically ripples on, without impediment.

He was one day sitting with his wife in their dining-room, conning over some circumstances of domestic life, looking upon the busy groups that thronged the quay, and at times, upon the merry laughing tenants of the boats that shot along the Rhone's swift stream, whose loud joyous laugh gave token of their presence, even when the gloom of the closing summer's evening had begun to envelope them in its obscurity. He was holding one of his wife's hands, listlessly playing with her fingers, and felt that he was enjoying one of those moments of life, when the lightness of our spirits bids us feel for a short space, a sensation of true and pure happiness;—the door opened, and the servant announced a gentleman, who wished to speak with Monsieur "St. Julien."

"Did he mention his name?"

"He said his name was not of consequence, though his business was."

"Oh, show him into the counting house, some of the clerks will attend to him."

"I wished to have done so, sir; but he said he was no merchant, and that his business was with you alone."

"Well, show him in, since he is desirous of seeing me."

The person advanced; he was a man of middle age, with a countenance of a dark and sinister expression, and his clothes, which were covered with dust, showed that he had just completed a long journey. After cautiously looking to see the door was closed, he approached towards de Vallois, and gazing at him said—

"You have not forgotten me, have you?"

"Good heavens! it cannot be the Chevalier Arnaud!"

"The same."

"Why is this? why, sir, am I to be hunted down in this manner? do you again seek to entangle me in your meshes?"

"Softly, softly, my good sir; you are alarming this lady without cause."

"Suzette, my love, will you leave us a few moments? It is long since I have seen this gentleman, and we have something of importance to speak about."

His wife obeyed with reluctance, pausing at the door, to say they were engaged to spend the evening at her father's, and it was almost time they were gone.

She scarce noticed the Chevalier's attention in opening the door as she passed through, and left him and her husband together.

"Arnaud," said St. Julien, advancing, "you have broken the compact betwixt us; when I furnished you with money, to begin the world as an honest man, you promised never again to obtrude yourself upon me."

"I did."

"Nay, more; you professed gratitude to me, for doing that you had no right to expect."

"I did so, and felt it."

"Felt it," echoed the other, with a bitter laugh.

"Yes, I say again, felt it."

"And yet, yet you show it, by breaking the only promise I exacted from you."

"Listen to me, and I will explain my conduct. You, of course, remember that night at Paris, when having lost at the Salons far more than you were enabled to pay, we passed a forged bill of exchange."

"Oh! merciful heaven! after all the anguish I have suffered, must I still have my crimes thrown in my face by my very associates?"

"Be calm, and listen: you remember, too, it was a bill at three years' date, and that a few days after we had passed it—you gave me the money to take it up."

"I did! I did!"

"Of course you did, and I don't deny it; and I was going to the person to do so, but somehow or other, passing by the Salons, I just looked in to see what they were about, and—and—I lost the money before—I knew I had been playing—I was afraid to tell you the circumstance, so I said the bill had been taken up, and that I had destroyed it—but it was all a fiction."

"Ha, ha, ha," said the agonised St. Julien, "now you are laughing at me; come, laugh and say it is all a jest."

"I wish it were, but the worst part of the story is that the bill being due, has been discovered to be a forgery, and is now in the possession of the police, who are tracing it through the hands of the different holders, until they will come upon you; now, as I felt I owed you a debt of gratitude, I have travelled day and night from Paris, to give you notice to save yourself."

"Then am I a lost and ruined man!"

"Not at all; the frontiers of Savoy are but a few leagues from hence, and there you are in safety."

"I will not fly."

"Not fly?"

"No!"

"Are you mad?"

"If I am not, I soon shall be."

"This is folly."

"Call it madness, desperation, or what you will. Oh, thou villain, you taught me first to play—led me on step by step, squandered my money, and then plunged me in the lowest depth of crime. I am lost for ever," saying which, he paced the room to and fro with quick and agitated steps, until a gentle knocking at the door attracted his attention, and his wife's voice saying—

"St. Julien, shall you be much longer? I am dressed, and only waiting until you are ready."

"Longer! Heaven only knows. I will follow you to your father's—do not wait for me."

"I cannot go without you," replied his wife. "I'll wait up stairs," and she slowly turned away.

"Well," St. Julien, said Arnaud, "are you determined not to seek your safety in flight?—come, think better of it, and be guided by me."

"Yes, I have before trusted to your guidance, and what has been the result? I am a lost and ruined man—no, I will stand and face the danger. My reputation—my name—all blasted and destroyed. Oh!—guilt! guilt! when once a man has been contaminated by thee, thou wilt not be shaken off by him, but with the course of time, com'st rushing on to overwhelm him."

"Well, I can see no use in moralizing! I shall not consider myself safe until I am at Chambery; I have horses waiting at hand—so, for the last time, will you accompany me?"

"I will not."

"Then, fare thee well," said the chevalier, leaving the room, muttering to himself about the folly of staying for the police, when he might so easily gain the start of them.

The night brought neither rest nor sleep to St. Julien; his wife, who perceived the agony of mind under which he labored, forbore to question him; she saw that she could not alleviate his sufferings, but determined in the morning to see his father, and mention the circumstance of the preceding evening to him, not doubting, that if any thing were wrong, it was in his power to rectify it.

As St. Julien ascended the stairs in the morning, he was waiting in the breakfast room to speak to him; as he entered, he perceived a person dressed in black, who rose to return his salutation.

"I am speaking, I believe, to Mons. St. Julien."

"The same, sir."

"I am sorry to say my business is of an unpleasant nature: I am the commissary of the town, and have this morning received orders from Paris, to arrest you. I am afraid there must be some mistake, but as your name and address are so particularly described, I have no alternative but obeying my instructions."

"Heaven's will be done," said St. Julien, passing his hand across his eyes, and trying to suppress a rising sigh. "Oh that this had happened, ere I had mixed my wife's fate with mine. Suzette! Suzette! I did not wrong thee willingly; as heaven knows all, I have striven to be an honest and an upright man; but the crimes of former days are marshalled against me, and cry out for justice."

The commissary turned away, to avoid hearing the sentence uttered by St. Julien; "My instructions, sir," said he, "are simply to arrest you; they do not state the cause, but merely say, farther instructions will be sent; in the absence of these, I do not wish to act harshly; from the known respectability of your family, I am willing to run some risks, if you will promise me not to leave the town, I will not alarm your family by taking you from them, until I hear from Paris, that such a proceeding is absolutely necessary—have I your promise?"

"This is indeed kind; I can safely promise you, since my inclinations do not prompt me to avoid any charge that may be brought against me."

The commissary rose to withdraw, after this assurance, expressing his belief that the charge against him arose from his having incautiously uttered some expressions against the government, and which a little explanation might set to rights.

St Julien thought, and knew, otherwise; he saw that he was now lost, without the least chance of escaping the impending accusation; nothing would now avail him; not even the high character and respectability of his connections would have any influence; justice would have its victim, and he must be that victim.

As soon as she had risen, Suzette hastened to her father-in-law to inform him of the agony of mind under which her husband suffered, and to beseech him to ascertain the cause, if it were not in his power to alleviate it. The elder St. Julien was surprised at

Suzette's recital; he could not conceive that any thing could have occurred to distress her husband, as she had told him their affairs were in a highly prosperous situation; he would walk over, however, and speak to him on the subject.

On arriving at the house, they entered the breakfast room—St. Julien was not there; they therefore ascended to his own room; it was true they found him, but what a sight for a wife and father! The body of St. Julien lay distended on the ground, whilst in one of his hands was grasped a pistol, the contents of which had been lodged in his head the blood oozing from his forehead, streamed down his face, working its way along the ground. The unhappy man, driven to desperation by seeing his character and prospects in life blasted for ever, and unable to bear the dreadful images conjured up by his excited imagination, had, in a moment of frenzy, seized the pistol, and by his own hand closed his career of life.

J. M. B.

A SONG FOR THE TABLE.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE, ENGLAND.

COME, brim your glasses,
For Night now passes,
With many a heavy-winged Hour!—
When wine we measure
We stint our pleasure,
And turn a sweet of life to sour;—
Whilst bumper-drinking
Will drown low thinking
Till light is winking in Morning's bower.

'Tis true, the sages
Of many ages
Have told the stages of Joy's declining;—
That 'tis our duty,
When Youth and Beauty
Are in their Eden-bower reclining,
'To warn the heedless;—
But ah! 'tis needless,
For where is joy without repining?

We need not banish
Our smiles, which vanish
Like sunshine from the April flowers;
Life then is fleetest
When joy is sweetest,
As beauty flies from Autumn bowers!
I know we cherish
The things which perish,
But we must take what here is ours.

To look around us
Might well confound us,
For death has bound us on every side;—
The young we cherish'd
Are old or perish'd,
And those we lived in most—have died!
When Love lies weeping
O'er Beauty sleeping
Oh who would keep in a world thus tried!

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

No. V.

THE BUMPKIN AT BAY.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;
 As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;
 Dark-work'g sorcerers, that change the mind;
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such like libertines of sin;
 If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
 I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Shakespeare.

SOLOMON WHAPPLE was an English farmer—one of the by-gone breed; a race of men, who were happy in the possession of from one to two hundred acres of leasehold land, and cared for no man while they were able to pay their taxes and their tithes. These honest renters of arable and meadow, have almost entirely been repudiated by the monopolizing spirit of the age. The agricultural speculatist, or gentleman farmer, occupying two or three thousand acres, cultivates the soil, now-a-days, with the aid of paupers and workhouse scum, and makes furious fortunes by biennial bankruptcies; while the small farmers and ejected peasantry are compelled to seek an abiding place in a foreign land.

Solomon Whapple was a bullet-headed, straight-haired, hard-faced, narrow-shouldered, long-sided, big-handed man, with a shambling gait, gawky look, and Boanergian voice. His farm was in the vicinity of the old feudal town of Bungay, in the heart of the agricultural county of Suffolk, famous for its punchy horses, cream cheeses, fat parsons, and pretty women. Solomon had never been out of his own county, and a business trip to the borough town of Ipswich, which he called Hepsidge, was the extent of his travelling.

Cupid had never deemed it worth his while to shoot a shaft at the angainly Whapple, who lived in a state of single cursedness. The cherry-cheeked beauties of Sylvana daily throw the most insinuating glances, but they recoiled from Solomon's hard heart as bullets bound from the hide of a hippopotamus. Mrs. Nelly Whapple, the farmer's sister, had, in early age, contracted a marriage with a sentimental parish clerk, who caught his death cold during a night's repose under a hay mow in a snow storm. The semi-spiritualist had been a little overcome at the opening of a new Sunday school in Pigknee Lane.

The widow, left with one sandy haired urchin, took up her residence with her brother, and superintended the egg-gatherings, fowl-feedings, pig killings, pork-saltings, bacon-smokings, cow-milkings, cream-kim-mings, butter-churnings, and cheese-pressings. Solo-

mon Whapple was pleased with his sister's assiduity, and things went prosperously at Goose Green Farm.

The boy was named Nehemiah after his father, but called Nemmy by his uncle; he grew, not up, but round; his fat cheeks were as dimpled as a half pressed cheese, and red as the ruddle with which the farmer marked his mutton; while his lack-lustre eye and ever-gaping mouth, told of the emptiness of his knowledge-box. It was the seventh heaven of his enjoyment to sit upon a swinging gate, grasping in one hand a huge piece of home baked bread, and busily employed with the other in touzling his ragged fell of yellow hair. Solomon Whapple knew that his nevey was a lazy bor, as they phrase it in Suffolk, and that his *mauther* of a sister "spiled the babby," but being his only kith, he acknowledged the young Orson as his heir apparent.

Solomon had a friend in London, a Mr. John Brown, corn merchant, of Mark Lane. This Brown was a shrewd, active man of business; whenever the markets were likely to rise, he wrote to Solomon Whapple, of Goose Green, to purchase largely of the required sort of grain, and allowed him a handsome commission for his trouble. The parties had never met, for their fathers had dealt together, and the trade was concocted to their hands. But a heavy speculation had turned out extraordinarily profitable, and Solomon, having a larger sum than usual to receive in remuneration, determined to visit his correspondent, and spend a few days and a few pounds in viewing the wonders of "The Great Metropolis."

"Solly, bor, you'd as good take Nemmy as not," said his sister, in the pure Suffolk vernacular; "the boy's grow'd a hulking chap, and hain't see'd naw-thing o' the world nyther, 'cept the Hepsidge Mail and Saxenem (Saxmundham) steeple. Its a pear-ge-use what never waddles out of his own pond, Solly, bor; even rats runs about, and nobody don't never tie a calf to the cow's tail arter he's done a suckling."

Whapple admitted that there was a heap of truth, and something to spare, in Mrs. Nelly's observations;

and if she would promise to knit them a red worsted comforter each for their journey, and look after the appurtenances of Goose Green in his absence, he did not know but what he might transplant the boy for a fortnight, if it was only to shake down his fat.

On the appointed day, Solomon Whapple and the interesting Nehemiah, took their seats in one of the little taxed carts generally used by farmers, and Joe Bumps, the one-eyed thresher, was ordered to drive to the end of the lane leading into the high turnpike road. In a short time, the Yarmouth Telegraph stage coach, licensed to carry six insides and twelve outsides, drew up at the corner of the lane, in obedience to the one-eyed thresher's beck—the hair trunk was banged into the hind boot—the carpet bag jerked into the fore boot. Solomon was handed up to a seat in the dicky, and Nemmy, after tumbling off the hind wheel in consequence of a movement amongst the horses, was dragged up by his uncle to an adjoining seat, as the coachman bawled out, "Tumble up, my young 'un, or I'm blessed if you won't be in Quaker Street—this here near leader wants to dance a hornpipe on his hind legs, and the wheelers is unaccountable rumbustious—'cos they knows we're arter our time. All right behind, Jem!"

The guard assented. The coachman gave a free rein to the restive leaders, and double-thonged the off wheeler. The vehicle darted over the smooth roads at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Solomon Whapple held fast by the side iron, and the astonished Nemmy drew his breath, and, in a frightened tone, said, "My eyes, nunkey, ain't we going it?"

Mr. Whapple was attired in his Sunday suit of drab smalls and continuations, a bright buff waistcoat, and a long-bodied lapelled blue coat, which, as Mr. Nelly said, had worn uncommonly well, and looked almost as good as new, which, considering brother Sol had worn it off and on for ten years and better, wasn't so bad. Solomon had a great partiality for this, his long tailed blue. "He almost loved it like a living thing."

The interesting Nemmy was accoutred in a new suit of dark red corduroy, plentifully garnished with bright roley-poley buttons. A red woollen comforter encircled his sweet throat, and a white hat, somewhat too small, sat jauntily on the top of his straw-colored noddle. Mrs. Nelly had purchased the *chapeau blanc* from a young farmer whose head had outgrown the luxury, and he was therefore willing to dispose of it at a small expense.

Solomon Whapple soon became used to the rapid motion of the coach, and entered into conversation with an agreeable gentleman on the same seat, who was kind enough to answer all his inquiries connected with the wonders of the road. When within half-a-dozen miles of London, the farmer was astonished at the regiments of gas lamps and the provoking continuity of rows of houses. "Be this Lannon?" was his question at every turn of the road, and the negative replies produced as many exclamations of wonder and notes of admiration as would have furnished a printer of bills to a melo drame theatre.

Before the coach had entered the metropolis, Solo-

mon Whapple was perfectly convinced that Bungay was a contemptible dog hole of a city, and Goose Green Farm something considerably less than nothing.

The coach at last arrived at its place of destination. The horses dashed down the narrow gateway of the inn yard, and the coachman, addressing the outside passengers, said, "look arter your 'eds behind." The unconscious Nemmy disregarded the injunction, and neglected to stoop; his white hat bumped against the top of the arch, and rolled into the street. One of the many thieves that are always prowling round the east end of London, instantly picked up the prize, and ran off, exclaiming, in genuine slang—"A bob's worth, s'elp me dickey."

The passengers alighted, and the luggage was removed from the coach. The good natured gentleman gave Solomon a hearty shake of the hand, and bade him farewell. The farmer and his nephew, being way passengers, were desired to walk into their office, and pay their fare. The clerk was busily engaged for several minutes, and when he did ask Solomon for his money, Solomon declared he was unable to find his pocket book. A minute search developed an enormous gash in one of the skirts of his beloved blue coat, and the pocket book had doubtless been abstracted through the aperture.

"Well," said the coachman, who was waiting for his customary half-crown, "I'm blow'd if I didn't expect something o' this sort. That chattering friend o' your'n has been a hugging on you unkimmon close lately, so I 'spose he carved your casimere whilst we was a rattling over the stones. He looked like one of the swell mob down upon his luck, and p'raps the poor fellow wanted a little capital to begin bizness again. 'Taint o' no use a running arter him, sir; he's too wide awake not to make himself most remarkable scarce arter he'd got them memorandums; them people always cuts their coats according to their cloth. Sorry for your loss, sir—'taint my fault—p'raps you've got a hodd half-crown in your weskit pocket for the coachman;" and the knight of the whip touched his hat, and extended his hand in expectation of the complimentary fee.

"Darn all Lannoners," said the irate Whapple, in an agony of agitation. "Don't thee held thee hand to me, bos—I hain't got no money, ye feul."

The portier, who had been removing the luggage, saw the failure of the coachman's attempt upon Whapple's pocket, and knew, therefore, that his own expected gratuity would be non est inventus, said to the driver of a branch coach that was about starting to the western precincts of the metropolis; "Vell, I'm sniggered! Bobbee, this 'ere long-sided slab of a countryman as is jest got off the Tolly, with that 'ere Suffolk punch of a son in them 'ere carrotty-colored redikerlusses, has lost his reader, and so, ve're to be done out of our regulars. Self presywashun is the first law o' natur—here's his bit of carpeting—I heard your old 'omen say she wanted a bit to lay afore the cupboard door. I'll call in afore church time o' Sunday, Bobbee, to investigate petiklers."

Saying this, the guard took up Whapple's carpet bag, and threw it on the roof of the branch stage. In

a few seconds, this stage was driven from the inn yard; the coachman left the bag at a public house in the course of his transit, and afterwards *honourably* divided the spoil between himself and the porter.

Solomon Whapple ordered beds at the inn, and desired that his luggage might be sent into their rooms. "This here your hair trunk, sir?" said the porter; "can't see nothing o' no carpet bag, sir, no where. They Ostler says he seed a fat genelman a valkin' up the yard like vinkin, with jest the werry moral o' sich a bag as you describe. Shouldn't wonder if 'tain't five miles off by this time. Please to 'member the porter, sir."

Solomon bore the loss of his carpet bag with a worse grace than he did the loss of his pocket book. The porter vainly tried to comfort him, "Carpet bag allus vos missible things—there ain't no end to the carpet bags as is lost by travellers. They comes and they goes, and nobody never sees 'em, 'cos vy, they keeps continually a vanishing. Vopping large trunks has some sense in 'em. Them's the vuns! they can't be valked off in a pig's vasper, or tucked under a man's arm as if he vas taking your other shirt to be vashed."

After a hearty supper and a glass of hot brandy and water, Solomon retired for the night. His nephew occupied a little bed in an adjoining room, and frightened at being alone, was unable to close his eyes. He repeatedly awakened his uncle by inquiring if he was asleep. "Shut thee eyes and thee mouth, Nemmy, bor; I ha' lost enough in this darned Lannon already, without being robbed of my night's rest by my own nevey, d'rat thee."

In the morning, Solomon ordered breakfast. Nebemiah assisted him to demolish an innumerable quantity of muffins and thin slices of bread and butter, with several dishfuls of consumptive-looking mutton chops. After requesting a chambermaid to sew up the rent in the skirt of his long-tailed blue, Solomon demanded an audience of the landlord. He detailed the loss of his pocket book, and his consequent inability to pay his bill; but if the host choose to send to Brown, the corn merchant, he was sure that any requisite sum of money would be advanced in his name; or, if preferred, he would leave the hair trunk and his "nevey" in pawn for a few hours, while he went to Mark Lane and obtained the cash. The landlord civilly regretted the necessity, but would endeavour to make the young gentleman comfortable during his absence. Solomon, whose pockets had been thoroughly "cleaned out" by the complainant gentleman on the coach, borrowed Nemmy's entire stock of ready cash, consisting of a shilling with a hole in it, and a new half-crown piece.

About half-past nine o'clock in the morning, Solomon sallied forth on his voyage of discovery. The Corn Exchange in Mark Lane was the haven of his hopes, but he knew not the whereabouts of its location. An omnibus, which to his unpractised eyes, looked like a school room on wheels, was drawn up to the pavement side, close to the embouchure of the Min yard. The cad hailed him—*Cittes—Obers* (Holborn)—*Oxld Street*. "I wish to go to Mark Lane,"

said Solomon. "Get in, sir; put you down there in no time." Mark Lane was barely ten minutes walk from the hotel, and the cad knew that the omnibus would not pass even the end of the lane, but he was aware that if the farmer once got into the machine, he could not get out again without paying the fare.

On rolled the ponderous vehicle, and fresh customers continued to enter its straw-spread cavity. Solomon wondered at the endless string of the pedestrian thousands, at the splendor of the shops, and at the length of the countless streets that diverged every way from the main avenue, up which, mingled with innumerable vehicles of every description, the omnibus was threading its devious way.

Solomon passed Aldgate Pump; he rattled up Leadenhall Street, and left behind him the spacious depository of Indian wealth; passing the gloomy portals of the Royal Exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," he navigated in safety the Bank straits, and the dangerous passage of the Mansion House—the head quarters of London's civic dignity. Cheapside's lengthy avenue was passed over, Newgate Street driven through, and the hanging corner of the Old Bailey gone by. Skinners' Street descent and the dangers of Holborn Hill safely achieved, the vehicle entered on the broad expanse of High Holborn, and eventually brought up opposite the palatial factory of those potentates of Japan, Day and Martin. After the driver had taken in wood and water (gin and gingerbread,) and had allowed his horses five minutes stagnation, he put up his helm, and made for St. Giles' Bay, doubled Tottenham corner, and bore down Oxford Street under easy sail. Solomon, wondering at the distance, peeped through the little window at the horse end of the omnibus, "and to the line of *houses* saw no end." The landlord had told him that Mark Lane was within a few minutes walk of the inn—he had already travelled through more streets than he had ever imagined the world to contain. He asked the next sitter if he was far from Mark Lane."

"Mark Lane!" said the person addressed; "why, you are three miles from it, sir. Here, conductor, this gentleman ought to have been set down at Mark Lane."

"Vell, I knows he onghter," said the cad; "but the 'nibus didn't desacky pass agen the head off the lane; and as the gemmen never said nothing to nobody, it war'nt for me to make no obseywashun on his privit affairs."

"What be I to pay, bor?" said Solomon, stepping out of the vehicle, and holding out Nemmy's new half-crown.

"All right, sir," said the cad, snatching the piece of money, and hopping up to the top of his perch. "Get on, Charles."

"Stop," roared the gentleman who was sitting nearest the door; "stop, you scoundrel, and give the gentleman his change. The fare is but sixpence—do you mean to rob him of two shillings?"

"Vy," said the cad, "I knows as the gemmen gived me a narf-crown, vich I gived to the driver, who hasn't gived me the change. Fork over the pewter, Charles

—the gemmen's feelings is hurt for want o' the two bob."

Solomon received the silver, and, thanking the stranger for his interference, walked disconsolately on his way. He pushed vigorously along the crowded pathway, but found it impossible to stem the tide. The fascinations of the shop windows were too potent to be withstood; a couple of ballad singers nailed him by the ears to the corner of the street, till a policeman dispersed the listening mob, and drove off the peripatetic vocalists. The comicalities of that antique comedian, Punch, completed his entrancement: he gazed, untired, till the sound of St. Giles' bells striking the meridian hour, attracted his attention, and he thought of the forlorn Nemmy, whom he had left at a strange inn nearly three miles away. He thought, too, of Mr. Brown—of the day's decline—of dinner time—for his unsophisticated gastrics, used to the early hours of rural life, "like a nest of new-waked rooklings, cawed for food."

A hackney coachman hailed the erratic Solomon, and asked him if he would ride. "The very thing," thought the farmer, and made inquiry respecting the fare to Mark Lane.

"Four shillings," said the coachman, who saw that he had a countryman to deal with. Solomon sighed at the sound. He had but three shillings in his possession; and in a doubtful tone, he offered that sum for the coachman's acceptance. "Well, my master, seeing you're a country gentleman, whereby all Londoners ought to be civil, I'll take your money, whereby I invalidates a fourth o' my fare, whereby you can't help that." The coachman had been a small tradesman, and once possessed a real donkey and a handsome pair of panniers, and did a very decent business in the cats' meat line; but, in a fit of jollification at Greenwich fair, on Easter Monday, he played away his entire establishment at a game of All Fours with a wicked "sausage wender," and was compelled to accept a hackman's wages for a subsistence. His politeness to the ladies who used to feed their feline favorites with his purveyings, obtained him the name of Civil Jemmy, and he still retained his wish to please—a rare possession amongst hackney coachmen.

Solomon stepped into the rickety vehicle, and requested the driver to hurry on. The jaded horses made but sorry way, and Solomon, in an agony of suspense, was about consulting his watch, but found that his fob was empty—his watch, the heir-loom of the Whapple family, was gone! Solomon stretched his long back against the end of the coach, and put his longer legs on the opposite seat, whilst he indulged in a few deep and hearty d—s, delivered with Doric purity and Spartan brevity.

The hack stopped before the portals of the Corn Exchange. Solomon alighted, and tendered his three shillings to the driver. "Only one of these are the real thing, sir, whereby the t'other two is counterfeit and illegal contrary to law. Trouble you for a couple of respectable shillings, whereby one may get rid on them again."

"Counterfeit!" said Solomon; "why I had 'em

gi'n me this morning, by the omnibus man, in change of a half-crown, true as a fact, bor."

The omnibusses had nearly ruined the hack trade, and every coachman, with true *esprit de corps*, felt bound to deteriorate the respectability of the monopolizing caravans.

"The total of them 'bus wretches is smashers (passers of counterfeit coin), whereby people which is unprincipled sufficient to authorise them with appearing in their yellor hearnes, can't expect propriety of change, perwising they don't require it, whereby it serves 'em right."

"What be I to do, bor?" said the disconsolate Solomon. "I hain't got no more money, so be gend enough to trust me for five minutes while I go into market arter Mister Brown."

"Whereby I'm to be done brown, eh?" said the coachman. "Come, come, you are personatizing it uncommon prime, whereby its convincing to my experience that you're an old offender. Liquidate my fare, or I'll find you board and lodging for a month in Newgate."

"Vy, Civil Jemmy, vot's the row," said a cabman, who had just put down a gentleman at the Exchange gate.

"This lanky bumpkin wants to come the double shuffle over me, with two of the most audacious Brummagem you ever winked at," replied the hackman.

"Vot, he in the blue tog vith that unkimmon long tail? vy, I've seen him afore—he vas at Brixton vith me ven I valked up stairs for a month, and never got to the top—I vas sent there unjustifiably," said he, to half a dozen spectators, in an explanatory tone, "cos I vas sarcy to his vorship, ven they had me up for havin' druv' over a hold 'oman, which died o' purpose arterwards to get a poor cove in trouble. I say, old blue skin, how did you leave 'em all at the mill?"

Solomon Whapple did not understand the question, but, indignant at the general laugh that followed the cabman's speech, turned on his heels, and proceeded to walk away. The coachman ran after him; a cry of stop thief was raised—Solomon quickened his pace, but was knocked down by three Irish laborers, who were mixing mortar in the front of a house that was undergoing repairs. Solomon was immediately seized, and given into the custody of a policeman, but he roared out his declaration of innocence, and asked to see Mr. Brown, the corn merchant, of Mark Lane.

That gentleman was standing, with several others, on the steps of the Exchange, laughing heartily at Whapple's uncouth appearance, who, covered with lime and mud, was struggling with the hackney coachman and the officer. Mr. Brown was astonished at hearing his name mentioned; penetrating the crowd and facing the suffering Solomon, he declared who he was and his wish to know the prisoner's business.

"If you be Mister Brown, I was just coming up to your'n—true as a life, bor—I'm Solomon Whapple, of Geuse Green Fa-arm, handy to Bungay, in Suffolk."

"You Solomon Whapple? impossible."

"Well, I almost wish it were—but I've got your

letters to show; and so just pay this here coachman two shillings, and take me out o' pawn."

Mr. Brown complied with his request, and Civil Jenny, with many apologies, drove off. The policeman received a gratuity, and expressed himself satisfied with Mr. Brown's explanation. The mob dispersed, and the cab driver, as he mounted his one-outside machine, called out—"I say, Mister Brown, your friend's very green—I means him in the blue coat vat's all vite, and the yellor smalls vat's all black. Don't let him go out agen aroud his nuss."

A few minutes conversation satisfied Mr. Brown that Solomon was the genuine representative of Goose Green Farm. Whapple, with lugubrious earnestness, detailed the robbery of his pocket book, the loss of his carpet bag, and his nephew's hat—his unconscious ride to Oxford Street, the rogues of the omnibus conductor—and the fate of his watch; concluded his relation by requesting Mr. Brown to furnish him with sufficient money to "buy his peur nevey Nemmy a hat, and take him out o' pawn."

Mr. Brown promised to attend to that affair, and after five minutes conversation with his clerk, took Solomon to his stand, and paid him the whole of the balance due on the last account. Solomon reserved a few sovereigns for incidental expenses, and stuffed the whole of the notes into his watchless fob. Several of the merchants frequenting the exchange were attracted by the uncouth figure of the long farmer, and circled round him, laughing heartily at his pronunciations and peculiarities. Solomon having experienced nothing but rogues from his London acquaintance, refused to enter into conversation, and stood with his back against the wall, and his hand on his fob pocket. But when Mr. Brown's clerk returned, leading the redeemed Nemmy by the hand, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious." The squab "nevey" in his close fitting "carrotty colored redikeruses," and graced with a hat enormously too large, caught hold of Whapple's coat, and throwing as much misery in his fat face as he conveniently could, said, with the genuine Suffolk whine, "I say, unkey Solly, when be I to have any feud, bor?"

"Mr. Whapple, you will dine with me," said Mr. Brown, "and as you say that you wish to take your nephew to the theatre, I must request you to step to my house immediately, and direct the servants to hasten dinner—say, three o'clock—and I will follow you directly. Let the domestics also attend to the state of your apparel. I live but a few doors down the street—my name is on the door."

"Well, if I feed at your'n to-day, thee must feed at mine to-morrow."

"Not whilst you are in London, Mr. Whapple. I intend visiting the sea coast this season, and rambling amongst the prawners and shrimp catchers. It is more than likely that I shall then tax your hospitality pretty severely."

"Hope you may, that's all. Shall I leave Nemmy along o' thee?"

"By no means."

The punchy boy seized his long uncle by the tail of his damaged blue, and accompanied him in his

egress from the exchange. Solomon, with the usual fatality attending strangers in London, took the wrong turning, and progressing up instead of down the street, looked at each house door for the name of his friend. Browns are as plentiful in London as blacks are in Virginia. Solomon soon caught sight of a handsome brass plate bearing the well known cognomen, and running up the stone steps, gave a loud single rap with the enormous knocker.

"What do you want?" said a pert housemaid, from behind the half opened door—her head covered with curl papers and hair pins.

"Mister Brown says thee must get dinner for us by three o'clock, 'cause Nemmy and I be going to the play show."

"What's that?" said the girl.

"Let me and my nevey come inside the deur, that's a geud mawther, for them carts make such a confoundy noise, I can't hear myself a saying nothing."

The servant looked suspiciously at Solomon's dirty clothes, but suffered him and Nemmy to enter the hall passage, and redeliver the mysterious message.

The housemaid unceremoniously told the farmer that she did not believe a word he had been saying, for she had lived four years with the Browns, and never knew them to dine before six o'clock. When Solomon desired her to fetch him a clothes brush and towel, for the purpose of renovating his damaged appearance, she called loudly to the footman, who was peeping from the stairs' top, that two suspicious characters had got into the house, and wanted her to go away while they robbed the parlors.

The footman advanced, and desired the Goose Greeners to quit the house. Solomon fixed his huge paw on the shoulder of the man in livery, and said, in a stentorian tone—"Why, thee stupid feul! I ha' just left thy master on 'change—him and I ha' done commission business together for many a year—my name's Whapple, from Bungay. I'm to dine here to-day, I tell'ee. Mister Brown is coming home himself in a brace of shakes—and take care you don't get 'em both, bor."

The Browns, into whose domicile Solomon had thus intruded, was a stock broker, in an extensive way of trade. The footman heard something about commission, and, having bowed the rustics into a small parlor, ran up to his mistress with the information, that a country gentleman, one of Mr. Brown's best customers, was below, waiting for master, who was coming home to an early dinner.

Mrs. Browne, a dignified and fashionable lady, descended the stairs, and swept with majestic elegance into the little back parlor. She started with surprise at the sight of her visitors, and rudely said, "Surely you are not the persons who wish to see me?"

"To see thee!" said Whapple, with a stare. "Nemmy and me be come here to cut our mutton along wi' Brown."

"Mutton!" screamed Mrs. B. "What does the rustic mean?"

Solomon told his story, and impressed conviction upon the mind of the lady, who unceremoniously left the room, and, retiring to her chamber, rang the bell

for her maid. "Bates, that horrible husband of mine has sent home a vulgar and extensive countryman, with a juvenile associate who looks like a gigantic tomato—these uncouths are to dine here at three o'clock! did you ever?"

"Lor', mem, Mr. B. must have been intoxicated—and the Honorable Mrs. Fitzgigga coming too, and Lootenant Simes and the other soldier gentleman from the Tower, too."

"Oh, Bates, they must not see the griffins! We shall not dine till six, or half past, and I shall insist upon Browne relieving the household from the incubi long before that. Send Mary to them—let them be scrubbed and rubbed, and brought up into the drawing room till B. returns. What can we give them to eat?"

"Lor', mem, nothing can be got ready at that unconscionable hour—three o'clock! why, the breakfast things won't all be cleared away. But I'll tell cook to grill 'em up something hot."

"Do so; and request Miss Augustina Browne to attend me directly."

In a few minutes, the Goose Greeners were alone in a spacious drawing room, and gaping, with admiration, at the new and inexplicable articles of furniture that filled the room. Solomon's bachelor feelings were shocked at the sight of a full length figure of Venus supporting a candelabrum; the Paphian goddess was in a state of classical nudity, and, to preserve his nephew's morals from corruption, the farmer draped a portion of the ample window curtains over the offending figure.

Nemmy was standing in the middle of the room shaking like a red flannel jelly bag—his eyes, strained almost out of their fat sockets, were fixed upon the carved pillar of an Indian cabinet that was fashioned in the likeness of an idol, and appeared to be grinning at the luckless youth with a truly demoniac twist of feature.

"Unkey Solly, be 'am alive! kick 'um wi' your beut."

On the mantel piece, a group of The Graces, exquisitely modelled in virgin wax, stood upright beneath a glass case; these attendants on the queen of beauty were as little indebted to apparel as the figure of the goddess, and, Solomon as he gazed on the lovely forms entwined in a sisterly embrace, felt the blood rush to his sun-burnt cheeks.

"Darn it!" said he, "I've heard o' the wickedness o' the rich, but never saw so much of it afore. Nemmy, bor, don't thee come at this end of the room—here's some at more horrible than that there big-eyed devil under the table."

The footman and the housemaid had reported the peculiarities of the Goose Greeners to the cook, and the fire functionary's curiosity being excited, she resolved to have a peep at them. Putting on a clean apron, and tidying her cap, she bustled into the room as if she had business there. Solomon was glad of the interruption, and eagerly addressed her.

"I say, you mawther, be'ant Brown home yet nyther?"

As the cook was about to answer, she seized the

curtain that Solomon had wrapped round the naked Venus, and, giving it a twitch as if to spread it across the window, overset the marble statue, which, with the marcasite candlestick and wax lights, prepared for the evening's party, fell in ruins upon the floor.

"O my! O, Gemini! O, gracious!" said the cook, as she hopped over the fragments, and fled from the room. The lady of the mansion was soon informed that the countryman had knocked over the lamp figure, and was playing "old gooseberry" with the furniture.

"It serves Browne right," said his lady, who was too well bred to express the least mortification. Augustina, my love, go in and amuse the wretches till Pa returns."

Solomon was busily employed in endeavoring to restore Madame Venus to her equilibrium, and Nemmy was on his knees, picking up the pieces, and depositing them in a Pompeii-looking vase which he had taken from the cheffinier, when the door opened, and a thin pale-faced young lady, about fifteen years of age, entered the room. She was dressed in a loose white muslin frock, fastened tightly round her very small waist, and decorated with a broad sash of pale blue riband. Her hair hung in a profusion of ringlets; which, with a snub nose and deep set eyes, gave her head something of a resemblance to the *tête* of a French poodle dog.

"Beant Brown in yet?" inquired Solomon.

"Papa has not returned," murmured the young lady.

"Why, you ain't a going to tell me as Brown's your daddy?" said Solomon. "I never know'd he'd a been married, to say nawthing about little 'ans; though you beant so little nyther—you're a goud sized mawther for so young a man as Brown."

The young lady went towards the mutilated Venus, and to Solomon's horror, began to investigate the extent of damage. The arm, which had been outstretched, was broken short off above the elbow—the nose was in a fitting state for the Taliacotian operation, and an awkward fracture of the right knee rendered her position dangerously unsteady. But Solomon put a good face on the matter, and said, in a quiet easy tone; "A little putty and white paint will make her leuk as goud as new."

"Do you sketch?" said Miss Augustina to nevery Nemmy, as she was taking her *portfeuille* from a side table. "Do you sketch?"

"I don't know," replied the innocent.

"Do you draw?" said the young lady.

"Oh, yes. When Bet's down arter the keows, I draws all the water from the well that mother wants, but Unkey Solly draws the yale, and mother draws the elderberry wine."

The young lady opened her piano. "Can you play?" said she.

"I like a game at ring-taw and hop-sotch, but the boys says I'm too fat to hop, and smugs my marloes."

Augustina hopelessly rattled off several of the most popular airs, and raised her small voice in song, for the gratification of her father's friends. She had gone through several of her favorite pieces without one word of praise or thanks; turning round, after the

achievement of a difficult scene, she discovered that Solomon was counting and numbering a heap of bank notes, and that the interesting Nemmy had fallen asleep on one of the crimson satin couches, while busily employed in the intellectual amusement of sucking his thumb.

Augustina glided softly out of the room, and informed her Ma of the state of affairs. "Counting bank notes," said Mrs. Browne, "then, as I suspected, he is one of the provincial millionaires, and your Pa has sent him here to be out of the way of the other brokers. Perhaps they are negotiating a new foreign loan. I am astonished that Browne does not return—it is nearly four o'clock. I must go to the drawing room, and suffer half an hour's agony in the wild man's company."

Mrs. Browne put on an insinuating look, and gracefully sailed into the room. "I regret Mr. B's unaccountable detention," said she, in her softest tone, "but his multifarious engagements render all attempts at punctuality completely nugatory."

Solomon, not understanding a word, said nothing in reply.

"Do you think that a good resemblance of B?" said the lady, pointing to the portrait of a large red faced man with a bald head and a pair of white whiskers.

"Well," said Whapple, whose ideas of Brown were connected with a dark-visaged, black-bearded dapper little fellow, "well, I bea'n't much of a judge of pictures, but I don't see the connexion."

"Do you wish to dine before he returns?" said the lady; "I think you said something about visiting the theatre—if so, we have no time to spare."

"I did just want to show Nemmy them 'ere horse riding chaps at Hashley's—perhaps you and that 'ere thin young lady would like to go and see the fun?"

"No, no, no," said the lady, with a smile. "We never visit such places; but if you will excuse me for a moment, I will take care that dinner shall be immediately announced."

"Seem as you like, marm; for I'm blessed if I could 'nt eat a live caa'f and a sack o' cabbages."

Mrs. Browne inquired into the state of the hastily cooked dinner, and discovering a marvellous deficiency of material, despatched an express to a neighboring cook's, and procured a tureen of turtle, a couple of fricandeaus, and a trifle of marinated game. The household resources afforded bouilli beef, smelts, and flounders, and the usual pastry. Solomon was invited down to dinner, but instead of offering his arm to either of the ladies, he seized Nemmy by the shoulders, and suffered his hostess and her daughter to follow at their leisure.

"What be this here thick stuff o' broth called, bor?" said Solomon to the footman.

"Turtle soup, sir."

"Made from biling down them turtle doves I've heerd on, I suppose—and these here be their eggs," said Solomon, knocking about the forcemeat balls with his knife.

"Fish?" said the lady, offering him a couple of smelts.

"Taint worth wasting while a picking them 'ere

sprats, marm. I'm for the solids, please, being four hours arter time."

"May I offer you a small portion of this frican-deau?"

"Free what? it looks, with all them small white spikes a sticking out on it, just like a biled porkepine with its bristles cut rayther closeish."

"Shall I send you a little bouilli beef?" said the lady.

"Any thing in the beef way; and just let your man take away them 'ere birds, for they smells uncommon strong. Nemmy, have a touch at the bully, bor."

Mrs. Browne exerted herself to please her guests, and, subverting the order of things, even challenged the farmer to a glass of wine—but the ungallant rustic preferred a draught of beer, asserting that "them tiddling glasses were too leetle to squench his drouth."

"Has Mr. Browne long had the pleasure of your acquaintance?" said the lady.

"We've done a heap o' business together—but we hain't seed one another afore this morning. Brown's made no end o' money out o' me, and so he will again."

"My dear sir," said the lady, "I am heartily sorry that my husband should have been unable to attend the honors of his board. Would you like our carriage to take you to the theatre?"

At that moment, a loud and imperative knock at the street door attracted Mrs. Browne's attention. She walked out of the room, smiling blandly at Solomon, and whispering, "I believe its B."

An indistinct dialogue was heard in the hall, and, in a few minutes, the door of the dining room was thrown open. Here's Pa!" said Miss Augustina. Solomon, whose back was turned towards the entrance, shouted out—"I say, Brown, bor, bea'nt you a pretty fellow to keep me a waiting—" when his speech was suddenly cut short by a portly elderly man with a red face and white whiskers, who stood beside him, and said, in an angry tone; "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I be a waiting to see Brown," said Solomon, in a doleful tone.

"My name is Browne, sir," replied the stranger. "What is your business with me, sir? How is it that I find you in my house, sir? at my table, sir? You have smashed my Venus sir; you have deceived my wife, sir, and my daughter, sir, and my servants, sir, with a cock and bull story about me, sir, when I don't know you, sir; and so what have you to say, sir?"

"You bea'nt John Brown, the corn merchant of Mark Lane."

"John Brown? no, sir—I am Augustus Adrian Browne, sir, of the Stock Exchange, sir—Browne—spelt with an E, sir—B. R. O. W. N. E, sir—the only Browne with an E, sir, in the parish, sir."

"Then," said Solomon, with frightful energy, "darn my old stockings, if I hain't come to the wrong shop!"

"It is quite evident, B, dear, that the vulgar ruf-fan is an improper character. Send for a policeman, and clear the house of him and that frightful red-

looking fat child, before the Honorable Mrs. Fitzgigs arrives, or our respectability is gone for ever."

"Don't thee bring no policeman here," roared Solomon; "it be all a mistake, and I can afford to pay for all that my nevey and I ha' been eating, biled pork-pine and all. I was to ha' dined with Mr. Brown, of the Corn Exchange—true as fact, I tell'ee—if you don't believe, send to him—here, Nemmy, bor, run to Mr. Brown's, it must be somewhere in this here street, and tell him to come along, and bear witness to my character and suspectability."

Nemmy answered not, but rubbing his eyes with the back part of his hands, burst into a roaring fit of crying.

"The child's afeard, for sartin—so I'll go myself. I'll let you see I'm a decent man, and don't care for nobody nyther. My name's Solomon Whapple, of Geuse Green Faarm, nigh handy to Bungay, and I s'pose you know where that is? I'll leave my nevey here in pawn till I get back."

The determined Solomon pushed through the crowd of tittering domestics, and, opening the house door, walked into the street, without waiting for his hat. He passed the Corn Exchange, and knocking at the first door he came to, inquired for Mr. Brown. He was directed to the fourth house lower down. Twenty strides brought him to the door; he seized both bell

and knocker, and when his terrific peal was answered, clamored loudly for John Brown.

"Hallo, Whapple, is that you?" said Mr. Brown, running down stairs, "where have you been? I have waited dinner for you all the afternoon—where's your nephew?"

"He's in pawn again, bor, just up here; put on your hat, and come and testify that I'm not an improper character, as your neighbor, Mrs. Browne, with an E, swears I am."

Solomon's description of his mistake convulsed the corn merchant, who willingly accompanied him, and explained the circumstances of the case. Mr. Browne, the stock broker, received the explanation with proper dignity; and Solomon, holding his yelping nevey in one hand, and his hat in the other, bowed himself out, promising to send a sufficient quantity of sucking pigs, Michaelmas geese, and Christmas turkeys, to pay for the fracture of "that there naked woman's arm and nose."

"I say, Mr. Brown, with ne'er an-E, just show me the way to the Bull Inn directly. will you, there's a geud fellow. I'll get back to Bungay to-morrow morning by the first coach—and, I say, bor, if ever you do catch me in this here big wicked town o' your'n again, I'll just give you leave to call me the largest gander on Geuse Green Faarm."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

I.

On breathe no more that simple air,—
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell

Is cold despair!

I heard it once from lips as fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is—where?

II.

How have those well known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strewed
With fairy flowers!—

Then all was bright, and fond, and fair—
Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,—
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is—where?

III.

Can I then love the air she loved?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again
Calm and unmoved?—
And thou to blame my tears forbear,
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, "such was she,"
And she is—where?

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. BAUMANN.

IN one of the wild valleys of Switzerland, upon the declivity of a rock, stood a little cottage, rudely constructed of trees and planks. Large flags of unhewn stone, of a weight sufficient to resist the violence of the wind, were piled up over the roof of the humble abode, and formed a covering not wholly impervious to the snow and rain. A few pine trees which happened to be springing on the spot, had been employed with the rudest art in the construction of this hut; the hatchet had indeed removed the branches which obstructed the interior of the dwelling, but on the outside they had been left as untouched by the hand of art as the rude rocks around them. A folding-door in the roof served the purpose of a chimney in fair weather; but when a storm swept through the valley, it was pulled down by means of a cord which remained suspended in the middle of the smoky room.

In a corner of the room stood a rude table, and at both sides a low bench fixed to the wall; a few logs placed before the stone stove served the children for seats. In a dark and smoky recess in the wall there was placed a crucifix, which was yearly adorned with a fresh crown of Alpine roses; near the old wooden clock, stood a long shelf on which the wooden spoons and forks were always carefully arranged, after the inmates had concluded their frugal meal. A small door on the left opened into a little chamber which the peasant and his wife occupied as a sleeping apartment. Immediately opposite to the crucifix, a picture of the Holy Virgin was hung; and in a dark black loft above it was placed a small pallet composed of moss and beechen leaves, into which the children crept at night. On the west side of the hut lay the stable for the goats and sheep; and near the door stood the kennel of the faithful dog, whose business it was to prevent the cattle from gaining access to the hut. Yearly, at the approach of winter, the chinks in the sides and roof of this rude abode were closely filled-up with moss, and a strong beam of wood fixed along the north side to strengthen it against the violence of the storms; the stable also was repaired, and received a double thatching of fir-branches. The dog too had his comforts attended to at this season, and now took up his abode under the stove; having no longer any out of door duties to perform.

In this hut lived the honest Kuoni with his wife and children. He had built it with his own hands, and therefore though to others it might appear dark and uncomfortable yet to him it seemed cheerful and beautiful. Kuoni was not a proud man, yet he often thanked God for his good fortune and comfortable circumstances, and felt himself rich almost to super-

fluity, when he recollected that he had seven goats and twelve sheep of his own. So true is it that where the blessing of Heaven rests, it needs not either wealth or abundance to convert any spot of ground, in the eyes of a grateful man, into a garden,—and any habitation, however uncouth into a palace. Kuoni's brow was ever lofty and unruffled, and his heart warm and cheerful; and every morning he awoke with a "hallowed be thy name," on his grateful lips. How different is it with the thousands whose hearts cling to the perishing creatures of this earth, and are ever distracted by its engrossing cares and crosses! In their case we see how truly abundance may be converted into want, riches into poverty, and life itself, though blessed with all outward means of happiness, rendered dreary, useless, and unhappy. With each returning morning, Kuoni felt his heart stirred within him by a sense of the mercies he had received from his Heavenly Father, but never by any of those carking cares, and sorrows, and disappointments, which rush in like a flood upon the waking thoughts of the worldling, and stifle all that is exalted and generous in his nature.

Kuoni was blessed with a virtuous wife, who had brought him seven children,—all strong, healthy, and shooting up under his eye into fair and vigorous youth. Where nature has her own unsophisticated way, there health, and vigor, and cheerfulness may with certainty be looked for. When our young Alpine dwellers returned to their cot in the evening, after having spent the day in climbing about the rocks, where the elder ones gathered winter fodder for the sheep and goats, and had appeased their hunger with a full but simple meal, they retired to rest on their beechen-leaves without a care, and slept as comfortably and soundly as if an angel had been keeping watch over their repose; and in winter it was pleasant to see the family all seated around the cheerful stove, weaving baskets of willow-work, which they annually carried to the fair, where every one was anxious to purchase one of honest Kuoni's baskets, which were always so neat and strong.

Kuoni possessed a great treasure in his dear little hut. It was a Rose of Jericho which is highly valued in many parts of Switzerland, on account of the prophetic properties which it is believed to possess on Christmas Eve. When the solemn evening has arrived, the simple housewife takes the preserved flower from the cupboard or box in which it is carefully deposited, puts it in a glass with some cold water, and then announces that this humble ceremony will be followed by a little feast, and that all are now about to receive

their Christmas gift. True, they are such gifts as the pampered children of affluence would spurn at, but they are nevertheless treasures in the eyes of young mountaineers, more precious far to them than words can tell. They are the gifts of love and affection, to gratitude and reciprocal love. When the little feast is over, and all have thanked the good Giver of their mercies, with their hearts as well as their lips, the father of the family takes his Litany, and reads the beautiful passage, commencing: "Thou, who for us wast crucified, have mercy upon us!"

It is during the reading of the Litany that the flower is expected to bloom; and, in proportion as it expands itself, and seems to drink in nourishment from the water and awake to natural life and vigor, is its augury deemed propitious. When the important moment had arrived, and the rose began to bloom within the water, Kuoni returned thanks to heaven for its goodness and mercies, and the mother carefully watched the motions of the little wondering group, who surrounded the table and gazed with sparkling eyes on the marvellous flower, lest any of them should upset the glass or begin to pull at the rose itself. Then Kuoni addressed the children, and told them that even as the flower was now expanding itself amongst them, should their hearts expand towards God when they came before him; and that God's merciful providence would again clothe their valley with the beauties of spring after the long winter had passed, so there awaited for the good a happier spring after the winter of human life was passed, in which they would bloom in immortal youth amongst the angels in Heaven.

While Kuoni spoke thus, the younger listened to him in deep amazement, faintly comprehending the meaning of his words; but the elder children knew well the import of that lesson which their father wished to communicate to them, and rejoiced in the anticipation of the blessing of which he spoke. So readily does the young and unsophisticated mind receive the impressions of serious and heavenly teaching.

The parents carefully observed towards which of their children the rose put forth its strongest blossoming, for they believed that the omen was particularly auspicious to the individual thus pointed at; and without feeling that they loved the others the less on this account, they rejoiced in the good luck of the fortunate one.

Though the winter-storm might be howling loudly and the snow lying to a man's height in the valley, yet every Christmas Eve beheld not a few of Kuoni's neighbor shepherds assembled in his hut to witness the marvel of the blooming rose, and mark what promise it gave for the coming year; after which they returned home and related to their friends what they had seen, and told them also of the blessings which they had heard Kuoni invoke for their herds and pastures; whereupon all joined in admiring the wonderful Rose, and praising their good and wise neighbor Kuoni. It was Kuoni's custom every Christmas Eve to relate his history to the assembled group, and many of the neighbors came to hear this also; for they

deemed the simple narrative an instructive lesson, and marvelled greatly at the dealings of Providence with their neighbor, and the goodness of his heavenly Father. It was thus that Kuoni related his artless story:

"Down yonder, on the borders of the lake, where the beautiful Stanzstadt lies, my father's cottage stood. It was a small and humble dwelling compared with the houses of the burgh-town; but it was always cheerful and comfortable. Our sole property consisted of a few sheep and goats; we were able also to keep a cow all the year round.* Our cottage had four large windows which looked towards the lake. But oh, what a sight was that? On the left towered the dark Pilatus, with his lofty peaks which seemed to hang over the lake; on the right lay the village of Kutznacht in front of the sheltering heights of the Rigi. I was the eldest of three brothers, and lived with my grandfather whose cottage was also near the lake, and twice I accompanied him to Lucerne. My younger brothers herded the flock, and my father wrought to the rich people of Stanzstadt for daily wages. Thus we lived very happily, blessed and protected by God; for we all enjoyed good health and spirits, and our cattle prospered and multiplied yearly. And ever when Christmas Eve came, our good neighbors and many of the people even from Stanzstadt, came to our cottage; for all desired to behold the wonderful Rose of Jericho which my father received from his father, and he again from a learned monk, who had been at the holy city of Rome, where the pope lives. 'Kuoni,' said my dear grandfather, one Christmas Eve, when the Rose delayed to put forth its leaves; 'there is evil before us and need of thy prayers; the great people laughed when they heard the old man talk thus; but we and our neighbor friends beheld the token with reverence, and felt very sad; though when the good old man came to me, and laid his hand on my head and said: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' I felt less alarmed.

"It was among the first days of winter when the snow began to fall and clothe the sides of the mountain down to the lake, that a pestilential disease came into our part of the country. Sorely did it afflict us all; my parents were carried off in the course of a week, and my two little brothers soon followed them. I was but slightly affected, and knew not of the evil which had befallen them; my grandfather too recovered after great sickness. It was a serene day when he arose for the first time from his sick-bed. O I shall never forget that day! I gazed from the windows of our hut—long and earnestly I gazed abroad, but could discover nobody moving about. We walked forth; the country was silent as if all living creatures had suddenly sunk into the earth. My grandfather leant

* Cows, goats, and sheep, constitute the sole riches of the Swiss peasant; but few of the poorer class are able to keep a cow for their own use. Those who are so wealthy as to possess a cow, generally send it to a neighboring farmer, or the proprietor of a large dairy, during the summer season, who allows the peasant a trifle, seldom exceeding twenty-five shillings, for the milk of the animal during the season, and restore it to its owner before the approach of winter.

on my shoulder, and the large round tears rolled down his venerable cheeks. We gazed towards the lake,—its waves seemed to beat against the shore with a hollow and mournful sound; we turned towards the well-known hut where my father and brethren dwelt,—but all there too was hushed and lifeless. No smoke rose curling above it; no voice echoing from it; it was silent as if no human being dwelt there. The sheep browsed tranquilly at some distance; the cow lay under the shadow of a tree, and the goats gazed down from the rocks upon us; but no sound came from the well-known spot where my brothers used to disport themselves from morning till evening while watching the flock.

"Then my grandfather looked upon me and said: 'Kuoni, thy father is no more; but 'His name be halloed and his will be done!' They are all, all gone,—and thou, Kuoni, hast lost thy father and brethren, and I my children. Thou art now my only child, and I am thy only father.' With these words, the old man took me in his arms, and pressed me affectionately to his breast, while both of us wept bitterly in our sorrow.

"I was eighteen years of age, and understood pretty well the management of the house and flock. The old man too gathered strength again, and the few neighbors whom the pestilence had spared were very friendly and gave us all the assistance in their power. Two years we lived in this way, the third brought me a new trial, in the loss of my last dear relative, my beloved grandfather. He was ill, very ill, and mortal disease sat sore upon him, when one evening the old man thus addressed me: 'Kuoni, I am going to join thy parents and brothers: God calls me away from hence and cheerfully do I obey the call. But there is one thing lies near my heart which I must impart to thee before I go. Thou knowest the old Ruodi's daughter, who lives at the other side, at Berg; she knows thee also, and the girl is good and chaste, and will bring a hundred blessings upon thy house. I know that Ruodi will be friendly to thee. Promise me then, and give me thy hand upon it Kuoni; and then will I leave this world without regret.' I gave him my hand and promise, and the good old man in a few minutes afterwards calmly yielded up his breath to Him who gave it, after exhorting me ever to put my trust and confidence in God above.

"I was now alone,—all had gone before me to another world; but the love I had for Bethy, the honest Ruodi's daughter, supported me under my grief. Bethy was my love and only solace. But heaven had still reserved another and a severer trial than all the past for me. A bad man in the neighboring parish, whose fields lay adjacent to mine,—a man whom no one liked,—produced an agreement by which both my father and grandfather made over to him all that property which I believed myself to have inherited from them. The neighbors also shook their heads at the story; but he showed sign and seal for it, which

he had obtained, God knows how. I went with him to law, but he was a rich man, and I was a poor one, and wealth got the ear of justice, so that I soon saw myself stript of house and herd. God have mercy upon him and pardon him!" In this benevolent and merciful ejaculation, which Kuoni always inserted in the course of his Christmas Eve narrative, the simple peasants used heartily to join, while they shrank with abhorrence from the wickedness of the man for whom they prayed.

"Nothing remained mine," continued Kuoni, so soon as his feelings permitted him to resume the narrative,—“nothing remained mine of all my father's inheritance but the Rose of Jericho. I was banished from the dear cottage in which I drew the first breath of life. My little herd of goats all followed me to the gate at the end of their pasture-ground, and seemed to me to look mournfully at me as I departed. I went to Bethy and told her what had happened; she heard the whole story of my misfortunes, but was not a whit downcast at it. 'Kuoni,' said she, 'thou art yet an honest man, and thou art strong and healthy; do not therefore be downcast, man! My father has a piece of ground up yonder on the hill side; he will allow thee to build a house for thyself upon it; away and get a hut ready for thyself, and when it is built I will come and live with thee as thy wedded wife, and with Heaven's blessings upon us we will be as happy there as elsewhere, though the winter snow should lie longer around and the blast howl louder above us.' These words of Bethy restored me to myself; I threw my arms around her neck, and wept like a child. 'Bethy, thou art an angel!' I exclaimed; and as I embraced her and wept aloud her father entered, and beheld us both in our mingled love and sorrow, and gave us his blessing.

"I was now richer far and happier than the bad man who had robbed me of my property. It was in summer that I began to build my cottage up high on the Alps, and in harvest Bethy and I were married by the priest, and have dwelt here in happiness and peace ever since. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of the Rose, and thus too my pious grandfather's blessing was fulfilled."

Such was the narrative which Kuoni used to relate after reading the Litany on Christmas Eve. Many years he dwelt in peace and contentment in his rude hut, and here he drew his last breath upon his own bed, full of years and patriarchal honors. His faithful Bethy followed him to the land of rest within two years. But the Rose of Jericho was banded down as a precious heirloom from father to son for many generations; nor did it lose its marvellous virtues till long after it had gladdened the eyes of Kuoni's descendants, by its marvellous blooming under the roof of that very cottage in which the monk first bestowed it upon Kuoni's grandfather, which, with the fields attached to it, were restored to Kuoni's children, upon the death of the man whose falsehood had stript their father of his paternal possession. M.

SCISSIBLES,

FROM THE BLANK BOOK OF A BIBLIOGRAPHER.

And as for me, though that I ken but lite
On books for to read, I me delight
And to them give I faith and full credence,
And in mine heart have 'em in reverence
So heartily that there is game none
That fro' my books maketh me to gane.—Chaucer.

CONCISE ACCOUNT OF MANY CURIOUS IM-
POSTURES OF LITERARY MEN.

Some authors have practised singular impositions on the public. Varillas, the French historian, enjoyed for some time a great reputation in his own country for his historical compositions. When they became more known, the scholars of other countries destroyed the reputation he had unjustly acquired. "His continual professions of sincerity prejudiced many in his favor, and made him pass for a writer who had penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cabinet; but the public were at length undeceived, and convinced that the historical anecdotes which Varillas put off for authentic facts had no foundation, being wholly of his own invention, though by affected citations of titles, instructions, letters, memoirs, and relations, all of them imaginary, he endeavored to make them pass for realities!"

Thevenot, librarian to the French king, was never out of Europe, yet he has composed two folio volumes of his "Voyages and Travels," by information and memoirs which he collected from those who had travelled; but travels thus related at second-hand cannot be of great authority, and must be pregnant with errors of all kinds.

Gemelli Carreri, a Neapolitan gentleman, for many years never quitted his chamber, confined by a nervous indisposition—he amused himself with writing a voyage round the world—giving characters of men, and descriptions of countries, as if he had really visited them. Du Halde, who has written so voluminous an account of China, compiled it from memoirs of the missionaries, and never travelled ten leagues from Paris in his life—though he appears, by his writings, to be very familiar with Chinese scenery.

Damberger's travels made a great sensation—and the public were duped; they proved to be the ideal voyages made by a member of the German Grubstreet, about his own garret! I am sorry to add, that most of our "Travels" have been lately manufactured to fill a certain size.

This is an excellent observation of an anonymous author:—*Writers* who never visited foreign countries, and *Travellers* who have run through immense regions with fleeting pace, have given us long accounts of various countries and people—evidently collected

from the idle reports and absurd traditions of the ignorant vulgar, from whom only they could have received those relations which we see accumulated with such undiscerning credulity."

Some authors have practised the singular imposition of announcing a variety of titles of works as if preparing for the press, but of which nothing but the titles have been written.

Paschal, historiographer of France, had a reason for these ingenious inventions—he continually announced such titles that his pension for writing on the history of France might not be stopped. When he died, his historical labors did not exceed six pages!

Gregorio Leti is an historian of much the same stamp as Varillas! He wrote with great facility, and hunger generally quickened his pen. He took every thing too lightly—yet his works are sometimes looked into for many anecdotes of English history not to be found elsewhere; and perhaps ought not to have been there, if truth had been consulted. His great aim was always to make a book, so that he swells his volumes with idle digressions; and, with a view of amusing his readers, intersperses many low and ridiculous stories; and gives to illustrious characters all the repartees and good things he collected from old novel writers.

Such forgeries abound; the numerous "Testaments Politiques" of Colbert, Mazarine, and other great ministers, were forgeries usually from the Dutch press, as are many pretended "Memoires." I could point out, in the present day, some remarkable instances of this kind; biographies woven out of letters, anecdotes, and other documents all entirely surreptitious! The French have been flagrant forgers.—Among other pernicious effects of these shameful forgeries, is that of overloading the mind with a thousand false notions, and mistaking at a distant day the vilest calumnies for historical truths.

Most of our old translations from the Greek and Latin authors were taken from French versions.

It is now, I believe, pretty well agreed on, that the travels written in Hebrew, of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, are very fictitious. He describes a journey, which if ever he took, it must have been with his night-cap on: being a perfect dream. It is said that to inspirit and give importance to his nation, he pretended he had travelled to all the synagogues in the

east; places he mentions he does not appear ever to have seen, and the different people he describes no one has known. He calculates that he has found Jews to the amount of near eight hundred thousand, of which about half are independent, and not subjects of any Christian or Gentile sovereign. These fictitious travels have been a source of much trouble to the learned; particularly to those whose zeal to authenticate them, induced them to follow the aerial footsteps of the Hypogriffe of Rabbi Benjamin. He affirms that the tomb of Ezekiel, with the library of the first and second temples, were to be seen in his time at a place on the banks of the river Euphrates; on this, Wesselius of Groningen, and many other literati travelled on purpose to Mesopotamia, but the fairy treasure was never to be seen, nor even heard of!

The first on the list of impudent impostors, is Annus of Viterbo, a Dominican, and master of the sacred palace under Alexander VI. He pretended he had discovered the genuine works Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berossus, and other works, of which only fragments are remaining. He published seventeen books of antiquities! But not having any MSS. to produce, though he declared he had found them buried in the earth, these literary fabrications occasioned great controversies; for the author died before he had made up his mind to a confession. At their first publication universal joy was diffused among the learned. Suspicion soon rose, and detection followed. However, as the forger would never acknowledge himself as such, it has been ingeniously conjectured that he himself was imposed on, rather than that he was the impostor. It has been said, that a great volume in MS. anterior by two hundred years to the seventeen folios of Annus exists in the Bibliothéque Colbertine, in which these pretended histories were to be read; but as Annus would never point out the sources of his seventeen folios, the whole is considered as a flagrant imposture.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures was adopted by Joseph Vella in 1794, who becoming an adventurer in Sicily, pretended that he possessed seventeen of the lost books of Livy in Arabic; he had received this literary treasure, he said, from a Frenchman who had purloined it from a shelf in St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople. As many of the Greek and Roman classics have been translated by the Arabians, and many were first known in Europe in their Arabic dress, there was nothing improbable in one part of his story. He was urged to publish these long-desired books; and Lady Spencer, then in Italy, offered to defray the expenses. He had the effrontery, by way of specimen, to edit an Italian translation of the sixtieth book, but that book took up no more than one octavo page! A professor of oriental literature in Prussia, introduced it in his work, never suspecting the fraud, but it was nothing more than the epitome of Florus. About this time he also gave out that he had a code which he had picked up in the abbey of St. Martin, but which he would never return, containing the ancient history of Sicily, in the Arabic period, comprehending above two hundred years; and of which ages their own historians were entirely defi-

cient in knowledge. Vella declared he had a genuine official correspondence between the Arabian governors of Sicily and their superiors in Africa, from the first landing of the Arabians in that Island. Vella was now loaded with honors and pensions! It is true, he shewed Arabic MSS, which however, did not contain a syllable of what he said. He pretended he was in continual correspondence with friends at Morocco and elsewhere. The King of Naples furnished him continually with great sums of money to assist his researches. Four volumes in quarto were at length published!—Vella had the adroitness to change the Arabic MSS. he possessed, which entirely related to Mahomet, to matters relative to Sicily; he bestowed several weeks labor to disfigure the whole, altering page for page, line for line, and word for word, but interspersed numberless dots, strokes, and flourishes, so that when he published a fac-simile, every one admired the learning of Vella, who could translate what no one else could read. He complained he had lost an eye in this minute labor; and every one thought his pension ought to have been increased. Every thing prospered about him except his eye, which some thought was not so bad neither. It was at length discovered, by his blunders, etc., that the whole was a forgery; though it had now been patronized, translated, and extracted, throughout Europe. When this MS. was examined by an orientalist, it was discovered to be nothing but a history of *Mahomet and his family*.—Vella was condemned to imprisonment.

A learned antiquary, (says Mr. Swinburne) Medina Conde, in order to favor the pretensions of the church, in a great law-suit, forged deeds and inscriptions, which he buried in the ground, where he knew they would shortly be dug up again. Upon their being found, he published engravings of them, and gave explanations of their unknown characters, making them out to be so many authentic proofs and evidences of the assertions of the clergy.

The Morocco Ambassador purchased of him a copper bracelet of Fatima, which Medina proved by the Arabic inscription and many certificates, to be genuine, and found among the ruins of Alhambra, with other treasures of its last king, who had hid them there in the hope of better days. This famous bracelet turned out afterwards to be the work of Medina's own hands, and made out of an old brass candlestick!

George Psalmanazar, well known in the literary world, and to whose labors we owe much of the great universal history, exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His Island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition and great must have been that erudition, which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people. It is said that the deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he defied and baffled the most learned. The literary impostor, Lauder, had much more audacity than ingenuity, and he died condemned by all the world. Genius and learning are ill directed in forming literary impostures, but at least they must be dis-

tinguished from the fabrications of ordinary impostors.—A singular forgery was not long ago practised on Captain Wilford by a learned Hindu, who, to ingratiate himself and his studies with the too zealous and pious European, contrived to give the history of Noah and his three sons, in his "Purana," under the designation of Satyavrata. Captain Wilford having read the passage, transcribed it for Sir William Jones, who translated it as a curious extract. But it afterwards appeared, that the whole was an interpolation by the dexterous introduction of a forged sheet, discolored, and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which, having served his purpose for the moment, was afterwards withdrawn. Sir William Jones would not have been deceived, had he seen this MS., for he detected a similar impudent fraud immediately on inspection. The forgery is preserved in Lord Teignmouth's memoirs of that elegant scholar.

Of authors who have sold their names to be prefixed to works they never read; or, on the contrary, who have prefixed the names of others to their own writings, for a certain remuneration, it is sufficient to mention the circumstances. As an anecdote from the secret memoirs of literature, we may notice one of that encyclopedic genius, Sir John Hill; he owned to a friend once, when he fell sick, that he had over-fatigued himself with writing seven works at once. One of which was on architecture, and another on cookery. This hero once contracted to translate Swammerdam's works on insects for fifty guineas. After the agreement with the bookseller, he perfectly recollected that he did not understand a single word of the Dutch language. Nor did there exist a French translation. The work, however, was not the less done for this small obstacle. Sir John bargained with another translator for twenty-five guineas. The second translator was precisely in the same situation as the first; as ignorant, though not so well paid as the knight. He bargained with a third, who perfectly understood his original, for twelve guineas. So that the translators, who could not translate, feasted on

venison and turtle, while the modest drudge, whose name never appeared to the world, broke in patience his daily bread.

The craft of authorship has many mysteries of its own; many memorable, though uncommemorated anecdotes. The great patriarch and primeval dealer in English literature is said to have been Robert Green, one of the most facetious, profligate, and indefatigable of the Scribbler family. He laid the foundation of a new dynasty of literary emperors. The first act by which he proved his claim to the throne of Grubstreet has served as a model to his numerous successors—it was a cheating ambidextrous trick! Green sold his "Orlando Furioso" to two different theatres, and is supposed to be the first author in English literary history, who wrote as a trader; or as crabbed Anthony Wood phrases it, in the language of celibacy and cynicism, "he wrote to maintain his wife, and that high loose course of living, which poets generally follow." With a drop still sweeter, old Anthony describes Gayton, another worthy, "he came up to London to live in a shirking condition, and wrote trite things, merely to get bread to sustain him and his wife." The hermit Anthony seems to have had a mortal antipathy against the Eves of literary men. The anecdote of Green's ambidextrous manoeuvre is this:—He sold his play to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, but when the Queen's players were in the country, he resold it to the Lord Admiral's for as much more. It was after this, that in open defiance to the rival proprietors, he published his "Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods; or, the Bell Man wanted a Clapper."

But of all the impostures in the annals of literature, that of the Shakespeare papers by Ireland, is, perhaps, the most remarkable. That a boy so young and so inexperienced, should have imposed upon so many LEARNED (?) men, must be a matter of astonishment to the present generation. We may notice other impostures in a future number.

E. M. A.

EVENING MUSINGS.

THEY talk of the moon in a cloudless sky!—

But give me the gentle moon,
When the clear light clouds are hurrying by,
To pass too fleet—too soon—
Like the flowery dreams that so quickly fly
In our childhood's blissful noon.

Look out on the pure and beautiful blue,
As the fleecy host sit on,
And the lonely star-light peeping through,
Now here, and anon all gone,—
Could the eye ere court a sweeter view,
Or hope wish a brighter one!

How the leaping heart is subdued in its glee,

As the eye drinks the glory in,
Light thoughts are called home, and our bosoms all free
From the taint of earth and its den;
We are rapt in *one* wish, that on high we could flee
That beautiful heaven to win!

That pale, blessed moon, as it floats in its pride

Those vapory clouds among,
Like the "lights and the shadows" of life's fitful tide
Gently over our destiny flung,
Each seems a sweet mentor—a heavenly guide—
While there in the pure ether hung.

Columbia, Pa.

A.L.P.

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

EGOTISM is an unpardonable offence in an author, but, the writer of these sketches would remind the reader, in the beginning, that *veracity* is some apology for egotism, and he would beg of them to bear in mind the old axiom that "truth is mighty and will prevail." Fifty years ago, the state of Ohio contained sixty-four inhabitants; it now contains nearly one million and a half of souls. This rapid increase of population, was mostly occasioned by the uncommon fertility of the soil of the "Miami Valley," which is the most luxuriant part of the state. But other causes contributed to this increase of population; one of which is the mildness of the climate, and the healthiness of the state, particularly of that part termed the "Miami Valley." The many incidents which occurred in this part of the country, if brought to light, would fill a book quite as voluminous as a history of Greece or of Rome, and although not possessing the charm of being classical, would, at least, be prolific with the deeds of men, whose title to true courage and magnanimity, is as valid as an Alcibiades or as a Cæsar.

The lives of the early settlers of the west were pregnant with perils; but, constant danger will embolden the spirit, and render one less fearful of the "grim monster." There is an excitement in dangers which increases the charm of a western life; this may appear improbable, yet many instances could be cited, where excitement made heroes of cowards. It is known to all soldiers, that the greatest fear is experienced just preceding a battle, but so soon as the din and confusion of the engagement becomes universal, fear is displaced by the excitement, and they rush rashly and precipitately into dangers, which, in their cooler moments would intimidate them. It is said that sergeant Jasper—whose daring deed, in tying the fallen flag to its staff when bullets were flying around him, has immortalized him—observed, the day subsequently to the battle, that he could not be "forced or prevailed upon to do the same mad act again;" these words were spoken in his cooler moments, but excitement would have prompted him again to the same act. 'Tis thus with us all; excitement and familiarity with dangers harden our spirits, and render our breasts less susceptible to the horrors of cowardice. This is the master creation within us, which gave a charm to the western life, and contributed to the daring adventures which intimidated and finally subdued the savages.

In earlier days, in the west, effeminacy was not an accomplishment, as it appears to be now, but he who could wander the dense forest, without any compass but such as God gave him; he who could bear the winter winds and summer sun, and the many hardships which must be borne in an uninhabitable wilderness, was then considered accomplished. Our maidens were then unacquainted with the art of beautifying the complexion with rouge, but the sun colored their cheeks with a healthy glow, which would shame the unnatural hue of the city belles; if the western maiden blushed—if that undefinable sensation was allowed to steal upon them—it was caused by permitting the sun to rise before them. But luxury has made sad havoc among our children; it is a murderer, but it murders its victims with a slow but unerring aim, and whole nations fall before its powers. If we look to the source, to the founders of all nations, of Greece, of Rome—we shall see that the founders of those empires were men whose morals were incorruptible, but their descendants degenerated, till luxury enervated them, and its follower, voluptuousness, overthrew them. 'Tis thus with the *Hesperides* in a small way. The first settlers of the state were men of uncommon strength and fortitude, whom no dangers could intimidate, and no hardships tire; they went their way through the wilderness, and towns sprang up around them; wealth, and its satellite voluptuousness, began to pour into our states, and the descendants of the hardy pioneers daily became more enervated, both physically and mentally. When I speak of degenerating mentally, I refer to the popular mode of teaching youth in these days. Instead of being instructed in the various branches of an English education—of being taught to speak fluently their vernacular tongue, they are kept constantly poring over some Latin or Greek author, for three or four years, when they emerge from the walls of their colleges, and go into the world, inflated with the idea of their profound knowledge, they are then incapacitated for attending to any business which will earn them a livelihood, simply because they do not understand the genius of their own language. I wish not to speak at all derogatory to the intentions of our teachers, for I believe them to be good, but I must confess that my opinion (it may be a solitary one,) is against their mode of teaching. Knowledge is the bulwark of our nation, and one thought upon it, it is hoped, will not be taken amiss, previously to the commencement of our history. It is my intention to tell, in a plain, unvarnished way,

the adventures of a few of my comrades, and of myself. If they prove of interest to my readers, I am satisfied. The actors of these scenes have all passed away from this great stage, but their deeds are monuments which should live in the memory of the people, so long as this great valley of the Heeperides is peopled.

I emigrated from Virginia to Ohio, in the spring of 1790. Our now populous state, was then a howling wilderness. The red man, and the bear, and the wolf, were its inhabitants, and the former was more to be dreaded than all the rest. An able writer says that man is not a reasoning being, but a being only capable of reasoning. This sentence may be very appropriately applied to the Indians during war, for with them, the nobler attributes of the human soul are frozen up—mercy to a prisoner is unknown, although like the inquisitorial council of old, a show is often made. A council is called, and the prisoner, who already knows his fate, awaits with a palpitating heart, for the council's only mercy—a protraction of the execution.

When I emigrated, I was in the spring time of my life. I had heard of Indians, but had never seen one, and my young imagination could not depict the horrid barbarities which an Indian could perpetrate. But time soon taught me a lesson, which can never be forgotten. I am now in the "sear and yellow leaf,"—my eyes have lost their lustre, and my frame, once so vigorous, has become palsied, and comparatively powerless; and my hair, once as dark as the raven, has faded colorless—but memory can never fade, but like a bright untarnishable mirror, we can look at all times and behold past scenes. I cleared my patch of ground, twelve miles from human habitation, on the bank of the Great Miami river. I built my cabin, reared my stock, and the fears which occasionally intruded upon me, finally left. My family consisted only of myself, my wife and child—a pretty little black eyed girl, twelve months old, but I will not describe her appearance, or a father's love might carry me to the poet's ideal of perfection. Let a father paint his only child, and the colors will be no less bright than my own. My wife was then but nineteen years of age, her path had never been chequered with care, but she had trod her happy way amid health and contentment. Fate had reserved all its malignity for one fell blow, and it came. That peculiar silence which reigned around us, was only a prelude to the storm which was presently to overwhelm us. My powder and lead were expended, and I started, in the summer of 1790, to the nearest point to obtain a fresh supply. It was a beautiful morning, and as I walked up a ridge overlooking my little farm, I gazed upon it, and a feeling of gladness came over me which is indescribable. I had been compelled to quit my father's house, where I was treated like one of his dogs, in consequence of marrying against his

will; but now I looked upon my own farm, and a feeling of gladness came over me which is not within the power of man to describe; but our very joys are mixed with misery—"even in the fairest fountain of delight, there is a secret and evil spring, eternally bubbling up, and scattering its bitter waters over the very flowers which surround its margin."* I looked at my wife and playing child, at my commodious barn, and growing crops, and at my thrifty stock which stood about—a picture of contentment—upon which I gazed for the last time!

It was about four o'clock when I arrived again at the bottom of that ridge, and I commenced my ascent with gladness. I mounted that small hill with a vigorous step, and with a volatile spirit. When I had gained the top within twenty yards, I beheld the smoke curling in thick wreaths over the hill top—"Ah! my wife!" I cried, "one moment more, and we are together;"—but, that meeting was never to be on earth. I arrived at the top of the hill, and beheld my house a pile of smoking coals. I gazed upon the desolate scene with a vacant stare—my thoughts became confused—I felt giddy, and staggering against a tree, I clasped it for support. I know not how long I remained in that state, nor can I describe my sensations. I gazed with an idiotic stare, till my agony, which before was too intense to allow me to weep, had become assuaged, and then I cried like a child. After I had become somewhat reconciled to my state, I hurried down to the ruins, hoping my family had been carried unto captivity, and a faint beam of hope flickered like the last flame of a candle, and as soon died away, for I beheld the bones of my wife and child scattered about, and blackened with the flame; but the fountain of my grief was now choked, and revenge, deep, insatiable revenge, reigned predominant in my breast. I did not rave and fill the air with my vows of revenge, but I silently knelt down and prayed that God would grant me health to avenge my family, and that prayer was heard, for it was granted. I could not leave the spot where I had last looked upon all that I held dear on earth, but I remained there during the night, and next morning dug a grave, and buried the bones of my family. I placed a large stone on the spot, and, with my knife, cut rudely the names of its inmates; and that stone stands there to this day. The same day, Thomas Girty, (no relative to the renegade,) and myself again visited the ruins, and we there made a solemn oath to spare the life of no Indian, and that oath was sacredly kept, at the expense of my brave companion's life. Seventeen Indians fell beneath his unerring aim, and he himself fell a victim in striving to secure the eighteenth, and his last words were, as he fixed his dying eyes upon me, "I have kept my oath, and your family is revenged,"—and truly they were!

J. M. S.

* Bulwer.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

A TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE ABBE BLANCHET.

The Abbe Blanchet took the idea of this tale from an old book much esteemed in Spain, called *El Conde Lucanor*.

THE dean of the cathedral of Badajoz possessed more learning than all the doctors of Salamanca, Alcalá, and Coimbra united. He was master of every language living or dead. He knew all sciences, divine as well as human; but unfortunately he was ignorant of magic. He was told of a most famous magician, who resided in the suburbs of Toledo, called Don Torribio; he ordered his mule to be saddled, set out for Toledo, and alighted at the door of a miserable house, where this great man lodged. Sir magician, said he, as he came up to him, I am dean of Badajoz. The learned of Spain do me the honor to call me their master, I come to you to request a more glorious title, that of becoming your disciple: Be kind enough to initiate me in the mysteries of your art and reckon that my gratitude will be deserving such kindness.

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he piqued himself on living with the best company in hell. He told the dean he might seek another master of magic; that for him he was quite tired of a trade where he gained only compliments and promises, and that he would no longer disgrace the occult sciences by prostituting them upon ingratitude. "How," cried the dean, "can it be possible, signior Don Torribio, that you have met with ungrateful persons? I hope you will do me more justice than to confound me with such monsters." He then detailed a long string of maxims and apothegms on gratitude; he harangued with the kindest voice, and with all the appearance of truth, every thing his memory could supply him with; in short he spoke so well, that the sorcerer, after a moment's pause, owned he could refuse nothing to one who knew so many fine quotations. "Jacintha," says he to his housekeeper, "put two partridges to the fire; I hope the dean will do me the honor to sup here to night." He then led him into his study, where, after having touched his forehead he repeated these mystical words, which the reader is entreated not to forget, *ortobolus, pitatafer, onagrion*; then, without farther preparation, he began to explain to him the prologomenas of magic.

The new disciple was listening with an attention that scarce permitted him to breathe, when Jacintha entered hastily, followed by a little man, booted to his middle, and dirty to his shoulders, who wished to speak to the dean on a matter of the greatest importance. He was a courier that his uncle, the bishop of Badajoz, had sent after him, to inform him that a few hours after his departure his lordship had been seized with an apoplectic fit, that he was very ill, and that the most alarming consequences were to be apprehended. The dean cursed heartily to himself, and without scandal, the apoplexy, the bishop, and the all three had so badly chosen the time

to interrupt him. He got rid of the courier by ordering him to return directly to Badajoz, and telling him he would be there as soon as himself, and then returned to his lesson as if neither uncle nor apoplexy had existed.

Some days afterwards more news came from Badajoz, but this was scarce worth attending to. The high chanter, and two of the oldest canons came, and notified to the dean that his uncle, the most reverend bishop, was gone to receive the recompense of his virtue in heaven, and that the chapter, legally assembled, had elected him to fill the vacant seat; and they begged of him to come and console the church of Badajoz his new spouse. Don Torribio was present at the harangue of the deputies, and took advantage of it like a clever fellow: He called the new bishop aside, and after a proper compliment on the occasion, told him he had a son, named Don Benjamin, who, with much wit and good inclinations, had not the smallest taste or talent for the occult sciences; that he meant him for the church, and, thanks to heaven, he had succeeded in the pious design; for he had the satisfaction of hearing that his son acted as one of the most deserving of the clergy of Toledo; therefore he most humbly entreated his highness, that he would resign to Don Benjamin his deanery of Badajoz, which he could not hold with the bishopric. "Alas!" replied the prelate, with some confusion, "I shall ever be most happy when I can do any thing you request; but I must inform you I have a very old relation, whose heir I am, and who is fit only to be a dean: Now if I do not give it him, I shall have a quarrel with my whole family, of which I am fond even to a degree of weakness; but," added he, "don't you intend to come to Badajoz? You will not have the cruelty to leave me when I am beginning to be of service to you? Believe me, my dear master, let us set out together, and only think of instructing your pupil; for I will take upon the establishment of Don Benjamin, and will do more for him than his father now requires. A paltry deanery in Estramadura is not a proper benefice for the son of a man like you."—Don Torribio followed his disciple to Badajoz. Under the conduct of so able a master, the bishop made very rapid improvements in the hidden sciences: he gave himself up to it at first, with an intemperate ardor, but by degrees he moderated his passion, so that it did not interfere with the duties of his see. The learned prelate filled all Christendom with the fame of his merit; and when he expected it least, he saw himself nominated to the archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz, as may be easily imagined, lamented such an event, as it deprived them of their worthy pastor; and the canons of the

cathedral, as the last mark of their respect and attachment, unanimously desired of him to name his successor. Don Torribio did not miss so good an opportunity to advance his son: He asked the bishopric of the new archbishop, and it was with all the grace imaginable, that the archbishop refused it him. "He had so much veneration for his dear master!—he was so grieved!—so very much ashamed to refuse what appeared scarcely a request!—But how could he act otherwise? Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked the bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen the constable, he was under such strong, secret, and old obligations to him, that he felt it as his indispensable duty to prefer the old benefactor to the new one: But if he would consider, it would not appear so very harsh; for he would see what he might with certainty depend upon when his turn came, and come it soon must." The magician had the politeness to believe all this, and made himself as happy as he could with its being given up to Don Ferdinand.

Nothing was thought of now, but the preparations for setting out to take possession of Compostella, though it was scarce worth while, considering the short time they were to remain there. A chamberlain from the pope, brought, a few months afterwards, the cardinal's hat, with a complimentary brief from his holiness, who invited him to come and assist him with his counsels, in governing the christian world; he permitted the archbishop to dispose of his mitre in favor of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the pope's messenger came there; he was on a visit to his dear son, who still remained a poor curate to a small parish in Toledo;—he soon returned; but for this time he had not the trouble to request the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran out to meet him with open arms: "My dear master, I am happy to tell you two pieces of good news instead of one; your disciple is a cardinal, and your son will shortly be one, or I have no interest at Rome. I wished in the mean time to have made him archbishop of Compostella; but only think how unfortunate he is, or rather I am; my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has written to me, during your absence, a cruel letter, which has totally disconcerted all my measures. She insists upon my nominating, as my successor, the archdeacon of my former church, the licenciado Don Pablos de Salazar, her confessor, and intimate friend; she threatens me with her death, if she does not obtain what she wishes for her dear ghostly father, and I have not a doubt but she will keep her word. My dear master, put yourself in my place, shall I kill my mother?" Don Torribio was not a man to recommend a parricide; he applauded the nomination of Don Pablos, and did not show the smallest resentment against the mother of the prelate.

This mother, if it must be known, was a good sort of an old woman, almost childish, who lived with her cat and housekeeper, and scarce knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely that it was she who gave the archbishopric to Don Pablos? was it not rather a very devout and very pretty Galician widow, a near relation of the archdeacon's, at whose home his lord-

ship most assiduously edified himself during his stay at Compostella? However it may be, Don Torribio followed his new highness to Rome. Scarcely were they arrived there when the pope died. The conclave is opened, the whole sacred college unite in favor of the Spanish cardinal;—he is now pope! After the ceremonies of the exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a private audience, wept with joy as he kissed the feet of his pupil, whom he saw fill the pontifical throne with so much dignity. He modestly represented his long and faithful services; he reminded his holiness of his promises, inviolable promises, and which had been renewed before he entered the conclave; he hinted a few words about the hat, which he had just quitted in receiving the tiara; but, instead of asking the hat for Don Benjamin, he ended by a trait of moderation, scarce to be credited. He protested he renounced all ambitious expectations; his son and himself would be too happy if his holiness, with his benediction, would have the goodness to give them a small civil employment; or an annuity for their lives, that would be sufficient for the moderate wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this little harangue, the sovereign pontiff was asking himself what he should do with his preceptor. Could not he do without him? And did not he know as much of magic as became a pope? Would it be proper for him to appear at their nocturnal meetings, and submit to the indecent ceremonials which are observed at them? Every reflection made his holiness judge that Don Torribio would not only be useless, but even troublesome to him; and this point being decided, he was in no difficulty what answer to make. This is literally his answer:

"We have learnt with grief, that under pretext of the occult sciences, you hold a correspondence with the prince of darkness and of liars, which we not only exhort you to expiate by a penitence proportionate to the enormity of such a crime, but also order you to quit the territories of the church within three days, under pain of being given up to the secular arms, and the rigor of the flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, repeated backwards the three mysterious words, which the reader ought to have remembered; and opening a window, he bawled out as loud as he could, "Jacintha! put only one partridge to the fire, for the dean will not sup here to-night."

This was a thunder clap to the pretended pope, he recovered suddenly from a kind of extacy, which the three magical sounds had first thrown him into; he saw that instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo in the study of Don Torribio; by looking at the clock, he found he had scarce been an hour in this fatal study where the dreams were so delightful. In less than an hour he had fancied himself magician, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, pope, and found himself at last really a dupe and a knave. Every thing had been illusion except his own deceit, and the proofs he had given of his treachery and badness of heart. He left the room in silence, found his mule where he had left him, and returned again to Badajoz, without having learnt to cast a nativity.

ALONE UPON THE MIDNIGHT DECK.

A Ballad.

THE WORDS BY J. H. MIFFLIN, ESQ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, BY

W. P. CUNNINGTON.

ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.

A musical score for a ballad, featuring a piano accompaniment and a vocal melody. The score is written in 4/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo and mood are indicated as 'ANDANTE AFFETUOSO'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 'A - - lone up - - on the mid - - - night deck, I watch the waves a - - round the prow, But, ah! how wil - ling - ly would check The speed that wings us now; Be - fore me lies a bound - - - less waste, Nor'.

A - - lone up - - on the mid - - - night deck, I

watch the waves a - - round the prow, But, ah! how wil - ling - ly would check The speed that

wings us now; Be - fore me lies a bound - - - less waste, Nor

rall.

shore nor bea - - - - can can I see, And dare I

colla voce. tempo.

rall. ad lib.

tri - umph in the haste, That bears me far from thee.

Sym.

A - lone up - - on the moon - - - lit deck, Here by the helm I take my stand, But

backward gazing, see no speak Of thy lov'd distant land; Yet

chi ther tends the ail - ve - ry track, Our

ves sel leaves up - - on the sea, The

rall.

colla voce.

tempo. *rall.*

path that bears my spirit back, O'er wid' - ning waves to thee.

tempo.

THE ANNIVERSARY REGISTER:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF AMERICAN CHRONOLOGY.

EXHIBITING

CORRECT DATES

OF

THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF EMINENT MEN,

LAND AND SEA FIGHTS, TREATIES, EXTRAORDINARY AND MEMORABLE EVENTS, AND
OTHER MATTERS, CONNECTED WITH THE

HISTORY OF AMERICA.

DECEMBER.

Day of Month.	Year.	
1	1795	Died, aged 72, Oliver Wolcott, L. L. D., one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, a distinguished revolutionary Chief, and Governor of Connecticut.
—	1812	The design of invading Upper Canada, after 3 times embarking the troops on 3 different days, abandoned, and the troops ordered into winter quarters. The volunteers, justly exasperated at the delays and subsequent disappointment, expressed their indignation, and fired upon the General, Smyth.
—	1814	American Privateer Schooner Kemp, after an action with nine British merchantmen, captured several.
—	1818	Died, at Pittsburg, of bilious fever, aged 59, Joshua Barney, a distinguished Commodore in U. S. Navy.
—	1834	Died, at Natchez, Miss., Fountain Winston, lieutenant-governor of Mississippi.
—	—	Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road opened from Baltimore to Harper's Ferry, 82 miles.
2	1547	Died, near Seville, in Spain, aged 63, Fernando Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico.
—	1812	The British having wantonly fired into an open boat passing up the American shore, were fired upon by the batteries at and near Black Rock. A general cannonade ensued, which resulted in the three batteries of the British lines being silenced.
—	1813	The public stores at Cumberland Head, on Lake Champlain, burnt by the British.
—	1814	British Ship Granicus captured off Cape Sparte, the American Privateer Schooner Leo.
—	1835	Steamboat Lady Franklin, sunk in the Ohio, below the Yellow Banks. From 15 to 18 persons drowned.
3	1756	Born, in Elizabethtown, N. J., Aaron Ogden, Governor of that State.
—	1777	First Newspaper in New Jersey (New Jersey Gazette) published at Burlington, by Isaac Collins.
—	1787	Delaware unanimously adopted the U. S. federal constitution, being the first State that adopted it.
—	1815	Died, aged 81, John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, appointed Vicar General of the U. S. by the Pope. The first Bishop in America.
—	1830	Died, in Va., Daniel Sheffey, formerly M. C.
—	1834	Died, at Ithaca, New York, aged 79, Simeon de Witt, an eminent patron, and cultivator of Science.
—	1836	Died, suddenly in city of New York, General Jacob Morton, a revolutionary officer.
4	1682	William Penn held his first Assembly of Pennsylvania at Upland, near Chester.
—	1783	General Washington, at Francis' Tavern, N. Y., met the officers of the American army, and with tears in his eyes, bade them farewell.
—	1814	Action between the British and Americans at Farnham Church, near Rappahannock.
—	1816	Destructive fire commenced in New York, lasting two days. Loss about 200,000 dollars.
—	1830	Died, in Amelia County, Va., William B. Giles, late Governor of Virginia, and M. C. for many years.
—	—	Died, at Glastonbury, Conn., aged 70, Samuel Austin, D. D., formerly President of University of Vermont.
—	1836	The Independence of the Republic in America, which were formerly Spanish Provinces, acknowledged by Spain.

Year.

- 1837 Mackenzie, with about 350 insurgents, took possession of Montgomery House, near Toronto, U. C., and sent a message to Sir F. Head, the Governor, desiring him to disband the provincial parliament, and leave the province in 14 days. The Governor dispersed Mackenzie and his force on the 6th.
- 1735 Born, in Chester County, Penn., Hugh Williamson, Physician, Statesman, and Philosopher.
- 1774 First American Congress opened at Philadelphia.
- 1775 The Americans, under Arnold and Montgomery, appeared before Quebec.
- 1782 Born, at Kinderhook, N. Y., Martin Van Buren, the 8th President of the United States.
- 1784 Died, in Boston, aged 31, Phillis Wheatley, an African by birth, and a respectable Poetess.
- 1837 Lord Gosford, Governor of Lower Canada, issued a proclamation, announcing "martial law," and offering rewards for the apprehension of various insurgent leaders.
- 1492 Hispaniola (Hayti) discovered by Columbus.
- 1776 Rhode Island taken from the Americans by the British forces.
- 1791 The Delaware River frozen over in one night, and passable next morning.
- 1812 American Privateer Brig Montgomery captured British Ship Surinam.
- 1817 Died, Mrs. Benjamin West, wife of the celebrated painter, to whom she had been married upwards of sixty years.
- 1835 Died, at Washington, D. C., aged 66, Nathan Smith, U. S. Senator for Connecticut.
- 1672 Died, at Boston, Richard Bellingham, Governor of Massachusetts for ten years, lieutenant-governor for thirteen years.
- 1737 Slight shock of an earthquake felt at Boston.
- 1754 Born, Francis Hastings, Lord Rawdon, a British officer, the most successful leader of the British forces during the American revolutionary war.
- 1776 Newport, Rhode Island, taken by the British.
- Lord Dunmore, the British Governor of Virginia, defeated at Norfolk, and driven to his Ships.
- 1815 The American Education Society organized.
- 1775 Three British Ships with stores for the army, captured by Americans, in whale boats—under Captain Manly.
- 1776 Washington crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania.
- Battle at Great Bridge, Virginia.
- 1792 Died, in S. C., aged 70, Henry Laurens, President of Congress in 1777. He was prisoner in Tower of London for some time, on a charge of high treason, having been captured on a voyage to Holland to negotiate a loan.
- 1807 British Ship Amicus wrecked, and nearly all the crew lost, off Holderness, N. H.
- 1835 Died, at Hallowell, Maine, aged 84, Benjamin Vaughan, L. L. D., a celebrated Philanthropist.
- Died, at Utica, N. Y., aged 62, John C. Chamberlain, formerly M. C.
- 1796 Great fire in New York, in and near Maiden Lane. 70 houses burnt.
- 1830 Died, at Walpole, N. H., Stephen R. Bradley, formerly U. S. Senator from Vermont.
- 1697 The Peace of Ryswick proclaimed at Boston.
- 1778 John Jay elected President of Congress.
- 1808 Died, in Maine, aged 65, James Sullivan, L. L. D., and Governor of Massachusetts.
- 1813 Fort George and the Town of Newark, U. C. abandoned to the British by Gen. M'Cleure, of the New York Militia, having first fired the town and spiked the cannon.
- 1830 Died, in Bucks County, Pa., James P. Wilson, D. D., an eminent Clergyman in Philadelphia.
- 1832 The President of U. S. issued a Proclamation against Nullification, explaining the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and warning the people of S. C. of the consequences of their conduct.
- 1835 Died, at Washington, D. C., Zalmon Wildman, M. C. from Connecticut.
- San Antonio surrendered by the Mexicans to the Texian army under Colonel Milan, with 24 cannon, much powder, and other stores.
- 1681 Ship Bristol Factor, one of the three ships which left England with the first settlers for Pennsylvania, arrived in the river Delaware, at Chester, where they lay all winter, the river freezing during the night. William Markham, the new Governor, came passenger in the Bristol Factor.
- 1750 Born, near North Mountain, Md., Isaac Shelby, Governor of Kentucky.
- 1777 Washington retired with his army to winter quarters at Valley Forge.
- 1816 Indiana admitted as a State into the Federal Union.
- 1829 Great fire at Cincinnati, Ohio.
- 1630 De Vries, the founder of the first Colony in Delaware, sailed from the Texel, with vessels loaded with emigrants, cattle, and farming implements.
- 1776 Congress quitted Philadelphia for Baltimore on account of the approach of the British under General Howe.
- 1782 American Ship Alexander, 24 guns, and the Menagere, a French 64, captured by British Man of War Mediator.
- 1792 Died, at Rappahannock, Va., Arthur Lee, a distinguished Patriot.
- 1813 British General Prevost ordered all American officers, prisoners in Canada, into close confinement, as hostages for the safety of 46 British officers placed in confinement in America, for 23 prisoners sent to England for trial as British subjects.
- 1816 U. S. Brig Chippewa wrecked on the Grand Caicos Island, W. I.
- 1828 Treaty signed between U. S. and Emperor of Brazil.
- 1835 Died, at Washington, D. C., Elias K. Kane, U. S. Senator from Illinois.
- 1745 Born, in N. Y., John Jay, Statesman and Jurist.
- 1775 Congress first determined to construct a naval force.

Day of Month.	Year.	
13	1776	Major-general Charles Lee made prisoner in New Jersey by the British.
—	1781	General thanksgiving day and prayer observed throughout the U. S. on account of the victory over Cornwallis.
—	1787	Pennsylvania adopted the Federal Constitution—the second State in succession.
—	1834	Died, at Shoal Creek, Md., Charles W. Goldsborough, M. C., and Governor of Maryland.
14	1775	British General Howe ordered the old North Meeting House and 100 wooden houses to be pulled down in Boston, and used as fire wood.
—	—	The Royalists, under Lord Dunmore, defeated by the Americans under Colonel Woodford, at Norfolk, Va.
—	1781	American General Greene informed the Board of War that he had been unable to advance upon the British for ten days, for want of ammunition; that he had no writing paper, for want of which no returns could be made—no camp kettles, etc., and that he lay within a few miles of the enemy, without six rounds per man—that he had been seven months in the field without taking off his clothes for one night. During the following March he wrote that he had 300 men without arms, and 1000 were so naked that they could be put on duty only in cases of desperation.
—	1782	Charleston, S. C. evacuated by the British.
—	1799	Died, at Mount Vernon, Va., aged 68, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
—	—	William Cobbett convicted of a libel against Benjamin Rush, M. D. of Philadelphia, and fined 5000 dollars.
—	1814	U. S. gun boats on Lake Borgne, near New Orleans, taken by a British flotilla.
—	1837	St. Eustache, L. C., taken from the Insurgents by the Loyalists.
15	1814	General Jackson proclaimed the existence of martial law at New Orleans.
—	—	Convention of New England Delegates assembled at Hartford, Conn., which resulted, after sitting for three weeks with folded doors, in addressing Congress, charging them with pursuing measures relative to war with Great Britain, unfriendly to interests of New England, and suggesting a change in Federal Constitution.
—	1836	Great fire at Washington, D. C. The U. S. General Post Office, the Patent Office, and the Washington City Post Office, burnt. 7000 models of Patents, out of 10,000 granted by Congress, 163 large large folio volumes of Records, 26 large Portfolios containing 9000 valuable drawings, 10,000 original descriptions of Inventions, and many other valuable documents, were entirely consumed.
—	1837	Died, at Philadelphia, aged 70, Philip Sing Physic, a celebrated M. D.
—	—	Died, at Gosport, Va., aged 85, Captain John Cox, an efficient revolutionary officer.
16	1620	Plymouth, N. E., established as a Colony by the Pilgrim Fathers. John Carver chosen Governor.
—	1782	Fort Arbuthnot, and a Fort on Sullivan's Island, S. C. burnt by the British.
—	1811	Earthquake felt in various parts of the United States.
—	1832	Died, at New York, aged 34, Robert C. Sands, Litterateur.
—	1835	The Great Fire at New York City commenced this day, and burned during the 17th. The most destructive conflagration that ever took place in the U. S. 529 houses destroyed. Loss, 17,115,692 dollars, according to estimate.
—	—	The weather supposed to be much colder at Boston than on any other day on record.
17	1734	Born, on Long Island, William Floyd, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	1786	One hundred houses destroyed by fire at Richmond, Va. Loss, 330,000 dollars.
—	1799	Rickett's Circus, Philadelphia, burned down, with much damage to other buildings.
—	1807	Bonaparte issued the Milan decree, denationalizing all such vessels as might submit to the British order in council issued November 11, 1807.
—	1808	Constitution of South Carolina amended.
—	1811	Earthquake felt at Charleston, S. C.
—	1812	British attacked Darby, Vt., and burnt the barracks, stores, etc.
—	—	Americans attacked Missimineway and Silverheels towns, Indiana, killing and capturing many Indians.
—	1813	Congress of U. S. passed the general Embargo Law, to continue in force till January 1, 1815.
—	1816	Great fire at Halifax, N. S.
—	1817	Lieutenant Scott killed by the Creek Indians, who fired on the Americans.
—	1830	Died, at Hartford, Conn., aged 67, Mason F. Cogswell, M. D.
—	1835	President of U. S. communicates to Congress the bequest of 100,000 pounds sterling, from James Smithson, of London, to the United States, for the purpose of founding, at Washington, an establishment under the name of the Smithsonian Institute, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.
—	1837	Died, at Haerlem, N. Y., aged 81, John Doughty, a Patriot of the revolution.
18	1584	Sir Walter Raleigh obtained the sanction of a bill in parliament to confirm his discoveries in America.
—	1708	John, Lord Lovelace, arrived at New York, as Governor.
—	1776	The Constitution of South Carolina adopted.
—	1799	Burial of Washington.
—	1804	Great fire at New York. 40 houses burnt. Loss, 106,700 dollars.
—	1812	Americans attacked in their camp by the Indians, near the Missimineway, and compelled to retire.
—	1814	Owing to the absence of the citizens as soldiers, the Legislature of Louisiana prolonged the term of all payments of debts until May 1st, 1815.
—	1832	Died, at Freehold, N. J., aged 80, Philip Freneau, the Poet of the American Revolution.
—	—	Treaty of Navigation and Commerce between U. S. and Russia concluded at Petersburg.

Year.

- 1835 Conflict near Fort Crum, between the Seminoles and party of U. S. Militia.
- 1606 Captain Newport's Squadron, containing Captain Smith and other settlers for Virginia, sailed from England.
- 1690 Some of the Pilgrim Fathers attacked in their boats by the Indians at Nauskeet.
- 1675 1000 Indians, under King Philip, killed in battle by the New Englanders, about 15 miles from Peta.
- 1787 New Jersey adopted the Federal Constitution—the third State in succession.
- 1813 British captured by surprise the American Fort Niagara.
- Indians burnt Lewistown and Tuscarora, near Fort Schlosser, N. Y.
- 1816 Constitution of South Carolina again amended.
- 1836 Steamboat Dolphin burst her boiler at St. John's Bar, Florida, killing Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander S. Brooks of the U. S. army, and others.
- 1686 Sir Edmond Andros landed in Boston as Governor of New England, by virtue of commission from James II. New York was included in his dominion.
- 1740 Born, at Westmoreland County, Va., Arthur Lee, a distinguished revolutionary Patriot.
- 1782 U. S. Frigate Charleston captured off Capes of Delaware by British King's Ships of War Diomedes and Quebec.
- 1791 Bank of United States commenced discounting at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. 300,000 dollars disbursed.
- 1803 Died, at Newport, R. I., aged 82, Samuel Hopkins, an eminent divine and founder of the Hopkinsians.
- 1827 Treaty signed between U. S. and the Hanseatic Republics.
- 1719 First publication of Boston Gazette—the second paper published in America.
- 1775 British Parliament passed an Act confiscating all American property floating on the water, and authorizing the impressment of the crews of all American vessels.
- 1833 Died, at Twiford, Va., aged 74, John P. Hungerford, M. C. from Va., and an officer in the revolutionary war.
- 1835 Died, at Cincinnati, Ohio, General James Findley, M. C. from Ohio.
- 1837 Died, in New York, aged 74, James De Wolfe, U. S. Senator.
- 1690 The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, N. E.
- 1719 First newspaper in Pennsylvania (American Weekly Mercury) published at Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford—the third Anglo-American paper.
- 1727 Born, at Newport, R. I., Wm. Ellory, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
- 1803 Louisiana taken in possession by the Americans.
- 1807 Congress of U. S. passed a law for a general and indefinite embargo.
- 1812 Died, aged 76, General James Clinton, a revolutionary hero.
- U. S. Brig Vixen captured by British Frigate Southampton. Both vessels were wrecked on the Isle of Conception five days after.
- Died, at Zarnavica, in Poland, near Cracaw, aged 47, Joel Barlow, Statesman and Litterateur.
- Born in Reading, Conn.
- 1813 Great fire at Portsmouth, N. H. 170 houses burnt.
- 1815 Commercial Treaty between U. S. and Great Britain ratified by the President.
- 1829 Died, in New York, aged 60, John M. Mason, D. D.
- 209th Anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims celebrated at Plymouth.
- 1835 Died, at New York, aged 66, David Hosack, D. D., F. R. S.—an eminent Physician and Litterateur.
- 1783 General Washington resigned his commission into the hands of Congress, then sitting at Annapolis, Md.
- Born, in Philadelphia, John Syng Dorsey, an eminent Physician.
- 1814 British defeated by the Americans under General Jackson, at Bayou Bienvenue, near New Orleans—British loss, about 400.
- 1799 Died, in Baltimore, Robert Merry, a distinguished Poet.
- 1814 Peace between the U. S. of America and Great Britain signed at Ghent.
- 1777 Vermont became an independent State.
- 1816 Treaty between the United States of America and the Dey of Algiers.
- 1837 Battle near Big Cypress Swamp, Florida, between U. S. troops and Seminole Indians.
- 1738 Born, at York, Va., Thomas Nelson, junior, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
- 1776 Washington having crossed the Delaware in the night, captured 900 Hessians at Trenton.
- 1802 Great fire at Portsmouth, N. H. 300 houses burnt.
- 1811 The Theatre at Richmond, Va. burnt down. 70 lives lost, including the Governor of Virginia.
- 1831 Died, at Philadelphia, aged 84, Stephen Girard, a wealthy Banker and Philanthropist.
- 1810 Destructive fire at Augusta, Georgia.
- 1814 Treaty of Peace between U. S. and Great Britain ratified by Prince Regent.
- U. S. Schooner Caroline destroyed by hot shot from British batteries at New Orleans.
- 1835 Died, at Deerfield, Mass., aged 75, Ephraim Williams, an eminent Lawyer.
- 1837 Steamboat Black Hawk burst her boilers, 30 miles below Natchez, at 10 o'clock at night.
- 1547 Louis Cancellio, a Dominican friar, and the first European Missionary to the shores of America, obtained leave from Spain to attempt the peaceful conversion of the natives of Florida. He was killed in 1549, during his first interview with the Savages.
- 1814 American Privateer Prince of Neuchâtel taken by British Ship of War Leander.
- 1822 John C. Calhoun resigned the Vice Presidency of the United States.

Day of Month.	Year.	
—	1835	Two companies of U. S. troops, under Major Dade, consisting of 8 officers and 102 privates, attacked by an overwhelming force of Seminoles, between Tampa Bay and Camp King. All slain but three, who escaped wounded.
29	1773	The Government House in New York burnt down.
—	1778	Savannah, Georgia, captured by the British.
—	1812	United States Frigate Constitution captured British Frigate Java.
—	1813	British and Indians surprise Fort Niagara, put the garrison to the sword, and burn the neighboring villages.
—	1832	Died, at New Haven, Conn., aged 79, James H. H. House, Statesman.
30	1813	Died, aged 90, Francis Lewis, one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
—	—	Buffalo and Black Rock destroyed by the British.
—	1837	Steamboat Caroline destroyed by the Canadian loyalists at Schlemmer, N. Y.
31	1781	The first Bank in America, chartered by Congress—the Bank of North America, Philadelphia.
—	1806	Treaty of Commerce entered into between Great Britain and U. S. rejected by President Jefferson.
—	1825	Battle of Ouchitacoochee in Florida. 40 Indians killed.

THE STRICKEN ONE.

What mourning form of beauty's that, so desolate and lone,
 With cheek as cold and colourless as veinless sculptured stone,
 Who, like a guardian angel, droops in sweet celestial dale,
 When sinless, weeping o'er the fall of some poor sinner's soul?

What sorrowing saint-like shape is that, with streaming eyes and hair,
 And wee-worn brow sunk on her breast, in hopeless, calm despair,
 Like yon tall flow'r which lately bloom'd the highest of the bed,
 But blasted, now bows lowest down its crush'd, yet lovely head?

What!—can it be?—it is—it is!—Oh, God! the same I knew!
 The eye—the cheek—the lip, yet, ah! how changed the brilliant hue!
 Less bright, yet scarce less beautiful, in this their soft decay!
 Like those end, humid beams which close a short-lived winter's day.

'Tis she!—who in her father's house, by rank and fortune crown'd,
 Had Loves and Pleasures minist'ring, and "dear friends" flocking round!
 'Tis she!—who midst the fairest forms, in festive bowers or hall,
 Was still the brightest of the bright—the loveliest flower of all!

'Tis she!—whose young and generous heart, whose fortune and whose hand,
 To one, were vowed and giv'n,—and all but sealed the sacred band;
 To one, her simple mind believed, brave, noble, loving, true;
 But fortune fled, and with it friends and—perjured lover too.

False treacherous friends!—yet not so false, so treacherous, so cold
 As he, the base, ignoble slave of selfishness and gold;
 Who thus, while summer smil'd, could woo, a young and tender flow'r,
 Yet aid the storm to crush its heart, in winter's blasting hour.

And thou, dear girl!—whom wealth and smiles attended since thy birth,
 Oh! must thou droop without a friend—without a hope on earth!
 No! no! bright angel! there's a friend—a hope for you in heav'n;
 There thou shalt rest, while he shall range, unresting—unforgiven.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

COUNTRY STORIES; by Mary Russell Mitford, Authors of "Rienzi," "Our Village," "Belford Regis," etc. *One Volume, pp. 204. Lea and Blanchard.*

Here we have another of Miss Mitford's desirable volumes—another collection of Tales of Rural Life, redolent of fresh air, flowers, and rustic revelries. Miss Mitford has long reigned queen over the *Sylvana* of Parnassus; she deserves her advancement; and her present offering evidences her fitness for the station in which she has been placed by the universal suffrages of the reading public. A very agreeable diversity pervades the volume before us; and we defy the most inattentive peruser to close the book till he has finished the various sketches included in the contents.

We extract the following interesting account of Reading Abbey from the note to a pleasant little affair termed "The Lost Dahlia."

By far the most interesting object in our neighborhood has always seemed to me the rock-like ruins of Reading Abbey, themselves a history; all the more interesting because, until lately, that the most important part of these remains, has become the property of my friend, Mr. Wheble, the present High Sheriff of Berks, whose researches have drawn some attention to the subject, these venerable relics of an earlier day, situate close to a wealthy and populous town, not forty miles from London, and actually within sight of the great road from Bath and Bristol to the metropolis, have seemed utterly unnoticed and unknown. Here and there, indeed, some fanciful virtuoso, like Marshal Conway, (best known as the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole,) has evinced his passion for antiquity by the desire of appropriating what he admired, and has dragged away whole masses of the walls to assist in his fantastical doings at Henley and elsewhere,—or a set of Goths and Vandals, the county magistrates of fifty years ago (sure am I that their successors would not have dreamt of such a desecration) have pitched upon the outskirts of the old monastery for the erection of their huge, hideous staring, glaring gaol and Bridewell, with all its miserable associations of wretchedness and crime,—or an education committee, with equal bad taste in a different way (they really seem to have imagined that they had done a fine thing) have run up a roof of red tiles within the walls of the refectory, and moved the children of a national school, upon Dr. Bell's system, into the noble hall, where kings had signed edicts and parliaments framed laws. This last nuisance has been abated. The children have now a school-room of their own, far better adapted to its object, more healthful and more comfortable, and the Abbey is left to the silence and solitude which best become the recollections and associations attendant on this stupendous structure.

Reading Abbey was founded by Henry the First, in the beginning of the year 1121, and dedicated to the honor of the Virgin Mary and St. John, as appears by the charter granted four years afterwards: *vide Dugdale's Monasticon*; "for my soul's health, and the souls of King William my father, of my son William, of Queen Matilda my mother, of Queen Matilda my wife, and of all my predecessors and successors."

The charter then goes on to recite the immense possessions and regal privileges bestowed upon the monastery at Reading, and its cells at Leominster and at Cholesy.

It grants them a mint, with the privileges of striking money.

It exempts them from all taxes, imposts, or contributions whatsoever, and from all levies of men for wars or other services.

It gives "the abbot and his monks full power to try all offences committed within or without the borough, in the highways, and in all other places, whether by their own servants or strangers, with all causes which can or may arise with socca* and sacca,† tol, and theam,‡ and infangentheft,\$ and outfangentheft,|| and ham socca,¶ within the borough and without the borough, in the roads and footpaths, and in all places, and with all causes which do or may arise.

"And the abbot and his monks shall hold courts of justice for assaults, thefts, and murders, for the shedding of blood, and breaches of the peace, in the same manner that belongs to the royal authority, etc. etc.

Then follows a paragraph which we insert in honor of the founder. It is worthy of Alfred.

"But this also we determine and appoint to be for ever observed, that seeing the Abbot of Radyng hath no revenues but what are in common with his brethren; therefore, whoever by devise, consent and canonical election shall be made abbot, shall not bestow the alms of the monastery on his lay kindred or any others, but reserve them for the entertainment of the poor and strangers."

And William of Malmesbury certifies that this part of the charter was so well observed, that there was always more expended upon strangers than upon the inhabitants, "the monks being," as he asserts, "great examples of piety."

The charter concludes with a strenuous recommendation to all succeeding kings to continue the above

* Socca, the place or precinct wherein the liberty of court was exercised.

† Sacca, a liberty granted by the king to try and judge causes, and to receive the forfeitures arising from them.

‡ Theam, a privilege to take and keep bondsmen, villains, and serfs, with their generations, one after another.

\$ Infangentheft, a liberty to try and judge a thief taken within the jurisdiction of the manor or borough.

|| Outfangentheft, the same privilege to try any thief taken out of the jurisdiction of the manor or borough.

¶ Ham socca, the levying a fine on the disturbers of the king's peace.

privileges and immunities to the monastery, and with this remarkable malison, the fear of which Beauclerc's burly successor, Henry, the eighth of that name, most assuredly had not before his eyes, when he hanged the abbot and knocked down the walls.

"But if any one shall knowingly presume to infringe, diminish, or alter this our foundation charter, may the great God of all withdraw and eradicate him and his posterity, and may he remain without any inheritance, in misery and hunger," etc.

The extent and magnificence of the monastery were commensurate with the high privileges granted by the royal founder, and with the station of the superior, who ranked as third amongst the mitred abbots of England: next after the abbots of Glastonbury and St. Albans.

A space of thirty acres was comprised within the outer walls; and though a considerable part of this was devoted to the inner and outer courts, the cloisters, and the gardens, yet the building itself was stupendous in size and in strength. I have seen decayed specimens of gothic architecture which bear more striking traces of lightness and ornament, but none that ever seemed so calculated for duration, so prodigally massive and solid. The great hall, whose noble proportions are eighty feet in length, forty in width, and forty to the centre of the arched stone ceiling, had walls six feet thick, coated with freestone, and filled up with flints and stones, cemented with a mortar as durable as the materials themselves. This was the width of all the walls, inner as well as outer, and seems to be only a fair sample of the general proportions of the apartments. The foundations under ground were seven feet deep and twelve wide; and the excavations making in the church, of which many of the surbases of the columns, bits of stained glass and other ornamental parts, remain as fresh as if only finished yesterday, prove that the execution of this magnificent pile was as perfect and beautiful as the design was stupendous and grand. Sir Henry Englefield says, (*Archæologia*.) every form of Saxon moulding, and many never seen before, may be found in the stones dispersed through the town.

Every thing belonging to these magnificent monks seems to have been conducted with this union of largeness and finish. They appear to have brought for their use, from the river Kennett, a canal called the Holy (or Hallowed) Brook, from Coley, an elevated spot nearly two miles from the Abbey, conducting it by a descent so equal and gradual, that it moved the abbey mills (which still exist) with the same regularity in the most parching droughts or the wildest floods, even taking the precautions of paving it with brick, and arching it in great part over, during its passage through the town. And having thus provided themselves with soft water, and with the constant assurance of grinding their corn through every season, however unfavorable, they provided themselves with the luxury of spring water from the conduit, a celebrated spring rising on a hill on another side of Reading, and at least a mile from the abode of the lord abbot. This water was brought to the monastery in pipes, and from a discovery made accidentally by some laborers who were excavating a sawpit in a bank on the south side of the Kennett, in the middle of the last century, it appears to have passed under the Kennett. The story is told in Mann's history of Reading.—"They" (the men employed at the sawpit) "found a leaden pipe, about two inches in diameter, lying in the direction of the conduit, and passing under the river towards the Abbey, part of which, from its situation under the water, they were obliged to leave. The rest was sold for old lead." Coates also brings undoubted testimony to prove that the conduit spring supplied the Abbey, and that the water was brought under the Kennett.

Certainly, as the river runs between the conduit and the Abbey, the pipe must have gone under or over it; but the fact is worth mentioning as curious in itself, and as tending to prove, in these days, when we are a little apt, if not to overvalue our own doings, at least to undervalue those of our ancestors, that, not merely in architecture, (for in that grandest art we are pigmies indeed, compared to those great masters whose names are lost, though their works, in spite of a thousand foes, seem indestructible,) that not in architecture only, but in tunnel-making, we might take lessons from those old-fashioned personages the monks.

From the period of its consecration, we find the name of Reading Abbey occurring frequently in all the histories of the times. Parliaments and councils were holden there; legates received; traitors executed; kings, queens, and princes buried in the holy precincts. Speed mentions, picturesquely, King Henry and his Queen "who lay there veiled and crowned." Bishops were consecrated, joustings celebrated, knights dubbed, and money coined.

One incident which has reference to the Abbey, related by Stowe, is so romantic that I cannot refrain from giving the story. It would make a fine dramatic scene—almost a drama.

"In 1167, a single combat was fought at Reading, between Robert de Montford, appellant, and Henry de Essex, defendant; the occasion of which was as follows. In an engagement which Henry the Second had with the Welch, in 1157, some of his nobles, who had been detached with a considerable part of the army, were cut off by an ambuscade; those who escaped, thinking the king was also surrounded, told every one they met that he was either taken or slain.

"The news of this imaginary disaster put to flight the greatest part of the surviving army. Among the rest, Henry de Essex, hereditary standard bearer to the kings of England, threw away the royal banner, and fled. For this act of cowardice he was challenged by Robert de Montford as a traitor. Essex denied the charge, declaring he was fully persuaded that the king was slain or taken; which probably would have happened, if Roger, Earl of Clare, had not brought up a body of troops, and, by displaying again the royal standard, encouraged the soldiers; by which means he preserved the remainder of the army.

"The king ordered this quarrel to be decided by single combat; and the two knights met at Reading, on the 8th of April, on an island* near the Abbey, the king being present in person, with many of the nobility and other spectators. Montford began the combat with great fury, and Essex, having endured this violent attack for some time, at length turning into rage, took upon himself the part of a challenger and not of a defender. He fell after receiving many wounds; and the king, supposing him slain, at the request of several noblemen, his relations, gave permission to the monks to inter the body, commanding that no farther violence should be offered to it. The monks took up the vanquished knight, and carried him into the Abbey, where

* Tradition assigns as the place of this combat a beautiful green island nearly surrounded with willows, in the midst of the Thames, to the east of Caversham bridge. A more beautiful spot could not have been devised for such a combat. It was in sight of the Abbey, and of the remarkable chapel erected in the centre of the bridge, of which the foundation still remains, surrounded by a modern house.

he revived. When he recovered from his wounds, he was received into the community and assumed the habit of the order, his lands being forfeited to the king."

Such was the Abbey from its foundation to the Reformation; succeeding Monarchs augmenting its demesnes and revenues by magnificent gifts, and confirming by successive charters the privileges, and immunities enjoyed by the abbot and monks; for although the superior had various country houses and parks, and was a spiritual peer of the highest rank, there yet appears, from many of the rules which have come down to us, one especially, in which no member of the community could absent himself for a night without first obtaining permission from every individual monk in the convent, sufficient reason to believe that the internal government of the house was not altogether monarchical, but that it partook somewhat of the mixed form of the English constitution, and that the commons, if we may so term the brethren of the order, had some voice in the management of its concerns.

Little now remains, except the shell of the refectory, and one or two other large detached buildings more or less entire, parts of the cloisters, and large rock-like fragments of the grey walls, denuded of the out free-stone by which they were coated, some upright, some leaning against each other, and some pitched violently into the earth, as if by a tremendous convulsion of nature. But in the very absence of artificial ornament, in the massiveness and vastness of these remains, there is something singularly impressive and majestic. They have about them much of the hoary grandeur, the wild and naked desolation which characterize Stonehenge. And as the paltry modern buildings which disfigured them are gradually disappearing, there is every reason to hope, from the excellent taste of the present proprietor, that as soon as the excavations which have brought to light so much that is curious and beautiful shall be completed, they may be left to the great artist Nature, so that we may, in a few years, see our once-famous Abbey more august and beautiful than it has been at any period since the days of its pristine magnificence; reasoned, as far as is now possible, from the din and bustle of this work-a-day world, and rising like the stately ruins of Netley, or rather like the tall grey cliffs of some sylvan solitude, from the fine elastic turf, a natural carpet, the green elder bush and the young ash tree growing amongst the mouldering niches, the ivy and the wall-flower waving from above, and the bright, clear river flowing silently along, adorning and reflecting a scene which is at once a picture and a history.

In the last page or so of this desirable book, there occurs, in the American edition, a rascally misprint, which we cannot conceive to have occurred by accident—if so, the proof reader is undeserving his situation, and ought to be sent to stone picking on some mountain side, or clam-gathering in extreme cold weather. In recounting the various occurrences connected with the ruin of the stately edifice above mentioned, a certain abbot is said to have been quartered between two of his monks. The Massachusetts printer has thought fit to alter the text to "*monkeys*." This outrage is beyond forgiveness.

THE STRANGER IN CHINA: OR, THE FAN-QUI'S VISIT TO THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE, in 1836-7.
By C. Toogood Downing, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard.

This work far exceeds in interest any of the publications relative to China, whether emanating from the various scribes who accompanied Lord Macartney in his oft-told embassy, or from the pens of the less fortunate travellers, who are compelled to describe the wonders of the interior of the Celestial Empire, from the scarcely intelligible reports of the natives at the outposts—the ordinances of the "Brother to the Sun and Sister to the Moon," forbidding the admission of any European into the domesticities of the worshippers of Foh. But Dr. Downing has succeeded in reaching the innermost recesses of the penetralia, and, possessing a spirit of observation seldom equalled, and a happy vein of description, he has produced one of the most agreeable and pleasant books of information that it has ever been our lot to peruse. We have absolutely devoured the pages of these volumes with an avidity equaling the rapture of the schoolboy upon his first perusal of Robinson Crusoe, or the delight of the self-resolved sailor-boy who has met with an odd volume of Cook's Voyages. The charm of novelty is upon every page—and yet we cannot for an instant doubt the authenticity of every detail.

"Fan-qui" is an appellation applied by the Chinese to all strangers or foreigners visiting their shores; and literally means "foreign devils, imps, or demons." The adventurous navigators who traded with the Chinese made, from their avarice and brutality, but an unfavorable impression—the term Fan-qui was applied in reproach, and has become an approved method of cognition.

We could readily devote several pages to this excellent book, but the imperative calls of other novelties prevent a longer notice. We have marked several highly interesting passages for extraction, but every page presents a favorable claim to notice, and we select at random, the following account of the various articles of food peculiar to the Chinese.

It is very revolting to the feelings of the European upon his first visit to China, to observe the natives preparing to make their meals upon those domestic animals which he has always been accustomed to look upon with a degree of fondness and affection. The dog especially has always been considered the friend and companion of man; the only friend sometimes that is left him, after he has been deserted by the rest of the world. But the craving appetite and calls of hunger will generally overthrow the strongest ties of affection and gratitude. It was thus at the siege of Jerusalem, when the starving mother fed upon the flesh of her own murdered child; and a still more appropriate illustration is given, in that true and faithful sketch from nature, Lord Byron has drawn of the shipwreck of Don Juan, and which is founded upon an actual occurrence. The Chinese of the upper ranks of society are as fastidious and expensive in their food as any people

in the world, while the lower orders are altogether as filthy. This evidently arises from the great scarcity of provisions among so many millions of people, and the necessity, therefore, of sustaining nature by whatever can possibly afford any nourishment. This naturally leads in time to a total loss of discrimination as to the quality of food eaten, and an animal in the market would, therefore, be valued only in proportion to the quantity of flesh upon the bones, without any reference to its flavor, or state of preservation. A gentleman, in walking through the market at Canton one day, observed that a pheasant and a cat were put up for sale at the same price; and you will frequently observe, at the same place, dogs, cats, and rats, sold indiscriminately, according to their weight.

The food of the middle classes in China, consists chiefly of the flesh of ducks and swine. These are the animals which are usually reared, as it is considered that they do not encroach upon the lands, which ought to be cultivated for the use of man alone. Graminivorous animals, such as sheep, oxen, and horses, are very rarely to be seen, except in mountainous districts where the plough cannot possibly be used with advantage; so that the little mutton which is sometimes placed on the tables of the great is procured from Tartary.

The character of the country, in this respect, seems to be totally altered in the latter ages. In the earlier periods of the Chinese monarchy, extensive pasture-grounds surrounded the different capitals for rearing flocks of sheep, and the wool was used in the manufacture of those rich cloths, which now come only from the northern provinces of Shan see and Shen-see. The cause of the change appears to have been the great pressure of the population, which induced the leading men and sages to inculcate the necessity of tilling every portion of ground for their support. As the cultivation proceeded, a struggle took place between the shepherds and the farmers, in which it appears, after a desperate resistance, the former were driven literally off the field, and were obliged to resort to the mountainous districts in order to pursue their unpopular avocation. The whole class, since that period, has continued in disrepute, and at the present time is considered the very lowest and most vile in the country.

Besides these substantial viands, the grand mandarins attach a high importance to certain luxuries, which are perhaps valued, as is frequently the case in our part of the world, by the difficulty of obtaining them. These dishes are supposed to possess peculiarly nutritious and restorative qualities, and are for the most part composed of glutinous substances. Of this nature are the soups made from the nests of the swallow, the *hirundo esculenta*, and imported in great quantities from the Eastern Islands, under the name of *birds' nests*. It would appear, that these pretty little animals eat great quantities of a species of gelatinous sea-weed, the *sphero coccus cartilagineus*, and when it is sufficiently softened in the stomach, it is returned and used as plaster to cement the dirt and feathers of the nests together.

After importation in their rough state, the birds' nests are purified in immense manufactories built for the purpose, and are then fit for use. The soups are made by boiling them into a jelly with water, and adding among other things, a fish called tre-pang, and a great variety of spices and condiments.

Considerable difference of opinion exists among Europeans, as to the palatableness of this singular compound; some asserting that it is absolutely nauseous and disgusting, while others who have tasted it, maintain that it is very properly ranked among the greatest delicacies which can be brought to table. The Chinese themselves are, however, after all, the only proper judges, as the taste in these matters depends so much upon habit and preconceived opinion, that those things which we should naturally loathe, and the sight of which would turn the stomach, frequently become by these efforts of the mind the sources of the highest gratification. There is nothing particularly disgusting, in my opinion, in these elaborated productions, especially when we consider the pains which are taken to cleanse them from every kind of impurity, so that they may very fairly be ranked with honey and other articles of food which are partly animal and partly vegetable.

There are other articles of general consumption at the tables of the Chinese grandees, which are brought from a considerable distance. Of this kind is the sea-slug or *holothurion*, estimated in the same manner as caviare is in Europe, and which is brought in great quantities from Ceylon and the Mauritius, in addition to the coast of New Holland, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Sharks' fins are imported from India, and are applied to two purposes; the flesh is boiled for soup, while the rough skin is employed as glass-paper by the cabinet-makers. In addition to these exotic curiosities, the flesh of wild horses, bears' paws, and parts of other beasts, are brought in considerable quantities, ready salted, from Tartary, Siam, and Cambodia, and are accounted great delicacies even at the tables of the great.

Having seen the taste of the higher orders in China, who may be supposed well able to please their fancy in the article of diet, we will now observe the bill of fare of the poor; who, impelled by the stimulus of necessity to swallow whatever will allay the craving of their hungry stomachs. The lower orders of the Chinese would appear to be almost omnivorous; and, it is certain, that in the article of animal food, there is scarcely any thing which they are seen to refuse.

In all the towns and villages there are dog-butchers, whose business it is to slaughter and expose for sale the carcasses of these intelligent animals.

The Chinese dog is not much esteemed in Europe, where there is a great variety to choose from. It is nearly of the same kind as those which are brought from Kamtschatka, with a sharp face and a thick coat of soft and woolly hair. They make very good house dogs, and are used as such in China, as their voices are sharp and clear. There are, generally, one or two of them on board each of the junks and all craft of a certain magnitude, as they are very convenient animals to take to sea; since they require very little care to be taken of them, and they are always ready in case a deficiency of provisions should oblige their masters to have them served out for chow-chow. They feed chiefly upon fish and rice, and on that account alone require less provision to be made for them than other animals, as they can be sustained upon the refuse of the Chinese sailors, who rarely procure animal food. The butchers in Canton are always obliged to carry a stick or some other weapon with them, as the live animals are apt to attack them in revenge for the murder of their relations. The flesh is hung up in the markets in the same manner as that of the sheep with us, and is sold by weight. The young puppies, esteemed a delicacy in the same way as lambs are in Europe, are brought for sale in cages or baskets, carried on the ends of a bamboo on the shoulders. These little animals are very pretty, with the wool often of a beautiful white color, and if we could reconcile ourselves to the idea of eating their species at all, these would be the first morsels which we should feel inclined to swallow.

The young ladies of the Celestial Empire make pets of the handsome kind of cat, so that they are often to be seen in the houses of the rich. The poorer people cannot afford to keep these expensive luxuries, and therefore their flesh is a general article of consumption. When it is well fed, it is considered even superior

to that of the dogs, and is to be seen, occasionally, upon the tables of the opulent. A small species of wild cat is sometimes caught in the southern provinces, and is brought to market as a great dainty. It is considered game, and none but the rich can afford to eat it.

Rats and mice are confined almost exclusively to the very poorest people. The former are often seen in long rows, skinned and otherwise prepared, and hung up by dozens with a small piece of wood passed across from one hind leg to another. At Whampoa these little animals are eagerly sought after by those in the boats, whenever they are caught on board the ships. Their bite seems to be utterly disregarded, as I have seen a rat fastened with a string tied to the hind leg, to the top of one of the covers of a boat, to form the plaything of a little boy or girl. Whenever the captive wretch had got to the end of the tether, the little urchin has taken it up with the greatest *nonchalance* by the poll of the neck, and put it into its place again.

The way of catching the large water-rat is so peculiarly Chinese that it deserves to be mentioned. These animals live in holes under the excavated banks of streams, and from thence sally forth into the water. The rat-catcher proceeds in the darkness of the night to the spot, and places one of his showy lanterns immediately before the hole. When the rat comes out to see what is the matter, he is so astonished and dazzled with the light that he becomes motionless, and then the Chinaman is enabled to capture him with ease.

Almost every kind of wholesome vegetable is eaten by the Chinese, but the principal food of this kind is rice. In the northern provinces wheat is cultivated to a considerable extent, but the districts to the southward are almost universally covered with paddy. This, then, may be considered the staff of life in the East, and animal food of whatever kind is but a scarce and expensive luxury to the half-famished pauper.

The liquid portion of the repast does not present so great a variety as the solid. Tea is the national drink, and is consumed indiscriminately by the poor and the rich. It is always used, even in the most miserable hovel or san-pan, and is served out at every meal with an unsparing hand. The very poorest class of persons, however, in the most distant of the provinces from those wherein the tea-plant is cultivated, are obliged to find a substitute. For this purpose they use the leaves of the fern, which are prepared and sold in the same manner as Bohea and Pekoe. The green teas are never used by the natives, but are prepared expressly for foreigners. Other drinks there are, equivalent to our beer and wines, made from fermented rice; one of them, *sam shu*, has been already described. Opium is used in considerable quantities as an exhilarating agent, especially in the southern provinces; and tobacco is smoked almost universally, to produce a calm and tranquil state of mind.

THE MIDDY: OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES. *Two Volumes.* Carey and Hart.

The author of this amusing work is unknown. "Edward Lascelles" first made his appearance in the pages of the Dublin University Magazine. We hail his appearance in his present shape with unequivocal delight; and commend him to the notice of our friends. The major portion of the "scenes" take place upon the water, and we assure our readers that Captains Marryatt, Chamier, and Glascock, the English triumvirate of naval novelists, might individually and collectively be proud of the production of the work before us—"Selling a Nigger," an article of considerable interest, that appeared in our September number of the present year, was extracted from the Middy before its appearance in this country, and we refer our readers to that paper for an evidence of the worth of the volumes—in addition to the following description of "a ship on fire."

I had not, however, proceeded far, when I was again interrupted. On this occasion, as if again suddenly startled, Captain Morley sprung hurriedly to his feet. For one instant he remained stationary, in an attitude of absorbed attention; his hand a little raised, as if to command silence; his brows knit, his eyes fixed, and his lips slightly separated. At length, impatiently snuffing the air, he rushed eagerly into the cabin.

I knew Captain Morley to be a man of the very firmest nerve, and greatest promptitude in cases of emergency. Never taken unawares; always prepared for whatever might happen; he was won't to behold the approach of tempest or of battle, how unexpected soever, with the same calm serenity of countenance with which he paced the quarter-deck in sunshine and safety.

His conduct on the present occasion, therefore, struck me as the more remarkable. There was a wild expression about his face, and a hurried trepidation in his movements, which I had never before witnessed; a mixture of alarm and anxiety for which I was totally at a loss to account.

I did not, however, remain long to consider the probable causes of his sudden disappearance; but dashing down my book, I followed him hastily out of the cabin.

On reaching the main-deck, the first thing that caught my bewildered sight was the captain's coat lying in the lee-scuppers; the very coat he had worn two minutes before in the cabin. I snatched it up, and stood for a moment lost in a maze of wild conjectures. What could have happened? The uniform coat in such a situation, notwithstanding Captain Morley's known punctiliousness in all matters of etiquette! Was it possible that that raised look, and apparently causeless trepidation, could have arisen from any mental ———? the very thought of such an event was dreadful.

I looked anxiously around in all directions, in search of some source of explanation, nor was I kept long in suspense. First I heard an indistinct murmur rising forward from the lower deck; then an inarticulate sound; and at last spoken by twenty voices at once, the awful announcement—FIRE!

At sea, and for the first time, who that has heard that cry can ever forget it! It is still ringing like a death-knell in my ears; and though many summers have since passed over my head, the events of that night are still as fresh in my memory as if they were the occurrences of yesterday. Many leagues from the nearest point of land; our boats insufficient to carry one-fifth of the crew, and at best totally unfit to live for a day in those seas, if the weather became at all unpropitious; we had nothing to look for but death in one or other of his most appalling forms! It was a fearful alternative!

My first impulse, I know not why, was to rush on deck. I found it almost entirely deserted. On the first

alarm, men and officers had pressed eagerly forward to ascertain the extent of the evil; and, saving the man at the helm, and Mr. Sands, the purser, who was pacing up and down the quarter-deck with a look of determined resignation, not an individual was to be seen.

"For God's sake, Mr. Sands," I cried; "where's the fire, sir?"

"In the boatswain's store-room, sir. Another hour, and there will not be a man left to tell the tale."

"The boatswain's store-room!" I repeated, as the thought flashed across my mind that nothing but a thin bulkhead divided this room from the powder magazine. "The boatswain's store-room! Then no earthly exertion can save us!"

"Of course not, sir," replied Sands; and pointing forward, he directed my attention to a thin column of white smoke that now began to issue from the fore-hatchway.

Uncertain what to do, or which way to turn, I stood and gazed upon this harbinger of our destruction, as it rose slowly up behind the shelter of the booms; and then, caught by the breeze, was carried away in eddies, and dissipated on the face of the waters. The sound of the drum beating to quarters was the first thing that roused me; and in obedience to the summons, I hurried instantly to my station below.

The scene here soon became one of extreme activity. The firemen of the fore-mast guns handed in water from the main-deck ports; while those of the after guns cleared the magazine, and got the gunpowder on deck; where it was stowed abait the mizen-mast, ready to be thrown overboard, in case the fire should obtain the mastery. At the fore hatchway, where he commanded a full view of the main, and a partial one of the lower deck, stood our gallant commander, without coat or hat; issuing orders and giving directions. Strangeways took charge of the men beneath, and directed the play of the engines.

The fire now raged with fury; and at every fresh discharge of water, it sent up thick suffocating gusts of vapory smoke. The different articles in the store-room; ropes, canvas, tarpaulings, and so forth; being of a very combustible nature, gave additional impetus to the flames; and it became a matter of the utmost importance that as many of them as possible should be removed. The perilous and arduous duty of removing these was undertaken by the boatswain himself. With a rope fastened round his waist, and a hatchet in his hand, the gallant Parsons made repeated descents on this perilous mission; and was as often dragged out in a state of total exhaustion and insensibility.

I shall never forget the scene that presented itself to me as I stepped forward to the top of the hatch to deliver an order from the captain. Within the burning store-room, his figure enveloped in dense smoke, but at the same time clearly relieved against the red glare of the flame, stood the gallant Parsons; breaking open the lockers with his hatchet, and tearing down stores of all kinds from the shelves. The heavy stroke of the axe, and the crashing of the breaking boards, mixed strangely with the crackling sound of the fire, and the hissing of the water. Vigorously for a few minutes, did the noble little fellow wield his uplifted hatchet and tear asunder the boards of the lockers. Gradually, however, his stroke became feebler and more feeble; until at length, completely overcome by the scorching heat and suffocating smoke, he reeled, fell, and was dragged insensible on deck.

For two hours did we labor incessantly, but in vain. The fire was gaining so rapidly, that the stream of water from the engines very soon lost almost entirely its effect. As a last resource, therefore, the lower deck was scuttled; and water was brought in buckets, and poured, through the openings, down upon the raging element. At first this appeared to produce a good effect, as the strength of the flame was evidently subdued; and in the hope of extinguishing it entirely by one large volume of water, Strangeways ordered the men to fill all their buckets, and pour their contents at the same moment through the deck.

This was accordingly done; but, to the astonishment of every one, a fresh flash of fire, accompanied by a dense volume of smoke, followed the discharge. The men for an instant stood aghast; the empty buckets in their hands. Strangeways seemed uncertain how he was next to proceed; and the captain bent over the hatchway above in considerable consternation.

A slight murmur among the men succeeded this momentary pause. It seemed to refer to getting the boats in readiness; and the practised ear of the captain instantly caught its purport. He started, as if struck by lightning.

"Send the carpenter here!" he exclaimed, in a voice almost amounting to a scream; and immediately the carpenter was at his side.

"Go on deck, sir," he cried; "render every boat unfit for sea! And now, men," he continued; "we shall sink or swim together!"

A single round of hearty cheers followed this declaration; and in a minute all were again busily occupied. Scarcely, however, had the axe been laid to the first boat on the booms, when Strangeways called up the hatchway to announce that the fire was nearly extinguished. The last flash of flame and cloud of dense smoke had been the expiring struggle of the devouring element, as the great volume of water fell upon some vital part. By a little active exertion, the firemen in a few minutes succeeded in getting it entirely under; and very soon nothing remained of the conflagration but the vapory smoke which arose from the smouldering embers.

Such of the stores as were not consumed were now got up on deck; where they were spread out and examined, in case any latent spark might still be lurking among them. All, however, being reported safe, the retreat was beat; the starboard watch set; and an universal silence speedily prevailed, which contrasted strangely with the previous bustle.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. Six Volumes. T. T. Ash and H. F. Anners.

It has been elegantly observed that every new edition of the works of the immortal Shakspeare is a fresh evidence of the progress of intellectuality. The *bijou* instance now before us is one of the most elegant specimens of typography ever presented to the public: the volumes are remarkably *petite*: not exceeding four inches in length and two and a half in breadth, yet they contain the whole of the thirty-six plays in the original text; and a neat likeness of the bard graces the first volume. This miniature edition forms an admirable addition to the cabinet of a lady; it is also well suited to occupy a small space in the valise of a traveller; and we cannot imagine a more acceptable present to the young.

THE CITY OF THE CZAR: OR, A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG IN THE WINTER OF 1829-30. By Thomas Raikes, Esq. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard.

"We remember to have read a pertinent answer of a shrewd Yankee, located in one of the new and rapidly rising towns in the west, who, when asked the amount of the population in the place of his residence, answered, "Somewhere about five thousand when I left—but I have been away a month, and now, I dare say, it numbers some eight thousand." Russia is almost as rapidly progressing in importance; the land of the Muscovite is assuming a position amongst the nations, which causes the heads of the Holy Alliance to nod with apprehension. Within a few years, the Czar has built a vast fleet of war ships, and trained an enormously large army of well-disciplined warriors, and prepared "the appliances and means to boot" of maintaining an extensive war. The eyes of the European potentates are bent upon his motions, and sage politicians augur strange doings between the rival powers. Under such circumstances, any account of the Russian nation must prove acceptable—but it seems rather strange to publish, now, the remarks made eight or nine years ago, a lapse of considerable importance in the history of the Muscovite nation, which is daily hastening on its onward march. Russia in 1829 is not to be compared with Russia in 1838, any more than the first steamboat that ploughed the waters of the United States is to be rated as a specimen of the craft that now navigates the broad Atlantic in certain safety.

Tom Raikes, a well-known London dandy, and member of various fashionable clubs, has produced an agreeable chit-chat sort of book, but it is now considerably behind the age. The lapse of half a dozen years in the history of Russia and America is as important as the passage of half a century in the progression of the time-worn lands whose histories tread backwards through the vista of ages—therefore Mr. Raikes' impressions are of little avail; and his descriptions apply to things as they were rather than as they are.

The style of description is easy, and, therefore pleasant, but there is a slight attempt at book-making every now and then, which destroys the general effect. There are too many common-place remarks—too many "road-book" *notanda* and foreign quotations, to render it a popular work—while its deficiency of material and antiquated date will prevent its being useful as a book of reference. We append a favorable specimen.

A French gentleman, who was formerly employed by his government at Constantinople, and dines frequently at the house of Dubois, told me the following instance of the manner in which justice is administered at that place, by the cadi or inferior magistrates, when debts are claimed from the natives by foreigners. It may give you some idea of Turkish law.

A manufacturer of Caracassane arrived at Constantinople with a large investment of cloth, which, by a new process, he had rendered peculiarly fit for the Turkish market. An Armenian dealer was highly pleased with the quality, and bought the whole assortment, for which he paid the owner by his note of hand, falling due at a short term. When the period for payment arrived, the French merchant called upon his debtor with the bill, and demanded the settlement; but great was his surprise, when the other declared he had already paid it. "How can that be true," said the indignant Frenchman, "when here is your own note, and I should have given it up to you, had it been duly acquitted?"

"Your paper is of no consequence," replied the Armenian; "I have paid the amount and can produce any witnesses, which is of more importance than your title." In this dilemma, the unfortunate creditor saw no resource left to him but an application to the French ambassador, who, feeling the inefficacy of his own intervention, recommended the plaintiff to put his case into the hands of one of his interpreters, a man of much shrewdness, who had diligently studied the chicanery of Turkish law, and was well aware of the facilities which it offered to dishonest debtors in their transactions with a foreigner. The dragoman having prepared his measures, counselled the merchant to cite the Armenian before the judge. When all were assembled in court, the Frenchman was asked, what was the ground of his complaint? He answered, the settlement of this bill, which that man pretends to have paid.

"What do you reply to this?" said the cadi to the defendant.

"That I have already paid it."

"And why did you then neglect to retain your signature?"

"I did not think it necessary."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"Yes! here they are."

Two men immediately advanced from the crowd, and bore testimony to the payment of the note, mentioning certain details to strengthen their evidence, and particularly the hour and the day when it took place.

"You see," said the judge to the Frenchman; "this man owes you nothing."

The affair seemed to be decided, the discomfiture of the plaintiff was complete, when the interpreter, who had hitherto remained silent, thus addressed the judge: "We allow that this man did actually pay the note in the manner and at the time that these worthy persons have asserted; but they omit to state, or probably are not aware, that yielding to the entreaties of this Armenian, who made a merit of his punctuality in the first instance, to obtain a longer accommodation, of which he was in great want, we returned him the money afterwards as a private loan, for which he allowed us to retain his note as a security; and to prove this, here are our witnesses."

Two other individuals then appeared, who testified broadly to the truth of this last assertion, which the dishonest Armenian, not being prepared to rebut, he was immediately condemned to satisfy the claim, to the great satisfaction of the injured plaintiff.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. No. XLV. November, 1898. Lea and Blanchard.

We cannot do better, in endeavoring to recommend this desirable book to the patronage of every medical man in the United States, than copy a portion of the Editor's Address to his readers and correspondents.

Our readers will perceive, from the present Number, that several changes, and we trust improvements, have been made in this Journal. The most important of these is the introduction of a new department—that of Monographs. In this department it is intended to insert a series of elaborate articles, of a similar character to those in the American Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine and Surgery; the publication of which, it is hoped, will lessen the regret generally expressed at the suspension of that work. A select Bibliography will in future be appended to each of these articles.

Among the minor improvements may be mentioned an enlargement of the page, and a more distinct type. This Journal originated under the influence of physicians belonging to different states, and most of the Medical Schools of the Union, and has been exclusively devoted to the honor and advancement of professional reputation and usefulness, unshackled by sectional, personal or party feelings. The object of its institution was to form a great *National Work*, one which should conduce to the improvement and elevation of the profession at home, and tend to render it better known and more respected abroad. The complimentary manner in which this Journal has been everywhere received, and the frequency with which it is quoted by foreign writers—the extensive patronage accorded to it—the respectability and number of the contributors to its pages, comprising a large portion of the most distinguished men in the various portions of the union, and professors in different schools—above all, the great extension and advancement of medical literature amongst us since its commencement, would seem to justify the conclusion that the objects of the Journal have not been wholly unattained.

Encouraged by this belief, and under the guidance of the same catholic and elevated views of duty by which he has hitherto been actuated, the editor (the original projector of this Journal) will undeviatingly continue the course thus far pursued. With renewed ardor in the cause—the advantage of eleven years experience, and the assistance of his numerous, able, and zealous collaborators, he trusts to be able still farther to promote the great interests of the profession, and the cause of truth and science.

The profession throughout the country are invited to sustain the work; in its success all who desire the real advancement of medical science, and the elevation of professional character, are deeply interested.

The number before us abounds with capital papers, far too numerous to notice. Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, has another excellent paper on the Diagnosis of Delirium Tremens, worthy the attention of the profession in general, and beneficial to the interest of the community at large. We have seen so many persons unexpectedly attacked by this ferocious complaint—persons whose outward habits of life denied the probability of their subjection to such calamity—and we have witnessed so many fatal results from the want of firmness in their medical advisers, that we earnestly intreat the attention of the faculty to the statements given in the above comprehensive detail. The singular case, lately reported in the public prints, and still more lately contradicted, of the discovery of the dental ligament, is here satisfactorily set at rest. We give the account verbatim.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LIGAMENTUM DENTIS.

BY PAUL B. GODDARD, M. D.

A few months since, an advertisement appeared in the Philadelphia newspapers, stating that a dentist, by the name of Humphreys, possessed the power of extracting teeth with very little force or pain, and by a mode peculiar to himself. Conceiving that he possessed merely an improved form of forceps, or some similar instrument, it excited but little attention on my part. But when I was informed, by Mr. Rorer, that another dentist, and the original discoverer of the new method, (Dr. Caldwell,) had taken out a very difficult tooth for him, without pain, and that the new method consisted in cutting with a penknife something which held the tooth in its place, I resolved to scrutinize the matter closely. Accordingly, I sought Dr. Caldwell's acquaintance, but found him determined to keep his discovery a secret. I then procured a jaw, and making a very careful dissection, satisfied myself of the existence of a ligament. This consists of short, strong, ligamentous fibres, existing on one side of the human tooth only, and unites the neck of the tooth to the edge of the alveolar process. The fibres arise from the edge of the alveolus between the teeth, and proceeding forwards in the case of the molars, and inwards in the case of the incisors, is inserted into the neck of the tooth, not quite the sixteenth of an inch from the edge of the enamel. Its size, (and of course, its strength,) varies with the class of teeth to which it belongs. In the incisors, it is a narrow, tape-like band—in the cuspidati and bicuspidati, it is wider, and in the molars, it is as wide as the neck of the tooth and very strong. A few of its fibres are blended with the gum in its neighborhood, and thus we may account for its occasional laceration when a tooth is extracted. Its adhesion to the tooth is stronger than to the jaw, and, if not cut, it is commonly dragged out with the tooth. Its ligamentous character is very distinct, the fibres being white and shining, like tendon.

After making this dissection, I applied to Dr. Caldwell to remove a large molar, which had given me trouble for two or three years, and although my teeth had always yielded with difficulty, he removed the one in question with great ease and very little pain. I have seen several teeth which were extracted by him, and am convinced that he possesses a tact in severing the ligament and removing the tooth which will give him pre-eminent success.

THE LIFE OF HANNAH MORE, WITH NOTICES OF HER SISTERS. By Henry Thompson, M. A.
Two Volumes. Carey and Hart.

A valuable addition to standard biography. We earnestly adjure some of the infuriated bigots of the day to peruse attentively this well-written life of the Christian dame, whose works have disseminated the purest morality in every guise, without recourse to fanatical display. Her novel of "*Cælebs in Search of a Wife*," ran through ten editions in one year; her dramas have ever been popular in the closet and on the stage; and her various religious and moral essays and poems deserve the celebrity they have attained.

Many interesting anecdotes and letters are interspersed throughout the biography, and we can assure our friends that it is well deserving their approval.

"In the September number of the *Bentley's Miscellany*, the editor seems to have drawn pretty fully on his American resources. He gives his readers, under the head of a Chapter on *Gourmanderie*—a chapter complete from the *Passages of Foreign Travel* of our countryman Isaac Appleton Jewett—without of course giving any intimation of the source from whence it is drawn, and with the precaution of leaving out two or three American allusions and reflections which are to be found in the chapter in Mr. Jewett's book. Then he has an article under the head of Uncle Sam's peculiarities, which is so very coarse and vulgar, that it must have been obtained from the cheapest of the Trollope or Fiddler travellers. The number closes with a story called a *Night on the Enchanted Mountains*, the scene of which is laid in Tennessee. The motto is credited to a Yankee Rhymer, and the whole article bears the marks of having been quietly transferred from its place in some newspaper or Annual, on this side of the water, to its corner in the *Bentley*."

We have copied this paragraph from a Boston paper, because it corresponds with a statement made by us some few months since, relative to the free and unacknowledged use made in English periodicals of articles written in America—and exhibits the critical acumen of our paper *Aristarchus*, who are unable to discover merit in an essay or tale of home manufacture, unless from the pen of an acknowledged and successful writer, until the said article has been impudently copied into an English magazine, and puffed as original. Then, the same critics indulge in the usual stereotyped phrases of praise, and puff the foreign reprint as a marvellous affair. We have seen the same number of *Bentley's Miscellany* quoted above, noticed by several of our editors as a choice specimen of English literature. We have also perused various complacent articles on the popularity of American writers in London, as evinced by the presence of some of their most excellent papers in *Bentley's* work—but the writer of the paragraph copied above, is the only one who has detected the villany of the theft, and the meagreness of original material in this much lauded but insane periodical.

Our book table is covered with valuable works which we are unable to notice at present. In the review department of the January number, we hope to be able to discharge our critical arrears in full.

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The Review Department of the Gentleman's Magazine, which has elicited praise from all points of the literary circle, will continue to present a complete account of the popular literature of the day, with liberal extracts from rare and popular works. Translations from the lighter portions of the French, German, Spanish, and Italian authors, occur in every number. **COPIOUS AND ANECDOTAL BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT MEN OF THE DAY, WITH ENGRAVED LIKENESSES**, will frequently ornament the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

The Editor respectfully requests attention to the following list of the various popular articles which have been published in regular monthly series during the progress of the existing volumes—most of these papers are still continued, besides the general variety of the contents:—

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